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THE REVIEW

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THEY reckon ill who leave me out—that is Mr. William Jennings Bryan's motto, or ought to be. His sudden emergence into conspicuous notice at Washington is no laughing matter. He probably does not desire to be the Democratic candidate for President, but he certainly has no objection to playing the part of king-maker—or at least king-breaker—as he did in 1912. Never was the time more propitious for him, in one respect. His specialty is the setting-up of "paramount issues," and the woods are full of paramount issues. The cheap dollar is as ready to his hand as the dear dollar was in 1896; there must be some cure-all formula for the labor problem which Mr. Bryan would find no difficulty in framing; the League of Nations is in a sad way—whatever the Senate may be on the point of doing about it—and all for lack of the right prescription from the right doctor; and the good old slogan "let the people rule" might be raised in a dozen new and striking ways. Mr. Bryan is an adept at making choice of slogans, and it will go hard but he will find one that will make him a big power in the Democratic National Convention. But we do not expect to see the cry "He tried to keep us out of war" raised in his behalf; perhaps, however, other people will have something to say about the way he served his country as Secretary of State, and played into the hands of Bernstorff and Dumba.

THE meaning of the latest events in Siberia is not yet plain. A fortnight ago, Kolchak formed a cabinet of the Left, and a policy was announced that proposed to subordinate the military to the civil authority. The object evidently was to fall back upon the Socialist Revolutionaries, but it was grasping at a straw, and indicated weakness. Now, according to the latest reports, what was earlier predicted in the *Review* has taken place, and Semenov has been appointed Commander-in-Chief. The first implication of this is obvious. The predominant military force in eastern Siberia is Cossack, and Semenov is the chosen Cossack leader. Upon the Cossacks must depend the country's defense.

BUT another conclusion may be drawn. Hitherto Kolchak has been bound by his devotion to the Allies, and they have failed him shamefully in his hour of need. In consequence Russians everywhere have come to view the Allies with suspicion and dislike. Semenov is bound by no promises and has been supported by Japan. He will now be free to make with the Japanese whatever agreements he sees fit. Whether Japan will come to his assistance with troops is problematical, but he undoubtedly counts on their aid. Seemingly it is now too late for this. When they could march in and achieve success by a parade of force, the case was different. Now it means a long and expensive war, and Japan will think twice about entangling herself in such a contest without American participation. She reasons that America would like nothing better than to see her thus entangled, wasting her energies. Still, the threat of approaching Bolshevism may force her to this course. In any case, with money and arms from Japan, Semenov will put up a good fight and probably hold back the Red horde.

THE National Council and the States Council at Berne have both, by a large majority, voted for Switzerland's accession to the League of Nations, a decision which will have to be ratified by a referendum of the electorate. This is not, however, an unconditional approval of the Covenant as drafted in Paris. Although Article I of that document provides for the accession of the once neutral states as original members on condition that they join the League "without reservation," Switzerland has made its entrance dependent on the acceptance of one affecting the tenor of Article XVI. The country does not wish to bind itself to any participation in a military action which the Council might deem necessary to protect the covenants of the League. This restriction, however, is contrary only to the letter of the Covenant, not to its spirit as explained by its makers. When in a conference of these with representatives of neutral countries objections were raised by the latter to the coercive measures contained in Article XVI, Lord Robert Cecil made the reassuring statement that "the economic coercion comes first and is always obligatory for all members, but the military measures, which come in

the second place, are not absolutely obligatory. There will be no compulsion to take part in them, although there always remains a moral duty of participation." Besides, Switzerland's right to abstain from any military coöperation is already implied in Article 435 of the Peace Treaty with Germany, which recognizes the validity of the declaration of November 20, 1815, concerning the country's neutral status. The reservation, therefore, is a mere formality, intended to placate that part of the nation which, proud of its independence and devoted to its neutrality, views the League with no little suspicion. One other restriction bears the name reservation with more justice: The country makes its accession conditional on that of the five Great Powers, in other words, it will not join the League unless the United States does so first.

NOW cracks a noble heart—these are the words that best befit the news of Dr. Osler's death. Great physician, wonderful teacher, inspiring comrade and associate, unwearying worker for the general good, promoter to the last of medical progress—all these attributes fail to convey an idea of the man. A gallant and poetic spirit, as full of grace as of strength, he was a centre of light and life in every circle in which he moved. America and England will join in mourning one who adorned and benefited both countries, and whose last years were spent in devoted service for the cause to which both countries gave their best and dearest.

IN this human beehive of New York the poet of "La Vie des Abeilles" seems strangely out of place. The only spot where we could imagine him in his element is the top of the Woolworth building from which, in silent contemplation, he could watch the feverish wooing of Queen Dollar by the giant swarm below. But he has come to woo her himself. The papers give estimates of "the profits accruing to him as a result of his first American tour, in addition to which he will certainly receive augmented royalties on his many books." If he does, he will owe them to those real lovers of the poet who, turning away from this fashionable lecturer in evening dress suit, look for the real Maeterlinck in the works that he wrote. The mystic who gave to the world "Le trésor des humbles" is a different being from this idolized treasure of the proud, this "social lion and lecturer on the immortality of the soul," as the headlines proclaim him. Once he wrote some beautiful pages on the eloquence of silence, a language which will grow dearer to him day after day on his "12,000-mile Coast-to-Coast tour to confront lecture audiences and social welcomers in more than forty cities." There you have the poet's programme in arithmetic. Imagine Thomas à Kempis leaving his cell to read his "Imitatio" before the upper ten of fifteenth-century Paris and London. "The shy Belgian poet" the papers call him, and shy he well may be. The mystic's proper sphere is not the crowd but the solitude, "in angello cum libello," approving the wisdom of the earlier mystic's "ama nesciri."

IT has been obvious from the beginning that no organization of returned soldiers which presumed to set itself up as an "Invisible Empire" and impose its own "100 per cent. Americanism" upon those little groups who were quite intoxicated on something like 2.75 per cent. of the same could hope long to survive. Responsible leaders of the American Legion have reckoned with this danger from the outset. They have not always been able to prevent sporadic outbursts of it. The ex-soldiers have, it is only too true, taken upon themselves here and there to decide that concerts of German music must not be held and that certain sorts of opinion shall not have the privilege of a hall in which to air themselves. This sort of thing must stop. To understand is not to pardon. The American Legion exists, so far as it is not merely a pleasant association of old comrades, to prevent just those things which mob violence—"direct action" in the canting phrase—aims to bring in. A sound strategy d not suggest mob violence on its o part as the most effective step. Franklin D'Olier, the National Co mander, has now put the Legion cially on record—"let us be sure t no overzealous or thoughtless or fair act of our own occur to wea our influence for national betterm or alienate the support of true Am icans." Maintenance of a gove ment under law is not an easy ta It may be confidently hoped that more difficulties will be cast in way of it by those from whom much that is genuinely construc is expected. "Legion," in any of manifestations, must not be allo to get the upper hand of "America

THROUGH the generosity of anonymous donor there has b established the Amherst Memo Fellowship for the study of so economic, and political instituti According to its terms a fellow, a stipend of two thousand dolla year, will be appointed every sec year for a period of not more t four years. Although established perpetuate the memory of those A herst men who gave their lives fo ideal," the fellowship is open to g uates—and not of necessity re graduates—of any college or uni sity, and it is expressly provided at least one member of the commi which awards the Fellowship s have no connection with Amh College. This committee has been formed and is receiving ap cations. A foundation so bro conceived and so generously endo should before very long becom national institution. The fellows should be held by only the very ab of the country's young men, whose native capacity for leaders fortified by the extensive study w the fellowship places within t reach, will put them high am those to whom the world must for guidance in dealing with problems which press so heavily u it. Amherst is to be congratula on receiving into its hands an ins ment so well calculated to give best opportunities to the best mi in this vital department of study.

The Defense of Property

THE Presidential election of 1920, says the New York *Tribune* in a leading editorial, promises to turn on the issue of private property *versus* communism. In order to meet this issue, the *Tribune* declares that what is needed is a campaign of "thorough popular education":

> Private property must face the issue—must prove it is a good thing for all, or else perish . . . Personal ownership is not an end but a means to an end—the supreme end of increasing the sum of human happiness.

"The challenge can be confidently met," says the *Tribune*, and it plunges boldly into the task. The human family lives not on what has been accumulated, but on what is currently produced. Capital is essential to effective production; "with capital and capitalism gone, and little to divide, what would concurrently happen to the production which is the real meal ticket," and "whence would come the fund for improvements"? The "great works reared under the capitalist régime" would before long be worn out, and then "a further decline in production would occur, with a consequent tightening of all belts." Such is the *Tribune's* statement of the case for the institution of private property; and the article closes with this fervid exhortation:

> First, production; second, production; third, production—these are the three great arguments capitalism can present. Hammer them, hammer them, hammer them! Americans are intelligent enough, and their perceptions of self-interest keen enough, to see and act on the truth.

There is just enough truth in the idea that the institution of property is in imminent danger to make it well worth while to consider upon what grounds its defense must rest. The requirements of a campaign of "thorough popular education" are far more exacting than our contemporary appears to realize. It is something to point out the indispensable part which capital plays in production, for there are millions among the masses who have no conception even of this elementary truth. But it is far from enough; the teachers of socialism have educated thousands upon this subject far beyond the kindergarten stage, and these will have no difficulty, when the campaign is on, in making the masses understand that the abolition of private ownership of capital does not necessarily mean the extinction of capital itself. A well-organized socialistic or communistic government could systematically provide for the maintenance of capital by a levy upon current production; the great function which has hitherto been performed by the voluntary abstinence and thrift of individuals could quite conceivably be performed by saving exacted and directed by the state. Under this régime production would not suffer that utter collapse which would attend the extinction of capital; the loss it would suffer would come from the substitution of governmental routine for that varied and boundless energy, that alertness of initiative, that constant exercise of quick and accurate judgment, which are the life-blood of production and enterprise under the individualist régime.

To convince a man of all this is not as easy as a sum in arithmetic. But the difficulty can not be evaded by shutting one's eyes to it. Fortunately, however, the plain man is not a fool. He may not clearly realize how great a part is played in production by the energy and ability of those who conduct it under the stimulus of competitive profit—and under the risk of competitive loss—but the idea is by no means foreign to his mind. Probably the greatest obstacle to his full appreciation of it arises from false notions of the share which capital and management get for their service. He will readily enough admit that government would not do the work anything like so well as private initiative does it; but he imagines that the gain to the community is more than swallowed up by the reward that capital and management grasp as their share of the product. He reads the big figures that represent the fortunes of a few multi-millionaires, and he is struck with the luxury and display which are the result of business success. But he makes no calculation of the extremely small percentage of the total annual product which suffices to account for all this. It would not be difficult to make him understand that if the efficiency of production were diminished by ten per cent., this would probably cut deeper into his share than do all the profits of the great capitalists and "captains of industry;" and he would not find it hard to believe that under a communist régime productive efficiency would be impaired by very much more than ten per cent.

But assuming that this fact was driven home into the minds of the masses—itself no mean task—no mistake could be greater than that of supposing that the trouble was thereby disposed of. The feeling that has been stirred up against the existing order of society rests on something more than a calculation of the amount of bread and meat, of clothes and luxuries, that the "plain man" might expect to obtain under a different order. The cold-blooded conclusions of economic arithmetic will not suffice to overcome the passionate longing of those who would shatter the world and "remould it nearer to the heart's desire." If the institution of property is to stand unshaken in the coming decades, it will be not merely because it does more than communism can to fill people's bellies, but because with all its faults, it does more to satisfy their souls.

Socialist dreamers charge the defenders of the existing order with lack of imagination. But it is they themselves who lack imagination. It requires very little imagination to picture a new world in which nobody has to worry about food or clothing, or in which everybody has his flivver and his victrola; even a world in which nobody is trying to get the better of his neighbor, and everybody is doing what is demanded of him for the good of the community. What does require some degree of genuine imagination is to realize what such a world would be in the essentials of human feeling and interest, and what our own world is like in those essentials.

The freeman's life is superior to the slave's, not because he does less work or because he gets more pay;

the difference lies in the freedom itself, and in the responsibility that is the correlative of the freedom. It is true that many millions of people, under existing conditions, have little choice as to how they shall earn their living; but each of them has nevertheless the feeling of a freeman. No man, and no government, has ordered him to do what he is doing; and it rests with him to decide whether he shall continue to do it. If there are thousands who fare better, there are also thousands who fare worse; and whether he fares well or ill is his own business and nobody else's. If he has succeeded in keeping his head above water, if he has maintained his family without outside aid, he may justly feel that, in the face of difficulty and temptation, he has done a man's part in the struggle of life. And he has always the spur of hope that his children, like the children of so many of his fellows in like station, will attain a higher place in the struggle. What would the communist régime offer to take the place of all this? The joys of notable achievement—even such standardized joys as there might be of this kind—would, from the nature of things, be for the one man in a hundred; the other ninety-nine would have at most the pale satisfaction of not having forfeited their meal tickets by failure to do the amount of work required of them. Of the chances of better and worse, of the shaping of one's own destiny by the exercise of one's own will, of that kind of personal responsibility which gives strength to character and zest to effort, there would be little left.

So much for those who are near the foot of the ladder, those to whom the existing order shows its worst face. That a large proportion of all the people are in the direct enjoyment of its advantages, the communists constantly forget. To him who has something, though little, the value of what he has is vitally bound up with the idea of property and property rights. The lace curtains and the white marble steps, the piano or the "parlor suite," even the account in the savings bank or the building association, mean to him very much more than the concrete enjoyment of these specific possessions. It is the fact of possession when possession is not a matter of course, and the vague possibilities which such possession implies, that really count. Running water in the house is a wonderful comfort, and a bathroom is a most excellent thing; but when everybody has them—above all when everybody is by law bound to have them—nobody finds in them occasion for so much as a moment's joy. As a destroyer of values, communism would cast fire and flood into the shade. Without resorting to it, we have raised the standard of living so wonderfully that the luxuries—not to speak of the impossibilities—of yesterday are everybody's unthought-of possessions to-day; but while the general level has been so raised, the opportunities for possessions above that level are greater than ever, and the people who rise to them are more numerous than ever.

To the radical *intelligentsia,* as well as to the ordinary communist agitator, the world appears to consist entirely of millionaires and proletariat; but when things begin to look really serious, the great body that lies between these extremes will make itself known plainly enough. They are not willing to give up all that has meant life to them—property as we know it, the family as we know it, personal independence, personal responsibility, and personal achievement as we know them—on the chance that a world made out of a few theorists' heads will prove a better one. We hear little now about the middle, and a great deal about the two extremes; but it is the middle that makes the world solid now, and that will keep it solid when the test comes. What else accounts for the way in which France has stood shock after shock, revolution after revolution, agitation after agitation, and remained firmly "bourgeois"? The extremest Socialism was familiar to the average Frenchman before our American Socialists were born; Clemenceau himself was an extreme Socialist in his time. But when the pinch comes, it turns out that the peasants with their little farms, and the shopkeepers with their little hoards, and the clerks and doctors and lawyers and engineers and artisans with the places they have won for themselves and their families—in a word, the people with something to lose—are the backbone of the country and say the decisive word.

We are far from wishing to belittle the importance of the issue of productivity. and you can't have high productivity without abundant capital, superior management, and faithful labor. But the point may be overworked. There is danger in identifying "the sum of human happiness" with the aggregate of the material things which are produced by human effort. It is true that if the masses were persuaded that that aggregate could be enormously increased by the abolition of private property, they would probably be impervious to all other considerations; and it is therefore of very great importance that the error of such a view be exposed. But even in the exposing of this error as we have pointed out, it is essential that the "plain man" be treated as an intelligent human being; if you attempt to satisfy his mind by an argument that is fit only for a child, he will soon take your measure, and your last state will be worse than the first. And you will likewise underestimate his intelligence if you think that he is inaccessible to the deeper considerations that belong to the subject. You may convince him that he gets more to eat and to wear than he is likely to get under communism, and yet leave him strongly inclined to see what communism might do for him. "The full market-basket" is a good enough cry in a tariff campaign, but when it comes to the great issues of life, the "plain man," or at all events the plain American, does not like to think of himself as concerned only with his market-basket. Treat him as a man, not a proletarian; as a man to whom "the sum of human happiness" means something more than food to eat and clothes to wear. What we have in mind, however, is not those spiritual or religious or intellectual sources of happiness which are but slightly related to economic institutions; to intrude these into the

discussion would be, to the plain man's mind, to draw a herring across the trail. But he will grant readily enough that the sum of the happiness that men enjoy through the acquisition of material things depends not merely on their gross quantity but quite as much on the conditions upon which they are acquired; and he is fully capable of understanding that the chance of success and the danger of failure, the necessity of self-reliance, the splendid returns which stimulate enterprise and reward sagacity or talent—that these things justify the institution of property not only because they make for an increase in the total of our material possessions, but even more because the enjoyment of those possessions is infinitely greater than it could be under a system in which they were rationed out to us by a governmental machine.

Siberia in Despair

A YEAR of heartrending struggle against overwhelming odds to deliver one's native land from the most bloody and cruel alien tyranny known in history, and then failure through default of promised aid—such is the tragic story of Kolchak's defeat. When, on November 18, 1918, Admiral Kolchak took up his unsought task, it was in the face of difficulties before which a less resolute and devoted man would have quailed. An army had to be raised instantly from the sparse and scattered population of a vast continent, and supplied from a country without industry. This army had at once to be pitted against three times its number of Red troops, equipped from the great reserves of arms and munitions left from the great war, and led in many cases by German officers. Thanks to the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of the Siberian peasants, this undertaking was successfully accomplished.

But these were not Kolchak's only difficulties. Some sort of civil administration had to be restored throughout regions where seven months of Soviet misrule and license had destroyed all civil institutions and left disorder and chaos. Criminal bands of Commissars and their henchmen, driven out of the towns, roamed the forests, made brigand attacks upon villages, and threatened at numerous points the tenuous line of railroad that was his one means of communication with the outside world. American forces in Vladivostok, through an incomprehensible misunderstanding of the situation, encouraged disunion and disaffection, instead of giving aid to the building up of a unified Russian state. The Japanese likewise seemed to think that their interests were subserved by keeping Siberia weak and encouraging independent Cossack bands to flout the authority of the central Government. The financial situation was desperate, and a dozen varieties of hopelessly depreciated currency flooded the country. Speculation was rife, grafters abounded, and force was lacking to bring them to account. Reactionaries on the one hand sought to make of Kolchak's Government a means of restoring Tsarism, while on the other, Socialist Revolutionaries thought the time opportune to realize their impracticable theories.

Cunning and unscrupulous Bolshevist propagandists undertook to undermine Kolchak in Europe and America, representing him as a tyrant and usurper, and attributing to him Tsarist aims. But he gave them no heed and pursued his task with unfailing courage. A patriot and a liberal, he steered a middle course between reaction and radicalism, faithful to his pledge to restore his country and leave its future government to the decision of a freely-elected Constituent Assembly. How effective the Bolshevist propagandists were in misleading and alienating the Allies, and particularly America, can not now be told; but after inexcusable delay, the Council at Paris satisfied themselves of Kolchak's good faith and of the necessity of supporting the loyal Russians against the common enemy. On June 12, Lloyd George, Wilson, Clemenceau, Orlando and Makino joined in sending him the following telegram:

> The Allied and Associated Powers wish to acknowledge the receipt of Admiral Kolchak's reply to their note of May 26th. They welcome the terms of that reply. It seems to them to be in substantial agreement with the propositions which they had made and to contain satisfactory assurances for the freedom, self-government, and peace of the Russian people and their neighbors. They are therefore willing to extend to Admiral Kolchak and his associates the support set forth in their original letter.

This support 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." But the pledge was not kept. Instead, Ambassador Morris at Tokio was sent to Omsk to investigate further and report. More delay, while the lives of millions hung in the balance and our own good faith before the Russia of the future was at stake. Finally Morris reported in favor of keeping our word, but we delayed further, and it was too late.

Many reasons have been alleged as the causes of Kolchak's collapse. Undoubtedly many factors were working against him—popular discontent from hope deferred, dissension among officers and civil authorities, high-handed conduct on the part of the military, speculation and graft, insurrection in the rear. But all these were trivial compared with the one great cause—lack of supplies. The men were there, and the will to fight was there, but flesh and blood could not stand against shot and shell. Well-nigh bare-handed, his soldiers had to stand the onslaughts of the fully armed and equipped hordes that poured in upon them. When Kolchak's brave troops took Perm, over four thousand had their feet frozen. The spring thaw found them without boots. Step by step they had to retire because they had nothing with which to fight on.

And now another chapter in the tragic drama has closed. It curdles one's blood to think of hapless West Siberia, subjected to the exactions and blood-lust of the Soviet armies. But Russia has ever been greatest in misfortune and defeat, and has gloried in the gospel of suffering and sacrifice. In the years to come, the heroic if unavailing struggle in Siberia will be a cherished tradition of Russia, and Kolchak a symbol of patriotism and devotion.

A Hopeful Labor Move

HUMAN fellowship in industry may be either an empty phrase or a living fact. There is no magic formula.

Pending the growth of better relationships between employers and employees, the practical approach to the problem is to devise a method of preventing or retarding conflicts by providing machinery.

In these two passages from the introduction to the plan drawn up by the new Industrial Conference at Washington is to be found the keynote of the proposal it has laid before the country. The Conference recognizes that a vital improvement is necessary in the relations between employers and employed; but it recognizes just as clearly that that improvement can not be brought about either by governmental edict or by the formal adoption of any abstract principle. It must be the matured fruit of prolonged and varied effort, and can not be purchased at the easy price of a conference resolution, however ingeniously worded. What this very conference may yet do to encourage and promote this process by throwing light directly upon its problems and difficulties remains to be seen. What it *has* done is to offer a comprehensive, and to our mind, an extremely hopeful, plan for lessening those evils which cry out for immediate remedy.

The outstanding feature of the Conference plan for the settlement of industrial disputes is that, while it wholly avoids compulsion, it creates a situation in which resort to its machinery will in almost every instance be inevitable. We must be prepared to find that objection will be made, both from the employers' side and from the employees' side, to the precise character of that machinery. But at every point there is the clearest evidence that care has been taken to reduce the grounds of objection to a minimum.

Thus the method by which the two sides to a dispute shall select their representatives upon a Regional Board of Adjustment is not prescribed, but is to be determined by "the rules and regulations to be laid down by the National Industrial Tribunal for the purpose of insuring free and prompt choice of the representatives." The thorny questions of labor representation are thus left for full consideration, not by a haphazard or emergency body, but by nine men appointed for a term of years by the President, subject to confirmation by the Senate. Unless we throw up the job in despair, unless we are content to suffer the present anarchic conditions to continue unabated, we must begin with authority somewhere, and it does not seem possible to get a better source of authority than that proposed. The Tribunal is to consist of three members representing the employers of the country, who shall be appointed upon nomination of the Secretary of Commerce, three representing employees, who shall be appointed upon nomination of the Secretary of Labor, and three representing the general interests of the public.

How completely the element of compulsion is absent may best be seen in the fact that not only does the final decision of a dispute—in default, of course, of a unanimous verdict by the Regional Board, upon which both sides are represented—rest with the National Tribunal, but that Tribunal itself can render no decision except by unanimous vote. When unanimity is not attained, majority and minority reports are required to be made by the Tribunal. The obvious objection that under these conditions the most difficult cases will be likely to be left undecided, has without doubt been fully taken into account by the framers of the plan. The answer to it is, first, that in a plan which seeks to persuade, and not to compel, it is essential that both parties shall feel that they are in no danger of suffering injustice; and secondly, that even though a decision be not arrived at, the light thrown upon the dispute by the searching process of inquiry and judgment to which it had been subjected will be a most powerful agent in bringing about its settlement.

To appreciate the merit of the plan, we must keep steadily in mind the fact that in any great labor dispute the dominating force lies neither in the resources of the employers nor in the organization of the employees, but in the power of public opinion, provided only that that power is brought effectively to bear. The great trouble is that during the long period in which public opinion is blindly groping its way, and in the further long period that is required to focus it upon the controversy, there is suffered an appalling economic waste and there is bred a vast amount of misunderstanding and bitterness. The most important function of the elaborate and yet not complicated machinery of the Conference plan is to give to public opinion both the guidance and the leverage which it now lacks. The plan may need modification; but in its essentials it seems admirably calculated to reduce to a small fraction of its present dimensions the evil of those industrial conflicts which so profoundly threaten the general welfare, and with which thus far the nation has vainly endeavored to grapple.

Those Navy Awards

HAVING characteristically blundered into a bad mess on the Navy honors, Secretary Daniels, with equally characteristic candor, seeks to make amends by reconsidering the whole matter. It is the proper solution. Admiral Sims's sailor-like letter and action have done their work. And the Navy has also spoken emphatically in the persons of Admirals Mayo, Jones, and Wilson, and Captain Hasbrouck, who honorably declines to receive a high award for the ill-luck of losing his ship. The controversy is in a way to be adjusted, and before it finally passes we have only to note the paradox that the statesman who for seven years has ruled the American Navy still reasons like a landsman and a sentimentalist.

Secretary Daniels was grieved because only twenty-two per cent. of recommendations were made by the special board from the personnel of fighting ships in the war zone. Considering the very few fighting ships that were in action at all, considering also the impossibility of getting a standup fight with a "sub," any Navy

man knows that the fighting ships were generously treated with one recommendation out of five. The Navy's task was mostly preventive guard duty, mine-laying and sweeping, and transportation — routine work of a highly technical order. Twenty men were in such routine services for one even remotely and contingently concerned with fighting. For the Navy it was emphatically a staff and not a line war. The men whose organizing capacity made the anti-submarine patrol and the mine barrage effective, the men whose brains conceived our successful convoy system and whose vigilance carried it out—those men, whether they worked afloat or ashore—at Washington, Pelham Bay, St. Nazaire, or Scapa—deserve the high awards.

For the very reason that, even under peace conditions, Navy men incur constant risk, they are especially scrupulous on the point of recognition for gallantry. Every year sees thousands of acts of personal heroism promptly and finally rewarded with a "Good work!" from the officer or petty officer in charge. Then well-meaning Secretary Daniels comes along and rules that the officers and crews who have been torpedoed have all "rendered distinguished service" and are entitled to medals. At best they are entitled to sympathy for a bad luck that may have been unpreventable. Such awards were simply an affront to the hundreds of vessels of the destroyer-and-patrol flotillas which, without the luck of getting into action, maintained such vigilance in submarine-infested waters that the "tin fish" dared molest neither the guard boats nor the convoy.

However, Navy people are generous, and little inclined to judge overharshly the unwitting offenses of blundering benevolence. They will appreciate the promptness with which Secretary Daniels has reopened his versatile mind, and they will hope for awards based on achievement and not on sentiment—honors in which commanding officers may find their authority sustained and their superior facilities for judgment duly considered.

Mrs. Tiffany on the "Social Unit"

We print on another page a defense of the "Social Unit" experiment against the charge of Soviet tendencies brought by the Mayor of Cincinnati and others. The writer, Mrs. Charles L. Tiffany, regards the system as wholly opposed to that of the Soviet, since "its philosophy is based upon the conception that the collective intelligence of the *whole* community—not any section or part—so organized that it can continuously express itself, is to be relied upon as against the will or intelligence of any individual, group, or class." There is of course no valid objection to the working together for common ends of the entire population of any territory small enough to make such unified action feasible and effective. At various times and places definite and temporary problems have stirred communities to action of this nature, but such simple organization as has resulted from immediate need has passed out of existence when the need has been adequately met. The difference between this wholly spontaneous action and the "Social Unit" system now under discussion is that the latter does not originate by spontaneous evolution within the individual community, but comes through propaganda from without, and aims to become a permanent institution. These considerations call for a careful study of possible tendencies and purposes before thoughtful men and women are warranted in giving unqualified support to the movement.

In Mrs. Tiffany's view, any resemblance of the Social Unit to the Soviet is superficial and unimportant, and will apply equally to various other forms of collective action which pass without challenge. In an article in the *Survey*, however, a few weeks ago, Dr. Edward T. Devine, writing as a friend of the system, says:

> In view of the profound faith which the founders of the Social Unit plan have in the principle of democracy as embodied in the plan, it is evident that, in the opinion of those who are most competent to predict, the successful spread of the Social Unit plan and the general acceptance of its philosophy would provide a substitute, not only for existing municipal departments and government, but also for voluntary social agencies.

Dr. Devine hastens to add that we are not to infer from this that those interested in the Social Unit would expect such a culmination in the near future. But its founders have not denied, he admits, that they regard it as a potential substitute for existing political government. All this being admitted, there is no escape from the conclusion that Social Units brought into being through the agency of the National Social Unit Organization will be channels of propaganda, more or less active according to circumstances and official personnel, for a radical change from our system of government. Of course such propaganda would be indirect and without official sanction, but it would be hardly less effective on this account, and certainly no easier to combat. We do not mean by this that propaganda for radical changes in our government is necessarily wrong in itself. But when people who are thoroughly opposed to changes in a certain direction are asked to support, on considerations of another nature, a movement whose leaders are evidently favorable to such changes, their answer must take into consideration not merely the good which the movement offers, but the evil which it may possibly promote. Before giving the "Social Unit" our approval we should prefer to see it tried by a community acting spontaneously and wholly unconnected with the National Social Unit Organization.

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Slaves of the Machine

PITTSBURGH has been called the industrial barometer of the world. It is the first manufacturing centre to feel the change in status of any temporary equilibrium that may obtain in the financial market albeit the disturbance is scarcely noticeable at the source. Hiram Smith in North Dakota decides to restrict his acreage of wheat to 85 per cent. of last year's crop, deciding at the same time to get along with his old tractors and harvesters for another year, which would have been impossible with a full acreage. Which means that Chicago and Detroit will need less steel billets, cast iron, tool, and sheet steel—that is, if all the Hiram Smiths feel the same way about the wheat. Hiram Smith, as unconscious of the fact as a spring breeze, is in his way counting out the number of bituminous cinders and graphite flakes that will glitter each morning on our spare bedroom carpet here under the shadow of the Bessemer converters.

By the same token Hiram, and his like, decide whether the employment manager at the Edgar Thompson Works of the Carnegie Steel Company can hire Emanuel Swakoski when he applies this morning for a job. The employment manager hires because a particular foreman has sent a "call slip" to the employment office conveying information that he needs four laborers. The foreman has had instructions from the open hearth superintendent to build another fire. The superintendent has a typewritten letter from the general superintendent of the mill to increase his tonnage to a set figure. The general superintendent has an order from the city office for a specific assignment of cold rolled steel. The general office is bound by contract to deliver to a manufacturer of electric motors and generators a certain amount of steel according to certain specifications on a certain date. The electric manufacturer is also bound by contract to deliver to the sugar refineries of Cuba ten turbo-generator units on a certain date, because Borelle Sancho, Hiram Smith's southern brother, has decided to do thus and so in the matter of sugar-cane production. Furthermore, Borelle understands that my thrifty wife will take advantage of the abundant peach crop and fill all available jars with peaches—and sugar. So that when Emanuel Swakoski applies for a job at the employment gate that I see in the smoky valley below me—his chances are hardly dependent on the whim of some imaginary Steel Baron.

That is the normal barometric condition of the Pittsburgh district—the way the winds blew and the yellow smoke hung like a fog or vanished into thin air—before 1914. Soon after 1914, our barometer burst and the industrial humidity here has been immeasurable; when the sun shines—or better, when it is hidden by smoke—it wasn't necessary to hunt up the weather man to learn the fact. Hiram Smith has quit dictating to us. Emanuel Swakoski took Hiram's place and the old order changed. Emanuel decided that he would work, and this is the man that has been milking the cow with crumpled horn ever since. Now, since September 22, 1919, Emanuel Swakoski, hardly unconscious of his power, is playing poker in the back lot, and our spare bedroom carpet is unusually free from sparkling graphite. The "Koskis" are on a strike and Hiram in South Dakota, Borelle in Cuba, and my wife await their pleasure. We are eating our peaches—cheaper than canning them at the present price of sugar!

Pittsburgh is still the industrial barometer of the world—but we have a brand new weather man—Mr. Common Labor.

My family household furnishes a clear analogy of what is going on outside. The industrial world keeps house on the same fundamental basis. In normal times my thrifty wife puts as many loaves of bread in the oven as there will be mouths to fill at the table on the days following. If we anticipate visitors, she gets a little more flour, prepares extra pans, and utilizes the entire oven—baking six loaves instead of four. Thus there is an ensuing period of domestic felicity and everybody is happy. Supposing the situation were reversed and that the number of loaves placed in the oven were measured in terms of her personal attitude toward the eaters at our table. Suppose she should cultivate a philosophy of "Why should I bake and the others eat?" and conduct herself accordingly, what a mess my home would be in! That is just where we are to-day in our industrial households in Pittsburgh—Emanuel Swakoski questions the Providence that has placed him at the furnaces instead of in the front office with the typewriters and brass cuspidors.

I hardly meant to draw my analogy between Emanuel and the housewife too close—both are a little sensitive, but what I mean is that the man that pours the heat in the giant steel mills of the Pittsburgh district is as close to our national economic well-being as the woman in the home is responsible for our domestic happiness. We can no more endure to depend on the whims of the steel worker for our steel rails and boiler plate than we can on the notions of our wives for our suppers. The world must be fed three times a day and our national life-blood needs iron. Regardless of the competing claims of the Steel Corporation and the American Federation of Labor as to the rights of property and capital and the principle of "self-determination"—the fact stands unmodified by circumstances that the future of our economic life rests on unlimited production of steel. For months the ice that has been supporting our giant industrial organizations has been getting perilously thin and, unless labor ceases to rap at the weak spots on the pond, the whole structure will go down with a crash.

What does labor want? The steel situation furnishes perhaps the most typical case from which to draw an inference. If the demands were alike in the thousand and one strikes that are incipient from Seattle to Boston it would be far easier to answer that

question and consequently easier to find a remedy that would make it possible to put our houses in order; but every organized body of strikers has its own pet grievance. Only the most radical insist that the underlying trouble is low wages and long hours. The forty-eight-hour week is practically universal and even in the steel mills, where men are working the twelve-hour shift, they themselves desire the opportunity to earn the extra wages for overtime. They do not want a straight eight-hour day; they want to work twelve hours on an eight-hour rate, with time and a half for overtime and double time for Sundays and holidays. Granting that the men object seriously to the 12-hour shift in the steel mill, labor is so scarce in Pittsburgh's allied industries working the 48-hour week that they can procure 48-hour jobs for the asking.

Is it more wages? Yes, we all are unsatisfied with our income, even the executive at $10,000 a year. That is natural. But it is my firm conviction that 10 per cent increases each month from now on until the millennium would only provoke continued discontent and unrest. Contrary to the wild statements of agitators imported from without, who have little concern for or understanding of our peculiar needs, the steel workers and especially the common laborers are well paid —better than ever before in their lives, and their standard of living is far higher than their fathers or grandfathers ever knew. And that is as it should be!

They are well fed, a dinner consisting of the best boiling piece of beef in the market, baked beans, hot biscuit, green corn, and peach pie—and in abundance. The largest foreign boarding house in my neighborhood served that menu last evening. Some of them drive medium-priced cars. The banks in the Pittsburgh district state that the average savings account of the foreigner laboring in the steel mills is $300. Jewelers claim this is an exceptional year because of foreign-born customers. At Braddock, the home of a large steel plant, I counted fifty-two foreigners last Sunday evening at the station platform waiting to take the Baltimore and Ohio to New York, and they were going to spend their vacations in Southern Europe. Yet as I write, with the glare of huge converters intermittently giving our hill daylight and then darkness, I can see thousands of restless, discontented dark forms crowding the narrow streets in the valley below. They are steel workers of foreign extraction out on a strike. Their objective, according to the statement of their representative, is to force Judge Gary to recognize the principle of collective bargaining that industrial oppression may cease. The spectacle is no longer novel; almost every industrial community has been or is infected with the same malady, but the present steel strike, because of the diversity of industries affected, is typical of our whole industrial discontent.

If it isn't fundamentally wages and hours, what is it they want? Specifically, they demand of Judge Gary the right of collective bargaining; he denies it—there is the irresistible force meeting the immovable body. But collective bargaining for what? Shorter hours? More wages? I think not. Representation in the management? Yes, but they already hold 25,000 shares of the company's stock and have the privilege of buying the balance at any time they have the price. I am neither defending nor accusing either party, the laboring men or the Steel Corporation; if they could settle their quarrel in their own home without affecting the innocent bystander, well and good—leave them alone, but they never can—you and I and every other man must suffer, and somebody must come along with a solution, or we perish. I am positive, however, that the written grievances of labor, not only in Pittsburgh but over the entire country, are merely symptoms of a deeper spiritual unrest that is energizing the strike.

Two years ago I happened to be working in a munition factory where the men employed were making unheard-of wages. Five hundred dollars a month was not an uncommon wage for a machinist who had in the prewar days been averaging something like a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month for the same class of work. Of course, living was high, but not accordingly. The work was hard, but the hours were reasonably short. Yet with this unheard-of compensation for semi-skilled labor, these men were as restless as weathervanes in a March wind. The labor turnover in that factory was as high as 65 per cent. The men were decidedly discontented.

Ten years before this, I worked with a crew of five men on a large farm in the Middle West. We received $1.50 a day, and worked at the hardest kind of labor from 6 a. m. until 7 p. m. But these farm hands "stuck" the entire season, and four of them were back the next year. They were the best-feeling crowd of men that I have ever known, and were as happy and contented as men can hope to be.

What is there in the nature of the present-day industrial employment that has bred such universal restlessness and discontent? The demand for higher wages, for shorter hours, for improved working conditions, a share in the management and all of the other exciting causes of strikes and labor disturbances are only symptoms of a deeper industrial malady which the highest wages and the shortest hours may relieve but fail to cure. The munition workers bought bungalows, touring cars, and diamonds. But they, like a million workers of to-day, were sick at heart. They were dissatisfied—but why? There is but one answer. Our social unrest is a disease of the soul and not of the pocketbook. Our workingmen are sick of the monotony of machine labor.

The hopeless monotony in doing the same thing hour after hour and day after day corrodes and smothers "that little spark of celestial fire" in every man, until the pressure becomes too great, and it bursts into flame. No one is to blame—the man at the loom and the lathe to-day is not the slave to any man or group of men. He is well paid, and he enjoys the benefit in the saving effected by machine production in the price he pays for his living. The fact that

industry has become so specialized that his entire day is confined to one task can not be laid at the door of any one class of men. The twentieth century is the responsible party, if there is one. World necessity has produced the machine and specialization, and the ennui and spiritual sickness, discontent, and revolt are the natural consequence of our attempt to realize nineteenth century ideals in a twentieth century world. A man who works with his hands to-day is dominated by the God of the Machine, and whether ownership and control are vested in the man that works at the machine or in the man that distributes its product and finances its operation is of little consequence. Millions to-day are watching the clock—waiting for the whistle to relieve them from a task of hopeless drudgery—doing a work that must be done that men may be fed, clothed, and housed—someone else would have to do it if they didn't—nevertheless such labor takes its toll in the spirits and souls of men.

Millions find their day's work such. We live in an age of specialization and machine production and the heroes of to-day and to-morrow are not men, but dynamos, motors, steam turbines, automatic machines, giant cranes, looms, lathes, tractors, gang saws, and other countless devices that wear out men and save time and money.

A chosen few are selected by Destiny to sit in the seats of the mighty to plan, to conceive, to fashion ideas, and to create; and this small group have by virtue of their brains been blessed with the secret of happiness—they have the opportunity to indulge their instinct in creative activity. Theirs is the fascinating end of the world's work. It is their ideas that the remainder of mankind must carry out—must serve masters of iron and steel that other minds have fashioned, and serve with little interest. The realization of this fact drives men mad.

War brought freedom of thought and action; new faces, lands, work, duties, interests, values; and now that it is over, men return to the order of the day with a keener distaste for the monotony of machine labor.

But what are you going to do about it? Shall we destroy our men with great intellects, burn our factories, tear down line-shafting and machines, and revert to the hand labor of two centuries ago? The world would starve in a month.

Your great-grandfather was a shoemaker, made shoes by hand and worked from 6 a. m. until 9 p. m. He was his own boss—a glorious estate? Had he the leisure, convenience, comforts, luxuries, and privileges that we enjoy? The aspirations you have for your children—those aspirations that are within your reach—that shoemaker never dreamed of. The good old days like distant sails seem whitest.

My grandfather owned a forest of pine timber, and he and his two sons cut the entire lot by hand in three years, hauled the logs to the river, drove them in the spring floods to the saw mill one hundred miles distant, walked home, and after the whole job was done and nothing remained but a barren waste of stumpage, they received for their timber delivered an equivalent of one dollar apiece for their labor. They furnished the land and the capital, the market was wide open and they were not compelled to sell. Here was none of the evils of modern industrialism—but they lived on mush and milk for two long winters.

It is possible to multiply instances indefinitely. Machine work is no worse than cradling wheat, than raising a barn of crude timbers, than husking corn, hoeing potatoes, stitching broadcloth, hammering brass or grinding knives. We can not step backward and claim the past as an improvement over the present.

For the man whose work is necessarily uninteresting, there is but one solution, provided he has taken careful stock of his capabilities and possibilities and finds that he must remain where he is, and that is to create a permanent interest outside of the shop doing the thing that he likes to do best. There are but a few who find their work so absorbing that it satisfies. In fact, history is filled with men who have become famous not because of their vocation, but because of their "outside" interest. The discontented man is not discontented because of what he does, but because he doesn't know what to do with his surplus time, so that after several rounds of the movies, a plate of ice cream, and a jazz selection on the phonograph, his store of amusements is exhausted. It isn't the eight hours at the machine that makes the anarchist; it's the eight hours of idleness. The men that succeed in finding the blue bird of happiness capitalize these hours of rest—not at work, perhaps, but at something essentially satisfying. The Prince of Peace was a carpenter by trade—and more. Washington was a surveyor; Andrew Carnegie, a captain of industry—and a writer, and Theodore Roosevelt, a statesman and a naturalist.

Man's first duty is to provide food, clothing, and shelter for his family. The twentieth century man sacrifices but eight hours of the twenty-four for these. Let him call the first eight hours a *sacrifice* of time and interest, and find satisfaction for the desire of his soul in the other eight. He should be honest, play square with his employer, give a full eight hours of labor; but get enough fun out of the other eight that when he reports for work each day he is ready to give his part to the world's work, and give it gladly. He should get a hobby and ride it until it gets stale, and then get another one. Two-thirds of the day, three-fifths of the week, two hundred and nineteen days of the year are his to spend as he pleases. The machine has given him this; no other generation since time began has the leisure he has.

In my daily observation of thousands and thousands of men who work in the mills, I have been impressed with one fundamental fact—that the spiritual hopelessness written on the countenances of so many; the lines on their drawn faces and the lack-lustre eyes do not indicate the physical fatigue that one is apt on brief acquaintance to pronounce the cause. The men to-day are not driven—far from it; they are salved, and petted, and coaxed to an unheard-

of degree. A foreman's first instruction is to keep his men on the job, and every means is taken to make the conditions surrounding him at his work as wholesome and pleasant as possible. But the new era has put personality in a steel niche, and it must stay *put*, else large-scale production is impossible. The strikers on our streets to-day are men entering a blind protest against a system that has taken the fun and romance out of their work, even though it has brought them a standard of living superior to the days of individualism. The same spirit drove our forefathers out upon an unknown sea in search of a new home in a new land. The same spirit that forced our immediate ancestors across the Western plains into the Great West; that founded Cripple Creek, and Dawson City, a spirit of romance inherent in the human race, common to Slav and Teuton, Greek and English, that protests against the Machine.

Practically, the industrial salvation of the United States rests on the reëstablishment of the normal order of supply and demand as a determinant for production and employment. It is the only safe method in commerce, and our continued prosperity as a democratic country depends upon an unhampered functioning of natural economic forces. Government regulation is necessary, but deliberative interference either by capital or labor is dangerous. Labor to-day holds the trumps, and unless it plays them for the common weal we are lost. Some plan must be found whereby men may become interested in their day's work—this is fundamental. It is a twentieth-century problem, and history gives us no clue to the solution.

DAVID HAROLD COLCORD

The Social Unit at Cincinnati—Is It a Soviet?

THE advertising manager of a great public utilities corporation, an enthusiast about the Social Unit plan, was discussing it the other day with the city editor of a New York daily. The latter repeated the charge made against the Social Unit last spring by Cincinnati's mayor. "It is a soviet," he said. The advertising man retorted quickly, "On the contrary, it is quite different. A soviet is formed in a neighborhood to separate the classes, the Social Unit is formed in a neighborhood to get the classes to work together."

This charge by Cincinnati's mayor, occasionally repeated since, is a very superficial one. There is a slight resemblance between the form of organization of the Social Unit and that of the Russian soviet. There is an equal similarity between it and the plans of the National Guilds in England. On the other hand, it has quite as noticeable a resemblance to the New England Town Meetings. Moreover, if all organizations are to be condemned which bear this outward and superficial resemblance to the soviet, or some other form of organization distrusted in America, we should have completely to reorganize our social life. The village governments of many of our small towns are similar in organization to the rural soviets. The Chambers of Commerce of our cities might be lightly referred to as soviets of business men, and the shop committee being introduced into many forward-looking business concerns in America with equal accuracy as "workingmen's councils." That the application of such a title to these movements would of itself affect their character is absurd. They must be judged, not by some superficial similarity to this movement or that, but by their spirit, their purpose, and the function which they are performing in relation to American life. This is the way in which the Social Unit must be judged. The questions which thoughtful people will ask are: "What is the philosophy underlying this plan? How is it being applied? Does it meet a need in American democracy? What have been its results thus far?"

The Social Unit philosophy is distinctly *not* the Bolshevist philosophy, which I understand to be based upon the Marxian conception of the class struggle leading to the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat. The Social Unit has no a priori social, political, or economic programme. Its philosophy is based upon the conception that the collective intelligence of the *whole* community—not any one section or part—so organized that it can continuously express itself, is to be relied upon as against the will or intelligence of any individual, group, or class. This platform of principles has been published again and again in official statements issued by the National Social Unit Organization, and a study of the Social Unit plan of Community Organization, and of the experimental application of that plan in a section of Cincinnati, shows how consistently that philosophy has been put into action.

In the Mohawk-Brighton district—the first Social Unit—the whole population has been divided into "blocks" or units of about 100 families. Each of these blocks has an elected "Council" of seven members who in turn select a representative to sit on the central Citizens' Council, which is a sort of neighborhood legislature.

All men and women over eighteen years of age are eligible to vote in the election of the block councils. Residence in the block is the only requirement, and proportional representation is used in order to give a voice to the minority. Surely this is all in the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Old Fashioned Town Meeting—direct democracy.

In addition to this "Citizens' Council," which, inasmuch as it represents the entire population, is always the more powerful body, there is an "Occupational Council," made up of the elected representatives of those groups which serve the community in some special capacity. Theoretically there is no limit to what groups may organize as part of this council. Any group may join the body through its elected representatives. Actually the

groups which have been formed in the Mohawk-Brighton district are those for whose services the people have felt a special and immediate need—physicians and nurses to help them plan a community health programme; social workers to help remedy flagrant community evils; teachers, recreational workers, and ministers. The district hopes to organize this year a trades-union group and a businessmen's group. This has not yet been done, although a businessman and a trade-unionist are regularly called into the deliberations of the Councils.

It should be noticed that these occupational groups are organized not on the basis of representation, primarily, but upon the basis of rendering efficient community service. Whatever programmes they devise must, before they are foisted upon the community, bear the analysis of the Citizens' Council, that intimate organization of all the people in all the blocks. The object of the occupational group organization is to bring skill to democracy by making it possible for the whole body of specialized intelligence to serve all of the people.

If there were not a need for some such plan it would be difficult to explain the way in which the Social Unit conception has laid hold upon the imagination of the American people, and upon the interest of some of the most thoughtful men and women in the country. People from many States and representatives of many different organizations recently spent three days in Cincinnati discussing in the minutest way the bearing of this plan upon business, labor, the social programmes of many professional groups, and the whole future of American democracy. I know of no other movement so limited in the scope of its actual operations—for so far the only existing Social Unit has been buried in a section embracing only about a thirtieth of Cincinnati—which could have attracted such attention or brought together so eminent a group of people for purposes of discussion.

I take the reason for this interest to be that the Social Unit plan aims in a very simple and common-sense way to meet some of the very obvious needs in our democracy. We need, for instance, to develop a public mind—an intelligent public opinion. The Social Unit points out that such a public mind does not develop from mobs—it comes as the result of studied consideration of public problems by small groups. The Social Unit plan aims so to organize neighborhoods that public questions can be brought into their little councils and discussed in the light of the acknowledged needs of the people.

We need also to create a mechanism through which the public can have a power equal at least to that of organized capital and organized labor. At present capital and labor, both more strongly organized than ever before, are reaching a deadlock, and between them the public, the democracy, unorganized, is helpless. Community organization, if it is thorough and embraces the whole population in small units, would bring the public to the point where it could control capital and labor instead of these controlling it.

We need community organization in order to develop leaders—real statesmen and women who get their earliest training close to the people whom they must serve and lead. It is not insignificant that the most successful men in all walks of life to-day come from small towns, where they were not in youth lost in the crowd, but important members of the life of the community. In a village every person is important. It is in the vast, complex, city life of modern times that the individual begins to feel that he is nothing, and with that feeling comes that loss of responsibility and public interest which is the menace of democracy. The Social Unit aims to restore some of the attributes of village life to city dwellers.

Finally, we need community organization under some such plan as the Social Unit, to find a fundamental remedy for curable social ills. The day of charity and paternalism is past. What we need is a more effective mechanism through which all the latent good-will, knowledge and skill of the community can be brought to study the problems of the community and devise programmes to meet those problems. In the Mohawk-Brighton district the community has been studying its own health needs, and people and experts, working together, have planned and carried out a remarkable public health programme. The important thing about that programme has not been the statistical results—the number of babies cared for, tuberculosis cases discovered, etc., although these outward results are very brilliant and have attracted the attention of public health authorities in many places. The important thing is that the people have done it themselves, that the doing of it has been a constant process of education, and that the conscience of the whole community is behind the programme.

The Social Unit is not the only movement which is aiming to meet these needs. In New York the Community Councils are headed toward the same objective, using a more extensive organization. The Social Unit, however, is attempting to find by research and experimentation the best possible community programme, and offers its findings to any community which chooses to use them. The president of the National Community Center Association recently said, "The Social Unit is the most sustained, carefully measured, deeply imagined plan and effort of community organization in the country to-day."

Of course it is still experimental, and will continue to be. It must be applied to a wider variety of population and tested in a greater number of fields of social effort before any final and comprehensive conclusions can be drawn. Meanwhile, however, it is without question contributing largely to social thinking and influencing community organization everywhere in the direction of more careful and constructive effort. The results thus far prove to be a very hopeful experiment. This, I think, no one will deny, unless it be those groups who fear not Bolshevism or socialism, but democracy.

Katrina Ely Tiffany

Chairman, National Citizens' Council of the National Social Unit Organization

Correspondence

The Trouble with the Greenbacks

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have read the article of Mr. Roberts in the *Review* of November 22, and believe that the approval by Frederick Strauss is too extreme. Mr. Roberts says much that is first rate, and I approve of most of what he says; but I disapprove of what he says about the greenbacks issued during the Civil War. In my humble judgment, the depreciation of the greenback was because of the exceptions placed thereon, that it should be received for all debts both public and private, "except for duties on imports and interest on the public debt." That gave the money centres in Wall Street a chance to corner gold and to set their own price on it, whenever anyone had to pay duties in imports or interest on the public debt. Had it not been for the exceptions, the greenback would have remained at par with gold. We are told that during the forepart of that war there was about $60,000,000 of paper issued, called "blackcaps." It was like the greenback, but it had no exceptions as to any kind of payments, and when gold was at a premium of $2.85, the blackcap stood even with gold. The two stood together, because they were full legal tenders.

The difference between the gold value and the greenback value was largely, if not entirely, a forced difference because the gold speculators had the power and actually ran a corner on gold. If our present currency had an exception on it like the greenback, who can doubt that gold would now be at a premium; and as it has not an exception on it, the gold and paper rises and falls with the rise and fall of commodities on the market.

I agree with Mr. Roberts that inflation is the principal thing that causes the rise in prices, although there are other matters to be considered, but the matter of contraction should be carefully considered, for the people throughout the country who buy property at the inflated prices will suffer a ruinous loss of property, and in many, many cases absolute financial ruin, and a tremendous panic will ensue, if there be any great contraction of the currency.

L. A. HOLLENBECK

Duchesne, Utah, December 20

[The early notes issued in the Civil War, to which our correspondent refers, differed from the greenbacks in a more important respect than that of being receivable for duties on imports; they were redeemable in gold on demand, and all but $33,000,000 were retired before the suspension of specie payments. As they were not reissued when received by the Treasury in payment of dues, they soon ceased to be a factor of any importance. To what extent, if at all, the greenbacks were depreciated by the fact that they were not receivable for customs is a matter of conjecture. They were accepted for all other taxes, besides being a legal tender in payment of ordinary debts. The idea that the depreciation of greenbacks—as a standing phenomenon, whatever may have been true of exceptional moments of panic or the like—was caused by "a corner in gold" has no foundation whatever in fact. Irredeemable paper money, not being tied to gold by any fixed arrangement, is naturally subject to such depreciation; whether it actually takes place or not, and if so to what extent, is all a matter of the circumstances of the time and the quantity of the issue. The Continental paper money of the American Revolution period went so low as to give rise to the phrase "not worth a Continental," which still survives as an expression for utter worthlessness; and at this day all the chief nations of Europe are experiencing, each in its degree, the depreciation which is invited by the circulation of paper representatives of money that can not be exchanged on demand for real money—that is, coin. —EDS. THE REVIEW]

Atmosphere on the Concert Stage

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

There is nothing more stately or atmospheric than a piano or a violin recital in any of our concert halls. Usually the stage, save for a huge leviathan of a piano, is bare of everything, a desert of hardwood boards, surrounded by a more or less dingy back wall. The lights are of course turned on full power. It is mid-noon on the Sahara, without the mystery of the sand. The performer emerges through a door in the back wall and moves towards his instrument. He moves stiffly, he bows stiffly. He seats himself at the leviathan and begins to play. Probably he plays very beautifully, for the spirit of the artist is all-conquering. He conquers himself and he conquers a part of the audience, but the larger portion only half hears him. The atmosphere is as hard as the bare boards of the stage. If it is Liszt that he plays it is not so bad. Liszt wrote for the virtuoso who must be seen as well as heard, in short, he wrote for himself. But if it is Beethoven or Chopin?

There are a few happy souls who have heard Paderewski or Hofmann play Chopin by candle-light in an Italian drawing-room. They have heard Chopin as Chopin was meant to be played. All they hear henceforth will be as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals. They have tasted Paradise, and never in the concert hall will they again be happy. They have realized the truth of the aristocracy of art, and because of that realization they will forever more be discontented. They have paid the price for their selfishness in enjoying what others can not enjoy. But these are not to be considered. Henceforth the kingdom of art must be to the masses, and the masses know nothing of Italian drawing-rooms by candle-light. But the masses do know the concert hall, and the stage bare of all save the black leviathan. And the masses, despite their inarticulateness, realize that all is not right, that Chopin and Beethoven are not in surroundings where their spirit is at home. And it is just here that the new art of the stage, the art of Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt, and Robert Edmund Jones, of soft draperies and changing lights, might very well prove of extraordinary benefit.

The movies have already discovered it, and let us not mock at the movies. The Rialto and Rivoli theatres and now the Capitol Theatre have done and are doing an immense service in educating the people in the love of good music. At these theatres admirable orchestras play under capable leaders, but to the service of the music has also been brought a very high ideal of scenic art. The settings devised at the Rivoli and Capitol theatres for the musical numbers have been executed by John Wenger, one of the ablest of the younger scenic artists, an artist who is also an excellent musician. Mr. Wenger's idea has been to place his audience in the mood of the particular composition without distracting its attention from the music itself. He has done this with simple draperies of a neutral color, lighted within by a series of lights. There is nothing *précieux* in his scheme, and those who have attended any of these theatres realize that it is eminently practical.

Now what has been proved practical at the Rivoli and the Capitol is equally practical in the concert hall, and the fact that Mr. Hofmann and Mr. Heifetz do not play in the movies is no argument against a reform which may come from there. Mr. Hofmann or Mr. Heifetz on the stage of Carnegie Hall with that stage transformed by soft draperies, with the auditorium lights lowered, and the music coming out to us as from some mysterious grotto, perhaps that would not possess all the atmosphere of an Italian drawing-room by candle-light, but it would be none the less a far more appropriate home for the spirit of Chopin and Beethoven than the present setting.

GRENVILLE VERNON

New York, December 10

Book Reviews

Germany—Misjudged or Found Out?

GERMANY'S NEW WAR AGAINST AMERICA. By Stanley Frost, of the New York *Tribune*. With an Introduction by Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, Attorney-General of the United States, formerly Alien Property Custodian. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MOST readers of economics, having by nature and training large faith in the essential goodness of man, will take this book with a grain of salt, even as most students of international politics before the war were slow to believe that Germany was planning the conquest of the world. And yet, in view of all that has happened during the past five years, it may be well to consider whether Mr. Frost is regaling the public with mere cock-and-bull stories, or whether there really is danger that Germany, defeated in the war, may begin a new offensive in the industrial field.

Mr. Palmer, who has had exceptional opportunity of observing German commercial methods, says that industrial Germany was responsible for the war, that her destinies are still in the hands of the old leaders, that her aims and ambitions are still the same, and that the industrial invasion of America, which was begun many years ago with hostile intent, is about to be resumed along the old lines. At Mr. Palmer's suggestion, and for the purpose of forestalling the coming offensive, the Chemical Foundation, Inc., was organized, which purchased the 4,500 German-owned patents in the United States, and he appeals to the business men of America for help in the work of making this country commercially free. Evidently, then, Mr. Frost's book is a plea for the protection of certain infant industries temporarily fostered by the war, especially the manufacture of dyes, potash, drugs, and other chemicals, against the efforts of Germany to regain her former preëminence. For all that, the indictment which the author brings against Germany on the score of unethical trade practices is formidable, and should not be lightly dismissed.

One of Germany's most characteristic methods of pushing her foreign trade was the insidious propaganda in favor of everything German disseminated by countless agents placed in strategic positions throughout the world. Besides the regular consular service and traveling agents there were employees in banks, insurance companies, railway shipping companies, engineering firms, mines, factories, mercantile houses—all promoting the sale of German goods, collecting and reporting useful information, and, in general, working for the prestige of *Deutschtum im Ausland.* The information sent in by these industrious agents was carefully sifted and communicated to the manufacturers and merchants of Germany by a special bureau, the Schimmelpfeng Institut, controlled and financed by the great banks, especially the four "Big D" banks, the Deutsche, Dresdner, Disconto, and Darmstädter. Mr. Palmer declares that almost every German dye and chemical expert in America was a spy. Dr. S. Herzog, whose book, "The Future of German Industrial Export," reminds one of Bernhardi's naïve and cynical candor, freely admits the necessity of securing reports on every kind of commercial secret. Professor Henri Hausen, in his book on "Germany's Commercial Grip on the World," states that by means of universal espionage, coupled with bribery and intimidation, Germany had built up an industrial power nearly as formidable as the military machine. Only a stroke of madness, he says, could have made her prefer the hazard of battle to this progressive and sure infiltration, which, in another ten or twenty years of apparent quite material peace, would have created, economically speaking, a German world.

In showing how Germany intrenched her industrial position in America and elsewhere, Mr. Frost has much to say about full-line forcing, boycotting, and scientific dumping in certain selected industries. For example, H. A. Metz & Co., an American firm, was obliged to agree not to buy or sell products competing with those of the Hoechst Color Co. without obtaining their consent. The Germans have time and again cut the prices on bicarbonate of potash, aniline oil, salicylic acid, oxalic acid, and other chemicals, only to restore them after competition was destroyed. The great Kalisyndikat is said to have $100,000,000 worth of potash ready to dump on the American market. The manufacture of dyes, as is well known, is intimately connected with the manufacture of explosives, and was part of Germany's preparation for war. Before the war, storing explosives, she kept down the price of dyes; during the war, on the contrary, making explosives, she was storing dyes. It is estimated that $100,000,000 worth of dyes—four times the normal annual consumption of America—is ready for export through Copenhagen, and already "neutral" agents are selling dyes in Italy at half price.

The author gives a long list of Germany's questionable trade practices in order to indicate the lines along which the new war is likely to be carried on. The Metalgesellschaft and allied firms, through their vast interests in America, as in all other mining countries, exercised a strong control over prices and furnished Germany with the sinews of war. The great cartels in the bar-iron trade, tools and implements, silk products and other textiles, were and still are powerful instruments for the promotion of foreign trade. German and Austro-Hungarian companies made a specialty of reinsurance throughout the world, and used the information thus obtained to the injury of their customers. Discriminations in freights by land and sea were used to overcome tariff barriers and thus to gain an unfair advantage over competitors. More than 200,000 German agents are said to be in Russia, where they are buying up industries ruined by their Bolshevik friends; while other agents are doing similar work in Mexico. The agitation in favor of wooden ships was kept alive by German influence for obvious reasons. German trade will be resumed through neutral channels and her commodities denationalized or camouflaged under neutral colors. Even now Germans are buying up bankrupt concerns in Switzerland and other neutral countries and running them under the original names. Only a small part of German-owned property in America has been found by the Alien Property Custodian. The former German agents are all here and ready to resume operations —in fact, the propaganda machine is already at work, preparing the American mind for the imminent industrial invasion.

All this is very plausible and almost convincing, yet withal quite upsetting to one's mental balance as one wonders at the astute perversity of the Germans on the one hand, and the stupid incompetence of the rest of the world on the other. If all that the author says is true, how was it that Great Britain and the United States, for example, had any foreign trade at all? And is it possible that Germany, after the late disastrous war, is still gay and fresh and ready for a morning's promenade to the industrial mastery of the world? And how can she afford to dump on so large a scale? And has the United States no means of meeting German competition other than high tariffs and stringent import licenses? And must the farmers and textile manufacturers be penalized in order that a small group of people interested in dyes and potash may be nourished by these infant industries? And is Germany to have no export trade at all? And if so, how will she pay the indemnities and at the same time escape the threatened social revolution?

Yet, when all is said, the fact remains that Germany has lost her good name among the nations, and it is safe to prophesy that for many years her every move will be watched with suspicion, and few will be found to give her the benefit of a doubt. Possibly the world is misjudging Germany; perhaps it is only finding her out.

J. E. LE ROSSIGNOL

Sea Tales

THE SEA BRIDE. By Ben Ames Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE PASSAGE OF THE BARQUE SAPPHO. By J. E. Patterson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THERE have been many sea-stories of recent invention, tales of naval life, yarns of mutiny, shipwreck, and buried treasure, farcical "exploitations" of the nautical atmosphere, and here and there a narrative conveying something of its true glamour. What we are always looking for in sea-fiction as in other fiction is not something new in kind, but something fresh in quality. Novelty is still a good thing in a novel; but who really cares much for a new shaking of the old bag of tricks, even by the most expert hands? A new voice, a new intonation barely—how clear (for those who have ears) they ring above or beyond the brisk, clever, and monotonous chorus of whatever latest "school" of story-tellers, as also, let us confess, above the delightful but already familiar notes of independent performers. Conrad's sea-spell is still potent; but our submission to it is now tolerably deliberate and placid. After all, there is no last word in magic, men will be searching new sea charms, and land charms, while land and sea remain. Mr. Hergesheimer found one for us in "Java Head," a sea story which happens to take place ashore. More recently, in "All the Brothers Were Valiant," a new writer, Ben Ames Williams, seemed to have found one, slight but authentic. A yarn, if you like, wild and romantic and improbable, but true enough with the smell of the sea and the vibration of youth trembling towards its destiny. . . . Perhaps the novelette is this writer's natural medium, as I think it is Mr. Hergesheimer's. "The Sea Bride" labors towards bulk at the expense of quality. In gist it weighs about even with the earlier story. On the larger scale the artifice of its love story is patent; and unfortunately the writer's Jack-Londonish tendency towards unmeaning or slightly sadistic goriness takes on unpleasant emphasis.

In "The Passage of the Barque Sappho" most American readers may taste a quite new savor. Often of late some American publisher has produced with a flourish from his English-made hat a brand-new and fullgrown rabbit, some British novelist with a string of books behind him and a marvelous reputation at home. We have never heard of him. He has been hidden from us till he and we should be ripe for meeting. Usually he turns out to be another of the same—another clever, flouting, excitable player of the Wellsian game, whether with Oxford or Cockney accent. Patterson is a writer, and a man, of a totally different order. We get an interesting glimpse of him in "Who's Who," which found him worth mention as far back, at least, as 1914. Born in 1866 (within a month of H. G. Wells), a Yorkshireman; ran away to sea at thirteen, and knocked about the world till thirty: deep sea fishery, merchant service, naval reserve; crippled by rheumatism, came to London, became an obscure actor and an approved journalist; wrote some fifteen books of verse and prose, mainly ballads, sketches, and tales of the sea or its shores. And now, with this posthumous publication (he died a year or two ago), a Dent book imported by Dutton rather than published here, we get our first chance at him. The obvious comparison would be with Conrad, and it has been drawn. He shares with Conrad an early and long experience of the sea, a power of vivid description, and a serene indifference to the mechanism of "plot." A more direct relation might conceivably be traced, if it were worth tracing. But no one would justly accuse the slightly younger man of imitating the elder. He moves on a more humdrum plane, his own plane of feeling and observation. It is a male plane: there is no woman aboard the Barque Sappho to becloud the simple issues between man and man or between man and his other friend and opponent, the sea. And this is a story of men at sea dealing with each other rather than, as we often feel in Conrad's tales, a story of the sea dealing with men. Patterson's men are more closely bound to each other for good and ill, by love and hatred, a floating community of interdependent and inter-conscious souls, instead of (as in Conrad) a bundle of lonely and reticent individuals, united in the main for duty, for offensive warfare against the common enemy, Nature, but otherwise isolate and even desolate, peering over their shoulders at each other now and then, but for the most part fated to stand, back to back, gazing each over his own reach of misty sea-scape and life-scape, into—what?

Conrad would have made a more haunting and tragic figure of the Sappho's poor old skipper, and with the two who take turns at the narrative he might have dealt more subtly; but the rest of her crew would have remained figures dim if carefully blocked out, the necessary and natural background for his concentrated spiritual action. Patterson gives us the run of the ship. A mixed lot of shipmates we set sail with from 'Frisco, but in the course of our long voyage with them round the Horn they become, every one of them, companions and familiars; created each after his kind and not to be escaped from, however much they may bore or offend us at times, till the voyage ends. Unluckily for the writer's realistic method, his knowledge of dialect is not accurate. We can not challenge his Scotch negro, and his Yorkshire Smiley is evidently beyond cavil; but a stranger lingo than that attributed to the American, "Booster," would be hard to imagine, even in the novel of a Briton. There is crudity here, and elsewhere, in the book; but elsewhere chiefly of the kind that enhances verisimilitude, the sort of artlessness Defoe studied as a trick. Nobody would do or say quite that (we feel) in a work of art: ergo, it must be true. So our fine theory of the higher transmuted fact receives an apparent setback. . . . But it is a momentary illusion that does not belie the shaping hand. Literally and laboriously as we seem to be following the uncertain fortunes of the Sappho, sparing as the voyage is of high dramatic moments, it involves and concerns us beyond wish or thought of escape till we have seen it through. Its effect is slow and cumulative, like Conrad's; and though it lacks his unearthly poise, his effortless hand at the wheel, it gains, for compensation, an ingenuous warmth we need only respond, not rise to.

H. W. BOYNTON

Maeterlinck's "Presences"

MOUNTAIN PATHS. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

MAETERLINCK'S "Mountain Paths," a volume of essays, is brief, but it possesses an abundance and diversity which almost debar it, or exempt it, from review. The criticism of its various topics *seriatim* is prevented by their abundance; the selection of representative topics for criticism is precluded by their diversity. What can one say of an essay on Karma that can be pertinently said of an essay on insects? What generalization is spacious enough to embrace an essay on gambling and a story of three unknown Belgian heroes in the outreach of its hospitable curve? It would be easy but ignominious to escape from the confusion by calling the book a miscellany. The book is not a miscellany; it is a book that brings largeness and delicacy, penetration and reverence, to the successive examination of many primary and a few secondary problems. How is criticism to find a centre?

The perplexity is serious, but a partial and imperfect clew may be found in Maeterlinck's fondness for indwellings, for what may be called by a word whose vagueness is part of its justness, *presences*. One mind in another, one life in another—that is a quite peculiar interest of Maeterlinck's. Sometimes the indweller is more like a being, sometimes more like a thought; but as being it seems always ready to dissolve into thought, as thought always ready to condense into being. In the first essay, the "Power of the Dead," it is the dead in us, the dead

being halfway between memories and ghosts. In the "Soul of Nations" it is "floating forces," mystic reservoirs, deposits extrinsic to the nation's mind and character, celestial armories from which weapons are drawn in hours of crisis. "In "Macrocosm and Microcosm" the human body is pictured as a sort of ark in which all the animal life of all periods is lodged for indefinite preservation. In "Heredity and Preëxistence" it is the occupancy of our souls by ancestors and descendants that furnishes the theme. In "Karma" it is the past self that inhabits and controls the present.

Maeterlinck in all these beliefs is a poet, a rare and intimate poet. This is the explanation of his remarkable incredulities and his still more remarkable credulities. On the question of communications from spirits he discloses a hesitancy, a skepticism, which is very surprising at the first view and very natural at the second. Maeterlinck craves the poetry, and when the celestial visitant becomes an interlocutor and vis-à-vis, when he, in effect, presents his card and unpacks his verbal merchandise, he assumes to Maeterlinck's protesting gaze the prosaicism of a commercial traveler. It is taste perhaps rather than sense that steadies Maeterlinck in these special bogs and quicksands; he is prompt enough in his surrender to unreason where his imagination is caught by its mystery and beauty. For instance, in "Heredity and Preëxistence" he ventures to propound the theory that we are as much influenced by our posterity as by our ancestors, to put it tersely, that we are the children of our descendants. There is no abstract objection to the notion that causes should work backward as well as forward in the same fashion in which they act with equal facility from right to left and from left to right; but there is the very strong, indeed the quite decisive, practical objection that the inductive evidence is all the other way.

The truth is that in Maeterlinck as in Plato there are two men, a dialectician and a mystic, though in the Belgian, as in the Greek, it is a visionary dialectician who shares his habitat with a rationalizing mystic. Everywhere in this book one feels the fascination which negations possess for Maeterlinck's critical subtlety and the empire which affirmations retain or regain over his impulse to honor and revere. There are passages of critical insight in the volume which the noblest thinkers of our race might have rejoiced to father. Take, for instance, the fifth section in the "Great Revelation," in which Maeterlinck defends the appalling thesis that any ultimate doctrine which was great enough to be commensurate with the truth would be too great to have any congruence with our faculties. Sense and profundity combine to overwhelm us. Yet Maeterlinck always reserves a hope, suggests an extrication. One might criticise his optimism perhaps as a little too versatile; he feels moved every five years or so to revise his pact with the universe. At present his hope turns towards Karma.

Karma, which Maeterlinck, in one of his serene ecstasies, describes as the most beautiful and reassuring doctrine that the mind of man has imagined, is a form of justice which makes man's condition nothing more nor less than the result, or, if one pleases, the footing or aggregate, of all his actions, the sins counting as minuses, the good acts as pluses, in the calculation of his present welfare. Reincarnation, its vivid and poetic accompaniment, is apparently unrelated to the essence of the system. Reincarnation, it would almost seem, is an adjunct, an amendment, a postscript, a convenience for getting around the unmistakable disparity between Karma and the superficial facts. Justice is a relation between two terms. Put the two terms, conduct and welfare, for example, side by side in the same life, and the facts are clearly unmanageable. But it is still possible to believe in the universality of justice if you will separate the terms and conceal their relation by putting them in distinct lives. The locks on hand do not fit the keys on hand, but optimism vindicates the locksmith by the charitable supposition of absent keys and locks to which the visible fittings are duly complemental. Maeterlinck himself, whose views are rather criticised than reproduced in the foregoing sentences, admits that Karma is only an hypothesis; but is content to accept an hypothesis, which, as he truly says, is irrefutable, and which is food and comfort to his aspirations.

It is doubtful if in the general capacity or in the depth and subtlety of particular insights, any philosopher has surpassed Maeterlinck. System, of course, he lacks, but what system as a system has ever imposed its cumbrousness upon mankind? Truth in philosophy is perceived, is consumed, in particulars. The analogy with bread is instructive. Humanity takes small grains of wheat or smaller flakes of flour, makes them into a large loaf, which can not be digested until it has been crumbed by the fingers and ground by the teeth. A system is just such a loaf. Maeterlinck's true imperfection lies elsewhere. Philosophy, being, when all is said and done, a human product looking toward a human end, is finally conditioned by the largeness and robustness of the philosopher's humanity. It may be abstract and passionless, as an eye is cool and pellucid, but the eye no less than the abdomen is nourished by the blood. Maeterlinck lacks neither humanity nor experience; the only question is whether he possesses them in a degree correspondent with the splendor of his own gift for abstraction or the requirements of philosophies that endure.

Chinese Art

OUTLINES OF CHINESE ART. By John L. Ferguson. The Scammon Lectures for 1918. Published for the Art Institute of Chicago by the University of Chicago Press.

THE collector of Chinese art soon comes to the dilemma that he must trust either his daemon or the Chinese. On this issue Dr. Ferguson takes a firm stand. His approach to the subject is literary, traditional, exclusively Chinese. His loyalty knows no shrinking. He treats calligraphy as of equal dignity with sculpture or painting; he excludes with an almost contemptuous brevity the stately statues of Gandhara type because they are exotic and the Chinese think little of them. He is as enthusiastic about the feeling of jade as he is about the quality of a primitive landscape. In Chinese fashion he exalts bronzes and slurs ceramics, while old inscribed stones seem more important than the masterpieces of the imported Buddhistic school. Compared with our author, such Far-Eastern critics as Seichi-taki and the late Okakura Kakuzo are fairly cosmopolitan in their sympathies, while the lamented Ernest Fenollosa, Laurence Binyon, and Alfred Morrison appear as mere eclectics.

We have emphasized the unbending character of Dr. Ferguson's Sinophily because it constitutes at once the limitation and the positive strength of his work. There is no book which tells so briefly and accurately, on the basis of first-hand knowledge, precisely how the best-trained Chinese regard their own art. Their interest ceases with the Yuan dynasty, so does Dr. Ferguson's. They care as much for famous seals or eulogies of noted critics or collectors on a scroll as they do for the painting itself. Their systematic criticism and archæology extends over fifteen hundred years, beginning at a moment when our Teutonic forebears, without an alphabet or an art to remember, were just beginning to be uneasy in their Baltic fens.

One can not but respect so long a tradition of culture, yet many of its results look just about as trustworthy and important as the Alexandrine dabblings in rhetoric and criticism. For a thousand years China has been in an Alexandrine condition, and any real study of her art must transcend the Chinese tradition. In particular, the collector who trusts overmuch to signatures, seals, and eulogies, neglecting that subjective appreciation

which our author wholly distrusts, will have more literary evidences of Chinese art in his godowns than Chinese art itself. Dr. Ferguson's collections have been exhibited, and many pieces have passed into museums. The average quality of these paintings is calculated to encourage the amateur who in the first instance trusts his daemon, while cautiously enlisting in his quest all available Chinese lore.

As a guide to the collector we can not unreservedly recommend this book. As a solid and entertaining means of information it deserves all praise. Numerous unhackneyed illustrations add to its value and constitute its chief appeal to the specialist.

The Run of the Shelves

EASY-CHAIR strategists will find abundant food for thought and argument in William L. McPherson's "The Strategy of the Great War" (Putnam). The book grows out of the remarkable comment which Mr. McPherson wrote week by week for the New York *Tribune*. He is a convinced Easterner. The great failure of the Allies was to strike soft at Gallipoli. Equally the great error of Germany was to seek the impossible on the Western front, while neglecting to consolidate and exploit the Middle-Europe she had conquered. Her ultimate and fatal folly was to incur war with the United States. The French were blameworthy in maintaining an initial aggressive in Alsace and in failing to defend the Northern frontier in force. The policy of attrition was fallacious from the point of view of the Entente, and the correct western policy for Germany from the first. Throughout, the larger strategy of Germany was stupid, she threw away out of vanity a good chance of securing all her political aims. Such is the general tenor of a vigorously written book, the upshot of which is perhaps that a model strategy is always retrospective, and more easily compassed in the easy chair than on the stricken field.

The American poet, John Gould Fletcher, who has been residing in England for the past three years, writes as follows in a recent letter from London concerning his relations wih France:

I may say that they are wholly confined to a great admiration for French literature, poetry and art. In regard to French literature my knowledge of it begins with François Villon, Rabelais, and Montaigne, all three of whom I greatly admire. With the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries I have never been able to find myself in sympathy, although I admit the supreme artistry and polish of Molière and La Fontaine; the sombre concision and mysticism of Pascal attract me more than either Corneille or Racine. In the eighteenth century I have admired and studied the works of Voltaire and Rousseau, especially the latter, having read the whole of his "Confessions," as well as the "Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire," several times in the original. In the nineteenth century, or rather the period after the publication of "Emaux et Camées" and "Les Fleurs du Mal," I am most at home. Hugo I do not like, despite his enormous fecundity and energy; but both Gautier and Baudelaire—the latter especially, because he continued a line of thought which started with Poe—made an early and deep impression on me. After 1910, I became interested in the Symbolists and have read most of Verlaine, all of Mallarmé, Corbière, Lafargue, Lautréamont (Maldoror), Rimbaud, as well as others of the succeeding generation, such as Rémy de Gourmont (whom I regard as a very great critic), Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes, Viélé-Griffin, Stuart Merrill, and others almost too numerous to mention.

Among the "fata" of "libelli" those of the commonplace quatrains of the mathematician Omar Khayyam are of the strangest. Through accident and the single genius of Fitzgerald they have been lifted from being quite undistinguished minor poetry in Persia to a unique place in the English-speaking world, and were made the voice, for a time, of the later Victorian period. But besides the magic given by the great English stylist, there was in the clay with which he worked a certain broad humanity, a kinship to all our yearnings, questionings, and consolations. It is more than doubtful whether that was present in Abu'l-Ala, some of whose poems have just been rendered into the forms of Omar Khayyam and Fitzgerald by Mr. Ameen Rihani (The Luzumiyat of Abu'l-Ala (James T. White). The blind Syrian intellectual and moralist is both more sombre and less friendly than the Persian and bon vivant. He was not only an agnostic, a pessimist, and a rebel; he was an ascetic to the uttermost and rejected all human ties save those of the intellect. We may be puzzled as to how the creator of Omar's universe could have created Omar, just as the God of Ecclesiastes leaves Ecclesiastes himself inexplicable; but Abu'l-Ala is of a piece with the universe he saw around him, and it is no kindly or attractive piece. Nor is it likely that Mr. Rihani's art will overcome the handicap. His renderings are often very clever; but, as the Arabic proverb says, the merit belongs to the precedent—Fitzgerald.

"Supplementary Diplomatic Documents" follows the publication by the American-Hellenic Society, a few months ago, of "The Greek White Book" (Oxford University Press). This supplement presents additional evidence from authentic texts of documents issued by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Greek Government, dealing with the Greco-Serbian Treaty and the Germano-Bulgarian invasion of Macedonia, and telegrams exchanged between the Royal Courts of Athens and Berlin before the fall of Constantine. Although there is neither an explanatory preface nor interpretative comments to influence the reader, much of the material contained is little short of dramatic. The struggle of the Greek people to assert its will against a popular King, backed by a tremendous propaganda, is one of the most absorbing episodes of the Great War, in which the figures of Constantine and Venizelos, the forceful and blind soldier king and the honest and far-sighted Cretan statesman, are the protagonists. Probably the telegram of Mr. Coromilas to King Constantine in consequence of the events of December 1-2, 1916, forms the most striking document of the collection, inasmuch as it comes from a man who felt very deeply the struggle between loyalty to his king and loyalty to his country.

" . . . To crown the horror, Greece in the midst of the misfortunes which have thus overwhelmed her, is divided into two camps which have a deadly grudge against each other; hate is in their hearts and civil war is in their souls and in their actions; we kill and assassinate each other; while the Bulgarians are settled on our soil and oppress our brothers. The country is in the greatest distress, it is in a state of anarchy; criminal and atrocious acts have been committed at Athens against the civil population, and the agents of public order have done nothing to stop them. . . .

. . . Whatever the issue of this great conflict may be—and even your majesty feels that it will be indecisive—Greece must remain the frank and sincere friend of the Powers of the Entente, and must be the enemy of Bulgaria. Mr. Venizelos and his colleagues at Saloniki have seen this truth. Do not refuse, sire, to see it yourself. And since you are king, not of the majority of the people, but of all the Greeks, forget the past; forget any grievances that you may have, and ask for the assistance of Mr. Venizelos and his friends; I have the firm hope that they will give it to you freely. . . .

. . . I beg your majesty to excuse the frankness of my language. The affection that I bear for you compels me to speak to you thus, for my heart bleeds when I think what you were and of what is going to come. It is my duty to speak to you plainly and with no reticence; it is my duty to tell your majesty that the policy which has so fatefully brought us to the position in which, alas, we find ourselves, is a deadly policy, and one of which I fundamentally disapprove. The advice that I venture to give you, and your royal act, bringing to pass the union of all, are all that can now save what remains."

A useful list of books has been compiled by Prof. Tom Peete Cross, under the title "Bibliography and Methods of English Literary History" (University of Chicago Press). Attention is chiefly directed to the works of fundamental bibliographical importance — just the books the graduate student is most likely to be ignorant of—but the blank interleavings give room for the amplification of particular subjects.

Drama

"Mary Broome" at the Neighborhood Playhouse—The Theatre Parisien

MR. ALLAN MONKHOUSE'S "Mary Broome," visible for a season on Saturday and Sunday evenings at the Neighborhood Playhouse, is an enmeshing play. It is not a serious, not an artistic, hardly a moral, play; and I chafe and rebel at the facility of my entanglement. The entanglement remains, however; "Mary Broome" is a play that dogs you—not to say, hounds you—an idle, impish, saucy play, a play that attracts, worries, and teases, and refuses to be sent about its business for the simple reason that its business is to pester you. It is a study in character, and its own character is mirrored in that of its protagonist.

Was "Mary Broome" originally a novel? It seems, in essence, a novel, with two vigorous included playlets, the first act and the fourth. In Act I, the poetical featherhead and rattlebrain, Leonard Timbrell, is persuaded to marry the housemaid (significantly named Broome) whom he has unconcernedly seduced. In Act IV, this wife, estranged by Leonard's indifference to their child, runs away to Canada with the milkman. The intervening matter is as mere matter dramatically pointless, but for all that, interest is penetrating. The marriage itself, the union of quicksilver and lead, with its comic retribution for the man and its indistinct beatitude for the girl, is evocative and provocative in a quite singular degree. The means by which the rupture between father and son is brought about in the second act is forced, almost to the point of violence; but there is the happiest combination of truth and novelty in the occasion for this means, the half-hour adjournment of dinner, just long enough to put a razor-edge on everybody's nerves and everybody's tongue.

Leonard Timbrell is the centre of the play; at times he seems both centre and circumference. He is comic, but in a play that means something a comic character should be a serious enterprise for his creator. In this sense Mercutio is serious for Shakespeare; Harold Skimpole (the nearest parallel to Leonard Timbrell) is serious for Dickens. The difficulty with Mr. Monkhouse's play, for anybody who is trying to respect it, is that Leonard, who abounds in gay antics, is himself nothing but a gay antic for Mr. Monkhouse. He is not humanly real; he is a thread on which wilfulness and sauciness are mischievously strung, and that the question between modernity and what may be called suburbanity can be seriously raised in the person of a man who is at bottom mere performer and coxcomb is of course unthinkable. Mr. Rudolph Besier's "Don" is the serious antithesis to Mr. Monkhouse's pirouetting Leonard. Self in youth is a powerful intoxicant, and Leonard Timbrell has drunk deeply of that vintage. One particular may be noted. Leonard has been born and bred in his father's house, but the mutual astonishment between himself and his people would suggest that he had been born and bred in Bagdad and had arrived in London day before yesterday. Mr. Knoblock's "Faun," Sir James Barrie's Lob, could scarcely be less acclimated.

The play affects a seriousness which it does not possess, and its teaching is indeterminate and fluctuant. The author makes points for or against Leonard according to convenience; he likes Leonard on the whole, but he likes points better. All of which proves that there is a great deal of Leonard in Mr. Monkhouse. At the close the father confesses that he has been a fool. Nothing could be more inopportune than this confession as a sequel to the rap on the knuckles which Mr. Monkhouse himself has just administered to Leonard in mild reproof of his paternal callousness. Yet the author of this stupidity is capable of a stroke so excellent and so touching as poor Mary's simple-minded outcry in the first act: "I want to marry somebody."

The performance was remarkably good. Miss Helen Curry as Mary Broome was perfect. This may or not mean a vocation for Miss Curry. The technical, the vocal, requirements of the part were inconsiderable, and the exquisite rightness of key which constituted its beauty might have been, so to speak, inscribed upon the part by a discerning instructor. Mr. S. Bennet Tobias as Leonard Timbrell was hardly less perfect and was much more demonstrably able. He acted Leonard with what might be called an exasperating charm, and the dregs of the character, while visible enough at the bottom, did not trouble the pellucid surface. He could not actualize the character (the character itself being a sort of forgery), but he justified—he authenticated—the temperament. The praise for that victory should be ample.

The double bill at the Théatre Parisien opens with a two-act play by Pierre Wolff and Georges Courteline, entitled "La Cruche," here used in the sense of dunce or dullard. A girl finds refuge from a brutal lover in the protection of a second man, whose chivalry is unpresuming. The first man wins her back by an offer of marriage. The narrative is mild almost to placidity, and even the fourth character, a jealous woman, does not greatly disturb the equanimity of its temper. I might not have minded the dearth of plot in a more serious play, but "La Cruche" is very light, and I own to some hesitancy about plays that are plotless and thoughtless at the same time. Still, I followed the drama with pleasure, and allowed duly for the difference between French and English taste in the matter in question. The French are noted for address. It follows that they can interest themselves keenly in the "How" of things, even in the "How" of a not markedly exciting or unusual transaction. The Anglo-Saxon does not dally with the "How"; he darts unceremoniously to the "What." If there is no "What," but only a "How," as in "La Cruche," he feels unfed, and an unfed Anglo-Saxon is a person to be reckoned with.

Not the least interesting point in the play for an American was the entire absence on everybody's part of any sense of peculiarity or disadvantage in the original position of the girl, Margot. True, she is married in the end, but this is not rehabilitation, it is promotion. A major accepts a colonelcy without prejudice to the respectability of majors. The situations and conversation are seemly, and Margot is refined. The French can not make impurity pure, but they can make it as limpid as purity.

M. Félix Barre was excellent in his finely shaded portrayal of the painter, Lavernie; Mlle. Grattery made an agreeable Margot; M. Lucien Weber retrieved by skill in the second act part of the credit which he had buzzed and sputtered away in Act I. The operetta, "La Musique Adoucit les Coeurs," supplied precisely the form of lightness which might have been expected in a programme in which the element of weight was represented by "La Cruche."

O. W. FIRKINS

Massenet's Memories and Music

MY RECOLLECTIONS. By Jules Massenet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company.

TO those who have not read them in the original, the reminiscences of Massenet now published in near-English form, under the title of "My Recollections," will have something—a great deal, maybe—of the unquestioned charm which marked so much of the composer's gracious music. But no one should approach these careless jottings over-seriously or hoping to find in them lofty theories or daring thoughts.

Jules Massenet. He hated his own forename. He was a man of moods, caprices, fads, and whims—a "fantastick," if there was one in the world. He signed just "Massenet," or sometimes "Mr. Massenet," like an Englishman. At the end of his career he seemed too erratic to be wholly sane. The last chapter of his

(*Continued on page* 20)

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memoirs bears the heading of "Thoughts after Death." It was penned (unless the writer is a dishonest ghost) from a distant planet, where "there are no newspapers, no dinners, no sleepless nights." Like Swedenborg (if we may trust that chapter) Massenet sat in at his own funeral. Incidentally he declares he heard the loud sobbing of his wife and daughter; the lamentations of an artist (perhaps Lucy Arbell) exclaiming, "Ah, believe me, I loved him well. I have always had such great success in his works!" And, as they bore him farther and farther from the Boulevards, towards Egreville, his last earthly halting place, he knew quite well that, by his friends, he would be forgotten.

Throughout his life he had had many enemies. Some of them rivals who were jealous of his vogue. Some of them critics who affected to despise his work. He had been jeered at and lampooned time and again, as "Mademoiselle Wagner," and even, I have heard, as "Marie Madeleine." It was long the fashion among those who worshipped Wagner to make light of the voluptuous and tenderness of Massenet's style. The more he protested that he also was a Wagnerite—and a devotee besides of Berlioz—the more they mocked at him. It mattered little to the fortunate composer who, from his entrance at the Conservatoire of Paris to his death, only a few years ago, was the spoiled child of men—and women, the inventor of more operas and cantatas and song cycles and tone poems, than any who envied him.

In point of fact, though he owed much to Wagner, Jules Massenet was not of the great line of that creator of music-drama. He would have resented being reminded of the truth. But he was closer far to Schumann and to Gounod. He had the sweetness of the composer of "Faust" and "Romeo" and "Mireille," with the romantic grace of the great German. When he strained his talent (as he sometimes did) he was as "grand" at best as Meyerbeer. But he delighted most when he was natural—devising delicate and often exquisite "Poèmes," picturesque tone-poems, and graceful operas.

Not all the sneering of the Wagnerites can spoil the tenderness of Massenet's "Werther," the frail beauty of his "Manon," the charm of his "Jongleur de Notre-Dame," and his cantata, "Marie-Madeleine." He wrote rubbish now and then—he wrote too quickly. But he was always a sincere and fine technician. He had the gift of melody and great mastery of harmony.

He was as it were a link, and a beguiling link, between Gounod and d'Indy, without the strength of the last-named composer. It might be going a good deal too far to speak of him as a genius. Yet Gounod, after listening to his cantata, "Eve," said of him that he was one of the "Elect" of heaven.

It was to Massenet that the late Oscar Hammerstein turned most frequently when he was looking for some popular attraction at the Manhattan Opera House. He produced "Hérodiade," "Thaïs," "Grisélidis," "Le Jongleur" and other works, which proved successful here as they had been in Paris. But the composer never crossed the Atlantic seas, and more than once refused the offers made him to direct some of his operas and concert works.

Concerning his successes and his failures he has set down many anecdotes in "My Recollections" and about the composers, singers, and managers of his time—from Auber to Ambroise Thomas, Liszt, Delibes, Gounod, Bizet, Berlioz, Duvernoy, Carré, Reyer, Saint-Saëns, Halanzier, and the rest of his contemporaries.

As a writer, Massenet has but little style, and what little he can boast of has been shattered by his translator, H. Villiers Barnett, who is said to have been chosen by the master himself. But, as a chronicle and record of the musicians of his time, these recollections have their proper place and value—despite omissions, and singular inaccuracies which distress the reader in Mr. Barnett's English version.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

The Negro

THERE have been certain recent indications that this perennial problem may at any time again become acute. There are a score and over of useful books, by white people, South and North, and by Negroes, which illuminate the problem, even when they do not try to solve it.

Benjamin G. Brawley's "Short History of the American Negro" (Macmillan, 1913), Booker Washington's "Story of the Negro" (Doubleday, 1909), and George S. Merriam's "The Negro and the Nation" (Holt, 1906) should serve for historical information, while "The Negro Year Book" (Negro Year Book Pub. Co.) is a reference book on negro activities.

Two admirable books by Southern writers are Thomas Nelson Page's "The Negro: the Southerner's Problem" (Scribner, 1904), and Mrs. L. H. Hammond's "In Black and White" (Revell, 1914). From a South African point of view is Maurice S. Evans's "Black and White in the Southern States" (Longmans, 1915). One should not fail to see W. E. B. Du Bois's "The Souls of Black Folk" (McClurg), his "The Negro" (Holt, 1915), Booker Washington's "The Future of the American Negro" (Small, Maynard, 1900), and Kelly Miller's "An Appeal to Conscience" (Macmillan, 1918). Similar in their nature are Benjamin Brawley's "Your Negro Neighbor" (Macmillan, 1918), and his "The Negro in Literature and Art in the United States" (Duffield, 1918).

Professor A. B. Hart's valuable study is called "The Southern South" (Appleton, 1910). The problem is directly tackled in William P. Pickett's "The Negro Problem" (Putnam, 1909), Edward Eggleston's "The Ultimate Solution of the American Negro Problem" (Badger, 1913), William H. Thomas's "The American Negro" (Macmillan, 1901), and John M. Mecklin's "Democracy and Race Friction; a Study in Social Ethics" (Macmillan, 1914). A legal work, perhaps more useful for reference than for continued reading, is Gilbert T. Stephenson's "Race Distinctions in American Law" (Appleton, 1910). William J. Edwards, in "Twenty-Five Years in the Black Belt" (Cornhill Co., 1919), describes the Southern Negro, and Mary W. Ovington's "Half a Man" (Longmans, 1911) treats the status of the Negro in New York.

W. H. Collins is the author of "The Truth About Lynching and the Negro in the South" (Neale, 1918), which he describes as a plea "that the South be made safe for the white race." The authoritative work on lynching is James E. Cutler's "Lynch Law" (Longmans, 1905).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Johnston, Mary. Michael Forth. Harper. $1.75 net.

Ostrander, Isabel. Ashes to Ashes. McBride. $1.65 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Barton, George. Celebrated Spies and Famous Mysteries of the Great War. Boston: Page. $2 net.

Glenconner, Pamela. Edward Wyndham Tennant: A Memoir. Lane. $5 net.

Palmer, Frederick. Our Greatest Battle. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

Von Tirpitz, Admiral. My Memoirs. 2 volumes. Dodd, Mead. $7.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Holliday, R. C. Broome Street Straws. Doran.

Holliday, R. C. Peeps at People. Doran.

GIFT BOOKS

Gibbons, H. D. Paris Vistas. Century.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Clark, N. M. Common Sense in Labor Management. Harper. $4 net.

Hollander, J. H. American Citizenship and Economic Welfare. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.25.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bairnsfather, Bruce. From Mud to Mufti. Putnam.

Bates, K. L. Sigurd Our Golden Collie, and Other Comrades of the Road. Dutton. $2 net.

Derby, Richard. "Wade in Sanitary!" The Story of a Division Surgeon in France. Putnam.

THE REVIEW

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IT may be invidious to single out Mr. Sherwood, Democrat, of Ohio, as conspicuously silly, in a Congress which abounds in silliness; but that is the natural consequence of his remark on the resolution to recognize a de facto government in Ireland happening to be printed conspicuously in the news dispatches. "This resolution, if adopted, need not necessarily disturb our friendly relations with Great Britain," such is Mr. Sherwood's sage opinion. And indeed he may be right; but if so, it is for the reason that Congressional "resoluting" on foreign affairs—so long as the resolution does not get to the point of Presidential approval—has come to be set down, not only at home but abroad, as pure buncombe. But it is cold comfort for an American to think that, in a time so fraught with momentous issues, he must feel that these fantastic tricks indulged in by the national legislature are rendered harmless only by being ridiculous.

WHILE the nomination campaign on the Democratic side has not yet even begun to take shape, there is at least one candidacy on the Republican side which is rapidly approaching the stage of thorough organization. Every turn, therefore, in the movement in behalf of General Wood is of keen public interest. Col. Edward B. Clark, a close personal and political friend who expects to take a prominent part in the management of his campaign in the Middle West, throws doubt on the recent report that General Wood intends soon to resign his commission. Colonel Clark says:

> I suppose he will be governed by circumstances. There is nothing in law, tradition, precedent, or public sentiment to require that he should hand in his resignation. The cases of Zachary Taylor, Winfield Scott, George B. McClellan, U. S. Grant, and Winfield S. Hancock furnish five distinct precedents where the candidates were army officers and remained in the army all through the campaign.

But it can not be too strongly insisted that the demands of the present time are wholly different from those of the bygone days here referred to. Even as to those times, it is worth while to remark, for example, that the figure which General Hancock cut in relation to the comparatively simple issue of the tariff is a memory to be conjured up for warning rather than for example. But to-day we are confronted not only with a mass of problems novel in character and stupendous in importance, but also with the outstanding fact of profound doubt and division concerning them within each of the two great parties. In this situation personal qualities, however desirable, are far from constituting a sufficient basis for the acceptance of any man as the leader of his party in the approaching campaign. All signs point to its being, with the exception of the campaign of 1860, the most important and critical Presidential contest since the formation of the Union. There is not much time to spare, between now and the meeting of the Republican National Convention, for a fair exhibit of the temper and position of a man whose career, like that of General Wood, has lain outside the main currents of politics. Let us hope that he will come out in the open in ample time for the formation of a sound judgment upon his title to the nomination.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT Berger, who is bearing the red banner to Congress or to jail—he does not seem to regard the distinction as important,—has paused in New York long enough to say:

> I opposed the war, because I said it was a commercial war. What did we get out of it? A Constitution on the way to becoming a "scrap of paper," the "flu," prohibition, the high cost of living, and government by injunction.

One could conclude that, as a commercial venture, the war was sufficiently a failure to reconcile even Mr. Berger to it.

THE following gem of misinformation is from the *New Republic:*

> Semenov is a flashy brigand, vastly inferior in ability and infinitely more brutal and unprincipled than Pancho Villa. With a cosmopolitan band of a few hundreds of cutthroats, Semenov has managed to pick a living out of the ill-defended settlements around Lake Baikal. That is all he amounts to.

Without attempting a brief for Semenov or a defense of all of his acts, it is only fair to say that for many months he carried on, almost alone, a patriotic struggle against the Bolsheviks of Siberia, with a little army of which more than one-half were Russian officers serving as privates. That he did not "pick a living out of the ill-defended settlements around Lake Baikal" is evident from the fact that he has not been in that neighborhood and his headquarters is several hundred miles from it. In spite of his friction with the Siberian Government and with the American Expeditionary Forces, it is just to record

that Semenov was chosen Ataman by the Baikal Cossacks and is a military leader of undoubted ability.

COUNT Tolstoy has been called the spiritual father of Bolshevism. But for his teachings the Russian people would not so readily have accepted Lenin and Trotsky as its saviors. If this is true, the child is an ungrateful monster. What it owes to the father it repays to his daughter, the Countess Alexandra Lvovna Tolstoy, with persecution and imprisonment. She is charged with plotting against the Soviet Government. If she is guilty of that crime, it only proves that there can be little left of her father's teachings in the practice of the Moscow dictatorship.

IRISH leaders are seldom conspicuous for moderation. Their emotional temperament unfits them for the quiet consideration of their opponents' views. Colonel Lynch is an exception to the rule. It is a pleasure to draw attention to his strong disavowal of the Sinn Fein movement, which, he declared, was doomed to failure because of its exclusive reliance on violence, and because of its religious intolerance. If Irish freedom is what Sinn Fein is striving for, it should not be made a Roman Catholic issue. Colonel Lynch has the fullest right to speak as he did. Though himself a Roman Catholic, he fought with the Calvinist Boers against Great Britain, realizing that a people's claim to autonomy is not qualified by its religious creed. "We disparage our cause by bigotry and religious fanaticism. Take out the religious element, and we have gone far to solve the problem." The Sinn Fein leaders might well take the lesson to heart. They will never gain political freedom for their following at the cost of religious freedom for their Protestant compatriots.

A SUMMARY of industrial conditions in Belgium, recently given out by the Guaranty Trust Company, is highly encouraging. Belgian coal production has now reached nearly ninety per cent. of the rate of output for 1913, and the coal export has served appreciably to strengthen Belgian exchange. Receipts from both freight and passenger traffic on Belgian railroads for the first nine months of 1919 exceed the figures for 1913, but this does not indicate an actual increase in business done, as both passenger and freight tariffs are about double the 1913 level. Labor conditions have been rather better in Belgium than elsewhere, as only 42,000 workers were involved in strikes during the first six months of the year, for which alone figures are available. Of 194 strikes, 108 were compromised by arbitration. Twenty-nine ended in straight victory for the workmen, thirty-seven for the employers. A fifty-million-pound loan to the Belgian Government by London capitalists proves that British finance holds a high opinion of Belgian stability. From January to September inclusive, the purchase of American goods amounted to an average of $37 for every Belgian.

THE week beginning January 17 (Poor Richard's birthday) is to be National Thrift Week. Not a few of us, perhaps, are inclined to think that we may as well make up our minds this year to about fifty-two such weeks. But we have only to open our eyes in the street to see that there are multitudes who have more, "more than they ever dreamed of," and spend it as fast as they get it. If things are high now, they say, never mind; get them while the getting is good; they'll be higher by and by. Most assuredly they will, unless some considerable number of people who have the money in hand to buy them with are willing to forego furs and jewels and silk shirts, or whatever according to their scale of living may be conveniently symbolized by these things. What the cheap dollar buys now of this sort of merchandise will not be worth much by and by. Louis XV spoke of a deluge. This side of a deluge, which very likely won't come, there may be a highly uncomfortable succession of rainy days. When they come, the cheap dollar that has been prudently laid aside will bring returns that are worth waiting for.

The Raid on the Reds

THE sudden descent of the Department of Justice on thousands of members of the Communist and Communist Labor parties has been received with enthusiastic applause in some quarters, and with gloomy misgiving in other quarters equally entitled to respect. For ourselves, we are frank to say that we find it impossible to estimate the merits of the case. Until the Government places before the public a coherent and comprehensive statement of the nature of its own proceedings, it is impossible to form a trustworthy judgment. Up to the present time, rumors which it is difficult to trace to any authoritative source, and scraps of information or stray expressions of feeling coming from one official or another, are all that we have to go upon.

This in itself is a defect whose seriousness it would be difficult to overstate. Right or wrong, judicious or ill-advised, the result of careful thought or of spectacular zeal—whichever of these designations fits the case, certain it is that what we are witnessing is a novel and extraordinary proceeding. It is not right that the country should look on agape, making all sorts of wild guesses as to what it actually is and what it means. Under what provisions of what statutes is the Government acting? To what extent, if at all, are the arrests being made on the ground that we are still formally in a state of war? Are the persons arrested engaged in actual conspiracies, and, if so, what is the nature of these conspiracies? Is the Government seeking to catch in its net all aliens who entertain revolutionary opinions, or only those who are connected with agitations directed toward immediate action? Without disclosing any administrative secrets necessary for the successful prosecution of its work, the Department of Justice could give the American people adequate information on these points. And not only have the people a right to demand this information, but in the absence of it the harm that will be done by unsettlement of the public mind, and misinterpretation of the Govern-

ment's policy, will far outweigh the good that may be accomplished by any deportations or punishments which may result from the raid.

The misgiving which, in the absence of a clear understanding, the situation naturally arouses is accentuated by a statement which Attorney-General Palmer has taken occasion to issue in relation to his proposed law against "sedition." Such a law is necessary, he says, "in order that the Department of Justice may deal forcibly, effectively, and quickly with seditionists who are *American citizens*, but who are seeking to injure or destroy the Government." He asserts that "the country's response to the introduction of this measure leaves no excuse for a single moment's unnecessary delay in the passage of it." This would be absurd, even if "the country's response" had been ten times as widespread and ten times as emphatic as there is any evidence of its actually having been. If there is any measure upon which the mature and conscientious judgment of responsible legislators is absolutely essential it is a measure directed against "sedition." The popular impulse to get rid of what is offensive to popular feeling can not be accepted as a guide in such a matter. It must be threshed out in full and free debate; and upon those members of Congress whose intelligence, knowledge of history, and grasp on fundamental maxims of legislation enable them to judge of the actual, and not the desired, effect of such a measure rests the solemn responsibility of opposing it to the utmost of their power if they regard it as mischievous. The burden of proof—first, that any measure of the kind is necessary, and, secondly that the particular measure is a good one—rests heavily upon its advocates.

We trust that, when the facts are fully known, it will turn out that the Government has acted well in making the arrests. If it has not taken advantage of the technicality of a state of war, if it contemplates only the deportation of aliens who upon a reasonable interpretation of our laws come clearly within their inhibitions, if it is not aiming to produce a state of vague terror among all persons who hold radical opinions, then what it is doing is not only justifiable, but necessary and salutary. The notion that a country is in duty bound to admit or retain aliens who seek to subvert its institutions is a grotesque perversion of the idea of the right of asylum. Of the merits of an insurrection, or even a conspiracy, directed against a foreign government, we are not required to judge; but when a foreigner comes over to plot against our own government or institutions, it is our business to look into the matter, and it is our right and our duty to keep him out or put him out, if we think his presence sufficiently detrimental to make it worth while.

The idea that nothing short of imminent peril to the nation can justify such exclusion or expulsion has no basis either in principle or in the practice of liberal governments. Moreover, in our own country the question is of dimensions never approached in any of the older civilized nations. With a large proportion of our population consisting of recent immigrants or their children, the character of this immigration, and the way in which that character may be affected by the infusion of even a few thousand active and determined agitators, is a matter of vital importance to our national well-being. A great deal is said in radical quarters, and in some quarters that are not radical, of the wave of hysteria that is alleged to be sweeping over the country. A certain amount of hysteria there undoubtedly is, but the amount of it is grossly exaggerated in the imagination of the radicals. Very few people are afraid that the country may go to pieces to-morrow; but a great many people think that alien plotters should be got rid of, even if their capacity for mischief falls infinitely short of fatal danger to the country. In fact, the radicals' outcry over hysteria is itself about the clearest case of hysteria in sight.

There are two things which the situation urgently demands—first, a clear statement of the Government's position and policy, and secondly, such a shaping of that policy as will yield a maximum of direct good with a minimum of accompanying evil. What is wanted is swift and effective treatment of cases which everybody will recognize as serious, together with a prompt and generous freeing of all others from distress or terror. Above all, it should, as far as possible, be made plain that it is not the dissemination of objectionable opinions in lawful ways that the Government seeks to suppress; that the traditional rights of free speech, as understood in our country and in England, are to be respected; that such repression as does take place is entered upon from a sober sense of duty and in no spirit of sensationalism, and is carried out in strict accordance with a reasonable view of the law. Unless this spirit is made manifest, the benefits of the move will be more than counterbalanced by the resentment aroused in millions of breasts over methods which a free people can not but regard as fraught with danger to their liberties.

The "Nation" Will Say—

THROUGH the kind offices of Sir Oliver Lodge we have been put in possession of what the *Nation*, in a forthcoming issue, will say:

"The naturally timid, and for the moment thoroughly frightened, officials who are busily weaving the last poor shreds of democracy into a gravecloth for themselves and the system they so pitifully represent, have been stampeded by the clamors of the capitalistic and jingoistic press into the very sort of 'direct action' which they profess so much to deplore. Could anything be better calculated to hasten the coming revolution than this last bit of melodramatic emulation of the methods employed by the police of the late lamented Czar? Since there is no plot against democratic government in America; since, in short, there is no democratic government left to plot against, it is necessary to invent a plot. A Saint Bartholomew's Eve, spectacularly staged throughout the country, is the lamentable result.

"We hold no brief for the Communist party or the Communist Labor party. If their members engage in violence they may be curbed by due process of law. But the mere advocacy of violence, or the violent advocacy of anything (they amount to the same thing), does not warrant equally violent and far less excusable suppression. It is only in an atmosphere of revolution that those generous impulses, that passionate dedication to justice, that clear-eyed scrutiny of ideas, as a result of which the world of to-morrow is born, can generate themselves. But fortunately you can not kill an aspiration by deporting helpless foreigners. The celestial radiance of which these have caught a glimpse will shine more brightly than ever in the faces of the spiritual brethren whom they leave behind.

"Most of all, we find ourselves opposed to this disastrous attempt to distinguish between aliens and Americans. In undertaking to deport wholesale those who have not submitted to a hollow ceremony of declaring allegiance to a form of government which has in any true sense ceased to exist, we are drawing off the very life blood of the country. The ideals of Washington and of Lincoln, are they not more alive to-day in the warm heart of the recent immigrant than in the Prussianized 'American' who in their name commits a deed to which history congratulates herself on being unable to furnish a parallel? *Germania capta* thus leads her captors captive.

"The utter folly of it makes the blood boil! If Mr. Palmer and his minions wish to make violent revolutionists of us all, they have found the way. The blood and tears which they cause to be shed, instead of destroying, will most miraculously quicken the seeds of revolution. What might have come in a hundred years will now come in ten. What might have come peacefully will now come as it may. Prophetic voices that should have been given careful heed are stopped with violence. But others will take up the cry. For one that is silenced to-day a thousand will be heard to-morrow. It is all very regrettable."

Forgotten Derelicts of War

RESPONSES continue to be made to appeals in behalf of stricken populations in the Old World. One case, however, has either escaped our attention or been shunted into the background, which in normal times would have caused a shudder of horror throughout the whole civilized world. This is the case of the German and Austrian prisoners of war in Siberia, numbering perhaps 140,000 at the beginning of winter, and now apparently doomed as a whole to death in its most horrible and repulsive forms. Most of these men-that-were have been herded in prison camps for four and five years, not only cut off from their families and all that made life worth while, but short of food, without medical aid, and deprived of diversion. In mental and moral state they have been reduced to the level of animals.

With the best will in the world the Siberian government could do little for them; it could not even take care of its own millions of hapless refugees pouring in from European Russia. Time after time Admiral Kolchak begged that steps be taken to repatriate them, but no help came. To picture what must happen to them now, after the collapse of Kolchak's Government, and in the rigors of a Siberian winter, is to call forth a nightmare of horror from which the mind recoils.

Some private individuals and organizations made noble efforts to do something to meet the situation, but it was a problem that transcended private enterprise. It was manifestly impossible to raise adequate funds by public appeals, even if time permitted. It was a task to be undertaken by Governments, and pre-eminently by the American Government. It meant quick decision, prompt organization and an appropriation of perhaps $5,000,000, to be repaid eventually by the home Governments concerned. The effect of such an act on the part of America would have been out of all proportion to the cost. The responsibility for inaction rests squarely upon our Department of State. Plans were discussed, memoranda written, and the buck was passed and repassed, but nothing was done. It is the old story of bureaucracy over again. But Secretary Lansing must sometimes spend uncomfortable moments when it is borne in on him that a little fearless and energetic action on his part would have spared the agony and death of all these thousands and given happiness to other thousands bereaved.

The Case of Johns Hopkins

THE exact plan upon which Mr. Rockefeller's magnificent gift of fifty million dollars is to be devoted to the urgently necessary object of raising the salaries of teachers in colleges and universities doubtless remains to be determined. It has been the policy of the General Education Board, says Dr. Wallace Buttrick, its president, "to make contributions to endowment conditioned upon the raising of additional supplementary sums by the institutions aided." How closely this policy will be followed in the present extraordinary emergency remains to be seen, but the keen judgment which the board has exercised throughout its history may be counted on to preside over its action in this instance. It is desirable, however, that the country at large should appreciate the peculiar situation of one university that has done unique service to the cause of American education.

Johns Hopkins University was founded a little more than forty years ago. Its chief energies were concentrated upon what in this country had theretofore been thought of as merely an undeveloped annex to the main body of a university—the graduate school. What Johns Hopkins really did was to establish for the first time in America a true university, so far as regards those fields of science and learning which lie outside the professional training of lawyers and physicians. It is impossible to overestimate the stimulus which

the Baltimore institution thus gave to universities all over the country. From Massachusetts to California, from Wisconsin to Texas, the idea of the university has become as familiar in America as it was unfamiliar forty years ago.

Striking as was this achievement, it is a singular fact that when, a dozen years after the opening of Johns Hopkins, a modest special endowment—half a million dollars—enabled it to open a medical school, the achievement was repeated. It is acknowledged on all hands, and has been acknowledged by no one more handsomely than by President Eliot of Harvard, that the Johns Hopkins Medical School lifted medical education in America to an entirely new plane. Both on the medical side and on the "philosophical" side, the country is now dotted with institutions that are carrying on as a matter of course the kind of work for which Johns Hopkins set the example.

But the peculiarity to which we made reference at the outset is something other than this. Not only on account of its comparative newness, but even more on account of the fact that the alumni of Johns Hopkins are in the main men whom it has trained for scientific research, for teaching, and for the practice of medicine, it has no considerable body of wealthy graduates to draw upon for aid. In comparison with Yale, Harvard, Princeton and the rest, its possibilities in this respect are pitifully small. Confronted with the present extraordinary situation, it is out of the question for it to make the kind of "drive" which its sister universities are so successfully carrying on. The people of Baltimore have on various occasions responded handsomely to its call; but its service has been a national, not a local, service. We have no doubt that all this will be duly considered by the General Education Board; but it is on every account earnestly to be hoped that throughout the country there will be found men of large means whose intelligent perception of the facts will lead them to give generous help where help is at once so urgently needed and so abundantly deserved.

The Problem of Russia

THE problem of Russia does not stand still, and he who would formulate a policy to solve it must needs mount it on wheels to keep up with the rapidly changing situations. A year ago prompt assistance to the sound and loyal forces that were struggling to restore the Russian national state would have cut the cancer of Bolshevism out of Moscow and saved the Russian people years of suffering and degradation. It was not necessary to send troops or to interfere in Russia's domestic concerns. There was needed only a unified plan and concerted action in supplying material needs. Instead, we had the Prinkipo proposal, the Bullitt Mission, the disgraceful abandonment of Odessa, the hampering intervention in Siberia, and other *démarches* whose stupidities would be laughable did they not bring tragedy in their train.

Now a new situation has arisen, a situation that we must face squarely, not letting past mistakes blind us to present exigencies. The national movements against the Bolsheviks have crumbled or are crumbling. Kolchak's army has practically ceased to exist. Denikin, with his volunteers, of whom he was able to arm but a sixth, swept up to within a hundred and twenty miles of Moscow, and now he is pushed back to the sea and faces destruction. A brief space may see the whole of Russia once more dominated by the Bolshevik autocracy, this time disposing of an army of a half a million men, disciplined and well-equipped.

Viewing the Russian situation to-day, one turns involuntarily to the French Revolution for analogies, dangerous and misleading as historical analogies frequently are. The parallelism is startling, despite the difference in time, in economic conditions, in race and psychology. It is of course unfair to compare the political revolution in France with the German-made plot to disintegrate the Russian army and reduce Russia to chaos; or the Girondin vision of bringing the blessings of liberty to all peoples, with the internationalist Bolshevist propaganda to overturn all organized governments. But the results were the same. Then as now, divided counsel and delay, followed by haphazard and ineffective aid to local risings and movements, brought about the organization of great opposing armies. To create and discipline these armies the same method of terror was used, though on an infinitely smaller scale. Civil and military leaders sprang from the proletariat. National consciousness was aroused to a pitch unknown before.

Will the coming events in Russia continue the analogy of the French Revolution? In two respects at least the probability is present. When in France the armies of the Republic were victorious on all fronts and the necessity for the Terror had ended, the people rose against the authors of the Terror and took swift vengeance on Robespierre and Saint-Just. In Russia to-day the Bolsheviks, or Communists, who rule with an iron hand, are few in number and are the object of universal hatred. Even granted the inertia and resignation of the Russians, it is unlikely that Lenin and Trotsky can long survive the conclusion of the present civil war. It would not be surprising if the next act in the Russian drama would be a revolution from the inside that would overthrow the gang that for two years has tortured and misruled Russia and expended millions of Russian loot in debauching the ignorant and susceptible of other lands.

The next phase, as in France, may possibly be the emergence of a dictator and the development of a new imperialism. This latter indeed is already under way with the present leaders and is becoming more and more arrogant and threatening. Here is an army of at least half a million, and unlimited reserves to draw upon, freed from the pressure of Kolchak and Denikin, ready to be led westward against Poland. It is like a herd that has cropped the herbage to the roots and must seek new pasture. It will still shout the slogans of the Revolution as in 1796, but it will have visions of plunder and its leaders will dream dreams of conquest. Lenin asserts that with the collapse of the

anti-Bolshevik movements and civil war, his purpose is to settle down to the tasks of peace and the reorganization of Russia's economic life, but he can not expect anyone to believe him, for he has by terror and by disruption rendered this impossible under his régime. Rather there looms the spectre of a bitter, revengeful, and despairing Germany making common cause with a movement that menaces the very foundations of her enemies and taskmasters.

What can be done to avert the menace? What new policy can be adopted that can save Europe? First of all, there is the question of the blockade. It is likely that this will be lifted; indeed, if Esthonia makes peace with the Soviet Government the blockade can hardly be maintained. The blockade really served its purpose in the earlier period by preventing the criminals at Moscow from disposing of their stolen gold and looted property to supply the needs of the Red Army at home and spread revolution abroad. But the blockade could only be effective as auxiliary to active assistance to the anti-Bolshevik forces, and when this was withheld, it ceased to have a sound basis.

It is hardly thinkable that we can recognize the present Soviet Government. Its crimes against civilization are too heinous; its promises of reform too transparently false. Apparently, by our deportations of Russian Bolsheviks and our official statement regarding them, we have closed the door to any such suggestion. But our policy now must be that of non-interference. Those who from the beginning have been for non-interference will plume themselves on their superior wisdom and foresight. But they were not wise, even those who were honest, for interference was always justifiable while the Bolsheviks were carrying on war against us in our own country and when real assistance to the anti-Bolshevik forces would have restored a friendly Russia and spared untold needless sacrifices. The present situation has resulted, not from interference, but from the lack of adequate interference.

If the present tyrants of Moscow are overthrown from within, if they are supplanted by a régime that recognizes the sanctity of agreements and obligations, that secures to its people the rights of life and property, that shows good faith and honest intention, then we can enter into relations with it and join wholeheartedly in the tasks of reconstruction, carrying out our oft-repeated pledges of friendship to the Russian people. But if the present régime continues, threatening to destroy the fruits of European culture and to embroil all Asia, then we must gird up our loins and prepare to defend our civilization in the inevitable struggle.

The Outlook in Europe

THE last sun of the old year set upon a Europe little brighter for more than thirteen months of armistice than it was in the depth of the war. Hunger, labor unrest, race antagonism, frontier disputes, are calamities more keenly felt since the stimulus of patriotic warfare has ceased to uphold the suffering nations.

For a short while it seemed as if the prospect was beginning to brighten. The Germans, we were told, would, before Christmas, have signed the protocol by which the treaty would be put into effect, and d'Annunzio was going to surrender Fiume to the government of Signor Nitti. But neither forecast has come true. A disparity of 100,000 tons of maritime equipment between the German figures and the estimates of the Allies' experts is responsible for the delay in the former case. The sending of an Allied Naval Commission to Hamburg, Danzig, and Bremen to ascertain the facts and revise the estimates, if proved to be incorrect, shows a disposition on the part of the Entente to admit the possibility of a mistake, and while insisting on the payment of an indemnity for the scuttled fleet of Scapa Flow, to take Germany's basic needs into account. But while this question appears in a fair way of reaching a solution, other causes of delay are cropping up. Herr Ebert has echoed Comrade Noske's protest against the Entente's demand for the surrender of the accused German officers, and will resign the Chancellorship if the Allies insist on their extradition, and the alleged presence in Upper Silesia of 80,000 German soldiers, including large numbers of Von der Goltz's men, is a new obstacle in the way of the treaty's coming into force, as the Supreme Council demands their removal before the 20,000 allied soldiers occupy the plebiscite area.

The expected solution of the Fiume tangle has also suffered a setback. D'Annunzio has changed his mind since the recent conference in London induced him to enter into an agreement with Signor Nitti for the surrender of Fiume. He deems the guarantees offered him by the Government insufficient to warrant his leaving, in spite of the fact that the twice-held plebiscite on the question of accepting General Badoglio's proposals for the substitution of d'Annunzio's forces by Italian regulars resulted in 75 per cent. of the votes being cast in favor of acceptance. However, this dwindling of his following and the increased prestige of Signor Nitti, both at home and abroad, are indications that the coming decision lies not with the poet, but, as it ought to do, with the Italian Government. The Premier's determination to come to a settlement with the Jugo-Slavs themselves is the wisest move he could make, as a solution of the problem agreed to by the two interested parties is less likely to meet with opposition in London and Paris. The bad impression created in Italy by the sensational speech of M. Clemenceau has given some justification to those pessimists who hold that Italy stands isolated and can not rely on the willingness of England and France to make concessions on the Adriatic question without the consent of the United States. There is, indeed, some show of animosity in Paris towards Italy, which may have its source in the recent revelation of a secret Anglo-Italian agreement which—in exchange for Italy's approval of the so-called Lloyd George-Wilson agreement touching the division of 3,000,000 tons of German merchant shipping—promises Italy

full compensation in kind for her losses at sea, whereas a similar repayment for the loss of French merchant shipping has been refused to France. But this dissension, which is apt to disturb the good relations between France and England rather than those between France and Italy, proves the latter country's isolation to exist only in the fancy of Italian pessimists, and there is little to warrant the conclusion that England and France are not inclined to make concessions without the consent of the United States.

On the contrary, the Entente Powers are showing a firm determination to continue their peace transactions in spite of Mr. Polk's departure from Paris and the uncertainty as to America's attitude. The new Hungarian Government of Karl Huszar has been invited to send a peace delegation to Neuilly, and Lloyd George stated on December 18 that "the delay in the peace-making with Turkey was due to the necessity of knowing what the United States intended to do. We are now entitled to say," he added, "that we have waited up to the very minute we promised America, and, without wishing to deprive America of the honor of sharing in the guardianship of Christian communities, the Allies have decided to make peace with Turkey at the earliest possible moment." This statement, to be sure, must be taken with a grain of salt: America's indecision is not the sole cause of the delay, but serves as a useful pretext to screen the fear of the diplomats at Paris lest the broaching of the question how to dispose of Constantinople may lead to fresh dissension between the Allied Powers. The French, distrustful of a British mandate over Turkey, favor a plan which would leave the Turk in possession of the city under sufficient guarantees for the freedom of navigation through the Straits, and Venizelos claims a mandate over the city for Greece, which would find little favor in Rome.

In their Baltic policy the Entente Powers are also steering a course contrary to the one which the American delegation would have approved. The latter's standpoint has always been opposed to the dismemberment of Russia resulting from the establishment of independent border States, Poland of course being exempt from this American ban. The Baltic States with their great seaports, Narva and Reval in Esthonia, Riga, Windau, and Libau in Latvia, are the lungs through which Russia draws her breath from the sea. That accounts for the endeavors of Sasonov and other leading Russians of the old régime in Paris to prevent the recognition by the Powers of these provinces as independent States. France and England, especially their military experts, are of a different opinion from the one held by these Russians and the American delegates. General Foch, only a fortnight ago, was for charging General Niessel with a political mission to the Baltic States in order to solidify them against the Bolsheviki under at least the moral encouragement of the Allies. The Supreme Council, however, voted to refer this matter to the respective Allied Governments, which meant an indefinite postponement, and meanwhile one of the three States in question, after a protracted parley at Dorpat, has signed a preliminary armistice with the Russian Soviet Government. The recent successes of Trotsky's Reds and the chronic hesitancy in the policy of the Entente are bound to make Esthonia and her sisters more inclined to accept peace proposals from Moscow than to let themselves be used for the protection of Europe in the manner proposed by General Foch. Poland alone seems willing to undertake that task; and she is better equipped for it economically since the Supreme Council has awarded East Galicia to her under a mandate of twenty-five years. Politically, however, this grant may have a weakening effect on Poland, as it creates within her borders an Ukrainian irredenta, and a feeling of hostility towards Poland among her Ukrainian neighbors.

While the diplomats in Paris are thus contriving means to keep Bolshevism in check, hunger, its most powerful ally, is rapidly gaining ground all over Eastern and Central Europe. Litvinov recently admitted to a correspondent of the *Daily Herald* at Copenhagen that Russia's return to capitalism is unavoidable unless other countries are converted in time to the communism of the soviets, an unambiguous call to arms for the radical elements which are responsible for the labor unrest in the cities of Europe. Some twenty millions of people in the larger centres of Finland, Poland, Austria and other parts of Central Europe are staring starvation in the face, and there is no better soil for the seeds of revolt than the despair of the hungry masses. Speedy assistance may avert a catastrophe, but the extent of the misery makes all efforts seem vain. For the relief of Austria alone, $100,000,000 is said to be needed. One can understand that, under these circumstances, the populations of the Austrian border districts would like to change their citizenship for that of a self-supporting adjoining State. Vorarlberg wants to be incorporated with Switzerland, Western Hungary with Hungary, and similar movements for secession are on foot in Salzburg and the Tyrol. But in this instance the right of self-determination is appealed to in vain, for the Supreme Council, some three weeks ago, communicated to Dr. Renner its decision to maintain integrally the territory of the Republic of Austria. Thus the makers of the new Europe, within a year of its incomplete organization, are called upon to protect their creation against the application of the very principle on the basis of which they refashioned the map of Europe—a bad omen for the durability of their work.

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Life or Death for the Railroads?

THE railroads of the United States are to be returned to their owners in two months. They have been in the hands of the Government since December 31, 1917. Under Government management they have failed to earn their "rental" by well over half a billion dollars. The operating deficit, which has been supplied from the public funds, is estimated at some $550,000,000 for 1918 and 1919. The ratio of operating expense to gross earnings, which was about 70 per cent. in 1917, was in 1919 about 85 per cent. The railroads owe the Government a considerable sum of money for additions, betterment, and equipment made under Government management with reference mainly to war needs rather than to anything else. Two-thirds of the companies are at present short of earning their fixed charges—excluding dividends—and in some notable cases, chiefly in the East, the business of certain roads has been in large part destroyed by diversion of the traffic to other roads. The physical condition of roadbed and equipment is generally below standard. As things stand at present it is not in the least degree an exaggeration to say that the Government, which took over at the end of 1917 a solvent system of railroads in reasonably good physical condition, is handing it back to owners in a state of physical deterioration and financial insolvency. For correction of this condition the owners must look to the Conference Committee of House and Senate. That committee has before it two bills—the Esch bill, which passed the House, and the Cummins bill, which passed the Senate. The purpose of both bills is to provide for resumption of private enterprise in American railroad management.

Between these two bills there is a difference wide as the poles. Some weeks ago, in the pages of the *Review*, I pointed out a fundamental defect in the Cummins bill, which was that, while providing for a general regional tariff schedule, the rates of which were fair, from the shipper's viewpoint, it limited the right of individual railroads to profits earned under that schedule. But we all know the reason for this compromise of principle; it was made to satisfy the combined selfishness and ignorance of what politicians commonly suppose to be "the people," so as to make them willing to allow living rates to the regional group as a whole. It was believed that, under the Cummins bill, which laid down for the first time in American railroad history not merely *an* intelligent and sound rule of rate-making, but *the only* intelligent and sound rule for rate-making that can be laid down, and also provided a concrete rule for a minimum return on capital invested in the railroad business, the regulating authority would have behind it a support strong enough to give it the courage to make, when necessary, increases in freight rates. Therefore, there was ground for believing that the Cummins bill "principle"—if in its mangled state one can call it a principle—would at least give the railroads a living and would enable private enterprise to become at least partially effective.

The Esch bill may be summed up in a word as the perpetuation of the miserable system of control of railroads which in 1914, when the war broke out, was gradually but surely starving the last sparks of life from the carcass. It reiterates the same ridiculous statement that rates are to be "fair and reasonable," but is very careful to avoid laying down any rule by which "fair and reasonable" rates are to be ascertained and put into effect. It places on the back of the Interstate Commerce Commission, already grotesquely overloaded with powers which it does not and cannot effectively exercise, yet additional burdens and responsibilities. About the only thing that the bill does to clarify the rate situation is in the direction of limiting the power of individual States to hamper the making or disturb the structure of interstate rates. Under the Esch bill we shall have the same wearisome, long drawn out machinery of "rate cases" with the same wretched results. We shall have the Interstate Commerce Commissioners continually faced with the necessity of doing a most unpopular thing without anyone to whom they can "pass the buck." We shall have the same tiresome and futile lectures on the past misdeeds of railroad men offered as a reason for not giving the railroads living rates. We shall have the "New Haven-Frisco-Rock Island—Rock Island-Frisco-New Haven" chorus chanted from time to time, with an occasional variant on "C., H. & D." Whoever wants an "inside" view of interstate commission psychology may read with profit an article in the December issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, written by Judge Anderson, late of the commission. If anyone, after reading that article, can suppose that the state of mind there represented will ever supply living rates for the railroads, he is possessed of more imagination and credulity than I am.

To put it plainly and brutally, if the provisions of the Esch bill govern in the shaping of legislation for the railroads, it will mean simply that the rope is once more around their throats and that final strangulation is a matter of a very short time.

The present rate-tariffs are not sufficient to provide a living for the railroads. The director-general some time ago freely admitted this. He excused his failure to advance rates on the ground that it would only tend to drive the cost of living to yet higher levels, and insisted that it would be the duty of railroad managers to apply for increased rates as soon as they regained control of their properties. It is very difficult to maintain one's patience when offered an argument of this sort. An advance in freight rates next April will be just as effective in advancing the "cost of living" as it would have been last November. Suppose that meantime the Esch bill principle of "fair and reasonable" rates becomes the law of the land and the railroads come before the commission with a request for an advance in freight tariffs large enough to make the companies solvent and enable them to raise new capital so badly needed for improvements and extensions—what will be the re-

sult? Can any reasonable man believe that there is any chance of their getting it?

And if they do *not* get it, what will be the result? The railroads are, to say the least, in relatively poor physical condition; their forces are relatively disorganized and inefficient, and their working capital is insufficient. And they need a billion of dollars new money in the next twelve months! Their chance of getting this from the investing public is about equal to Mr. John D. Rockefeller's chance of getting a billion dollars from Congress for his own personal uses. How long will it be before the present obvious anxiety of the savings banks, life insurance companies, and other agencies for investing the people's money will express itself in an agonized cry for government ownership to make the people's money safe? And how long will it be before government ownership arrives as municipal ownership is arriving in New York City, and by the same route?

The rate question is the heart of the matter. Questions of labor, questions of security issues, questions of extensions, questions of combinations are also involved and are of tremendous importance. But all these are subordinate to the question of rates under any scheme of private enterprise in the conduct of transportation. The Cummins bill contains a scientifically correct rule of rate-making; the Esch bill contains no such rule. Under the Cummins rule private enterprise will find it possible to function in railroad transportation; under the Esch bill it will be impossible. The Conference Committee must choose one or the other of the "principles" represented by the two bills. Upon its choice depends the future of railroad transportation in this country.

THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

Washington Gossip

WHAT is to be the future orientation of the Republican and Democratic parties? This is the question that meets one in all circles in Washington, once one has traversed the immediate topics of the President's health, the return of the railroads, the settlement of the coal strike, and the possible treaty compromise.

Democratic leaders are frankly pessimistic about the future, although they cherish the hope that Republican blunders and dissensions between now and next November may save the situation for them. While realizing that the normal line-up in two-party government is to put the conservatives on the one hand and the radicals on the other, neither party is willing to place itself in either of these two categories. Both parties are dodging the issue and seeking to secure support from both elements within their ranks as previously constituted.

That the issue can not be entirely side-stepped, however, is indicated by the views of a prominent and thoughtful Democratic leader, frankly expressed. According to him, the Democratic party is facing the danger of dissolution. The Gold Democrats left the party in 1896 and, for the most part, have not returned. Although the President and his party had yielded all possible concessions to Labor, this had not sufficed to keep Labor from turning Socialistic. With the development of industry, the South was becoming conservative and only the race problem preserved the South against Republican inroads. The question was whether the Democratic party might not have to become frankly radical.

In Washington circles it is felt that Attorney-General Palmer and ex-Secretary McAdoo are the respective champions of the two opposing elements within the party. Palmer, by his handling of the coal strike and by his vigorous campaign against the Reds, is appealing to the conservatives. McAdoo is reported to have suggested that the name of the Democratic party might well be changed to the American Labor Party, and his recent astonishing statement concerning the earnings of the coal operators during the war is looked upon as a direct appeal for radical support. The influence of President Wilson in the situation is difficult to estimate. On the one hand, it is clear that his idealistic appeals in the past have made a strong impression upon the radical-liberals and many consider them as provocative of social unrest. On the other hand, it is claimed by many political leaders that Wilson's popularity has greatly declined even among radicals and he would no longer be an asset to the Democratic party reconstructed along such lines.

Another factor that may upset these calculations is the growth of a boom for Herbert Hoover as a Democratic candidate. While it is recognized that Mr. Hoover has never been actively identified with politics and that his affiliations have been Republican rather than Democratic, many Democrats believe that by reason of his close association with Mr. Wilson and his administration, he could be persuaded to accept the nomination. They argue that, on the one hand, he would appeal strongly to the conservatives, who desire above all a "business" administration, and, on the other, would attract those who earlier followed the Wilsonian "idealistic" lead. Mr. Hoover is outspokenly anti-Socialistic and his technical and administrative training, joined with his unequalled knowledge of the international economic situation, would make him an extremely strong candidate. On the side of political theory, however, he is regarded as a man whose ideas are crude and undeveloped.

Equally the Republican party is trying to ride two horses. There seems to be a feeling among many Republican leaders in Washington that they are sure of the usual conservative support, and that in any case it only remains to bring back into the fold the Progressives of 1912, no matter how far some of them have developed in radical theory. Senator Johnson of California, an opportunist politician, is plainly endeavoring to get aboard the band-wagon, and Senator Lodge has welcomed his services in fighting the ratification of the unamended covenant. Another indication of the desire to capture the

radical vote is seen in the appointment of Col. Raymond Robins to the Advisory Committee on Platform. There is no doubt that Robins is a gifted orator with demagogic power and that he controls a considerable following, but many Republicans view this departure with alarm and believe that it will alienate the better element in the party without securing any appreciable accretion of strength. There is no gainsaying the fact that the radicals regard the Republican party as reactionary and that they do not propose to be taken in by so palpable a trick as the recognition of such men as Robins.

The undercurrent of opinion in Washington seems to be that, in the absence of a clear-cut domestic issue on which the parties can line up, both Democrats and Republicans will seek to avoid the radical-conservative line of demarcation. It is felt that if the Republicans would take a definite stand as the liberal-conservative party they would have a fighting chance to break the Solid South at the next election, and we might see the whole political situation turn back again into the traditional two-party system of Anglo-Saxon democracy. Courage, however, seems to be lacking for making the plunge.

The Jazz Journals

THE jazz of the orchestras has been defined as a "fantastic riot of accents." It is a callithumpian fanfare, with drawling, crawling, sliding notes interrupted by outbursts of calculated noise. "It seeks . . . to sweep from our minds all consideration of other things and to focus our attention upon its own mad, whirling, involved self."

The jazz of the instruments has its analogue in the jazz of the printed page in some of our present-day "journals of opinion." Let us but translate this print to an auditive plane, and one definition will do for both. True, the printed species has several varieties: there is the oracular jazz of one periodical; the jeremiad jazz of another; the pietistic jazz of a third, the explosive jazz of a fourth. And then there is the timid, palpitant jazz of a fifth, expressing itself in relatively subdued accents, though revealing a constant tone of wistfulness for the Bolshevist abandon of its rivals. But though each has its distinctive dominant chord, all run close to type in their cadences of protest. The "fantastic riot of accents" is surcharged with abysmal grief and bitter resentment. The jazz journals overflow with anathema. Wretched and miserable beyond words is this planet of ours, with themselves, Mr. Lenin, Mr. Trotsky, and Mr. Peters as the only stars of hope in a sky perpetually overcast and lowering; and if good is to come (which at best is doubtful), it is to be forwarded mainly by the incessant pouring forth of a stream of fretful and railing accusation.

Ultra-modern are these journals; and though their choral theme is old beyond the computation of years, their tonal gestures must be of the latest. Liberal, or progressive, or radical, or democratic, they call themselves in varying degrees. But their message—what is it? From what central idea does it spring; of what formulated creed is it the expression; to what goal of social welfare is it consciously directed? There is no answer. The "fantastic riot of accents" yields no clue to its own meaning. It is incoherent; its parts are incongruous; in nothing is it constant and consistent except in its unfailing note of nagging discord. Have the Allies, in a particular matter, done thus and so? The fact is "sinister." Have they done exactly the opposite thing? The fact is even more "sinister;" it is "shocking," alike to the intelligence and the sense of decency of mankind. Has the President failed again? Indubitably he has, whatever he did or said. He would equally have failed had he done the opposite. Has Mr. Gompers done this or that? If so, he has but shown again his innate, inflexible reactionism and the tyrannous hold he maintains upon the labor movement. Has he done otherwise? He but reveals himself once more in his ancient character of an unprincipled opportunist, desperately striving to buttress his tottering throne. Does any one, anywhere (other than a Bolshevist, an I. W. W., a pacifist pro-German or something of the sort), offer, by deed or word, a contribution which he imagines may be of some use to the mass of humanity? It is naught, it is naught, saith the journal of jazz, and it goeth on its way reviling.

Reaction, of course, they denounce; and most that they disapprove is plastered with that name; yet they have no qualms about aiding, often in disingenuous ways, the assault of reactionism upon the regular trade unions. They advocate the unity of labor; and yet they foster the agencies which make for dual unions, they encourage the turbulent local in its secession from its international parent, and more or less openly they give their approval to the outlaw strike. Despite their professions, their aim—in so far as they are conscious of an aim other than the production of jazz—is the disunity of labor as labor is now organized.

One and all they clamor against the alleged suppressions and falsifications of news by the "capitalist" press. Valid opinion, they chorus, can be formed only when the facts are impartially recorded. Yet, one and all, they habitually practice the thing they denounce in others; they suppress or distort the fact inimical to the view they present; and granting the accuracy of their overdrawn indictment, the sincere inquirer may still retort that they themselves do, with a fanatic eagerness and accompanied by a blare of pretentious virtue, what the others do as a mere matter of course—an incident of the day's work.

They preach tolerance; and broad tolerance unquestionably they show for some things—for pretense, for fanaticism, for jesuitry, for the double-dealing of the revolutionists who, along with an exoteric message of peace and order, put forth an esoteric message of sabotage and violence. But for the rest—for the les-

sons of experience, for the standards and sanctions which have knit and held the social fabric together, they reveal an intolerance as extreme as that of a mediæval inquisitor. "Bourgeois" and "banal" and "discarded" are their words of exorcism for accepted things; from the rubbish heaps of the centuries they resurrect and rehabilitate the old, which they label the new and the wonderful. Their tolerance is for the intolerable things which the common sense of mankind has rejected.

All this, with orchestral vehemence, they sound forth as the tonal interpretation of Democracy; the overture to the New Order, the Better Day. Yet it is nothing of the sort. However it is intended, it reveals itself as merely the accompaniment to Reaction. It generates the atmosphere and creates the environment in which Reaction flourishes. It incites mean suspicions, petty antagonisms, a feverish unrest; but it gives to the imagination no vision of a goal and it prompts the mind to no purposeful action.

In their saner days none knew this better than the party Socialists. There was far less of this journalistic jazz before the war—though quite enough for all reasonable needs. But what there was of it drew from the Socialists a stream of ridicule and denunciation. Vague and formless, the mere ebullience of misdirected emotion and incoherent thought, it hampered, they said, the authentic campaign for the emancipation of the workers and the installation of the coöperative commonwealth. No one profited by it, they further said, except the reactionaries; and often they asserted that part of it at least was financed from reactionary sources. But alas! though the Socialists recognized one phase of its harmfulness, they did not recognize another—its infectiousness. Fighting it as an epidemic, they neglected to immunize themselves.

Its infectiousness no one need deny. To many sorts of beings it makes its appeal—but particularly to those who take their adventures and their achievements by way of the imagination. It reaches for the *libido;* and to each of its devotees it tumultuously expresses his subconscious self. It assures the possession of the faculty denied by nature; it announces the achievement of the impossible deed, the realization of the futile dream. Under its spell the timid find themselves battling at the last ramparts of the capitalist fortress; a lamb of the coteries sees himself a new Lenin, exalted to the headship of the American soviet state; and an embryo Peters cons his "hanging list," long ago compiled, and sharpens his snickersnee for immediate action.

"Your journal is a cup of clear water in a parching desert," writes an entranced being to the chief exponent of jeremiad jazz. "Your journal is both an inspiration and a guide," writes another to the oracular one. Well, there *are* such people in the world; and gladly, according to the Book, must we suffer them. What they like, they like exceedingly; discords and incongruities are to them but as the quiring of young-eyed cherubim; and for the time at least no Ephraim was ever so snugly roped to his idols as are these. The "inspiration" of this oracular journal may be conceded—the testimony of the inspired is sufficient; but the matter of guidance requires a word of explanation. At various times, and on various pages at the same time, this journal advocated peace at any price, peace at half-price, and peace at no price; peace without victory, peace with partial victory, and peace with overwhelming victory. On the various issues of the war as they arose it took almost every conceivable position, with occasional lapses into a negation of all attitude. It has both favored and condemned the League of Nations. It has denounced jingoes, nationalists, and reactionaries, and has yet joined them in a common cause. For a time it ponderously assailed the American Socialists; but after they had issued their manifesto declaring the war the greatest crime in history and pledging themselves to obstruction by every means in their power, it assailed the Administration for not "coöperating" with them. Guidance there may be in all this; but a prerequisite for the recipient is an extreme degree of "inspiration."

In these mutations and contradictions there may, of course, be method. The oracle must needs affect omniscience; and omniscience must needs justify itself to its following by constant self-certification. "Has such and such a thing happened? Lo, it was predicted in these pages of old time." The mad world may go as it will; the course of history may be such as to shatter all the major pronouncements of this journal; yet somewhere in the maze of its verbiage can always be found the material out of which to make a triumphant showing of foreknowledge of the event. The devotee can not but be duly impressed; and if, puzzled by some inharmony of pronouncement, some contradiction of terms or statement, he permits a shade of dubiety to cross his brow, he has only to consult again the certification. He knows then that authority has spoken and there is no more to be said.

Jazz journalism is a development of the great war. It had some sporadic beginnings before the peace was broken; but it has flourished only since the day of American intervention, while it has reached its most violent stage only since the armistice. It is peculiarly a product of the time. It grows out of the break-up of former conditions; out of the wreck of old opinions and the eager hunt for new. It expresses the fever, the uncertainty, the credulity, the formless Utopianism of a part of the mass; the fierce zealotry of the revolutionists (intensified a hundredfold by the triumph of Bolshevism) and of the pacifists (who make up for their abstention from physical force by an intensification of hatefulness); and it expresses no less the love of imposture on the part of victim as well as principal—a thing always heightened during troublous times.

Will the phenomenon endure? He is a pessimist and a cynic who would say yes. With the passing of the conditions which have brought it to its present absurd stage, it must itself pass away.

W. J. GHENT

Correspondence

German Despair

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Several letters have come to me lately which contain interesting revelations of what the Germans are thinking nowadays in their homes and private lives. These letters come from the north, east, and west of Germany and from people ignorant of each other's existence. And yet they all express much the same sentiments, much the same despair. There is only one brief reference to the high cost of living and only the following suggestion of any wrongs committed by Germany: "It goes without saying that also on *our* side *much* happened that should *not* have happened; war is war."

One of my correspondents is very bitter toward this country and toward the Allies in general, reverting only a few weeks ago to the language of August, 1914, and italicizing with great freedom:

I should be void of any patriotic feeling if it were *easy* for me to write so soon to a citizen of *that* country which, or whose President, gave us Germans the deathblow. . . . Behind all the beautiful speeches of our enemies there hides of course *only* the one wish and aim, to *annihilate* Germany root and branch, and to obliterate the Germans. . . . And since they could *never* have conquered us by force of arms, they have been sending their *agents* for *years* to spread discontent among our people and finally among our soldiers too, and thereby they gained what they would *never* have gained in *honorable* fashion.

Another correspondent says:

I hope that sometime better days will come when men will learn again the meaning of a free and pure humanity! This madness of imperialism must cease. I can say in this connection that great hate of other peoples does not exist in Germany, although we ourselves have surely suffered more than others.

The attitude of the middle class toward the treaty is indicated briefly but to the point in one sentence: "Now as the end of it all—far worse than the war—this peace!" The following quotation specifies:

Surely, in the whole history of the world *such degrading* terms of peace have never been presented to a people as these to us—when we *first* read them (I have *never* been able to read them *through*) we thought that we did not *see* aright or that we had gone crazy. . . . *Such* terms of peace as have been concocted to destroy a whole people have never before been offered to *any* country!

The most significant comments of all concern the effects of the war and of the blockade. One correspondent says:

Fortunately we have come through the last years without serious illness in our family, but if the food had been better, my boys would have grown stronger than they are. . . . It has been a sad war for us Germans; our Germany that stood so high has fallen into wretched ruins. . . . I am often glad that my dear husband (who fell in the war) did not have to go through these times.

Another writes:

Whoever willed the war, the results for us are in any case such that my generation and the next, perhaps the third generation too, will not and can not arrive at any *joy* in life! . . . Although I have not actually gone *hungry*, my health did not improve exactly during the years of insufficient nourishment, and all the excitement has had an effect on me. I think my arteries are much more choked; for example, my eyes have become far weaker in recent times. . . . What this most terrible of wars has destroyed in respect of *ideals*, that too can *never* be made good.

A third:

Thus far we have been fortunate in the way in which we have come through these terrible years. We may not complain personally, but nevertheless those years were bad. . . . Only one who went through it knows what the starvation blockade meant, a blockade to which hundreds of thousands of women, old men, and children succumbed. . . . The recollection of the happy times up to 1914 affects us like a dream of great blessings, and we ask ourselves in vain: did all that have to be?

It is impossible to read these letters—or only these quotations from them—without sensing the despair and agony that are now at work in Germany. The letters show beyond a doubt a stunning realization on the part of the Germans that they are a crushed, beaten nation. In this realization there is food for hope. As all of Germany's friends and enemies may well desire, this realization may be the beginning of wisdom.

GEORGE M. PRIEST

New York, December 19

A French Opinion of the A. E. F.

(The writer of the following letter, a nephew of Taine, is a French author of repute who has published several notable books and articles on the recent war.)

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

It was in March, 1919, four months after the end of the war, that I saw the American battlefields. I went over the whole of the Meuse-Argonne fighting grounds. Except that the dead had been buried, the state of the country was the same as if the battle had just been fought, and everything testified to the wonderful tenacity and dash of the Americans.

The battle began on September 26, 1918. It was only after a few days that the Germans grasped the scope of the attack east of the Argonne, which in conjunction with the French was to reach the Mézières-Sedan line and cut the enemy's source of supply. The resistance which they then managed to put up, gradually increasing to the right of the Americans, compelled the attack, which had been at first directed south-north, to wheel towards the east in the direction of the Meuse. On November 6, the object of the tremendous battle had been attained—the enemy's main line of communication had been cut. Of course one must not forget what the French, who took some part in the Meuse-Argonne struggle, and what the British were doing on the other part of the western front. But it was enough to see the American battlefield, enough to realize how the enemy, fighting for their last foothold, had desperately defended every yard of their ground, to come to the conclusion that the Germans did not stop the war of their own free will, as I heard it often said in Germany, where I was some months ago. They *had* to beg for an armistice to avoid disaster.

It is generally understood in France that the American contribution to the war was absolutely decisive. Even before they had taken an important part in the fighting, their fast increasing numbers—they were coming in July at the rate of 300,000 a month—allowed Marshal Foch to engage, when the French counter-attack began on July 15, 1918, all his French reserves. Nothing more upset the German calculations than the fact that the French lines were so thickly manned. Ludendorff had reckoned on the exhaustion of our reserves.

But of course the American help was not limited to that, and when they went in for their big fights—St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne—they showed a pluck and a state of preparation that would have honored seasoned warriors.

ANDRE CHEVRILLON

Saint-Cloud, Seine-et-Oise, December 20

Deflation Through Taxation

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your issue of November 29 you contend, accurately and truthfully as it appears to me, that the recent sudden rise in prices is due primarily to inflation of currency and credit. The *Review* therefore favors the reverse policy of deflation, but seems decidedly at a loss as to how such a policy should proceed.

I wish to suggest one method of relief: namely, by drastic and thorough-going taxation, coupled with the speediest possible payment of the public debt. Surely, prompt and steady retirement of all outstanding bonds just as soon as it becomes legal to pay them must in the nature of things have the effect of narrowing the range of credit and of tightening and hardening the money market generally. That is, it would be deflation.

Of course, as a Single-taxer, I do not believe that any tax can in strict equity be imposed upon any other form of property than monopolized land-value. Still, it may be frankly admitted that a tax, even a radical tax, on inheritances would cause but little disturbance to industry and to business.

Tax land-monopoly then to the limit. Tax inheritance so far as we dare. Pay the public debt. And deflate credit.

MALCOLM C. BURKE

Washington, D. C., December 5

Book Reviews

At the Front in Poetry

Reynard the Fox. The Ghost Heath Run. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Pictures of the Floating World. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Dust and Light. By John Hall Wheelock. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Images. By Richard Aldington. London: The Egotist, Limited.

Latin Poems of the Renaissance. Translated by Richard Aldington. London: The Egotist, Limited.

Choruses from Iphigeneia in Aulis and the Hippolytus of Euripides. Translated by H. D. London: The Egotist, Limited.

IN Mr. Masefield's variously remarkable "Reynard the Fox" not the least remarkable thing is the sheer knowledge and the control of knowledge. In knowledge, as in land, to *own* is one thing; to *use* is another. Mr. Masefield in this region is a man of vast possessions; he cultivates every square foot. The yield of interest, vigor, poetry, is continuous. The thing is almost peculiar to our time. Mr. Masefield, like Browning, Meredith, and Kipling, increases the load, but increases the energy with the load; when he adds ball, he adds powder. The resultant quality might almost be called explosiveness.

The poem narrates a fox-hunt in something like twenty-five hundred lines of octosyllabic couplet freely limbered in the scurrying parts with anapests. The passage I quote is representative.

At Tencombe Rings near the manor Linney,
His foot made the great black stallion whinny,
And the stallion's whinny aroused the stable
And the bloodhound bitches stretched their cable,
And the clink of the bloodhound's chain aroused
The sweet-breathed kyne as they chewed and drowsed,
And the stir of the cattle changed the dream
Of the cat in the loft to tense green gleam.
The red-wattled black cock hot from Spain
Crowed from his perch for dawn again,
His breast-pufft hens, one-legged on perch,
Gurgled, beak-down, like men in church,
They crooned in the dark, lifting one red eye
In the raftered roost as the fox went by.

Mr. Masefield has mastered the great art in poetry—to surprise us with the usual. The vividness of this poem is amazing. It is not the highest achievement of his imagination—the subject is too restricted; but largely because the subject is restricted, it is possibly the most convincing test of his imagination. Here there are no competing forces—no story, no drama, no character or passion in the ordinary sense. The imagination is stripped and therefore you can test its muscle. The average rhymer, the average poet, must feel in contact with this force as the Roman dandy felt when he passed his slender, shapely fingers over the brawn of the herculean gladiator.

The continuity of the marvel is a second marvel. Mr. Masefield's work is packed with intensities. He responds to every summons. He enters a stable where all sorts of humble and menial things are doing, and not a thing is done in that stable that is not exciting to Mr. Masefield. I frankly own that it would rejoice me to catch him in a passing listlessness, an instant's nonchalance; I should feel it a sort of voucher for his enthusiasms. The rise and fall, the undulation, which marks all human experience, all human excitement, which poetry doubly recognizes in the *throb* of passion and the *beat* of rhythm, is scarcely perceptible in "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Masefield seems almost willing to expel the unstressed syllables from his metre. He writes: "Moustache clipped toothbrush-wise, and jaws." His English hates particles like Latin; it must gorge itself with nouns and verbs. It is all wonderful, and it is genuinely, vitally good; but were it less wonderful, it might be still better; it might be more lifelike if it were less vital.

Mr. Masefield is passionate, mystical, melancholy. How does such a temper comport itself in the treatment of a Walter Scott or Rudyard Kipling theme? The temper is still there, still discernible. The passion shows itself in the half-demoniac quality of the ride. The mysticism reveals itself in our final sense of something phantasmagoric in the whole event. The melancholy shows itself in two forms. The poet describes the persons at the meet, individualizing after a fashion no less than thirty-seven people, and granting an enlivening stroke or two to as many more. The strange thing is that in about half these thirty-seven persons, met for pastime on an English countryside, there is something fell or wry. The second point is still more interesting. There is one element in all this blithe excursion which answers to Saul Kame, to Johnny, to Dauber, to Nan, a straining, goaded, passionate, palpitating thing. That thing is the fox, and on the fox Mr. Masefield's temperament and his literary instinct inexorably and inseparably fasten. One sometimes fancies that in this chase Mr. Masefield's game is the fox-hunter. That point, however, is not clear. What one may venture to suggest is that fox-hunting in England would cease if Englishmen could be brought to realize the mind of a fox as interpreted by Mr. Masefield.

In the binding of Miss Lowell's new book there are two colors. The back is orange; the sides are lead-colored. Each color has a field to itself. They meet, but do not blend; their meeting is a concussion, neither yields a jot to the other, and their boundary is linear and absolute.

After the binding, take the book. Read these phrases: "A black cat amid roses"; "He wore a coat with gold and red maple leaves"; "I saw a beetle whose wings were of black lacquer spotted with milk." These colors resemble those in the binding. They meet. They may match—that is, they may help each other. But whether they help or hinder, they never yield—they never blend. Each is absolute; each reserves its sovereignty. If they work together, it is not a fusion of states, but a concert of autocrats.

The reason why Miss Lowell and her group hate sentimentality, hate sentiment, hate the display, perhaps even the avowal, of feeling, becomes gradually clear. Take sentiment as an example of the group. Its office is to blend, and, in blending, it blurs. It mellows, it mingles; its enemies significantly call it "mushy." It removes a little of the fact from every fact, to replace it by an emanation from itself. It slubbers the reality with prepossessions—at its worst, it obliterates the reality; observation disappears, or becomes perfunctory.

Against the habits of the smaller Victorians, Miss Lowell revolts. "Give us back our facts," she cries, "the facts that you have blurred and blinked." As the facts that interest her are mainly sense-impressions, she calls them images and herself an imagist. She stands for the integrity of the individual perception; if beauty is to be kept at all, it shall be an erect, inflexible, and trenchant beauty. Let us carry geometry into art. The theory, whether right or wrong, is enjoyably robust, and a certain hardihood, almost hardness, in Miss Lowell's temper has aided her in giving it embodiment. We are helped in certain undertakings by our faults, as we are obstructed in others by our virtues. To call Miss Lowell, as a person among persons, unfeeling would probably be slanderous, but I think it would be quite just to call her unfeeling as a poet among poets. This has helped her to give a special eminence to those qualities with which the presence or dominance of feeling naturally interferes. One can get in an oyster shell a firmness of texture and a crispness of profile which are not to be had in an oyster; but it does not follow inevitably that the shell is the higher formation of the two.

These thoughts enable me to grasp more clearly than ever before the place of free verse among the utensils of the school. Lines of equal length, lines of uniform metre, and rhymed lines tend to run together, and the running-together of things is for these lovers of saliency the unpardonable sin. Divide each line from its neighbor by a new metre, and its separation, its distinction, is insured. If we look at a series of equal squares or equal circles, the tendency to group, to mass, to assimilate, is almost irresistible. But if we look at a mixed series, showing first a circle, then a rhomb, then

a hexagon, then a square, and so on in a varying and unforeseeable order, there is no excuse, no chance, for the relaxation of attention. Free verse, whether right or wrong, or both, is the logical instrument for carrying out Miss Lowell's idea of the independence and sovereignty of the individual perception.

I have lingered so long with Miss Lowell that I must cut short my parley with her latest book. Less original than "Can Grande's Castle," less notable in single poems than some earlier volumes, it is easier and pleasanter reading than much of her earlier work. I count 272 poems on 257 pages. This carries out the principle. The more poems, the more jutties, friezes, and coigns of vantage, the more relief and separation, in a word. I have another reason for approving this terseness. I am easily surfeited with visual images in which I cannot trace a pervasive feeling or detect a supporting thought. An unexplained group of images, if it be single or concise, allures me by its mystery. A line of Hebrew script stenciled on the plate-glass of a Yiddish restaurant is a call and spur to my imagination. But to run my eye down line after line of Hebrew script in a Talmud folio would baffle and irk me. So I am moderately attracted when Miss Lowell writes:

> I have drunk your health
> In the red-lacquer wine cups,
> But the wind-bells on the bronze lanterns
> In my garden
> Are corroded and fallen.

But a page of this, in seeming to feed, would merely famish me. I cannot make a meal off the decorations on the china.

Some things in Mr. Wheelock's new volume, "Dust and Light," impress me as ornamental and labored; the dust veils the light. In "Earth," he reaches an agreeable and pellucid simplicity, and when he tells us that earth's beauty flows equally

"Into a savior or a rose,"

the diction is aglow. Even here the sentiment does not quite hold me. What is a piece of rock to me? If it be eight thousand miles thick, so much the worse. The earth is dead. I am of the party of life. Mr. Wheelock, too, in spite of himself, is finally of that party. He calls the earth serene, humble, and tender; in other words, he must make matter spiritual, before he can really interest himself in the derivation of spirit from matter.

In the two sequences, "April Lightning" and "Be Born Again," Mr. Wheelock discloses a much more original and remarkable personality. He is mystic and sexualist, like many persons; but the great difference between him and the tribe, or crew, of his associates is that while they are mystics by way of being sexualists, he is sexualist by way of being mystic. The ordinary lover-mystic goes from the chapel to the couch; Mr. Wheelock has an oratory in his bedchamber. I speak plainly; Mr. Wheelock himself is plain. His imagination is apparently kindled and liberated at the very point at which we suppose that the imagination is normally dispossessed by the senses. Other poets write prothalamia and epithalamia; what Mr. Wheelock writes is *thalamia*. In the beginnings of love, its shyness, unfoldings, illusions, variations, he takes as poet not the smallest interest. In his love there is no spring, and its summer is all August. Culminations attract him, not for base reasons, but because in them alone does his imagination complete its bridal with the universe.

There are disenchantments, naturally, which the poet in him finds hardly less divine than the enchantments. Death becomes the sequel of love, the replacement of love, almost the equivalent of love. I quote one sonnet of threnodic temper.

> The large day of the everlasting earth
> Draws to sublime conclusion; in the mood
> Of ancient autumn, awful and subdued,
> She waits the death that is the door to birth—
> With bounty bowed against the days of dearth,
> Holy and steadfast—but dreer leaves are strewed
> Over the tomb between her breasts, and rude
> Wail the huge winds that mock at April's mirth.
>
> Lay your frail arms about my weariness.
> Bare me that pale and patient breast again.
> Gather me to you in one deep caress!
> For all my heart is breaking, and the pain
> Of life is on me, and the loneliness.—
> And death is dark, and love itself is vain.

Mr. Wheelock is an obstructed poet. There are occasions and themes which remove those obstructions. When they arrive, his inspiration declares itself.

My hopes of Mr. Richard Aldington decline. The "River," in an anthology, had flung over me the light mesh of its delicate preciosity, but "Images" has set me free. There are things here indeed which a little good-will may find pretty, things in which lovers of the dusky and the rustling may even detect charm. A slight veil of technical originality, free verse and the like, blurring the commonplace and hence favoring the commonplace, enwraps the volume. Mr. Aldington is not afraid to say "damn"—we know that the English as a nation are courageous. I am not disposed to comment on this practice altogether in the spirit of Chaucer's Parson, "What eyleth the man so sinfully to swere?" but another criticism seems to me in place. The apology for profanity is spontaneity. Mr. Aldington swears as if he had been twitted with his inability to perform the act, and had invited his friends and neighbors to be present at the refutation of the calumny. I like him best in two bitter lines:

> The bitterness, the misery, the wretchedness of childhood
> Put me out of love with God.

The poets' Translation Series has been augmented by "Latin Poems of the Renaissance," translated by Mr. Aldington, and "Choruses from the Iphigeneia in Aulis and the Hippolytus of Euripides," translated by H. D. The English of the two books is only a shade better than the competent, uninspired English of the average careful translation. The Latin poems to which obscure names like Andrea Navagero and Marc-Antonio Flāminio are prefixed, are, so to speak, frosted with ornament. When they forsake the two great temptations to ornament, woman and landscape, and betake themselves to domesticities, utilities, or antiquities, the improvement is instantly perceptible. As for the choruses, a rapid comparison of one or two from the "Hippolytus" with the original educed some peculiarities. H. D. is translating choruses; yet lines 73-83, which are ordinary iambics, are translated with the choruses in choric metres, and of these eleven lines three are silently omitted. This seems an inconsequent proceeding, but it is harmless compared with the translation in the same passage of the achromatic word, διέρχεται, by a phrase that reeks of the dye-vat, "swirls across."

O. W. FIRKINS

An Old Republican

CLEMENCEAU: THE MAN AND HIS TIMES. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

OF all the statesmen who guide the destinies of nations to-day perhaps the most hateful to a certain school of thinkers is the veteran Premier of France, Georges Clemenceau. To the radical internationalist he is the incarnation of French *revanche* and imperialism, the implacable enemy of the new light that has risen in Soviet Russia, the crafty intriguer who has thwarted idealistic plans for a new world founded on fraternity and the Fourteen Points. It may be surmised that Clemenceau retains in face of these denunciations the imperturbable calm of Marjorie Flemming's pet hen. Yet there is a real danger that this incessant denunciation may wholly distort in American eyes a figure which should be naturally sympathetic and appealing as the very incarnation of Republican France. There has been perhaps too much made of Clemenceau's nickname, the Tiger. There is nothing of the tiger's ferocity or blood-lust in the man who pleaded for the pardon of those Communists who a few years before had sought his life, nor can the statesman who emerges from a half century of French politics as poor as when he entered be thought of as a beast of prey. All that Clemenceau has in common with the tiger is his fighting spirit, a quality which should not be altogether repugnant to the countrymen of Washington, Grant, and Roosevelt.

Against all such misconception and

misunderstanding Mr. Hyndman's "Clemenceau, the Man and His Times" should serve as an admirable antidote. It is all the more valuable because the author, old friend of Clemenceau as he is, writes from the standpoint of an advanced Socialist and is by no means sparing of his criticism. His work is no mere enthusiastic eulogy, not even a biography in the ordinary sense, but a detailed picture of the social and political life of France from the time of the second Empire to the close of the present war, centred upon the dominating personality of Clemenceau. Mr. Hyndman takes great pains to fill in the background; we come to know something of his hero's friends and foes, of Thiers and Gambetta, Delcassé, Jaurès, and Caillaux; and the author speaks of Clemenceau and his times not with the air of a student who has compiled his information from books, but with the assurance of a veteran partisan in European politics.

Georges Benjamin Clemenceau was born in a little village of La Vendée in 1841. His father, the descendant of an old land-holding family in that province, was a true type of the men who guided the Revolution, a materialist, a philanthropist, and an aggressive radical. His protests against the *coup d'état* of Napoleon the Little earned him the honor of imprisonment in 1851. His son has inherited and developed the father's principles and it is not without interest to note that the first record we have of Clemenceau's political activity is his imprisonment by the Imperial Government for a too enthusiastic eulogy in some radical journal of the Republican revolution of 1848. Clemenceau's early life in an isolated province gave him a highly valuable understanding of the French peasant. "Rural France, the real France," he told Mr. Hyndman who was urging him to throw in his lot with the Socialists, "is and will always remain individualist, founded on property." "I have seen the peasants close," he added, "at every stage of existence from birth to death and this is their guiding principle in every relation of life."

But Clemenceau is something more than a mere representative of rural France. After some preliminary training he went to Paris to complete his studies in the medical profession, and except for brief intervals, including a visit to England and a short sojourn in this country, where he taught French in a girls' school and married one of his pupils, he has lived in Paris for over half a century and knows the metropolis quite as well as he knows the country. He began his career as a doctor in the workingmen's quarter of Montmartre, and by his energy, generosity, and undaunted republicanism won such popularity among his neighbors that on the fall of the Empire he was at once chosen Mayor of the quarter to administer the district during the trying days of the siege of Paris. As a representative of Paris to the National Assembly at Bordeaux, he voted for a continuance of the war and is the last living representative of the signers of a protest against the cession of Alsace-Lorraine. He was deeply involved in the troubles of the Commune. Sympathizing sincerely with the opposition of the metropolis to the reactionary policy of Thiers, he nevertheless risked his life in vain to prevent the murder of the two nationalist generals by the Paris mob, which was the direct cause of the bitter war between Paris and the country. His counsels of moderation and clemency so offended the desperate leaders of the Commune that an order for his arrest, the first step to his judicial murder, was issued. He managed, however, to escape from Paris and went on a tour of radical propaganda in the provinces, dogged at every step by emissaries of the reactionary Government. In 1871 as in 1917 Clemenceau spoke, worked, and risked his life in the great cause of national unity.

It would take too long to give even a brief sketch of Clemenceau's long and illustrious public life. It falls naturally into two parts, his career as a caustic critic and occassional wrecker of a succession of mediocre bourgeois administrations, and his own work as Minister and Premier in the later years of his life. A steadfast champion of radical republicanism, he consistently opposed in the Chamber and in the press the policy of colonial imperialism by which Ferry and others sought to divert attention from the crying needs for social reform at home. He helped to wreck the attempt of Boulanger to establish a military dictatorship, exposed the Panama scandals, and joined hands with Zola in the heroic attempt to secure justice for Dreyfus. A combination of Socialists and reactionaries drove him for a time from public life in 1893, but after a brief period devoted to journalism and to authorship he was returned to the Senate, and in 1906 became for the first time a member of the administration, serving as Minister of the Interior under Sarrien.

Clemenceau's career as Minister and Premier has two equally important aspects. At home he was a strong advocate of radical legislation for the benefit of the working-class. Bitterly as he was attacked by the Socialist party he was warmly in sympathy with most of their practical aims. "I claim to be a Socialist," he said. "Socialism is a social beneficence in action, the intervention of all on behalf of the victim of the few." But he was steadfastly opposed to any of the outbreaks of class-warfare, which destroyed the unity of the nation. He sent troops to the Lens collieries at the time of a great strike in that district, not to break the strike, with which he was largely in sympathy, but to prevent rioting and disorder. He crushed an incipient rebellion in the wine-growing district of the South by a prompt display of force, and he promptly called on the army to furnish engineers when a strike of the electricians of Paris plunged the city into darkness. "My programme," he said in memorable words, "is Social Reform under the law against grievances and Social Order under the law against revolutionists."

In his foreign policy the great achievement of Clemenceau was the establishment of the Entente with Great Britain. Throughout his life he had been an Anglophile. In fact during the period of English unpopularity in France he had more than once been accused of being a hired tool of Great Britain. But against the storm of German aggression which, from 1906, was gathering on the frontiers the one sure help which Clemenceau recognized was the power of free and liberal England. He had long distrusted, rightly as events were to show, the alliance with autocratic Russia, and from the time of his accession to power he labored in conjunction with Edward VII to promote that informal but binding union of hearts which on the outbreak of the Great War was to prove the salvation of Europe and the world.

Clemenceau's services to France and the world since 1914 are too fresh in the minds of men to need rehearsal. It is enough to say that from the very beginning he urged the energetic prosecution of the war with such vehemence that his organ, *l'Homme Libre*, was repeatedly cut to pieces and frequently suppressed by a timorous censorship, until he rebaptized it with Gallic irony *l'Homme Enchainé*. He was recalled to power in 1917 because all that was best and strong in France recognized that he alone of public men possessed the energy, courage, and resolution to crush the dangerous intrigues for a German peace which a succession of cowardly ministers had ignored or pandered to. From the moment that Clemenceau took the helm it was known the world over that there would be no faltering or compromise with foreign enemies or traitors at home. His repeated visits to the trenches and cordial relations with the military gave the heroic army the assurance it desired and deserved, that the civil government would support it to the last. He risked his life again and again in exposed sections with the one idea of convincing the poilu that the ruler of France was ready to share his dangers. In the darkest hours of the German drive his faith in final victory was unshaken, and it is a fitting tribute to his services

that his name along with that of Foch should by unanimous resolution of the Senate be enshrined in the town hall of every Commune of France as well deserving of the gratitude of the country.

T. M. PARROTT

Two "Latest Efforts"

THE BLACK DROP. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE BUILDERS. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

THESE novels, like so much of our current American fiction, are seriously planned and earnestly labored. They mean to mean something, at all costs. What they lack is the quality no effort can achieve: the genial quality of great story-telling, the effect of a spontaneous pouring forth, of energy released not without pains, but without pain. This is not Miss Brown's fault, or Miss Glasgow's; but there it is, to account for the qualified mood in which we read their work. Never with them do we quite relax and make ourselves at ease. Always between us and the story we feel the story-teller at work, with rigid hand and knitted brow. . . . Since 1914 there has been a notable increase of strain in Miss Brown's fiction. Her peace of mind was violated, with Belgium, in those first days of August. From that moment her poise deserts her, the quiet confidence of the well-bred New Englander. She is agitated, excitable; she thinks in superlatives — mourns, execrates, exults, prophesies. She speaks for thousands of delicately constituted Americans to whom the war in Europe came first as a personal outrage and almost at once as a personal responsibility. The intolerable weight was there, on their shoulders; their only safety from madness lay in taking sides once for all. This *could* not be merely another wanton conflict of national greeds and ambitions, could not be like former wars: it was Armageddon, *the* war, a crucial and final trying of conclusions between civilization and barbarism, God and Satan, right and wrong. You were saved or damned. Neutrality was an unspeakable fraud. You bitterly resented America's failure to leap into the struggle. You pictured loyal America as composed of a magnanimous majority straining towards the privilege of battle for the right, and a timid or blind minority, headed by the Government, ignominiously hanging back. And even more than the Administration you despised and feared the disloyal America, the unknown quantity of hyphenates, pro-Germans, and pacifists who were all, consciously or unconsciously, backing up the Hun.

To the worst of these categories belongs the villain of "The Black Drop." Nor is villain a slovenly term for him. It is the amiable contention of the "new novelists" that no man born of woman is either devil or angel. Charles Tracy is the totally bad man of melodrama. Scion of an old and honorable New England family, there is the taint of some remote and forgotten inheritance in his blood. A marked personal charm is supposed to conceal his true character. An actor might convince us of this, but even he would have a tussle with the lines. On paper Charles Tracy is the miscreant, the black and slimy soul marked from the cradle; we instinctively hiss him on his first appearance. And by contrast his Helen is the radiantly beautiful and noble-hearted damsel of black-and-white romance, the perfect old-fashioned heroine. She lives "married in name only" throughout our acquaintance with her, and when Charles has been discovered by the authorities (as the gallery has discovered him in the first act) and his knavish pro-German profiteer tricks are put a stop to, and he vanishes, sneering, with the adventuress—when he is comfortably out of the way, his quondam Helen remains before us "unawakened," virginal, wide-eyed, her one plaintive note echoing to the last, "Grandsir, what is love?" If you believe in fairies, good and bad, and like them decked with the graces of a considered and elaborate style, here is your entertainment; though the entertainer's dabbling in realistic detail doubtfully waits upon illusion.

Miss Glasgow is a novelist who has won popularity without letting herself be drawn into hasty production. Like Winston Churchill, she takes two or three years to the writing of a novel—perhaps again like Mr. Churchill she is a trifle too solemn over the business. The effort of the story-maker sensibly overweighs the impulse of the story-teller. But "The Builders" is less heavy-handed than its predecessors. Its action is more compact and its dialogue shows less tendency to run to seed. Brave Caroline is something more than a replica of the conventional romantic heroine. Angelica is a mollusc-wife none too delicately drawn, but " with a difference." And the other women, Matty Timberlake the dragon of beneficence, and Mary Blackburn the Amazon in love, are excellent variations from the familiar types. But the three men of the story are hardly more than capable "parts." The Allan who is so easily lured from his Mary by the first deliberate glance of a siren, the handsome wastrel Roane who, a perfect Southern gentleman, insults women with so much charm and such comfortable impunity, are figures of "the screen." As for Robert Blackburn, who, hopelessly wedded to the mollusc-siren, is the natural heaven-born mate for brave Caroline, few masculine observers will have much patience with him. To his glory the ancient chord of honor, duty, and Southern chivalry is twanged without mercy. The weak point about the story is that its effectiveness all hangs on our acceptance of Angelica. Unless we believe in her supreme beauty and charm, unless we come directly under her spell, the rest is naught. Literature is full of ruthless and irresistible sirens; what one of them but Shakespeare's Cleopatra has really held us in her hands? There is little subtlety in this Angelica's speech or action, and for her physical subtlety we have only her author's word. Why should we believe that not only the Roberts and the Carolines, but all of Richmond (including the Blackburn family doctor) could ever have been befooled by her? Miss Glasgow's Angelica, like Miss Brown's Charles Tracy, is a rickety axle for our apple-cart.

H. W. BOYNTON

Business—and Aristotle

THE TURNOVER OF FACTORY LABOR. By Sumner H. Schlichter, Ph.D. With an Introduction by John R. Commons. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

IF the fine old Greek sage Herakleitos, returning to earth, were to visit a modern factory he would find there a striking exemplification of the basic principle of his philosophy—"everything flows." Just as you can not step twice into the same river, so you can not enter twice the same factory. Even the walls, that seem so enduring, are undergoing continual, though imperceptible change; the machinery is being rapidly worn out and replaced; the raw material passes swiftly through the various processes of manufacture and then out into the market as a finished product; laborers come and go in an ever-changing stream; and even the management frequently changes for better or worse. Of course, this external flux, in that it follows the law of being and becoming, can not be wholly bad; and yet instinctively we try to stay the movement, forgetting that change is of the essence of life and that things stable and inert are either asleep or dead. Doubtless Aristotle—for we are still learning from the ancients—would say that we must seek the golden mean, which, being interpreted in times of business management, implies that we should adjust the flow of labor somewhere between an excessively rapid turnover and no turnover at all.

Amid a great mass of statistics Dr. Schlichter mentions a number of interesting and curious facts. The tremendous increase in the demand for labor during the war has greatly increased the rate of turnover, as men are scarce and jobs plentiful. For the same reason both resignations and discharges are more numerous in times of prosperity than in times of depression, when men are anxious to hold their jobs.

The psychologist, at least, has his innings in this book, for the author de-

votes the latter half of it to an elaborate discussion of the means whereby the rate of turnover may be reduced; so, by a somersault of its own, the book becomes a manual on methods of handling men. In this other vast field are many bypaths, where the author loves to linger, and others which he merely points out along the way. He discourses on scientific management, hiring and firing, testing of candidates, the breaking-in of new workers, the training of foremen, the need of an employment manager or supervisor of labor, the desirability of a liberal labor policy as distinguished from a merely enlightened policy. And yet he never once mentions the importance of tact and a spirit of friendliness, without which the best-laid schemes for the scientific management of men must come to naught.

Business men who read this book will wonder how they have managed their affairs in the past without an efficiency expert, and how they will be able to carry on during the next twenty years—if they live so long. Verily, times and customs change, and it is hard for the older generation to learn the ways of the new. Nevertheless, they must do it or be prepared to turn over the management to young fellows strong in theory and self-confidence, but lacking in the seasoned judgment that comes from long experience of victory and defeat. Here again the principle of the mean applies, for in business as in war there should be variety of talent, and though there must be changes in leadership, there is always need of a Nestor or a Ulysses.

The Run of the Shelves

WE have enough chemistry in our make-up to know that a percolator is something besides a coffee-pot. In the chemical laboratory, as we remember from ancient, malodorous days, it was the name for a comical paper filter which we used to separate a liquid from its sediment, and which sometimes, when the instructor's back was turned, we perforated with a pencil that the percolation might be more expeditious—with disastrous results. We have no desire to puncture Mr. Ellwood Hendrick's "Percolator Papers" (Harpers); they run lightly and swiftly enough as it is. But we should like to filter one part of their composition from another. The metaphor is mixed, but the meaning is clear. Where these essays take the form of light, but not trivial, comment on the ways of men and the accidents of life, they are charming; the turn of thought is paradoxical enough to be stimulating and the style is of the right essay flavor. Such, for example, is the paper called rather whimsically C_2H_5OH, which is no pedantic treatise on the composition of alcohol, but a very human document on the probable effects of prohibition. This is the pure liquid of Mr. Hendrick's little book, which we should like to filter off from the scientific dregs. For Mr. Hendrick has a theory, which does not amuse us in itself, and rather mars the entertainment he otherwise has to offer. He calls it "A Plea for Materialism," and preaches it a paper of that name, not to mention scattered allusions to it elsewhere. Of course, it is not a gross materialism born in the street, but the offspring of a pretty flirtation between the laboratory and the church, as if one should deck out in spiritual rags Taine's old dictum that the emotions are merely chemical products like sugar and vitriol. "So," says Mr. Hendrick, "if we see the most beautiful thing in the world, a mother turning to her child, we shall find our vision enlarged by the knowledge that she is acting in conformance with unerring physical and chemical laws; that definite reactions take place within her," etc. We wonder. The thing has to us a little of that ancient smell of the laboratory in those old Victorian days, when men thought they knew a great deal more than they really did know.

La Revue Mondiale surveys the field of American humor with the following result: "The United States hails in the person of Don Marquis the successor to Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, and other kings of American humor and satire." (By all means, add Poe, Lowell, Josh Billings, and any "autres" you can think of. We Americans never do things by halves.) "A part of the New York press considers that his latest volume, 'Prefaces,' deserves to be placed beside La Rochefoucauld, Voltaire, Chamfort . . . Certain critics even speak of him as the continuator of Shakespeare and Renan." (Where are Euripides, Lucian, Cervantes, Rabelais, and Dean Swift?) "Alas! we have not been able to find there a single stroke of humor or satire which could entitle this writer to a place above the humble level of those journalists who struggle to produce a glimmer of wit out of none at all—*malgré son absence totale*." (*Hélas*, once again. Though we are not sure that the assertion could be maintained by the single volume "Prefaces," Don Marquis is, in point of rarely combined wisdom and cleverness, about the best we have to offer. Evidently, we should do well not to offer him to the French.)

Senator J. S. McLennan of Canada is the author of a history of the town of Louisbourg, Cape Breton, a work handsomely printed and bound, and issued under the title, "Louisbourg from Its Foundation to Its Fall, 1713-1758" (Macmillan). In the course of his narrative, he has occasion to refer to a Madame Eurry De la Perelle, a resident of Louisbourg, and in his comment upon her presents an admirable characterization of the peculiar position which the town occupies in the history of America.

> Madame Eurry De la Purelle came to Louisbourg when it was founded, a young woman of twenty. Her husband was the first officer who died in the new settlement. She lived there until the second capture; her three sons were officers in the troops. She did not die for twenty-four years after the demolition of the town, all the fortunes of which passed before her eyes. That the life of a town should fall so far short of that of one of its people suggests the instability of the unimportant. Yet against this one background, with this unity of space and time, developed events which displayed the genius, administrative, economic, military, of two peoples. The two-score and six years of Louisbourg's existence show forth causes and consequences as clearly as the colonial history of two centuries.

This comparatively insignificant town of Cape Breton, or Isle Royale, as the French called the island, became famous because of the part that it played in the half-century struggle between France and England during the years from the Treaty of Utrecht to the Treaty of Paris. It held a strategic position, not only in a military sense, but in a commercial sense also, for it controlled the fishing industry of the Newfoundland banks and adjoining waters. It was the central point of an area of conflict, and because of its capture by the New Englanders in 1745, its return to France by the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, its recapture by the British in 1758, and its permanent cession to Great Britain in 1763, it became a subject of romantic interest at the time and has remained so ever since. Though popular attention has been drawn largely to the military aspects of its history, the town deserves remembrance quite as much for its commercial significance, since commerce was a more dominant factor in the eighteenth century than national animosity and was the starting point in the conflict which ended in the downfall of the French colonial empire of the West. This downfall was due, as Mr. McLennan admirably brings out, not to the defects of the Frenchman as a colonist or colonial administrator, nor to any inferiority in the strength or morale of the French soldier and seaman, but to the weakness of the government at home, which starved the French navy in money, men and equipment, at the very time when Great Britain was lavishing the resources of her growing wealth on ships and service at sea. The fall of Louisbourg in 1745 and 1758 marks the supremacy of British sea power and illustrates the old French saying which Great Britain made her own, "Le trident de Neptune, c'est le sceptre du Monde."

The title of "White Shadows in the South Seas" is suggestive of the style of this volume rather than of its subject

matter. Frederick O'Brien spent a year living with the remnant of natives in the Marquesas, and the result is a clever and picturesque book, filled almost too full of dramatic high lights and descriptive diction which only infrequently falls into the sing-song wordiness of sentimentality. Tattooed and naïve savages, unearthly scenery, ancient music, and cannibalistic customs—all are wreathed about with romance and glamour. Always there runs the tragic strain of the terrible slaughter and extermination wrought directly by conquering white men, and indirectly by the vices and diseases of civilization. And yet where the book should be powerful it is weak, where we should thrill with the marvel, or the tragedy, or the beauty of it all, we are left almost unmoved. The writer has lived and moved among the most dramatic scenes, has recorded them correctly but heartlessly, photographically but coldly. As in certain of the pictures, the beauty of nudity is lost by the sophisticated photographer's gallery properties, so we feel that the opportunity for a great book has slipped away from the author, who has given time and labor, but little heart or soul to his work.

New worlds—new words. The war has brought a host of such, and even outside the zone of hostilities the English language continues to demonstrate its capacity for growth by borrowing foreign words, fashioning new ones of its own, and renovating old ones. Prof. C. Alphonso Smith in "New Words Self-Defined" (Doubleday) allows some of the more frequent of these newcomers to speak for themselves. It is well to get them on record, for not a few of them will sooner or later be forgotten and, without such lexicographical aids as Professor Smith here lays the foundation for, will exist only to puzzle future readers of the written page of these tremendous days.

Professor Otto Jespersen, the distinguished professor of English, at the University of Copenhagen, Denmark, writes:

> I am busy with a book on the development of language. Just now I am writing the chapters that are to deal with the influence of children's speech on the evolution of language in general, and I find that it would be good if I had some more examples of those new formations of words in which children's speech abounds (such as flyable = able to fly). I have a great many examples from Danish, but very few from English, and as I write in English it would be splendid if I had some more. Those who have written on this language of children (O'Shea, Sully, etc.) have paid too little attention to most of the things to which I, as a linguist or philologist, attach the greatest importance.

If any reader of the *Review* has material of this sort in his possession which he cares to communicate we shall see that it comes into Professor Jespersen's competent hands.

Drama

On the London Stage

OUR best dramatists hibernated during the war, and have not yet reawakened. From Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Masefield, Mr. Granville Barker we have heard nothing for many a day. Mr. Shaw has given us only a printed play, "Heartbreak House," which may be described as an essay in mannerism with little or no substance behind it. Mr. Sutro, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Somerset Maugham, and Mr. Arnold Bennett have the stage to themselves for the moment; and though their plays are of some interest, none of them can be said to have notably enriched our dramatic literature.

Of Mr. Maugham's irresistible farce, "Home and Beauty," I need say nothing, as I understand it has repeated in New York its London success. "The Voice from the Minaret," by Mr. Robert Hichens, deals tactfully rather than powerfully with a theme which has often been treated with neither tact nor power—that of a clerical Tannhäuser in the Venusberg. In the first act, Andrew Fabian is not actually a clergyman, but has strong spiritual leanings, when, on his way to Jerusalem, he meets at Damascus Lady Caryll, wife of an Indian official, who is on her way to England to obtain a divorce from her intolerable brute of a husband. She does not go to England; she tarries at Damascus with Andrew Fabian. Unfortunately the window of their sitting-room looks straight out upon a minaret from which the muezzin, at the appropriate intervals, reminds the faithful of their religious duties; and Lady Caryll soon perceives that the reminder is not lost upon her lover. She realizes that she has an unconquerable rival in his clerical vocation; so one fine day she quietly takes her departure, and returns to the purgatory of her life in India. Andrew Fabian completes his journey to Jerusalem, both literally and spiritually, and becomes a clergyman of the Church of England. He is on the point of settling down into humdrum domesticity with an agreeable young woman who appears cut out for a clergyman's wife, when Lady Caryll once more appears on the scene, and with her Sir Leslie Caryll, her husband. This very unlovely personage divines the mystery of Damascus, and is on the point of making himself openly unpleasant, to the ruin of Fabian's career, when his opportune decease solves the difficulty. The play contains some interesting scenes, and has none of that sanctimonious sensuality which is so offensive in many plays of similar subject. But it is an ephemeral production which will scarcely be remembered after it has served its immediate purpose.

The same may be said of "The Choice," by Mr. Alfred Sutro, which is having a remarkable success at Wyndham's Theatre. It is an effectively-told sentimental anecdote. It shows how a middle-aged Captain of Industry, the Right Honorable John Ingleby Cordways, rashly fell in love with the young and flighty Lady Clarissa Caerleon, but discovered before the fatal knot was tied an incompatibility of temper which would have been disastrous had it developed six months later. The rock on which the project of marriage splits is well imagined. Cordways has dismissed one of his subordinates, because, though he is a man with a brilliant war record and with many fine qualities, he has been several times guilty of drunkenness. All sorts of influences, public and private, are brought to bear upon Cordways to induce him to give the culprit another chance, but he is inflexible. Then the man's sweetheart comes to Lady Clarissa and tells her the piteous story; and she, not knowing anything of the matter or of all that it has come to mean for Cordways, rashly pledges her word that the man shall be reinstated. Result: an insoluble conflict of will with will—which, we are told, is the very essence of drama. It is not surprising, therefore, that the scene in which the misunderstanding comes to a head proves to be a very strong one. Fortunately, though the conflict is insoluble, the engagement is not; and there is the less harm done as Lady Clarissa has another string to her bow, or beau to her string. Cordways, the stern, strong man, is supposed to be broken-hearted; but one fancies that if he had really cared very much, he would either have surrendered at discretion or arrived at some compromise. The success of the play is perhaps partly due to Miss Viola Tree's somewhat ungainly but realistic portraiture of a young woman of the ultra smart set. Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, too, an actor with an enormous following, has been gifted by nature with a jaw which renders him the ideal representative of the strong silent man.

When Mr. Arnold Bennett produces a play, the critics never fail to tell him that, because he is a professional novelist, he is necessarily but an amateur playwright. As the author of two of the most successful plays of the time, "Milestones" and "The Great Adventure," Mr. Bennett can afford to smile at this superior attitude on the part of his mentors. The fact is that the skill he shows in transmuting a novel into a play proves that he is exceptionally endowed with the dramatic instinct. "Sacred and Profane Love," adapted from an early novel of the same title, is certainly not what one would call a well-built play. Its second act might be dropped out almost entirely without leaving any sensible gap in the

(*Continued on page* 40)

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action. But each individual scene is alive and moving; and, after all, a dramatist who can hold the interest of his audience throughout four acts, can scarcely be set down as a mere bungler at the job.

In the first act, a young girl, Carlotta Peel, intensely devoted to music, is thrown by chance into the company of a great pianist whom she adores, and, in an access of melomaniac passion, surrenders herself to him. The night over, she deliberately disappears from his ken —and from that of the audience—for seven years. During this time she has become a famous novelist; and in the second act we find her on the verge of becoming involved in a second love affair —with her publisher, who is unhappily married. But at the end of the act she learns that the pianist, Emilio Diaz, of whom she has heard nothing for years, has become a morphinomaniac and is living in Paris in extreme misery. She leaves her publisher to settle his domestic troubles as best he may, and starts for Paris by the night express. She finds Diaz a pitiable wreck, living under the most degrading conditions. In a scene of great power, she takes possession of him and carries him off, and in the last act we learn, not without surprise and some skepticism, that she has actually reclaimed him, and restored not only his self-respect, but his genius. Obviously this would have been a more coherent and perhaps more convincing play if Mr. Bennett had cut out the second act, with the episode of the publisher, and had interposed a new act, between his actual third and fourth, showing us some of the process of the rescue of Diaz, and (if possible) making us believe in it. His omission to do so may even awaken some doubt as to whether he believes in it himself. Be this as it may, the piece is a vivid and arresting one. Neither of the two leading characters is rendered particularly interesting. Diaz in particular, though played by an actor of ability and experience, is not in the least credible as a brilliant and fascinating interpreter of Chopin; and if we do not feel that Carlotta loves the maestro rather than the man, much of our sympathy for her is sacrificed.

The Stage Society has given us a very creditable performance of a very difficult play—Mr. Herbert Trench's "Napoleon." It is a perfect example of a play for the study rather than the stage; and even in the study it demands a good deal of thinking out. The story, briefly told, is that of a young man, half English and half French by birth, who, at the time when Napoleon is planning an invasion of England, sets forth to teach him the error of his ways, and to bring him back to the idealisms which are supposed to have inspired his Italian campaigns. The precise doctrine of the young apostle does not emerge very distinctly. It seems to be something to the effect that the family is the basis of all human welfare —a view to which one could imagine Napoleon replying that it was precisely in the interests of several millions of French families that he proposed to invade England. He does not make this retort—at least, I don't think he does, but Napoleon's ideas are not much more perspicuous than those of his self-appointed counsellor. "Dreamer! you speak in violent foreshortenings," says the Emperor at one point, with incontrovertible truth; but unfortunately he is himself much addicted to the same practice. All this bandying of ideas is hung upon a not very skilfully spun thread of nautico-military melodrama. In the upshot, both the apostle and his brother lose their lives, and Napoleon, after spending twenty-four hours in England, sets off for St. Helena, via Austerlitz, Moscow, and Waterloo. The production was a distinguished *succès d'estime*.

An offshoot of the Stage Society, happily entitled The Phœnix, has recently come into existence, with the object of giving performances of neglected Elizabethan and Restoration masterpieces. It has taken up the work, in fact, of the Elizabethan Stage Society, started some thirty years ago by that amiable enthusiast, Mr. William Poel. A certain section of the Stage Society has of late years developed an enthusiasm for performances of Restoration comedies with all the indecencies religiously retained; and it is this section which has now split off, and set up "on its own" as The Phœnix. I venture to prophesy that the society will do useful work (though not exactly "according to plan") in exploding the great Elizabethan-Restoration superstition. It has raged for a hundred years; it has been exaggerated to the point of absurdity by Swinburne, in his contention that "the silver age of English drama would eclipse the golden age of dramatic poetry in any other nation of modern times"; and it is now eminently desirable that we should return to sanity.

The Phœnix commenced its operations this week with a revival of Webster's "Duchess of Malfy," very appropriately chosen as being perhaps the fetish-in-chief of the Elizabethan cult. Webster, I am not altogether sorry to say, had a very bad press. Criticism has regained sufficient independence of judgment to realize the absurdity of educated men and women coming together solemnly to sit through five acts of clumsy, ill-constructed, bloody melodrama, and to listen piously to language which, if they repeated it in the street outside, would lead to their prompt appearance in the police court. There is some undeniably good writing in "The Duchess of Malfy," but why should we sit out five acts of artificial and sanguinary extravagance for the sake of thirty or forty fine lines? It may be interesting to note that the Duchess was played with great charm, but without much tragic power, by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, newly returned from New York; and that Mr. William Rea, who has now played Abraham Lincoln for 350 nights, lent his brogue and his lugubrious countenance to the part of the villain Bosola.

William Archer

London, November 24

Books and the News

Profit-Sharing

The announcement, a few days ago, of their further scheme for profit-sharing by the Messrs. Ford, suggests some references for reading. Perhaps the first book is "Profit Sharing: Its Principles and Practice" (Harper, 1918), by Arthur W. Burritt, of the A. W. Burritt Co., President Dennison, of the Dennison Manufacturing Co.; Edwin F. Gay, and others. This is a general study; for statistics see "Profit Sharing in the United States" (Government Printing Office, 1917,) by Boris Emmet, a Bulletin of the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, Whole No. 208. There are also two important British reports, "Profit Sharing and Labor Co-Partnership in the United Kingdom, 1912," and "Report on Profit Sharing and Labor Co-Partnership Abroad, 1914," both published by the Department of Labor Statistics of Great Britain's Board of Trade. Another valuable work is the National Civic Federation's "Profit Sharing By American Employers" (National Civic Federation, 1916).

An older book, an investigation of considerable length, with historical details, is Nicholas P. Gilman's "Profit Sharing Between Employer and Employee" (Houghton, 1889), while the same author, in "A Dividend to Labor" (Houghton, 1899), devotes some chapters to this subject. Charles R. Fay's "Co-partnership in Industry" (Putnam, 1913), is a brief historical sketch taking examples chiefly from England and France. Another brief book, citing experiences of employers in England, Europe and America, is Aneurin Williams's "Co-Partnership and Profit Sharing" (Holt, 1913).

"The Ford Plan" (Anderson, 1915, is a pamphlet by Henry Ford. A. H. Mackmurdo discusses the topic in "Pressing Questions: Profit Sharing." (Lane, 1913); Lord Leverhulme's "The Six-Hour Day and Other Industrial Questions" (Holt, 1919), contains chapters on "co-partnership" or profit-sharing.

Edmund Lester Pearson

THE REVIEW

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MR. Bryan has never been deficient in logic. On the contrary, every one of his campaigns, one may almost say every one of his speeches, is an exhibition of logical correctness. He fixes his premises well in his mind, and rams the conclusions from them into the minds of his hearers without trickery or fallacy in the reasoning. He is a wooden thinker, a mechanical thinker, but not a loose thinker. Contrary to a widely prevalent opinion, his campaign for free silver, while it rested on a fundamentally wrong basis, manifested a very high degree of genuine debating ability. Accordingly, it is no surprise that in his Jackson-Day speech on the treaty he made a calm and convincing analysis of the situation. His habits of thought and speech are in diametrical contrast with those of President Wilson. Mr. Wilson exhorts, but does not debate; perhaps he is so sure he is right that he is too proud to argue. Mr. Bryan, too, is always sure he is right; but in his case the consequence is that he is not afraid to argue.

CONGRESS should act at once on Secretary Glass's recommendation that $150,000,000 be appropriated for immediate use in rescuing the starving populations of Austria, Armenia, Poland, and certain other countries. The Grain Corporation is in a position to send the food supplies the moment Congress gives the word. Mr. Hoover, whose recommendations are always based on knowledge and foresight as well as on right feeling, urges this action while cautioning against undiscriminating extension of credits in other ways. Usually deliberation is a virtue, but sometimes it is a crime. To hesitate or delay, in the face of such harrowing need and such clear opportunity, would be a criminal failure of duty.

GERMANY, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, besides Belgium and a number of other minor Powers, affixed their signatures last Saturday to the document that formally ends the Great War. The fourteen months since the armistice have been so full of trouble, and so heavy with doubt and danger, that the moment so long awaited was far from being one of elation. And the absence of the United States added much to the joylessness of the occasion. Not the least of the injuries caused by our delay in entering into the permanent relations of peace with Germany, and with the nations associated with us in the treaty, is the psychological effect of the suspense. The world is not going to forget the war the moment the treaty is disposed of; but after all, there *are* other things about Germany besides the great crime of 1914, and we *must* get to thinking about these other things some time. We must, sooner or later, if the world is not to be an inferno, fall again into the habit of dealing with Germans as men—human beings with faults and virtues like our own; men to be treated according to their individual merits, not men under a common ban for a common crime. The way to get back to that frame of mind is not to change our opinion about the war, but to stop thinking about the war except when such thinking is of necessity thrust upon us. And this will never happen until the treaty is out of the way.

DR. E. J. DILLON, in his valuable history of "The Peace Conference," vouches for the truth of the story of how the Council arrived at its decision to bring the ex-Kaiser to trial: "A few days before the treaty was signed there was a pause in the proceedings of the Supreme Council, during which the Secretary was searching for a mislaid document. Mr. George, looking up casually and without addressing anyone in particular, remarked: 'I suppose none of you has any objection to the Kaiser being tried in London?' M. Clemenceau shrugged his shoulders, Mr. Wilson raised his hand, and the matter was assumed to be settled. Nothing more was said or written on the subject." Mr. George is now going through the familiar experience that the decision so easily taken is not so easily carried into effect, and he no longer supposes, but knows, that among the English there is a strong objection to the play being staged in London. It will have taken him more time than a lull in the discussions to decide upon a solution which makes him seem true to his word while actually evading its fulfillment. The ex-Kaiser, we are now told, will be summoned to trial before an Allied Commission, and if he does not answer he will be tried in his absence.

No pressure will be brought to bear on the Netherlands Government for his extradition. Wilhelm von Hohenzollern will be left chopping wood at Doorn, while the Allied Commission hears the witnesses and reads the documents which are to establish his guilt. This certainly would be the wisest course to take. It deprives the accused of a last opportunity to play a martyr's part on the world's stage, while giving satisfaction to those who wish to see his guilt made manifest and put on record.

"BEFORE long, we may see labor hiring capital," says Sir George Paish in an interview which appears in the *Review* to-day. This may sound startling, but there is really nothing strange, or even new, about it. For Sir George Paish goes on to say, "Groups of working people will borrow money for their purposes on the best terms practicable." Nothing would be more desirable than such a development, and nothing would be more in accordance with the hopes—of the radicals of to-day?—no, of the "orthodox" economists of half a century ago, like Mill and Cairnes. Co-operation of workingmen in production, participation of workingmen in the ownership of capital, is what they looked forward to as the best hope of the masses. And if the money that suddenly-enriched workingmen have been spending on silk shirts or the like during the last year or two had been turned into this channel, a very substantial beginning of such co-operative enterprise could have been made by this time.

STUDENTS of the slum tenement problem have been offered a fine stimulus to work out a practicable solution. Vincent Astor, Alfred E. Marling, and others have provided for prizes aggregating $6,000, the contestants to make a study of a typical old tenement block picked for the purpose and submit detailed plans for its remodeling. The plans must not only conform to modern progress in heating, lighting, sanitation, ventilation, fire protection, privacy, etc., but must present reasonable evidence that the changes provided for will be a good business investment for the landlord. On the face of it, this seems to be an unusually intelligent prize undertaking. Entirely apart from the prizes, the effort will be well worth while to every contestant who enters the lists with sufficient preparation to warrant him in dealing with such problems of domestic architecture at all. The New York State Reconstruction Commission and the Joint Legislative Committee on Housing are co-operating in the movement.

TENANTS in New York apartment houses were startled, a few days ago, by a court decision apparently giving the right to dispossess an occupant merely because the landlord deemed him "undesirable," without the necessity of alleging and proving any specific ground of undesirability. The judge has now stated that the decision had been misunderstood, and tenants are free from the danger of being ejected as undesirable merely because there is someone in the background ready to pay a higher rental. It is still true, however, that apartments in New York are quite generally held under leases wholly one-sided, giving the tenant very little power to enforce even the rights which his contract, on its face, appears to secure. The *Tribune* has well suggested that a standard form of contract should be prescribed by law, covering the leasing of apartments for residence purposes, for fixed terms. On the tenant's side, the standard lease should make sure the constant delivery, in full measure, of the heat, water, elevator, and other forms of service for which he pays, or give a speedy and inexpensive road to adequate recompense when any part of such service fails. To the landlord, it should secure the right to enforce the proper care and use of the apartments leased, and to receive reasonably punctual payment therefor, but not unreasonably pre-punctual. And in the interest of both owners and respectable tenants, there should be no bar to the speedy dispossession of undesirable occupants, subject to the tenants' right to demand the presentation of proper evidence.

WHAT purport to be the official statistics of the French Flying Corps are nothing short of staggering. In the whole course of the War the losses in the zone of military operations were 1,945 pilots and observers killed, 1,461 missing, whose death may now be accepted as certain, and 2,922 wounded. To this must be added 1,927 pilots and observers killed outside the zone of operations. In view of the care exercised by the French in training their air forces the last item is amazingly high. In round numbers, the casualties were eight thousand out of a full strength of thirteen thousand, or something over sixty per cent. The stark figures, at once splendid and terrible, are more impressive than any comment.

MR. BERNARD SHAW was present at the great fight between Carpentier and Beckett, and has granted the London *Nation* the privilege of printing his impressions. Why should a paper so undauntedly pacifist give prominence to the description of a prize fight, and why was Mr. Shaw requested to write it, who confesses not having attended a boxingexhibition in thirty-fiveyears? Mr. Shaw has not abstained for thirty-five years from attending a boxing match because he disapproves of the sport, but because of his conviction that the English are congenitally incapable of the art. But Carpentier is different. His display "overawes the spectators; it often reduces them to absolute silence." Even the perspicacious Mr. Shaw does not know what to make of him. At his first entrance he was startled by the apparition: "Nothing less than Charles XII, the madman of the North;" but during the fight he recognizes in Carpentier "the complete Greek athlete. The unmistakable Greek line digs a trench across his forehead." In less exciting moments he is to Mr. Shaw what he is to others, the French pugilist. What golden opportunity was here lost to his disagreeing wit! If Mr. Shaw had only known that Carpentier's cradle stood in Holland! He could have startled his readers with a paradox which was a truth.

Mock-Hysteria

THE act of folly with which the lower house of the New York Legislature began its session may prove a benefit to the country. We have not been among those who believe that the nation is in a state of hysteria over the Red danger; but it is quite possible for a mock-hysteria —a thing that has the outward marks of hysteria, although it has no real hold on the patient—to do even more harm than the genuine article. And "it is time," as the hero of Tennyson's *Maud* exclaims, "it is time that old hysterical mock-disease should die."

The prompt and well-weighed condemnation which the course of the New York Assembly has evoked from high Republican, as well as from Democratic, sources, should have a sobering effect in more directions than one. If the sharp shock which the suspension of the five Socialist Assemblymen gave to the political and juristic instincts of men like Judge Hughes and Senator Harding, the scathing rebuke which it evoked from an organization like the Young Republican Club of New York, the condemnation it drew from papers like the New York *Tribune*, the energetic action of leading members of the New York Bar Association, the prompt cognizance taken of the situation by the New York City Club and Citizens Union—if this remarkable movement of protest shall serve to awaken public men, in both parties, to a sober sense of their responsibility in dealing with one of the gravest of possible issues in a Republic, the sensational *coup* at Albany will have brought about a sorely needed improvement in the temper of our dealings with the problem of revolution.

For there is no essential difference between the way in which Speaker Sweet has sought to deal with the presence of the five Socialist Assemblymen and the way in which Attorney General Palmer has been conducting his anti-sedition crusade, or in which Representative Graham and his sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee have been drafting their sedition bill. In all three of these instances, there may be real reason for the substance of what is being done or proposed; that is a question whose merits can be determined only by close and careful examination. But in all such matters the method is as important as the substance; and, so far as immediate effects are concerned, the method is infinitely more important than the substance.

When Mr. Palmer, without a word of authoritative public explanation, sweeps thousands of members of the Communist parties—big and little, ring-leaders and thoughtless or ignorant followers alike—into his dragnet, he arouses a maximum of justifiable resentment with a minimum of salutary effect. When Mr. Graham exhausts the possibilities of the dictionary in specifying the greatest conceivable variety of acts which he proposes shall be declared seditious felonies; when in his eagerness he actually defines some of these as treason, and, though he had been at work on the bill for months, discovers only after its text had been published that the Constitution (in one of its most familiar provisions) forbids any such definition of treason; when, after making this discovery, he imagines that he can remedy the difficulty by simply substituting the word "sedition," or the word "felony," for the word "treason," while yet retaining the death penalty prescribed for the crime so labeled—when such things as these are done, we are in the presence of that same phenomenon of the creation of a maximum of odium with a minimum of benefit. And precisely that is true of the performance at Albany.

Let us try to imagine what course would have been taken by the Chairman of a legislative body confronting in a serious spirit the serious problem presented by the election of a group of men whose party obligations were such as to make their exclusion necessary from the standpoint of high public policy. He would have sought, first of all, to make it manifest that he realized the extraordinary character of the proceeding which he was about to recommend. He would have taken care to make it impossible to charge him with springing a sensational surprise upon the men against whom the proceeding was to be directed. He would have made it plain that they were to have all the benefits of the presumption of fitness for the seats to which they had been duly elected until they had been deliberately adjudged unfit. Above all, so far from asking for an immediate judgment—even such provisional judgment as that calling for their suspension pending investigation—he would have impressed upon the legislators the imperative duty of deliberate consideration of so vital a question before action of any kind was taken upon it.

Had this been done, how different would have been the effect on the public mind! Fair-minded men might still have decided against the proposed exclusion either as being a violation of the general spirit of representative government, or as being contrary to the dictates of political wisdom; but they would have felt that a case had been put before them which could be calmly argued upon its intrinsic merits. Attention would have been focused upon the one substantial question in the case: have these men entered into an obligation with their party organization which is inconsistent with their oath of office? As it is, the thought of the public is centred on the crude brutality of the onslaught, to the exclusion of the question whether occasion existed for any action at all in the premises. Speaker Sweet may make all the distinctions he pleases between proscription of opinion and exclusion of disloyalty; people who begin by siding with the Socialist members simply because they have not had a square deal will refuse to split hairs on the subject.

The resolution suspending the Socialist Assemblymen was passed without debate, and with only two dissenting votes besides those of the Socialists themselves. This may very naturally be pointed to as evidence of a state of acute hysteria. Only under the influence of intense excitement, it may be said, could Republicans and Democrats alike have been swept into such sudden action. But the truth, to

our mind, is precisely the reverse of this. The thing was done with the haste of a mechanical habit, not that of intense feeling. We have fallen into the way of going through the motions of hysterical excitement without the least evidence of experiencing the excitement itself. The rank and file of the legislators were as much taken by surprise as were the Socialist members. The thing presented itself to their minds as a question of pronouncing a shibboleth rather than of deciding a high question of law or of public policy. The doctrines of the Socialist platform are abhorrent to normal Americans; and what the legislators, with no time for reflection, thought they were doing was simply to express this abhorrence.

The appearance of hysteria which we encounter in so many ways arises from a failure to distinguish between the mere freeing of one's mind and the taking of responsible public action. If we were under the strain of real anxiety over an immediately threatening peril, we should be infinitely more careful than we are in deciding upon our course of conduct. We should be calculating consequences, instead of merely expressing desires. There might be a greater amount of genuine hysteria, but there would be incomparably less of the mock variety. And while there would be vastly less of spectacular moves, either legislative or executive, there would be much more effective defense against the actual danger of revolutionary agitations. To deny that that danger exists is as foolish as to lose one's head over its immediate formidableness.

The Jackson-Day Bombshell

Mr. Wilson's Jackson-Day letter was almost universally understood by the press as a declaration against the settlement of the treaty question by any practicable adjustment of the difference between the Democratic and Republican position in the Senate. Acting upon this interpretation, the three leading New York papers which have stood by the President through thick and thin promptly expressed their emphatic disapproval of his attitude. The *World*, the *Times*, and the *Evening Post* were all equally outspoken in their condemnation. This would in itself be an impressive phenomenon; but its import is heightened by the fact, which no reasonable person can dispute, that public opinion had for weeks been manifestly and overwhelmingly displayed to the same effect. There is plenty of room for doubt as to what the country thinks ideally desirable in regard to the Covenant; there is no room whatever to doubt that its practical wish is for an immediate ratification of the treaty upon such terms as a reasonably conciliatory spirit on the two sides in the Senate is capable of bringing about.

If this popular desire were opposed to the convictions or the judgment of the Senators themselves, it would be their duty to stand out against it. But it is quite certain that the sentiment of the Senate is in agreement with this wish of the people. As Mr. McCumber said, in a speech which he made in New York at the very moment when Mr. Wilson's manifesto was being read in Washington: If the President would say to-morrow, "it is now up to the Senate, as a coordinate branch of the treaty-making power, free from Executive dictation or pressure, to perform its function, and up to each Senator to exercise his own judgment," the treaty could be put through, with the League of Nations, within twenty-four hours.

It now looks as though the Democratic Senators were going to perform their Constitutional function without waiting for the President's permission. The spectacle of their paralysis has been pitiful. It has been all the more pitiful because they have bowed to the President's will without even knowing, without even professing to know, what that will was. They do not know now. They are perfectly justified in asserting, as some of them have explicity done, that the President's Jackson-Day letter does not clearly shut the door to compromise. Its language, though arrogant in tone and giving no indication that he recognizes any necessity of yielding an inch of his original position, does not expressly assert that he will not yield. Only when the plain question of yes or no is put up to him through the adoption of a resolution of ratification by a two-thirds' vote of the Senate will it be possible to determine what his answer will be. There is reason to hope that the Senate will at last shoulder its share of the task and thereby compel the President squarely to shoulder his. Not until that is done shall we know whether Mr. Wilson is prepared to take upon himself the awful responsibility of preventing our country from bearing its part in the effort of the nations to safeguard peace, and to restore prosperity, in a war-racked world.

Never has the President given a more striking illustration of the possibilities of a single-track mind than on this occasion. Half a year ago, when the treaty was first presented to the Senate, he made an agonized plea for its prompt ratification on the ground of the world's desperate need for a speedy settlement. Now he has so completely forgotten that need that it is not even remotely alluded to in his letter. But the country has not forgotten it. It is that consideration, and no other, that has led men of all shades of opinion, with the exception of those who are fundamentally opposed to any compact of the nature of the League Covenant, to waive their personal opinions and preferences. The state of the world is neither more satisfactory nor more assured than it was six months ago. Almost everything we hear from the other side of the water indicates the eagerness of European nations to accept America's participation in the League on any reasonable terms upon which it can be had. The vague rumors that the President or the State Department had knowledge of difficulties that would be set up by some of the Allied Powers if any substantial reservations were made, have ceased to be heard. The President makes no reference to anything of the kind; so far as anybody knows, he is acting solely upon his own personal judgment, with no more counsel

from foreign statesmen than from the public men of his own country—and that is about as near to absolute zero as one can get.

With regard to the President's suggestion that "if there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter," the next election should be given "the form of a great and solemn referendum" upon it, there is room for an interesting conjecture. As a reason for postponing action on the treaty, the suggestion is absurd. But it would be entirely possible for Mr. Wilson, in case a ratification with reservations were presented to him, to take the position that his acceptance of that result does not preclude the adoption of the referendum proposal. It would be a bold, but not a reckless, political stroke for him to say that he takes half a loaf not as a substitute for a whole one, but as an instalment. He declares that he knows what the country wants—it wants the Covenant as it was drawn, and a whole-hearted execution of all its provisions. If this is his sincere conviction, the way is perfectly open for him to act upon it without placing at hazard the collapse of all that has been accomplished, and without keeping the world in a state of intolerable uncertainty for fourteen months.

The only way in which, in any case, the referendum could be effectually held would be by Mr. Wilson being himself the candidate of his party for the Presidency. With the treaty unratified, this would be a monstrous and wicked gamble—a game of double or quits, with the world's peace and happiness as the stake. But with the treaty ratified it would be a fair and normal contest on principles and policies. The issue indeed would be momentous, but the contest would not in itself be a calamity. Mr. Wilson's triumph would be accepted by the nation as conclusive, no matter what subsidiary causes might have played their part in the contest. If he really desires that solemn referendum, let him insist upon it by all means; but let him not demand that his wish be gratified at the cost of untold evil and incalculable danger to the country and to all the world.

Turkey and the Powers

THE dying body of the sick man has been lying on the operating table ever since, by signing of the armistice, he surrendered it to the mercy of his surgeons. He had not deserved any, and, until recently, could not expect to receive it. He was not laid there to be cured, but to be made harmless. For in health and in sickness he acted the tyrant over the family of races under his rule, and to maim him into incapacity for evil was a duty which the men in consultation round the patient owed to humanity and civilization.

But the operation was postponed from month to month. The United States was blamed for the delay by Mr. Lloyd George, whose words to that effect we quoted last week. Expectations roused by statements of Mr. Wilson and Colonel House gave the Allied diplomats reason to hope that the acceptance by this country of a mandate for Constantinople and Armenia would free them from the difficult task of settling the disposal of Turkey among themselves. America's aloofness, however, leaves them no other choice than to proceed without her assistance, with the prospect of disturbing their own harmony or, in order to keep that in tune, of restoring the patient to life. Sentiment, both in America and Europe, is opposed to leaving the Turk in possession of Constantinople and Thrace, but sentiment does not preside at the councils of diplomats. Ideas of justice and honor give way there to considerations of interests, and the clash of these may result in serving no one's interest but the Turk's.

The Porte has always traded on the rivalry between the Powers. Fear and distrust of Russia made England, in 1853, fight Turkey's war in the Crimea, and caused Disraeli, in spite of Gladstone's denunciation of Turkish horrors in Bulgaria, to plead for the criminal at the Berlin Conference of 1878. This policy of thwarting Russia by aiding Turkey had the additional advantage of raising England's prestige in India. By propagating the notion that Constantinople was the Dar-ul-Islam, the seat of Mohammedanism, the British could pose as the protectors of the Caliphate. His reputed sanctity is actually a development of recent growth in India, and is now an obstacle to the Eastern policy of the very Power which favored its spread. For the situation in the near East has changed. Russia no longer covets the city that controls the straits which are the key to the Black Sea. To oust the Turk from Europe would not be playing Russia's economic game, but it might cause indignation and unrest among the Indian Moslems whom England herself has taught to venerate the Ottoman Sultan as *ipso facto* Caliph. And discontent in India must be prevented at any price, as the new Russian danger is in the exploitation of such discontent for the spread of Bolshevism in Asia.

It would seem, therefore, that England's safety would prescribe to her a policy that would concur with that of the Quai d'Orsay. For reasons similar to those which, in the days of the Tsardom, made Great Britain an ally of Turkey against Russia, the French prefer a continuation of the Sultan's rule in Constantinople to a British mandate for the city. In spite, however, of this double advantage of placating both India and France, the Government in London is reported to favor a different solution of the problem. Two years ago Mr. Lloyd George did not yet contemplate expelling the Sultan from Europe. On January 5, 1918, he declared: "We are not fighting to deprive Turkey of its capital or of the rich and renowned lands of Asia Minor and Thrace, which are predominantly Turkish in race." What has happened since then to make the British Prime Minister change his mind?

Public opinion in England is probably responsible for this volte face. The massacred in Armenia and the dead of Gallipoli call from their graves, and the prospect of a Constantinople wrested from the Asiatic usurper makes an appeal to the popular imagination too strong to be ignored by the Government. Lloyd George will have to find a solution that is a compromise between British sentiment and the

practical policy of Paris. The former requires that it shall not be Great Britain, the latter that it shall not be the Turk, who in future will control the bridge between Europe and Asia. If Clio were an arbiter at the Council of Paris, she would assign the mandate for Constantinople and Turkish Thrace to the one nation that can claim it with any right consecrated by the past. But Mr. Venizelos will plead in vain. Italian jealousy will oppose a Greek mandate, and the bitter hatred between Bulgarians and Greeks, which would expose Constantinople under Greek control to Bulgarian raids and invasions, makes that solution inadvisable. The substitution of an international state for the Sultan's rule in European Turkey seems, under these conditions, the only possible solution. It is better to charge the various conflicting interests with a common responsibility for the future of the city than to entrust its control to a disinterested outsider who, if a great Power, will, in course of time, by his political ascendancy become a dangerous rival of the others in the economic field as well. And a small Power, as a mandatory for Constantinople, would scarcely escape being made the dummy of either France or England, or, if it did escape, would all the same be suspected of being one. Norway, it is rumored, will be offered the mandate for Armenia. A similar responsibility for Constantinople is evidently, and justly, not suggested to her. An international régime such as controls the navigation on the Rhine and the Danube is doubtless the best that can be devised for the city whose situation on the Straits, controlling navigation between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, makes it a bone of contention between the Powers.

The Sultan's loss of his temporal power over Stamboul and European Turkey need not involve his expulsion from the city. If the veneration of the Moslem in India for the Dar-ul-Islam and the Caliphate is actually as genuine as it is said to be, it would be wise policy to leave the Sultan like the Pope in Rome, as the spiritual head of the Sunnite Mohammedan world, in the holy seat of Islam.

End of the Steel Strike

At its begnning, and for a few weeks thereafter, the steel strke took a leading place in the news columns of the dailies, in editorial comment, and in the thought of the masses. Its officially declared ending, last week, and the resignation of William Z. Foster, the secretary by whom it had been organized and largely directed, drew a sensational headline from no single newspaper that has come under our observation. To all intents and purposes, as a strike, it had passed out of existence long before its demise was officially announced.

In truth, the germs of its inevitable dissolution were visible from the start to competent observers from the outside, and probably to many of the better informed labor leaders themselves. Its lurid pictures of alleged conditions in the steel industry were not generally believed, indications pointed to different aims from those openly set forth, and its management was largely directed by men distrusted because of known revolutionary beliefs and connections. Under such conditions, its appeals for popular sympathy and support were futile. If there is satisfaction to any in the belief that it nevertheless cost the steel interests scores of millions of dollars, this satisfaction can not be denied. It was a costly experience, nor did the loss and inconvenience stop with the manufacturers and immediate consumers of steel. The evil effects of such an interruption in any great productive industry extend in greater or less measure to all. In proportion to ability to stand the loss, perhaps the greatest sufferers were the workmen and their families.

Are there any gains to set off against this loss? If not, if such an experience could leave a country without at least some lessons of value for the future, the hope of progress would be small indeed. The steel strike, we think, has helped to convince most laborers themselves that no strike any longer holds promise of success if it does not command the moral support of the mass of citizens not immediately connected with either side of the controversy. This is a limitation of the strike imposed by the very nature of free society, and the sooner labor leaders accept it and conduct themselves accordingly, the less likely will they be called upon to accept limitations of a severer nature imposed by the law of the State. The riot of striking which has marked the past year has strained the public patience to the point where a continuance of the nuisance would soon make it impossible to get popular sympathy even for justified strikes.

If labor leaders will not take this lesson seriously to heart, substantial injury to their legitimate interests may easily be the result. There is danger of this in the case of the steel workers themselves. There has been great improvement in their wages, and in the conditions under which they work, but there is warrant for the belief that a satisfactory state has not yet been reached. It seems probable, though exact information is hard to obtain, that the twelve-hour shift is far more common than is consistent with the interests of the workers and with sound public policy, which will not seek increased production at the cost of vital injury to the manhood which produces. It must not be forgotten, of course, that for four hours of the twelve-hour shift the workman receives "time and a half" in wages, a difference which may easily mean to many the purchase of a home within a few years' time, or a good savings account against the mischances of the future. The question is whether the opportunity to make this extra money can be retained without compelling to the twelve-hour shift thousands who do not desire it, and to whom it is a great evil and hardship. But the misrepresentations of existing conditions uttered by Foster in support of the strike served only to exasperate employers and disinterested citizens, and to take their thoughts away from the existence and the needed solution of such problems.

The resignation of William Z. Foster may indicate that another needed lesson has been at least partially learned. His good American name

does not alter the fact that he had deeply identified himself with agitators and ideas wholly alien to the Americanism which the great majority accept, and stand ready to defend with life if it shall be seriously assaulted. Against his claim to have abandoned these offensive ideas, the public could only place his former assertion that none of the commonly accepted standards of moral obligation must be allowed to stand between the social revolutionist and his object. The man who has thus given himself license to lie if he chooses, in order to promote an offensive purpose, is not likely to convince thinking men, by his word alone, that he has given up that purpose. The presence of Foster at its head indissolubly connected the steel strike, in the minds of thousands, with revolutionary ideas, persons, and purposes, thus contributing heavily to its unpopularity and injuring its power to aid in the removal of such genuine causes of grievance as may exist. The American Federation of Labor and minor organizations may move slowly and gently in letting down a few objectionable individuals, but the coming year is pretty likely to show a marked reaction against being "bored from within" by agitators of the William Z. Foster type, whether they have professed conversion or not.

But the very facts which thus made the failure of the steel strike inevitable, also estop us from considering that failure as a final settlement of the labor problem in the steel industry. With the immediate menace to that industry removed, it becomes the duty of the heads of the Steel Corporation to consider the underlying causes of labor unrest in a more fundamental way than they have yet done. The Steel Corporation's case, by its magnitude and complexity, is, to be sure, in a class by itself, and it would be rash to make any specific recommendation concerning it. But we trust that the problem of the best practicable relation between employer and employed will receive, at the hands of Judge Gary and his associates, that earnest and intense attention which its vital importance deserves.

"Two-thirds of Both Houses"

In a case in which Mr. Root is acting as chief counsel, it is claimed that the Eighteenth Amendment is null and void because two-thirds of the members of Congress did not, by joint resolution or otherwise, declare that they deemed it necessary. The language of the Constitution on the subject is as follows: "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution." Nothing is said about a two-thirds vote; nothing is said about the members present; what is called for is "two-thirds of both houses." The objection thus raised rests on no fine-spun or metaphysical view; it is simply a question of fact. It was not "two-thirds of both houses," but only two-thirds of the members voting, that placed the Eighteenth Amendment before the Legislatures for ratification. The Supreme Court, when the case is brought before it, will have to pass upon the question whether two-thirds of the members voting are to be regarded as two-thirds of the house.

The point derives a great deal of added force from the fact that in the provision of the Constitution which refers to the ratification of treaties, the language is altogether different. The President, it says, "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided *two-thirds of the senators present* concur." The presumption is very strong that if the like had been the intention in the case of proposal of amendments to the Constitution the language would have so stated with the same clearness. Furthermore, there is strong inherent reason for a distinction between the two cases. A treaty, generally speaking, comes up as part of the ordinary business of the nation; an amendment to the Constitution makes a permanent change, possibly a change of underlying and structural importance, in the frame of our government. The vote of two-thirds of the members present may not only fall far short of two-thirds of the whole, but may conceivably be barely more than one-third of the whole, since a majority is sufficient for a quorum.

If, over and above the import of the words themselves, the Supreme Court should feel it proper to take into account the circumstances of the particular vote now in question, this would add greatly to the force of the contention against the amendment. It was passed by Congress at a time of abnormal tension, in the midst of the greatest of wars, and when the thought of the nation could not be effectively directed to the subject. It had been promoted by a propaganda organized with unprecedented efficiency, which never for a moment relaxed its pressure. It had not been an issue—that is, not openly an issue—in the elections. Every circumstance that should distinguish the character of the process by which an amendment is adopted was absent. The emotional force of the spirit of sacrifice evoked by the war was capitalized to the utmost in the interest of a measure which was not to go into force until the war was over, and which was thereafter to affect the lives of all the inhabitants of the nation for generation after generation. If there ever was a case for insisting upon the rigorous fulfillment of the requirements of the Constitution, surely this is such a case. If the Constitution is to be subjected to amendment by snap judgment—and above all to amendment of a character so revolutionary as this—we have a right to demand that, however much the spirit of our organic law may be violated, its letter at least shall be strictly observed.

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Out of Their Own Mouths

THE publication by the State Department of a "Memorandum on Certain Aspects of the Bolshevist Movement in Russia" is a departure of unusual importance. It is obvious that much of the information obtained by the Department in the conduct of its work is private and confidential, and delicate negotiations might be jeopardized by making it common property; but the more the public is made acquainted with the facts the better. The State Department has better sources of information than other agencies, and by giving out to the public all that is permissible and consistent with the public interest it not only forestalls and confounds those who deliberately circulate false information for their own purposes, but establishes a sound basis for popular support of its policies. This is preëminently the case with the pamphlet that has just appeared. Complaint has been made that its publication was delayed some three months after it had been prepared and printed, and that this delay was due to uncertainty as to the attitude of the President. But—better late than never; for the clear showing in its pages puts an end once for all to any talk of recognizing the autocracy at Moscow or compromising with evil because it appears triumphant.

In this connection, the introduction is illuminating and shows plainly the conclusions reached by the State Department after its examination of the Bolsheviks' own material.

The Russian Division of the State Department has prepared from original sources this brief summary of what appear to be some of the fundamental Bolshevist principles, methods, and aims. As will be seen, the statements are based almost entirely on translations from the Bolshevist newspapers in the files of the Department. These newspapers are the official organs of the All-Russian Central Executive Committee of Soviets, of local Soviet committees, or of the Russian Communist Party Bolsheviks . . .

The theoretical "dictatorship of the proletariat," acknowledged to be the rule of a minority, with a definite policy of preliminary destruction, is found in fact to have degenerated into a close monopoly of power by a very small group, who use the most opportunistic and tyrannical methods, including "mass terror."

While existing on the accumulated wealth of the country, the Bolshevist régime has brought about a complete economic collapse, with consequent famine and epidemic. The claim of the Bolsheviks that economic isolation is wholly responsible for economic chaos in Soviet Russia cannot be sustained. The Bolshevist program has not worked and Bolshevism has to its credit no constructive accomplishment.

One of the main aims of the Bolshevist leaders from the very beginning has been to make their movement a world-wide social revolution. They incidentally declare that success in Russia depends on the development of corresponding social revolutions in all other countries. Bolshevist policies and tactics are subordinated to the idea of the international proletarian revolution. Apparent compromises with "bourgeois" governments or countries have proved temporary and tactical.

The Memorandum is a scholarly production and its method is above criticism. It takes up in turn various phases of Bolshevik rule, including the "dictatorship of the proletariat," the elections to Soviets, the Extraordinary Commissions, mass terror, class discrimination in food rations, the Red Army, and the protests of the peasants, and in regard to each quotes verbatim the official Bolshevik decrees and newspapers. Similarly it describes the economic results of Bolshevist control, showing the abandonment of announced principles, the policy of destruction, the issue of billions of worthless paper money, the disorganization of administrative machinery, the tyranny over labor, the breakdown of transportation, the distress in the agricultural districts, and the general industrial collapse. Finally, there is set forth the Bolshevist programme of world revolution, in which frank acknowledgment is made of the propaganda carried on throughout the world, as well as cynical disregard of any treaties or agreements which may be entered into. Half of the Memorandum is devoted to translations of the Bolsheviks' own decrees and documents—indisputable and complete evidence.

Among the quotations from the official Bolshevik papers, some are especially striking. A man in the Province of Tambov writes to *Izvestia* the following, which is pretty good evidence as to why the peasants hate the Bolshevik Government:

Help! We are perishing! At the time when we are starving, do you know what is going on in the villages? Take, for instance, our village, Olkhi. Speculation is rife there, especially with salt, which sells at 40 rubles a pound. What does the militia do? What do the Soviets do? When it is reported to them, they wave their hands and say, "This is a normal phenomenon." Not only this, but the militiamen, beginning with the chief and including some communists, are all engaged in brewing their own alcohol, which sells for 70 rubles a bottle. Nobody who is in close touch with the militia is afraid to engage in this work. Hunger is ahead of us, but neither the citizens nor the "authorities" recognize it. The people's judge also drinks, and if one wishes to win a case one only needs to treat him to a drink. We live in a terrible filth.

The following figures given out by Rykov, President of the Supreme Soviet of National Economy, in a statement to the Moscow Soviet last March and published in the *Severnaya Kommuna*, express more clearly the economic ruin wrought by the incompetence of the Soviet authorities than any statement made by their adversaries.

We have 100,000,000 puds (1,650,000 tons) of coal, 10,000,000 puds of grain, and several million puds of fish at our disposal which we can not move. In the spring a part will spoil. Transport is impossible, as we have no fuel, and the situation in regard to the want of it is that 2,000,000 puds of machine oil had to be used as substitute for want of liquid fuel. Railroad communication will have to be reduced, which will again reflect on the supply of food. We have, therefore, to utilize transport by river as soon as navigation is opened. We also will have to fight with the local Soviets, who often hide their stocks, as, for instance, the Yarovlav Soviet hiding 500,000 puds of petroleum. The textile industry is also in a critical state; up to 10,000,000 puds of cotton is wanted and flax is scarce, as the peasants spin for their own needs or use it for heating purposes. A way out of these difficulties would be to take the Caucasus with its supply of petroleum and to increase productiveness of labor. At present we produce only five pairs of boots for 100 people, and however so many Kerensky rubles we would pay to workmen, only 1 in 20 can receive a pair.

The same paper quoted a report made by Zinoviev at a meeting held in connection with the strike at Putilov factory to the effect that from August, 1918, to February, 1919, the factory had turned out only five locomotives, while for the year 1918 the factory had cost the State a deficit of 58,000,000 rubles.

This Memorandum of the State Department will serve another good purpose. It will open the eyes of America to the militant danger of Bolshevism. Hitherto there has been a tendency to regard our own Bolsheviks as misguided individuals, mostly aliens ignorant of or out of sympathy with our democratic institutions. Now we know that they are the flying squadron of the propaganda army and that we have among us citizens invoking for these agents the protection of the rights of free speech

merely as a smoke screen to cover their hostile activities.

The Bolshevik régime in Russia has become an aggressive imperialistic power, disposing of a large military force and directing also a vast and well-trained propagandist army. It is no longer a contest of ideas that confronts us—if indeed it ever was.

These imperialistic aims are expressed in a programme for world revolution, and the extent to which any government could count upon their good faith in making agreements or treaties is made clear in their own singularly frank announcements. Thus Trotsky in his "Peace Program," says:

> If in awaiting the imminent proletarian flood in Europe, Russia should be forced to conclude peace with the present day Governments of the Central Powers, it would be a provisional, temporary, and transitory peace, with the revision of which the European Revolution will have to concern itself in the first instance. Our whole policy is built upon the expectation of this revolution.

A similar attitude is disclosed even more strikingly in the speech made by Zinoviev, President of the Petrograd Soviet, last February:

> We are willing to sign an unfavorable peace with the Allies. . . . It would only mean that we should put no trust whatever in the bit of paper we should sign. We should use the breathing space so obtained in order to gather our strength in order that the mere continued existence of our Government would keep up the world-wide propaganda which Soviet Russia has been carrying on for more than a year.

Lenin himself, however, sets forth the whole plan with singular clarity and characteristic Bolshevik logic in his proclamation calling the Congress of the Communist International:

> The present is the period of destruction and crushing of the capitalistic system of the whole world, and it will be a catastrophe for the whole European culture, should capitalism with all its insoluble contradictions not be done away with.
>
> The aim of the proletariat must now be immediately to conquer power. To conquer power means to destroy the governmental apparatus of the bourgeois and to organize a new proletarian governmental apparatus.
>
> The new apparatus of the Government must express the dictatorship of the working class (and in certain places even the dictatorship of the half-proletariat in the villages, that is, the peasant proletariat), that is, to persist in the systematic suppression of the exploiting classes and be the means of expropriating them. No false bourgeois democracy—this treacherous form of the power of a financial oligarchy—with its mere external equality—but a proletarian democracy able to realize the freedom of the working masses; no parliamentarism, but the self-government of the masses through their elected organs; no capitalistic bureaucracy, but governing organs which have been appointed by the masses themselves, through the real participation of these masses in the governing of the country and the socialistic work of reorganization—such ought to be the type of the proletarian state. The Soviet power or a corresponding organization of government is its concrete expression.
>
> The dictatorship of the proletariat must be the occasion for the immediate expropriation of capital and the elimination of the private right of owning the means of production, through making them common public property. The socialization (meaning doing away with private property and making it the property of the proletarian state, which is managed by the workers on a socialistic basis) of the large-scale industries and the central bodies organized by the same, including the banks, the confiscation of the capitalistic agricultural production, the monopolization of large-scale commerce, the socialization of the large buildings in the towns and in the country; the establishment of a workmen's government and the concentration of the economic functions in the hands of the organs of the proletarian dictatorship—are the most essential aims of the day.
>
> In order to protect the socialist revolution against external and internal enemies, and to assist the fighting proletariats of other countries, it becomes necessary to entirely disarm the bourgeoisie and its agents and to arm the proletariat.
>
> The world situation demands immediate and as perfect as possible relations between the different groups of the revolutionary proletariat and a complete alliance of all the countries in which the revolution has already succeeded.
>
> The most important method is the mass action of the proletariat, including armed struggle against the Government power of capitalists.
>
> The destruction of State authority is the aim which all Socialists have set for themselves, Marx included and at the head; without the realization of this aim true democratism, that is, equality and liberty, cannot be realized. This aim can be realized in actual fact only by a Soviet or proletarian democracy, for by bringing into constant and actual participation in the administration of the State the mass organizations of the toilers, it begins immediately to prepare for the complete decay of any State.

The national anti-Bolshevik movements in Russia have failed, and the spring may see Poland and Rumania swept by the Red armies. Then Europe faces another war, a war for which the Allies are ill-prepared, a war from which America can scarcely stand aloof. With eastern Europe in revolution and all Asia ablaze, we may have again to throw our forces into a struggle that is a greater menace to civilization than was German imperialism.

And those who are accounted statesmen are taking no wise or adequate measures to meet the menace. Mr. Lloyd George seems inclined to come to terms with the Soviet Government if only it will promise to cease its campaigns against Persia, Afghanistan, and India, hoping at the same time to win to himself the pro-Bolshevik labor element in his own country. Of course, the promise would not be kept, but even if it were, one can scarcely picture a proud and self-respecting nation buying peace on such craven terms. M. Clemenceau still clings to the *cordon sanitaire* and barrier-state idea, an equally ineffectual and dangerous plan. It is, indeed, repugnant to think of egging on the weak new states of eastern Europe, already torn with long-continued warfare, with unstable governments, and disorganized economic life, to do our fighting for us. Furthermore, nothing would tend more to consolidate the Bolshevik power and rally to it Russian national feeling. Every Russian would feel that these countries were being hired for the task and that slices of Russia would be the price paid. They already believe that the Allies, and especially England, covertly desire that the Russia of the future shall be weakened by dismemberment. Lloyd George practically admitted as much in his speech of November 19.

Our situation in the face of the new menace is similar to what it was when German imperialism threatened the world. The same forces are at work to blind us to the issues. Bolshevik tools and dupes are among us, arousing feeling against Great Britain by false tales of oppression in India, by pleas for Egyptian independence, by Sinn Fein propaganda; stirring up animosity against Japan; inciting labor troubles and class hostility; and camouflaging all their multifarious activities under the cloak of "liberalism." We have let go the opportunity to act in time to save the greater sacrifices. A year ago generous aid in money and supplies to the loyal Russian forces would have eradicated the cancer from Moscow, without the need of sending a soldier. But the moral issue was not clear, for our people listened to cunning propagandists, who represented Kolchak and Denikin as reactionaries and restorers of Tsarism and diverted attention from the actual tsarism of Lenin and Trotsky. The opportunity passed, and millions of lives have already paid the price of delay.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Can We Improve Our Public Schools?

FOR holding the views on the subject of education which are expressed in this article, the writer has been accused of heresy. Granted that a plain sailor can not pretend to be an authority on such matters, yet, as the onlookers at a game of chess often perceive situations and possibilities that escape the notice of the players themselves, he has reached the conclusion that in some respects the present scheme of public education is fairly open to criticism. It is in the hope that his humble contribution to the discussion of an important topic may prove useful that he offers these random observations, if only as a man of straw to be knocked down.

To begin at the beginning—can anything be more depressing than the sight of children, some of them tiny tots, lugging home piles of text-books every afternoon that the next day's lessons may be learned by them out of school hours, or, as is more frequently the case, taught them by their parents? Why should such a practice be tolerated? What are teachers for if not to teach? Why should parents be called upon to do work for which teachers are paid, thus turning the latter into mere hearers of lessons? The custom seems quite universal and encouraged, or at least not discouraged. Yet, in my opinion, thus to encroach upon a child's play hours, which should be devoted to healthy exercise, is little less than a crime. Never do my eyes fall on this painful spectacle but I say to myself, "The school that child attends is rotten." If the school hours are adequate, must we not believe that they are misused—wasted? To extend them is unthinkable. Going a step farther, I am convinced that the taking home of text-books and the studying there of lessons should be positively prohibited to boys and girls under, say, thirteen years of age. Their health and strength and growth are too precious to themselves and the nation to be jeopardized. Had I a child subjected to this merciless régime, I should peremptorily forbid it to bring any text-book out of school.

Still another step along this iconoclastic road which I am inviting my readers to tread with me; why any text-books at all for these young scholars, saving only history and readers? As they seem unnecessary to me, I am led to wonder whether schoolmasters and schoolmistresses do not follow the line of least resistance and assign lessons to be learned from text-books rather than do the teaching themselves. It is distasteful to suggest that they should choose upon which horn of the dilemma to impale themselves, laziness or incompetence; therefore some other reason must exist as to which my ignorance needs enlightenment.

Except readers, there were no text-books at Professor Thomas's school in New Haven, which I attended when a youngster, and as, in my belief, no better primary school ever existed on this planet, I have good ground for my opinions. Of course, I must admit that he was an extraordinary master—his Christian name should have been Deodato, for surely never was a pedagogue more truly God-given. When his school closed for the day his scholars were absolutely free. What results attended his system, it may be asked. Suffice it to say that his boys of twelve could read well, write well, indite a good letter in accepted form, both business and personal; spell excellently, draw maps from memory, cipher with the best. They knew their history thoroughly as far as he carried them, and a little about chemistry and mineralogy as well, through practical demonstrations; many of them could set up type, and they did with their own hands make out, compose, and print the weekly school standing; all could keep books in double entry. The secret lay in that Professor Thomas did nothing himself which he could make his boys do for themselves. Few were the lessons he heard in person or the exercises he corrected, although from his raised platform he supervised all. In spelling, geography, and mental arithmetic, for example, the boys themselves conducted the quiz after the manner of the good old New England spelling bee. In dictation each boy pointed out the mistakes on some other boy's slate (for of course the wasteful pad had no place in this model school), and was marked not only for his own errors, but for those also which he had failed to note on the slate passed to him.

Under Professor Thomas, scholars acquired those most essential of all faculties, mental abstraction and the knowledge of how to study. Do these find their place in our common schools? I greatly fear not, yet even after the lapse of many years they still remain with me as priceless possessions.

In the great world outside the schoolroom every man finds himself working under the inexorable law of rewards and penalties, and he whose career is crowned with success has won more of the former and incurred fewer of the latter than his fellows. What rewards do our schools hold out for close application and the rapid accomplishment of the daily task? Absolutely none except, possibly, the prizes offered at the end of the term. To expect the average boy to work hard over his books during what seems to him an eternity that he may at its end receive, perchance, a book of poetry, is mere folly; something more immediate and appealing to his nature is required.

Let us digress a moment and inquire into what it is that makes progress so slow in our schools. Undoubtedly the cause lies in the fact that the so-called dull boys hold back their brighter comrades, just as in the navy the speed of the slowest ship is that of the squadron. To increase the latter the former must be increased. There is no alternative. I do not know whether the expediting of the laggards is the guiding principle in our schools, although convinced that it ought to be; while I have no reason to suppose that the teaching of how to study is recognized as the most important part of a master's duty. If that is achieved all the rest of edu-

cation becomes plain sailing. I may be a heretic in holding that unless a master or mistress can teach how to study he or she is of little value. This can not be done by punishment, as, for instance, "keeping after school." Experience has demonstrated the futility of such a procedure. Why not take the other tack and try the virtue of competition and rewards, the very basis of business management?

To illustrate, suppose I were given a free hand in dealing with one average class. I would first see to it that a playground for pleasant and a gymnasium for foul weather were available. I would then address my boys somewhat after this fashion:

"I have a stop-watch here by which to time you in learning a certain poem. When I say 'go,' open your books at page 82 and begin to memorize the poem. As soon as any one of you knows it perfectly, let him raise his hand. At my nod, he can leave the schoolroom and play outside until the bell sounds at the end of the hour, when of course he must return. Now be sure that you do know the poem perfectly. I have someone waiting outside who will test you and send you back if you do not. Moreover, your word next time will not be fully accepted; you will have to pay for your error by remaining in your seat for a while. And let me warn each of you not to get into the habit of deceiving himself. The one person with whom you must always be honest is your own self. Now for the race—Go!"*

I would note the exact time required for each boy to do the task—thus getting a measure of his mental speed and self-honesty, as well as data upon which to gauge and record his progress in concentration. It is to the laggards, thus self proclaimed, that I would then devote all possible attention, helping them to lubricate their brain mechanism by taking them under intensive training through one small part of the lesson at a time. Eventually I should be in a position to report to the Superintendent that Johnnie Green, for example, was mentally so far below normal that he should be set apart and not be kept in the class to hold back his fellows—a rank injustice to them. It is the best pace of the normal or average boy which should be accepted for the whole class—not that of the cleverest or of the dullest.

*I have taken the simplest case, that of pure memorizing. The reader can easily extend the idea to cover more complex cases.

Granted that some boys are brighter than others, just as some machines work with less friction and more efficiency than others, yet I feel strongly that very often the so-called dull scholar merely lacks the faculty of abstraction and close attention. He will confidently assert that he has devoted the whole hour to his lesson and he really thinks he has done so. As a matter of fact he has done nothing of the sort. His mind has wandered from the text-book pages to dwell upon the next baseball game, the coming of the circus, etc., etc. He longs for the ending of the school session and wishes he were a man with this horrid confinement and repulsive study behind him. The consequence is that of the hour allowed he really gives but a fraction to his study. To such as he is the chance of getting out of doors and of joining his playmates comes like manna in the wilderness, furnishing a powerful incentive to stick close to the lesson. It is difficult to determine in advance how much time he would in this way gain for his sports, but I am sure it would prove astonishingly great.

The laws of physics apply here as everywhere else. Exactly the same amount of mental energy is expended by each boy in learning any given lesson, the difference being that some work with the minimum of friction and without stopping; others with undue friction or intermittently. It may be possible to lubricate the gears—as to this I can only hope—but it is eminently practicable to keep the wheels moving uninterruptedly. Is not this worth attempting? And is not the method I suggest extremely promising? So entirely convinced am I on this point that I am almost ready to engage to take any class, and, after a few months' training, prove that the hour allotted to study could be reduced possibly to twenty minutes without detriment. If I am correct in my forecast, this class could eventually have its tasks doubled in length and yet have twenty minutes playtime out of every hour. Of course these figures are only hypothetical, but I have seen at Professor Thomas's school such extraordinary results of the mental concentration and the knowledge of how to study inculcated there that I can not think them wildly visionary.

This supposititious class would, if I am right, go easily and thoroughly over the school course in half the time now allotted. It could keep up its speed in the grammar and high schools and be prepared for college at the age of fourteen, to graduate at eighteen, then to enter a university and go out into the world at twenty-one equipped at once to undertake its life work.

The objection will be raised that boys of fourteen are too young to leave home. Quite true, if they go to a university where the student is regarded as a man fully competent to take care of himself. What I have in mind is a small college exercising supervision over the conduct, habits, and morals of its charges. That I myself went to the Naval Academy at fourteen years of age and, thanks to Professor Thomas, went through the four years' curriculum in three years, graduating before I was eighteen, shows that my ideas are not so very chimerical after all, since I was merely an average lad, except in this, that under dear old Professor Thomas I had learned how to study and how to abstract myself from my surroundings. He discarded text-books, other than readers, completely, using wall maps and similar displays for other branches such as spelling, arithmetic, etc. To any person really anxious to learn Professor Thomas's system in detail the invitation is freely extended to come to me for a conference. A private school in any one of our large cities would, I am convinced, prove a gold mine if faithfully conducted on his lines. Our public schools would, I fear, not consider such a tremendous change, imperatively necessary as this heretic thinks it to be.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

Correspondence

Mr. Roscoe and the Church of England

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In his article on "The Established Church of England," in the *Review* of December 20, Mr. E. S. Roscoe leaves little unsaid that might be said in its dispraise. He is, indeed, so apparently confident that the Church of England is a dead thing that he almost persuades one that it must be so. If he is to be credited, not only has the inefficiency of the Church as an organized body "been clear for a long time to impartial observers," but it is even recognized by the Church itself. Surely a parlous state. We are also reminded that the Church of England has been out of touch with national feeling in England, and "never more so than during the Great War"; and that it is "tolerated good-naturedly by the nation as a whole." The Church is "characterized by lack of enthusiasm"; it "produces no great divines"; it lacks both "the simple emotionalism of the Nonconformist Churches" and "the simple-minded and unquestioning devotion of the Roman Catholic Church to its faith and to its purpose"; it "appeals now, wholeheartedly, neither to reason or feeling; it has neither an intellectual nor an emotional influence." A most comprehensively damning indictment. If all this were true, as of course it is not, in spite of Mr. Roscoe's contrary belief, this corporate Esau might well lament the loss of both a birthright and any vestige of a blessing.

It would be insulting the intelligence of your readers to attempt to tell them what the Church of England has done in the past, and what it is doing to-day, in the general cause of Christian civilization, what it has contributed to the education of England's sons and daughters, what a factor it has been in the social life of that country, how its members clerical and lay did their part in the Great War. It has been a living force, and is still a living force, in England, as it has been and still is throughout the British Empire, and as the sister church has been and is in the United States. It does seem to me that the Church of England, or the Protestant Episcopal Church, stands for certain things that were never more vitally important than they are to-day. It stands for broadmindedness, for tolerance of the views of others, for intelligent patriotism, for the reasonable freedom of the individual, for self-control rather than control by the state. It teaches its members to be charitable in the broadest and best sense of the word, to be helpful but not meddlesome, to pray but not in the market-place, to be good citizens, to play the game, in a word to be gentlemen and gentlewomen. Any church that does these things, or even makes an honest attempt to do these things, will live.

L. J. B.

Ottawa, Ont., January 1

Inviting Revolution

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Now, as always, it is the Reds who desire the coming of the "Social Revolution"; but many of the invitations to this festive chaos are at the present moment being issued by the Repressionists. Undepreciated Americanism demands that both the Reds and Repressionists be dealt with as enemies of the Republic; and it is the task of the much abused and discredited Liberals in this country to make the demand effective. For so doing, this party of orderly progress may expect to be bitterly attacked by both sets of extremists; but it may also confidently hope to avert a disastrous social upheaval. This is the day of the Liberal; not the day of his prosperity and popularity, but the day of his opportunity. Liberalism alone can offer adequate backing for that salutary doctrine—now, unhappily, in eclipse—which requires justice for those "to whom we do not wish to be just."

The Liberal can not tolerate the use of revolutionary expedients by either of the parties to an industrial dispute, nor by the Government itself. When organized labor prepares to compel political change by means of a general strike, the Liberal, however much he may sympathize with labor's grievances, must needs oppose this method of redressing them. When organized capital presumes to use as one of its weapons the withdrawal, in certain districts, of the ordinary citizen rights of free speech, free assemblage, the even-handed public justice, the Liberal is driven to protest, even though he fears the impending tyranny of labor. And similarly, the Liberal is bound to oppose in every lawful way any action by the Government in which it seeks to guard the general welfare by discriminating, wittingly or unwittingly, against one industrial class and in favor of another. In each of these cases the guiding principle of Liberalism is an unflinching adherence to orderly justice.

It would be superfluous to urge so obvious a principle as this, were there not in the social chaos of to-day many and powerful temptations to violate it, and a widespread yielding to these temptations.

The Liberal whose sympathies incline toward the Reds often allows himself to drift into the position of acquiescing in revolution, if not of actually inviting it. He may be skeptical about the reality of the so-called democracy in the United States to-day, reasoning somewhat as follows:

> Our democracy is political only; in industry we still have autocracy. And even our political democracy is more apparent than real. Are we not in fact under a minority control, thanks to public inertia, indifference, and timidity, ignorance and mis-education; thanks also to plutocratic pressure on newspapers and magazines, on hired brainpower in general, and on political parties and officials? Is not our democracy, after all, essentially a minority dictation in the interest of stability and the capitalist class? Would it not probably involve more of gain than loss if, by "direct action," another minority dictatorship were substituted, in the interest of change, perhaps progress, rather than stability, and of the labor class instead of the capitalist?

The Liberal who answers this last question in the affirmative has ceased to be a Liberal. He has become a Red. By hesitating to give it a negative answer, many Liberals are at the present moment inviting revolution. To distrust the use of unlawful violence as a means to progress is the very essence of Liberalism; and the demand for "direct action" is a clear call to unlawful violence against our Governmental institutions.

The Liberal whose sympathies incline toward the Repressionists is in an equally perilous predicament. He sincerely believes that law and order must be maintained at any cost in these unsteady times; hence he finds it easy to condone the "treat 'em rough" tactics so commonly used against "undesirable citizens." The following news item will illustrate:

> Cincinnati, Nov. 18.—Three hundred members of the American Legion, led by their officers, raided headquarters of the Socialist party here to-night. Hundreds of pounds of literature were thrown to the street, where it was burned.

However bitter the Liberal's opposition to Socialism may be, and however enthusiastic his support of the American Legion, his plain duty is to condemn this outrage and do his part in seeing that it receives a suitable punishment. To do anything else is to fall weakly into line with those who are inviting revolution.

The Industrial Workers of the World provide many similar illustrations. Because the Liberal abhors the I. W. W. and all its works, his soul rebels against the duty of shielding its members from unlawful violence. Is not lawlessness the very cement that binds them together? Is it not their common aim to overthrow in an unlawful manner the basic institutions of modern society? What right, therefore, have they to claim the protection of the law or equitable treatment in the courts? If the Liberal be intelligent, arguments such as these proceed from his angry heart, not from his cool head. For a very little of sober reflection can not fail to convince him that it comports ill with the dignity of a great people to fight crime with crime, and that the ultimate safeguard against revolution is a

record of even-handed justice to all. And he must feel grave concern as he reads the bitter arraignment of modern society by the Reds, and knows that many of their charges are based upon fact. Every crime committed against a Red, whether by a court, a public administrator, or by a "law and order" mob, is an invitation to revolution—an invitation that thousands will accept and other thousands seriously ponder. The all-important job of the Liberals during the next few months is to lessen the number of such invitations.

HENRY W. LAWRENCE, JR.
Middlebury, Vermont, December 20

A Talk With Sir George Paish

AFTER reading of Sir George Paish in the "yellows," one might be pardoned for imagining that expert on finance as a delusive, wily, rather dangerous person. Those who meet him face to face, and exchange views with him, will be surprised to find that he is just the contrary.

I had the pleasure of a long and serious talk with him the other day, when he explained to me some features of his mission. He had been disconcerted by the comments of those "yellows" on what they fancy he is trying to do in this country.

"I can not understand," he remarked, "why I have had my mission so misrepresented. On my arrival I supposed I had made it clear that I had come here, not to arrange an enormous loan for any government, but as the spokesman of a philanthropic group, the Fight the Famine Council, to enlist the sympathies of moneyed men and others in the United States on behalf of starving Europe.

"It is no part of my purpose to induce your Government to lend billions of dollars to Great Britain. What I desire is to convince you of the urgent need of the unhappy peoples over there who have been victims of the war. I would not for a moment even criticize the attitude of your public men or anyone at all here on this point. But, in a few days, I may venture to reply to Mr. Hoover and some others.

"I feel, as we all do in Europe, that the assistance which the United States has rendered the Old World has been magnificent. Nothing could have been finer than the way in which your armies fought with us, or than the way in which, at a most crucial time, you sent us food for lack of which we must have perished.

"I am here to try to show you the need of not withholding the supplies which you, above all, can assure the stricken nations. All that we ask is that you should go on exporting what you raise to Europe. I wish to show how you can do that in a normal way—not by extending credit on a gigantic scale with risk of loss, but with safety to yourselves, with guarantees. I mean guarantees of a responsible Government."

"What's wrong with the whole world just now, Sir George?"

"The world has been disordered by an explosion. It must be brought back to its normal state. I do not doubt—indeed, I have never doubted that, soon or late, the United States will realize this fact and do its part to restore order. In the long run I have never known America to fail in doing what is right. Since my arrival, after conferring with important business men, I have convinced myself that henceforward business interests here will see that their future lies not only in the development of domestic trade but also in the expansion of foreign trade. In the future, I believe, this country and Great Britain will work amicably together, more or less as partners. There will, of course, be friendly competition. But Great Britain will not try to get monopolies of trade in certain countries —for example, in the Far East. And the United States will, I believe, be equally generous.

"The war, you know, has taken from us two great fields on which we used to draw for our supplies—Russia and Rumania. This country is to-day the only source from which we can hope to get the things we need urgently.

"It was most fortunate for us that, at a crisis of our fate, you Americans awoke to a new consciousness of your own foreign interests. What you did by sending us wheat can not be overestimated. You know what happened. The normal production of wheat and so on here increased enormously; so greatly as to make up all the deficit in production on our side. When it again sank, owing to bad harvests, you economized. Had you not done so, we might have been ruined, though I believe that England could have starved a little longer, at the worst, than Germany."

As to Russia, Sir George held the opinion that it would be advisable and even necessary to let the Russians work out their own fate without interference. There seemed, indeed, to be no possible alternative, as the French and British soldiers baulked at fighting Russians. He had also much of interest to say as to the ferment of the world regarding social issues.

"I have had occasion," he remarked, "to talk with soldiers at the front. I asked one group of men—about seven hundred Tommies—what they thought. In answer, I was asked if it was true that, while they were offering up their lives to serve their country, the profiteers at home were growing rich. There is no doubt, of course, that while the late war lasted, outrageous profits were made by many employers. As a natural consequence, the working people insisted on their share of those huge profits. So wages were put up. And this in turn increased the cost of living. The cost of living must be gradually reduced. It is at the root of all the trouble in the world. The workers are unhappy because they are having a bad time of it at home. The women understand that it means more to their men folk and their families to lower expenditure than to get higher wages. A great portion of the burden of the people must be reduced by taking away excessive profits.

"The tendency in England, as I see things, is towards what is known there now as Guild Socialism—really a movement in the direction of coöperation in production and distribution. There have been efforts to attain these ends in England, due to the initiative of broadminded employers. But we may see the attempt on a much bigger scale. Between capital and organized labor, what we call the middle classes (and more particularly the professional classes, clerks and so on) have suffered greatly. It is but fair that they should be considered in all social re-adjustments. I do not know exactly what has been accomplished so far by the middle class unions and leagues in England. We hear much less of them than you suppose. Such organizations are, however, badly needed."

And then, after a pause for thought, Sir George said this of what to him seemed an impending social change of vast importance, "In times past, capital has been in the habit of hiring labor. Before long we may see labor hiring capital. Groups of working people will borrow money for their purposes on the best terms procurable. And, as the working people grow in intelligence, the terms on which they will be able to raise money will grow easier."

"But will that help the rest of the community?"

"Yes, in the end, I think it will. The workers will not be able to dispense with the assistance of the professionals, whose interests are perhaps nearer to their own than to those of the capitalists. Eventually all classes may coöperate, and share the profits of production and distribution."

In quoting Sir George Paish, I have not always tried to repeat his very words. At times he took some pains to make it plain that he was not nailing himself down to rigid prophecies, but merely formulating views with which he sympathized. His general outlook on the future seemed optimistic. Especially as to the willingness of American business men, or at least the more farsighted of them, to do their share in restoring peace and order to a distracted world.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Mr. P. E. More and The Wits

IF Mr. Howells is the dean of our fiction, Mr. More is the bishop of our criticism. His classical and Oriental scholarship, his reverence for tradition, his reasoned conservatism, his manner, a little austere at first contact, and his style, pure and severely decorous, all become the office. By the serenity of his pleasure in letters and the life of the mind he recalls those substantially happy old churchman-scholars of the eighteenth century, Warton and Percy and Warburton. By the range of his deep and difficult reading he suggests Coleridge, to whose intellectual dissoluteness, however, his intellectual organization and concentration are antithetical. By his aloofness from the spirit of the hour and its controversies he reminds one of Landor, striving with none, because none is worth his strife. By his touch of mystic ardor and his sustained moral intensity and philosophic seriousness, he belongs with Savonarola and the great French ecclesiastics of the seventeenth century, inspired by the poignancy of a Pascal and the weight and amplitude of a Bossuet. One may visualize him in these later years, since his retirement from editorial duties, as sitting in external and internal placidity under a pallid bust of Pallas in a commodious library, learnedly annotating in fine small hand an interleaved edition of Plato, or poring with a reading glass over the Latin folio of Origen, or perhaps quite lost to the world in the wide wilderness of Leo XIII's Aquinas.

Men with such companions are less solitary than they seem. Upon a scholarly leisure so austerely industrious, you and I would not lightly venture to intrude, even though we had heard that after a week with St. Augustine Mr. More enjoys a Saturday evening with Anna Katharine Green; or will good-humoredly meet the Princeton pundits and Bluestockings at a rubber of bridge, bringing to the solution of its problems the logical rigor of Duns Scotus and the transcendental insight of Plotinus. On another night, at tea-time or after, Samuel Johnson would not hesitate to stumble in, and, stretching his great legs towards the fire, challenge Henry Holt's views of Patience Worth and the ouija board, or put the Princeton Platonist to a defense of the thesis, somewhat wearily stoical, which he has carved in tall Greek letters across the face of his mantel shelf—a thesis of which this is the gist: "Man's affairs are really of small consequence, but one must act as if they were, and this is a burden." Later in the evening one can imagine that saturated student of Queen Anne's time, Professor Trent, completing the semicircle; and then the three of them, confirmed Tories all three, joining in an amiable but heated altercation on the merits of Milton and Defoe, or more harmoniously discussing, judging and gossiping over the "wits" of tavern and coffee-house whom Mr. More has gathered into his latest volume*: first, Beaumont and Fletcher, Halifax, Mrs. Behn, Swift, Pope, Lady Mary, Berkeley, the Duke of Wharton, Gray; and then, more summarily, those golden bugs, those "decadent" fellows, who wore the green carnation and sipped absinthe for coffee between the reign of Wilde and the reign of G. B. Shaw.

It is good literary talk—better is not to be heard in these degenerate days. It is talk now grave, now gay, richly allusive and erudite and deliciously seasoned with malice—"at every word a reputation dies." For the host, quoting Samuel Butler, has given his guests this note: "There is nothing that provokes and sharpens wit like malice." What a lurking Whig or a modern Democrat or a Romanticist would miss, if he were eavesdropping there, is a clash of fundamental belief and theory. Professor Trent may differ tenaciously on a nice point, such as the circumstantial evidence in the case of Lady Mary's virtue. But as to the *a priori* evidence, they are all in substantial agreement; for they accept with a dreadful Calvinistic accord man's natural predisposition to evil. They all applaud the wits for saying so sovereignly well those infamous things about human nature, which, alas, every now and then, human nature deserves to hear. They all speak suspiciously and derogatively of the *mobile vulgus*. And they fail, as nearly every militant classicist does, to recognize the "grand style" in Shakespeare, though, as Mr. More's favorite abomination, Professor Saintsbury, truly says, the heretic has but to open the plays anywhere and read fifty lines, and the grand style will smite him in the face "as God's glory smote Saint Stephen." Mr. More, receding from the position taken in the second series, now admits, indeed, that the greater plays are in their substance "profoundly classic," which is as much as one ever extorts from a defender of the Acropolis; but he clings to his heresy in the case of "Romeo and Juliet," ranking its exquisite symphonies of meaning and music below the ethical plain-song of the "Hippolytus."

We are interrupting better talk than our own. "Stay, stay," as a German visitor exclaimed on another occasion, "Toctor Shonson is going to say something."

"Sir," cries the Doctor dashing at "P. E. M." with brutal downrightness, "in your essay on a Bluestocking of the Restoration, you have applied a vile phrase to Congreve. You have done an injustice to Congreve by coupling him with Wycherley and Mrs. Behn as 'wallowing contentedly in nastiness.' A critic should exert himself to distinguish the colors and shades of iniquity. Wycherley splashed through the filth of his time like a gross wit. Mrs. Behn dabbled in it like a prurient and truckling wit. Swift, indeed, wallowed in it, not contentedly but morosely, truculently, like a mad wit. But Congreve picked his way through it disdainfully, like a fastidious wit."

"But did you not," inquired Mr. More, "in your Lives of the Poets remark that the perusal of Congreve's works will make no man better?"

"True," retorts the Doctor, "but I acknowledged that I knew nothing of Congreve's plays. Years had passed since I had read them. I am better acquainted with them now. Sir, in the Elysian Fields, Hazlitt, Thackeray, and Meredith, your best judges of wit and the beauties of English prose, converse with the members of my Literary Club in the language of Congreve. In my days of nature, I did him at least the justice of recording that he could name among his friends every man of his times, Whig and Tory alike, whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. A man who wallows in filth does not win universal esteem. No, sir; Congreve was an acute critic, a man of taste, and a fine gentleman, a very fine gentleman. In your next edition you must retrieve your blunder of representing the patrician wit of the Restoration as wallowing in nastiness."

"I will make a note of it," says Mr. More with an audible sigh of regret. For, to tell the plain truth, Mr. More values the writers of the Restoration chiefly for their wickedness. It is such good ammunition to use on the humanitarian enthusiasts and the whitewashers of human nature. He can forgive Pope his virulent personal satire, but not his deistic optimism. He praises Swift above Pope for his consistent adherence to the representation of his fellows as "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin ever suffered to crawl upon the face of the earth." He requires, or thinks he requires, the Yahoos as hideous caryatides to uphold the towering superstructure of his aristocratic political and social philosophy.

"Cheer up, More," interposes Professor Trent jocosely, "don't let the loss of Congreve shake your beautiful faith in human depravity. The Doctor allows that Congreve was a rare bird, a very phœnix. I'll tell you a Yahoo friend of Defoe's that you can put in his place. Swift knew his English people. For my part, give me the Turks."

A belief in the baseness of average human nature is, as I have said, something that Mr. More requires as a builder requires a basement, not expecting to live

*With the Wits. Shelburne Essays. Tenth series. By Paul Elmer More. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

in it. Despite his profession of love for Pope, I suspect he has little more fellow-feeling for the sad wags of Anne's time or of Victoria's than Milton had for his kitchen-folk. When Professor Trent and Doctor Johnson grow weary of impaling ghosts on epigrams and are packed off to a nightcap and to bed, one can fancy "P. E. M." returning to the library to recover possession of his soul. Extinguishing the lights, he sinks into his easy chair, and watches for a time the flickers of his expiring fire fingering the dusky folios, while the Princeton chimes announce the midnight, and silence envelops that quaint little imitation-English city, striving so bravely, amid the New Jersey oil-refineries, to be a home of lost causes and to dream, under the Cleveland memorial tower, like the Oxford of 1830. As he meditates there in the fitful gloaming by the hearthside—Mr. More is one of the last of the meditative men—the gossip and scandal of the evening's talk rise from his mind like a phantasmal smoke, in which the huge illusory bulk of Johnson appears but a whirling eddy in knee-buckles and the slighter form of Professor Trent but a momentary shape in frock coat, floating wisp-like heavenwards.

From his mood of recreative dissipation "P. E. M." passes into his mood of critical self-collection, thence into his mood of philosophic contemplation, and so to his mood of mystical insight, in which space and time, like insubstantial figments of the imagination, dissolve and mingle with the smoke and the Professor and the Doctor, and drift up the flue into night and nothingness. "Such stuff as dreams are made on," he murmurs in a mood like that in which Carlyle saw through the transparent body of Louis XVI the Merovingian kings wending on their ox-carts into eternity. A chill pervades the still air of the study. Into the vacant chairs glide one by one the quiet ghosts of Henry More the Platonist, and Sir Thomas Browne, for whom Oblivion scattered her poppy in vain, and Cudworth rising from his tomb in "The True Intellectual System of the Universe," and pale John Norris of Bemerton, wafted hither by a passion of loneliness from his dim prison in "The Theory of an Ideal World." There is no sound of greeting; but the four silent figures commune together in perfect felicity on That Which Endureth Forever. They speak not a word, yet they understand one another by a mere interpenetration of their beings. . . . And when the Northern Waggoner has set his sevenfold team behind the steadfast star, and Chaunticlere warns erring spirits to their confines, "P. E. M." rouses himself from his deep trance, and says to himself, softly under his breath, "*Hodie vixi*—to-day I have *lived!*"

After two cups of coffee and a bit of toast, he goes to his desk and, without haste or rest, sets to work upon—what? A man who keeps such company and lives such an internal life should write his memoirs, a new Biographia Literaria, a philosophical autobiography. Such a book from Mr. More, delivering in his pure grave style a continuous narrative of the travels and voyages of his spirit from Shelburne, New Hampshire, by way of India to ancient Athens, making all ports which for storm-tossed sailors trim their lamps—such a narrative, plangent through all its reserves with nostalgia for the infinite, would be of unique interest and value to us, complementing the brave venture of Henry Adams, and deepening the resonance of American letters.

But Mr. More, returning to his desk, either continues his history of Neo-Platonism, which I wish he could leave to a scholar with no autobiography to write; or else, which fills me with malice, he supplants that great work by a Shelburne essay on Aphra Behn. This "pilgrim of the infinite"—what has Aphra to do with him, or he with Aphra! But what is a Shelburne essay? It is generally an imperfect, fragmentary cross-section, sometimes only the outer bark of a cross-section, of the character and personality which I have been sketching. It is criticism, it is history, it is philosophy, it is morality, it is religion, it is, above all, a singularly moving poetry, gushing up from deep, intellectual, and moral substrata, pure, cold, and refreshing, as water of a spring from the rocks in some high mountain hollow. This poetry of ideas was abundant in the first and the sixth series of the Shelburne essays, and was nearly continuous in some of the single essays like The Quest of a Century in the third series and Victorian Literature in the seventh. By its compression of serious thought and deep feeling it produces the effect of one speaking between life and death, as the Apology of Socrates does. There is a pulse in the still flow of it, as if it had been stirred once and forever at the bottom of the human heart. It is for this poetry that we love Mr. More. But one has to go so far for it! In the long series, it is so intermittent! There is so much territory through which it does not flow.

A young friend of mine who takes his world through his pores, little experienced in literary exploration, unable to discover the spring, announced to me, after a brush with the "wits," that the essays are "dry." He is mistaken. A Shelburne essay is not infrequently, however, astonishingly difficult. Mr. More has not attended to the technique of ingratiation by which a master of popularity plays upon an unready public with his personality, flattering, cajoling, seducing it to accept his shadow before his substance arrives. He takes so little pains, I will not say to be liked, but to be comprehended, that I sometimes wonder whether he has ever broadly considered the function of criticism—in a democracy, as different as ours is from that in Athens. He writes as if unaware that our General Reading Public is innocent of all knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world. He writes at least half the time as if he contemplated an audience of Coleridges, Johnsons, and Casaubons.

Let me illustrate. Occasionally he will give you some paragraphs of literary history as plain as a biographical dictionary and as dry as, let us say in deference to Mr. Mencken, as dry as a professor of English. But of a sudden, in a harmless-looking essay, say that on the eighteenth-century dilettante, William Beckford, you, if a plain man, stumble and lose your footing over "the law of *autarkeia*, the perception of the veritable infinite within harmonious self-completeness which was the great gift of the Greeks to civilization;" and down you go whirling headlong into the bottomless pitfall and abyss of a discussion of the difference between the Oriental and the Occidental sentiment towards the infinite and towards personality, while Hinduism, Semitism, Alexandrianism, Platonism, and the Gnostic and Manichean heresies rush past you with the flash and roar of the wheels within wheels that dazzled Ezekiel when the heavens were opened and he saw "visions of God"—and "my word," as Mr. Drinkwater's Lincoln would say, what a God! You are, it is true, brought out of that headlong plunge into the unfathomable, as a skillful sky-pilot brings you out of a "nose-spin," or as a dentist brings you out of the gyrations of a nitrous oxid trance; and you hear Mr. More at your side quietly, suavely, assuring you that now you understand "why Goethe curtly called romanticism disease and classicism health." Maybe you do; but it is not by reason of your ride behind him on the Gnostic nightmare. What passed in that flight is only a shade more intelligible to you than a Chinese incantation. Your education was imperfect; you are neither a Coleridge nor a Cudworth.

"Perverse as it seems to say so," remarked Matthew Arnold in reply to Professor Newman's charge that he was ignorant, "I sometimes find myself wishing, when dealing with these matters of poetical criticism, that my ignorance were even greater than it is." How often one wishes that Mr. More would steal an hour from the study of Neo-Platonism to meditate on that paradoxical utterance! How often one wishes that Mr. More's ignorance were far, far greater than it is. With many of Arnold's fundamental intentions in criticism he is profoundly sympathetic; but he has never, as it appears to me, felt in a compelling way the

Englishman's passion for diffusing his ideas, for making them "prevail," for carrying them from one end of society to the other. He has never taken adequately to heart Arnold's true and memorable description of the "great men of culture." They are those, he declares, "who have labored to divest knowledge of all that was harsh, uncouth, difficult, abstract, professional, exclusive; to humanize it, to make it efficient outside the clique of the cultivated and learned, yet still remaining the *best* knowledge and thought of the time, and a true source, therefore, of sweetness and light."

When I ask myself why "P. E. M." has not taken these words more obviously home, why he writes so exclusively for the "clique of the cultivated and learned," I come invariably to one conclusion, namely, that his interest in the uncultivated and unlearned is horribly chilly, is not much livelier, in fact, than his master Plato's concern for the Helots, who are silently to bear on their shoulders the burden and splendor of the Athenian Republic; is not much warmer than his master Burke's concern for the driver of oxen, the carpenter, and work-master, who are not to be sought for in counsel but are "to maintain the state of the world." When I consider how rich "P. E. M." is in the very wisdom which our democratic populace needs and vaguely desires, and when I observe how persistently he repels the advances of the vulgar by flinging a handful of political and social icicles in their faces, I wish from the bottom of my heart that he had loved the exclusive, metaphysical, aristocratic Plato less, and the hobnobbing, inquisitive, realistic, democratic Socrates more.

If Socrates were among us to-day, I am convinced that he would be leader of the Democrats in the House; but Plato, I suspect, would be a member of the Senate from Massachusetts. Having Plato as his monitor, Mr. More sides politically and socially with the little group of Americans who hold that there are only half a dozen great families, all in the Republican party, capable of governing and guiding the destinies of the United States. Though they may pass without question for "good" citizens, distinguished and patriotic, they have never accepted one characteristic word that Jefferson wrote into the political Scriptures of the American nation; they have never felt one generous throb of the faith, regenerative and sustaining and uniting, which Jefferson poured broadcast upon the spirit of the American people—faith in the sense and virtue of the community and in the sense and virtue of the majority of its components.

With Socrates as his guide through the modern world, "P. E. M." might have left his library and have broken from the circle of his Immortals, to stand on one leg and grow wise in the market-place. He might have suppled and vulgarized his tongue to chat with the work-master and carpenter and the driver of oxen who have had an American education and have fought under the American flag from Verdun to Archangel for, as they thought or hoped, an American democratic faith. He might have fallen in with the young carpenter, cited for gallantry in the Argonne, who is repairing my roof; or with another, concealing a Carnegie medal, who built me a tolerable bookcase after saving, single-handed, seventeen lives in a fire. He might have met with a Northern peasant farmer of my acquaintance who, after recounting the hardships of his winter work in the absence of his eldest son, said to me, with a smile as profoundly philosophical as anything in Epictetus: "Well, I suppose that is what we are here for." He might have read the halting, ill-spelled letters of that stalwart eldest son who, while breaking mules for the Expeditionary Force in France, wrote to his old mother with a filial piety as beautiful as anything that Mr. More commends in Pope.

If he had enjoyed opportunities such as these—somehow he seems always to have evaded them—he would have recognized with dismay that Swift and the wits have coarsely libeled the *mobile vulgus* and have deceived him about its capacities and tendencies. He would have discovered in the average man—along with healthy self-interest, petty vices, and envy enough to keep him stirring—courage, fortitude, sobriety, kindness, honesty, and sound practical intelligence. If he could have pressed critically into the matter, he would have discovered something even more surprising. He would have learned that the average man is, like himself, at heart a mystic, vaguely hungering for a peace that diplomats can not give, obscurely seeking the permanent amid the transitory; a poor swimmer struggling for a rock amid the flux of waters, a lonely pilgrim longing for the shadow of a mighty rock in a weary land. And if "P. E. M." had a bit more of that natural sympathy, of which he is so distrustful, he would have perceived that what more than anything else to-day keeps the average man from lapsing into Yahooism is the *religion of democracy*, consisting of a little bundle of general principles which make him respect himself and his neighbor; a bundle of principles kindled in crucial times by an intense emotion, in which his self-interest, his petty vices, and his envy are consumed as with fire; and he sees the commonweal as the mighty rock in the shadow of which his little life and personality are to be surrendered, if need be, as things negligible and transitory.

I am speaking of the average man and traits of his which I can never contemplate, being one myself, without a lift of the heart; and I frankly avow that it vexes me to hear this emotion which does so much to keep us average men from weariness, and from the devastating cynicism of the wits, and the horrid ennuis of the great, and from their sense that the affairs of men are really of small consequence—it vexes me to hear this emotion dismissed as fatuous democratic self-complacency.

But even as I write these words, I seem to hear Mr. More, in an accent slightly eighteenth century, exclaiming not without asperity, yet rather in pity than in anger: "Sir, I perceive that you are a vile Whig!"

To which I reply, not without animation yet more in affection than in malice, "Sir, I perceive that you are a stubborn Tory."

"Sir," says Mr. More, "I am obliged to lean a bit backward to counterbalance the vileness of your Whiggery."

"And Sir," I conclude, "I am obliged to lean a bit forward to counterbalance the stubbornness of your Toryism."

STUART P. SHERMAN

Book Reviews

Co-operating with Destiny

IDEALS OF AMERICA. Analyses of the guiding motives of contemporary American life by leaders in various fields of thought and action. Prepared for the City Club of Chicago, 1916-1919. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE reviewer wolfed a mouthful of books from the shelf behind the editor's desk and trotted off to the smoking-car before he dropped his prey to sniff at it and see what he had caught. He slipped inside the first red cover, labelled "Ideals of America," and splashed into the following:

> An era ended in July, 1914. A civilization reached its conclusion. We are now far enough away to begin to see its affairs in perspective. Nineteen hundred and fourteen is detached from the present. The year so recent has begun to take its place with 1896, 1861, and even with 1775. This almost immediate past is already becoming as alien to us as are the epochs we have learned through the written chronicles of the past. What is ahead we can not say with assuredness, although the rude outlines of the future are visible now to the clear-eyed as objects perceived in the semi-light of approaching dawn. At such a season of transition it is, accordingly, especially valuable to attempt to take stock so that thereby we may coöperate with destiny in achieving a more satisfactory society.

As he came up gasping and began to search his mental pockets, the train boy thrust a pictorial cover under his nose, announcing "Mutt and Jeff—all the latest Mutt and Jeff pictures in a book." The reviewer took a good look at the familiar figures with a comfortable feeling as of firm ground after quicksand. Here at least was something from that utterly alien past whose curve registered noth-

ing of the late seismic disturbance. As they were before Sarajevo, so are they after Versailles. He opened the red cover and ventured in again arm in arm with Mutt and Jeff to steady him over the quaking surface of the morass.

By conscious efforts towards clarifying and organizing our thought and feelings can the high, but hazy, ill-defined and ill-adjusted moral conceptions, which admittedly feature our life, be composed into the symbol of a fit creative purpose for to-morrow? . . . Can we as Americans justify our occupation of a continent by unfolding and pursuing a beneficent, an upbuilding ideal, outbidding disruptive motives and matching the inciting challenge and resources of our day?

From the corner of his eye the reviewer saw Mutt with a bent forefinger pressed against the dome of his forehead, above which hung a radio-active question-mark registering "I don't get you."

If the task thus crudely hinted at can be successfully prosecuted, if a more worthy, adequate, and dynamic objective for our social life—

"Say," interrupts Mutt, "Wot t'ell's a dynamic objective?"

"I know," says Jeff, "It's droppin G. I.'s on an ammunition dump."

"How am I gonna coöperate with destiny?" pursues Mutt.

"Let's ask the Perfesser," suggests Jeff.

There follows a "symposium," a Greek banquet of codfish and baked beans, a white-pine Parthenon with a steeple overlooking the culture of onions and tobacco.

Same old Mutt and Jeff. They keep their hair on (what there is of it). And the fact that their familiar attitudes express so readily these inexpressibly new phases of life "casts an oblique light" on the newness and on us. In Mutt's well-known pose we see ourselves, a static pose to express the dynamic, an attitude of tense forward straining in expectation of anything but the familiar, when suddenly the familiar hits us from behind, and over we go on our noses. At the promise of something new we shut our eyes and open our minds wide. Common-sense flies out; does anything better fly in? The professor does his part to supply us with something to make us wise—if only we could shut our minds on it and hold it when we get it.

In turn the professors come forward. There is one each for politics, law, labor, science, education, society, business, music, religion, philosophy, literature, and things in general (Human Progress). For the most part they speak well and reason soundly. But the reviewer has to snuggle close to Mutt and Jeff to keep from dizziness, as ideals wheel across the zenith like the spokes of the Aurora Borealis, and flash from hilltop to hilltop. The three find themselves in a rather flimsy wagon at the switching tail of a free-lance comet. Far below, the world they have left "spins like a fretful midge." They would be glad to hitch their wagon to a star, just one star, friendly and fixed. Jeff has much ado to keep his hair on, and the glow of Mutt's radiolite question-mark outdoes the pale moon. The reviewer is ready to go into the hands of a moral and spiritual receiver. In the matter of ideals, he thought he had assets enough for his modest business, but this board of examiners exhibits his liabilities in a light that spells bankruptcy, and he begins to wonder what percentage his assets would represent amongst this army of creditors. Jeff dodges a switch of the comet's tail and shouts in the reviewer's ear, "Say, I ain't strong for this coöperating with destiny—me for old-fashioned competition!"

The I. I. I.

Bulletin de L'Institut Intermédiaire International. Publication Trimestrielle. Haarlem (Pays-Bas): H. D. Tjeenk Willink & Fils; La Haye: Martinus Nijhoff.

THESE are not the initials of a new political party for the cult of self as an offset to a rife and flabby communism. They stand for the name of an institute whose aims are purely altruistic. The "Institut Intermédiaire International," though the study of world politics is an indispensable part of its activity, does not hold a brief for any political programme in particular. It is intended as an international clearing-house of information on all matters of international interest, connected with politics, economics, and statistics. It wishes to act as an intermediary between people who, ignorant of each other's language and living in different parts of the globe, have no other means of getting into contact together. Some one in China wishing to be informed concerning a certain law obtaining in Spain, an Englishman desirous of some economic data about Russia, a South African journalist anxious to gather material for an article on the Swedish Constitution, an American professor intending to lecture on the history of the international conventions and treaties regulating the navigation on the Danube and the Rhine, will all, without any charge being made, find information they are in search of at the "Institut Intermédiaire" in The Hague. The initiative was taken by some prominent Hollanders, and the present organization is controlled and financed by exclusively Dutch intellect and capital. Jonkheer J. Loudon, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, and at present Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, is the honorary president of the Institute, and on its executive board sit such eminent authorities on International Law as Dr. B. C. J. Loder and Jonkheer Dr. W. J. M. van Eysinga.

In addition to its work of information, the Institute publishes a series of monographs on questions of international interest, and a quarterly bulletin which has just entered on its second year.

The first four numbers contain a wealth of information, which makes one look forward to their sequels of the current year. In a long contribution, running through all the four numbers, an admirable survey is given of the genesis of the peace in the form of summaries of diplomatic documents, official notes, important editorials and magazine articles. Recent documents relating to Zionism are published by Mr. Fischer, the question of the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian monetary system is discussed by Dr. de Roo de la Faille. Highly interesting is a summary of the regulations and efforts for the resumption of economic relations between the countries made during the first half of the year 1919. Lawyers will find useful information in an extensive collection of jurisprudence of the Prize Courts in the various belligerent countries, and in a number of articles by Dutch, Swiss, and Norwegian financial experts on the fiscal legislation in their respective countries relating to the question of double imposition.

Each issue of the bulletin contains a selection of the most important questions which have been addressed to the Institute during the past three months.

One of these was to enquire whether legal regulations exist in France concerning the possession, the purchase, and the sale of rural or other immovable possessions by foreigners domiciliated in that country. The answer, supplied by the Institute's French correspondent, M. James Paul Govare, Avocat à la Cour d'Appel, Paris, denied the existence of any such provisions with a special view to foreigners, but referred to certain restrictions contained in the peace treaty which tend to derogate from this legal equality between native and foreign residents. Another question was for a list of articles directed against the League of Nations, and the enquirer received from the Institute about fifty cuttings from daily papers and numbers of the *New Republic*, the *New Europe*, the *Arbitrator*, and the *Nation*. "What is the legal status," runs another question, "of a person of German birth, residing and domiciled in Belgium since 1878, who has lost his German nationality according to articles 16 and following of the German law of June 1, 1870, a loss confirmed by an "Entlassungsurkunde" of 1899, passed by the Government of the Grand Duchy of Baden?" In a lengthy reply the enquirer had it explained to him that he could not claim Belgian citizenship on the ground of his long residence in that country. He had to be satisfied with being "heimatlos."

The importance of an institute of this nature is self-evident. A more correct knowledge of the laws of foreign countries is a safeguard against international misunderstandings and thus contributes, indirectly, to the "rapprochement" between the nations. That Holland has taken the initiative in such an enterprise of world-wide importance is a guarantee that the ideals which Hugo Grotius preached to an uncomprehending age are still revered by his compatriots in these more internationally minded days.

Roses and Games

PINK ROSES. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE pink roses are artificial roses on the hat of one of those professionally pretty ladies who have recently drifted into the foreground of British fiction. They dawn, in our first chapter, upon the vision of the languidly dissatisfied young gentleman, Trevor Mathew. They become and remain for him a symbol, as, in another way, a certain real pink rosebud is to become later on. Trevor Mathew, just out of Oxford, has been ready enough to become a hero with his two chums, Hardman and Peto, in the first days of the war. A "systolic murmur" turns up to disqualify him. Hardman is killed pretty promptly, and Peto sent back a hopeless cripple. This is distressing for Trevor, and helps open his eyes to what is really going on in the world. It is borne in upon him that the war is an abominable and unendurable sacrifice of Hardmans and Petos and the sacred youth they represent. He is supposed to be "in articles," but how can a chap study law with all that sort of thing going on over there? What's the good of work, what's the good of anything? "Nothing went on except the war, and that went on and on. Nothing that happened in it had any significance." The old world had been destroyed and nobody knew how to dream even of a new one. "Men died for liberty, but liberty disappeared because life as it had been planned and dreamed had died." Most unpleasant for Trevor, all this, and he is about to take it quite hard, when the damsel with pink roses in her hat winks at him one evening from a neighboring bench in Hyde Park. She withdraws demurely to a café, whither our young friend Trevor enchantedly follows her. She and her pink roses vaguely symbolize for him youth and pleasure and release from responsibility. His good and nice looks attract the lady, who is at a loose end. They, as it were, take each other on. Like Mr. Bennett's pretty lady, this Cora makes a sentimental point of "being good to" the war-worn male as an institution. For a time, according to Mr. Cannan, she is the best thing that could have happened to the distraught Trevor. Later, as she develops a consuming passion for him, the relation becomes less comfortable from his point of view. She even dreams of achieving marriage and respectability with him. However, he steers clear of this without much trouble, and they presently tire of each other sufficiently to drift apart without anything resembling anguish on either side. They have both, we gather, gained by the relation. Cora has added new charms to her professional equipment, and Trevor has been safely tided over a perilous time of crisis. Now he is qualified for a true union with the mate who has also (for his sake eventually) been passing through her little apprenticeship at love.

The reader of this note may perceive that, stripped of Mr. Cannan's decorative gloss or, if you will, imaginative interpretation, this is pretty much the same old story—the youth just out of Oxford who in the course of a few months in London not only runs the gamut of sex, but becomes the mouthpiece of whatever "philosophy of life" his author may chance to be swearing by at the moment. Trevor Mathew is quite a talkative little prophet from first to last, however negligible a little man. We must confess that apart from his megaphonic function, he is much the same at the end of our acquaintance as at the beginning, a flabby, selfish, and rather fatuous dabbler at life. As for the "philosophy" he represents, it is difficult to put one's finger on. The main thing is to disbelieve in anything other people incline to agree about, especially other people struggling under the disadvantages of maturity and experience. I am young; a lot of us are young; and the world is in a horrible mess, and youth is all right, so it must be the fault of the old fellows. This war is the old man's war fought by the young. But it won't happen again because age has at last over-reached itself. It has destroyed the ancient illusions and inhibitions—smashed the checkerboard on which its own game was played. Now is the world to be remoulded to youth's desire. Alas, our young Trevor does not much care what he says or thinks, so long as it is clever and exciting. For days after the news of the Russian revolution his life is "one long chant of pure idealism"; but this does not prevent him from slipping complacently, at this very time, into his snug berth as an hereditary pillar of the law "up North." The law, he decides comfortably, "does somehow prevent the rogues and the dear bourgeois innocents who want their ten per cent. from having things their own way. That and our folly make us what we are. We can get along without revolutions." Still, we see that without sacrificing any personal advantage from society as at present constituted, he loves the idea that something altogether new, and probably inconvenient, is about to happen to a great many other people, the old, the stodgy, the respectable, and all in authority. He and the still younger oracle, Leslie, settle it between them. Says Leslie:

"They think we're awfully young, but we do know—all the things that people like my father have pretended not to know. We've got to know, because something's hurting us all the time and we've got to find a way out. You know what I mean. Evolution, and all that. . . . Well, it's as if things were rushing away from you at about a million miles an hour, and all the things you'd been told were important turned out to be nothing at all, and as if when you tried to play the game according to the rules it turned crazy because the game was a new game, and the rules were old rules."

"Why, that's the war," cried Trevor, beginning to grasp what the boy was driving at.

"That's it. We aren't playing the old game any more. Nothing that my father did can ever be done by me because I'm a different being, something quite new. So are you. So is Ruth. I can tell them, the new people, as soon as I see them, and I can't make out why the old game goes on."

"You see," said Trevor, "we are not allowed to say that it is a new game because the old people want us to say that it is better. But we don't say anything of the kind. We only say that it's new. Whether it is better or not remains to be proved. . . . *But the people who are the first to play the new game will have a lovely time.*"

The italics are mine: a not unmeaning bit of commentary in themselves, perhaps, on Trevor, his author, and their new game.

H. W. BOYNTON

Pointing the Way to a League of Nations

JUDICIAL SETTLEMENT OF CONTROVERSIES BETWEEN STATES OF THE AMERICAN UNION. Cases decided in the Supreme Court of the United States. Edited and collected by James Brown Scott, A.M., J.U.D., LL.D. 2 Vols. Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. New York: Oxford University Press.

THESE ponderous quartos cover even a broader field than is indicated by the title, which in turn does not disclose the real purpose of the editor. No interstate controversy is involved in most of the earlier cases reprinted. The first case, indeed, does not present a decision of a Federal Court, but of the State Court of Pennsylvania. It does deal, however, with the legal status of the United Colonies, after their separation from Great Britain, and before the adoption of the Constitution, and it declares a doc-

trine, which has been accepted by Federal Courts, that the Colonies became a body corporate from the moment of their association as the United States (Respublica *v.* Sweers, 1 Dallas 41, A. D. 1779).

The second case (Ware *v.* Hylton, 3 Dallas, 199, A. D. 1796), which is from a Federal Court, decides that upon separation from the Mother Country each Colony became a sovereign and independent State, with the "right to govern itself by its own authority and its own laws, without any control from any other power upon earth." Then follow cases showing the nature of "The Union of the States under the Constitution" and the relations of the Federal Government to the Territories of the Union.

Thus far we have no trace of inter-state controversies, but we get a hint of the editor's prime purpose, which is to show how sovereign and independent States have voluntarily associated themselves under a polity which binds them to submit their controversies to judicial determination rather than to the arbitrament of war. This purpose is further disclosed when the editor inscribes the collection of the "Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, as containing the contribution of that court to the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes."

An important part of that contribution is found in a group of cases which establish the distinction between justiciable questions and those which are merely political. Many boundary disputes have arisen between the States. From one point of view the question of State or National boundary is a political one. Accordingly, the Supreme Court has refused to inquire into the accuracy of the decision of the political department of government that certain territory belongs to a specified nation (Williams *v.* Suffolk Ins. Co., 13 Pet. 415). From another point of view, the question of boundary may be one of property and involve the determination of facts by a court. In such cases the question of sovereignty is subordinate to that of property (Virginia *v.* West Va., 11 Wallace 39). Which of two opposing governments in a State is the legitimate one is for the political and not the judicial department of government (Luther *v.* Borden, 7 Howard 1). Whether the form of government in a State is republican is a political question, with which the courts will have nothing to do (Pacific Telephone Co. *v.* Oregon, 223 U. S. 118). Proclamation of blockade by the President is conclusive evidence of a state of war, and courts will not entertain an inquiry as to whether a state of war in fact existed (The Prize Cases, 2 Black 635).

This distinction between inter-state controversies which are determinable by the application of established legal rules and those which involve only or mainly considerations of policy has been made clear by a long line of Supreme Court decisions. This distinction, the editor believes, will be found helpful in determining whether a particular international dispute falls within the justiciable or non-justiciable class.

The greater part of the collection consists of cases in which serious controversies between States have been adjusted. For example, the boundary between Nebraska and Iowa is in part a varying line, because of the shifting course of the Missouri River, which separates the States. Under the decision of the Supreme Court, each State appoints a Commission by which from time to time a compact is made as to the temporary boundary. In case either State failed to comply with the decision the Court would appoint an official to locate such boundary. Thus is removed all possibility of hostile action by either State.

The most notable inter-state dispute, the most prolonged as well as the most ably contested, arose from the efforts of Virginia to recover from West Virginia a proportion of the public debt of the former. Upon the organization of West Virginia it agreed to assume a stipulated part of the debt of Virginia as it stood on January 1, 1861. It did not perform its agreement, and Virginia sought to enforce its claim by suit. All sorts of defenses were interposed by the debtor State, some of them purely technical, some of them dilatory, some of them going to the merits of the claim. The case was presented to the Supreme Court many times and the opinions appear in nearly a dozen different volumes of the reports. Technicalities were swept aside by the Court, dilatory pleas were unheeded. Attention was repeatedly called to the fact that the litigation was not between individuals but between political sovereignties and therefore possessed a quasi-international character. Decision was to be based not upon technicalities, but upon the actual merits of the controversy. Nor was it to be doubted that these States would perform their obligations, once these had been announced by the Court. In fact, this protracted litigation was brought to a close without the employment of legal process to enforce final judgment. The appeal of the Supreme Court to West Virginia's sense of honor sufficed. That State has passed an "Act providing for payment of West Virginia's part of the public debt of the Commonwealth of Virginia prior to January 1, 1861, as ascertained by the judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States and adjusted by the two States" (Chapter 10, Extraordinary Session 1919).

No one can read the record of these and of similar decisions without wishing to study the editor's conclusion that "as a result of argument, debate and decision, practice has been settled and procedure adopted in the light of experience, which is as applicable to States of the Society of Nations as to States of the American Union." Most readers, probably, will agree with the editor in the further statement that the Supreme Court, in its judgment of disputes between States, has shown itself "a prototype of that tribunal which they would like to see created by the Society of Nations, 'accessible to all in the midst of the independent Powers.'"

We cannot take leave of these volumes without calling attention to the fact that they contain a variety of interesting material not suggested by their title. The Articles of Colonial Confederation, The Constitution of the United States, part of the Declaration of Independence are reprinted, as are a number of cases from the Privy Council and English Equity reports. These decisions have served as precedents not only in boundary controversies, but one of them is certainly the fountain head of the doctrine of judicial control over the constitutionality of legislative acts. This is followed by the reproduction of various Colonial cases of a similar character which are often referred to but are not accessible to most readers.

Attic Red-Figured Vases

A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. Signed by or Attributed to the Various Masters of the Sixth and Fifth Centuries, B. C. Two Volumes. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

THESE two fine volumes represent an immense labor and a great confidence. They rest upon the conviction that all Attic red-figured vases can be classified by their artists. This catalogue makes that ambition a fact, incorporating, besides the investigations of Beazley and Furtwängler, a host of minor researches.

The plan of the catalogue is alphabetical. In the first instance artists' signatures are considered, next potters' signatures, finally stylistic groups not confirmed by signatures. The latter naturally predominate. Thus the catalogue begins with "The Achilles Painter" and ends with the "Painter of the Yale Oinochoë." In the single list you will find Andokides, Brygos, Phintias, The Bowdoin Kylix Painter, etc., each in its alphabetical place. Under each artist the arrangement is alphabetical by places.

Though Dr. Hoppin is accomplished in this game of attributions, he wisely

brings no new ascriptions of his own into the catalogue. When one vase is ascribed to several masters, as often befalls, he serves as arbiter, referring to the piece, however, under every master to whom it has been assigned. Thus the brief entries carry with them a generous amount of bibliography. Besides the general index, which is chiefly of artists and subjects, there is a museum index in which Boston looks impressive even among the European capitals, an index of inscriptions, one of *graffiti*, and one of publications. Everything is most convenient, and despite the inevitable ambiguity of such provisional names as The Niobid Painter, the student should from one list or another be able to locate in the catalogue any given vase. Here we may protest against the multiplication of fanciful names. Where the stylistic group centres upon a vase in a great museum the name of the museum should be the catchword. Thus, Louvre Niobid Painter is much better than Niobid Painter. In this matter the author had to take matters as he found them.

The plan of illustration is to reproduce in small working cuts all signed vases and no others. It would have considerably added to the value of the catalogue to reproduce the most representative example of each unsigned stylistic group, but it would have also added to bulk and expense. As it is, the student will do well to take Dr. Hoppin's advice to use the best reproductions and then go slow on attributions.

In the nature of the case, no catalogue of world-wide scope can be complete. Doubtless many additions will promptly be made to the upwards of four thousand vases listed by Dr. Hoppin. We happen to know of a score in the university and private collections of Princeton, New Jersey, and a couple in the Century Club, New York, and we have less certain report of a few at Williams College. Such minor omissions should merely encourage Dr. Hoppin's colleagues to report all scattered pieces which have escaped his notice. His catalogue will be indispensable to the special student of Greek vase painting, and occasionally useful to all students of graphic design. It is a well-conceived and conscientiously executed piece of minute scholarship, one of the most important contributions to classical archæology which has been made in America.

One may envy the painting classes that heard such talks as are gathered in Charles H. Woodbury's "Painting and the Personal Equation" (Houghton Mifflin Co.). His counsels abound in mother wit, and are blessedly free from the jargon of the studio. He advocates a modified naturalism. The greater color relations of a picture should be observed in nature, for the rest the artist is free. No forms of conventional and decorative design are considered. We are really talking about open-air sketching and its pictorial derivatives. Within this limitation, the book is full of sound thinking energetically expressed. "Originality does not mean that you are superior to law, but rather that you are keener than others to discriminate between law and custom. A picture must be based on the great considerations of color values; acquaint yourselves with these for they are the law, and beyond them all else is custom to be followed or broken as it seems to you best." On the ever-urgent issue of technic we have the following golden words: "The actual manipulation of the brush is a skilful matter, and yet it requires more intelligence than manual dexterity. Art is psychology, not science, and there ever must be one unknown factor, the personal equation. You must know what you see, why you see, and what is worth seeing." Here may naturally follow Mr. Woodbury's excellent variation on Mérimée's famous definition of art. "Art is subtle exaggeration, not carried to the grotesque. It is dangerous ground, of course, but let us take it as one of the perils of the profession." A final quotation may suggest the quality of a book which should be read in its entirety. "In the final analysis, art is the search for order and it has the significance of a basic human instinct. Art, science, philosophy, psychology, all are seeking the laws that assign us our place in the universe and help us to fill it understandingly. It is not the thirst for knowledge that drives us, but rather the instinct to escape from chaos. We do not know where we are going, but we do know what we are leaving behind us. Wherever the tendency arises to deny order, whether it be in the arts or the art of living, there comes degeneracy."

The Run of the Shelves

THE "Silver Age" (Scott and Seltzer) is the agreeable title of a rather nondescript volume of stories and sketches by Mr. Temple Scott. More specifically, it is the title of the not unpleasing opening sketch, dealing with a man's passage into that period of life when young people, even his own children, value him chiefly as a convenience or an antiquity. Mr. Scott's observation is rather good. His sentiment, on the other hand, is watery, and a certain sponginess is the inevitable and unprofitable result of its copious diffusion through such dilatory narratives as "Reb Yankel" and the "Lady and the Singing-bird." In "New York at Twilight," in which he declares that the true and great New York comes out in the dusky interval between the avidities of its daytime and the relaxations of its nights, he shows an advance in substance which is pretty nearly counterpoised by a retreat in style. He is capable, at the longest intervals, of cumulative epigram. For instance, he has this to say of the commercial side of art in New York City: "The artist toadied the dealer, the dealer toadied the critic, the critic toadied the editor, the editor toadied the advertiser."

It would be pleasant to speak only praise of Mr. Gamaliel Bradford's "Portraits of American Women" (Houghton Mifflin); for it is a nice thing to turn out these volumes of what the author has called "psychographs"—or something of the sort—and wears the appearance of disseminating culture. But we can't help feeling that Mr. Bradford has the fear of the editor of the popularized *Atlantic Monthly* in his eyes, and writes down a little to the flattering editorial opinion that magazine readers need to be titillated. Mr. Bradford's portrait of Emily Dickinson, for instance, ought to be interesting, and is in fact mildly so; but there is a kind of jump in his reflections on human life which bothers us. Much more important is the essay on Sarah Alden Ripley, for here the author has had access to private papers and gives us information about a character unique in its way. A private scholar of whom Professor Child could say: "The most learned woman I have ever known, the most diversely learned perhaps of her time, and not inferior in this respect, I venture to say, to any woman of any age"—such a woman, scholar at once and very human, ought to be better known, and we are grateful to Mr. Bradford for telling her life. We should have been more grateful if he had quoted more freely from her letters. Other essays deal with Abigail Adams, Mary Lyon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Louisa May Alcott, and Frances Elizabeth Willard.

The poet-laureate, Dr. Robert Bridges, dumb through the war, has at last spoken, but through prose, and not through poetry. The year before the War broke out he was busy founding a society to combat what he regards as the dangerous influences at work in degrading the language, and widening the gulf between ourselves and the sonorous speech of Shakespeare and Milton. It is called the Society for Pure English; not, however, to convey the idea that words of foreign origin are impurities in English, but rather assuming that they are not. Professor Henry Bradley, editor of the great Oxford Dictionary, and Sir Walter Raleigh, were with him in the project from the beginning; and over a hundred rank as original members, including the Right Honorable Arthur H. Balfour and Mrs. Humphry

Ward. The first of its publications has just come from the Clarendon Press, in the shape of a Tract on English Homophones by Dr. Bridges. An Englishman from one of the southern counties, himself, he makes it a particular grievance that the careless treatment of the consonant *r* is leading to the blurring of the distinction between such words as *shore* and *sure, oar, ore* and *awe*. A Phonetic Dictionary of the English Language, the joint work of an Englishman and a Prussian, has been published in London to register this habit of speech. This work of Michaelis and Jones, now in its second edition, gives the poet-laureate no little concern. With the prestige of coming from the British capital, and of being compiled by the lecturer on Phonetics at University College, London, it may work, he fears, no little harm.

To most minds the word desert means the opposite of all that is pleasing. Sand and snakes and thirst and cactus—what else is there to write about? Some years ago George Wharton James wrote two big volumes on the "Wonders of the Colorado Desert." Many other authors have discoursed eloquently on its lures. The latest of them is J. Smeaton Chase, the author already of "Yosemite Trails" and "California Coast Trails," and now of "California Desert Trails" (Houghton Mifflin). He goes so far as to say that the desert's hold upon those who have fallen under its spell is deeper and more enduring than is the charm of forest or sea or mountain. He also ventures an explanation of this fact, if fact it is. In olden times man was engaged in a perpetual struggle with the inexorable forces of nature. While this struggle lasted, the vast and the wild raised no thrills but those of dislike and fear. But now, after centuries of ease and home comforts, the desolate, gaunt, and dreadful in nature attract us by the law of contrast; "the risk is, indeed, that they may run to overvaluation." Perhaps, the author thinks, even the pranks of those funny fellows, the "futurists," "cubists," and "vorticists," in poetry, music, and the other arts, might be explained by this clue: "Civilization has got on their nerves, and they simply have to scream."

Mr. Chase's book is not "a scream." There are, indeed, exciting episodes aplenty in its pages, and he often dwells on the ugly, repellent side of the desert —the torturing sun, the constant risk of a horrible death by thirst, the frequently befouled water holes on which the traveler's life depends, the monotony, the sand storms, the rattlers, the mosquitoes, and a number of other things undesirable; but for the most part he writes about the features that help to explain the puzzling allurement of the desert to those who know it well —the sea of sand, with dunes perpetually reshaped by the terrific blasts of the wind; the oases of date palms; the terrestrial "moonscapes"; the mysterious mountains with their hidden mineral treasures that have lured so many men to death; the bracing night air; the annual spring episode with its wonderful blossoms of divers species of cactus; and, above all, the marvelous color. In the field of color effects, the author boldly claims, the desert is supreme; his descriptions affect one the same way as Nansen's of the aurora borealis.

With the human inhabitants of the desert Mr. Chase was, on the whole, impressed favorably. Hospitality was freely offered and he liked the home life of the Mexicans on both sides of the border, for the Colorado Desert, concerning which he writes, lies in California. When this desert was labelled, in 1853, there was as yet no State of Colorado. Winter and Spring are the time to visit this desert; the necessary equipment is described by the author—and don't forget a mosquito net. A ferryman, on being asked how he endured these tormentors, answered: "Why, there's no more blood in me, you see. They got the last out of me about 1910; so they've quit coming around."

In "The Heritage of India" a succession of volumes is projected dealing with the Sanscrit and Pali literatures; with the different vernacular literatures both in histories and illustrative volumes of selections; with the philosophical systems; with the fine arts and music; and with biographies. Altogether, between thirty and forty volumes are now in sight, all written to foster in the Indian student class a feeling for their ancient heritage and to put before them in a healthy way its treasures of knowledge, wisdom, and beauty. The books are to be cheap and non-technical; but they must also be scholarly and sympathetic. The second in the series has just appeared, a short study by James M. MacPhail, of the life and times of Asoka as king, missionary, and scribe, with the early history of Buddhism and with Asoka's place in history (Oxford University Press). It is an admirable little volume, full, interesting, and careful. A second volume has also just appeared in "The Religious Life of India Series," and fifteen more are in preparation. It is a study of the Ahmadiya movement, by the late H. A. Walter and issued by the same publishers. This, by the nature of the case, had to be a much more elaborate book and is one of more immediate modern interest. The Ahmadiya sect has been widely rejected by Moslems as in essential heresy with Islam; yet it may be said to represent Islam officially in England by its mission to Christians at Woking and by its English monthly, the *Review of Religions*. On one side the sect is intensely and conservatively Moslem, as opposed to the reformed Islam centred at Aligarh in India; but on another it has combined with Islam much Christian and Hindu doctrine. The founder, Ghulam Ahmad, claimed to be not only the Moslem Mahdi, come in a peaceful form, but also Jesus in his second coming and an avatar of Krishna; and his followers, since his death, now regard him as having fulfilled the prophecies in all religions of a great spiritual leader to come. They would, therefore, unite all religions by fulfilling in one figure all their eschatological hopes. On another side the founder is a figure of great psychological interest, a mediumistic prophet of the most primitive pathological type, a Mohammed without the genius and simplicity of the author of Islam, yet living under modern conditions and in contact with critical attitudes which he tried to use and only half understood. When he brings forth wonderful things from the Encyclopædia Biblica he helps us to understand Mohammed's crazy syncretisms from the theology of the Greek Church and the mythology of Zoroastrianism. Mr. Walter's book can, therefore, be heartily commended to students of religious psychology and history, as well as to specialists in Islam.

The latest issue of the "Cahiers Britanniques et Américains," the series of *brochures* which M. Georges-Bazile publishes in Paris (13 Quai de Conti), has just arrived in this country and is devoted to a translation of some of President Wilson's literary essays. The pamphlet opens with an Introduction by Mr. Theodore Stanton, in which it is pointed out for the first time, we believe, that the President descends from the Rev. Robert Woodrow, the distinguished Scottish Presbyterian clergyman and historian of the seventeenth century, one of whose sons emigrated to this country, bringing with him a queer old manuscript volume belonging to his father, which is now deposited in one of the libraries of the University of New Jersey, at New Brunswick. Its mates, a score in number, are to be found in the Advocates' Library at Glasgow, where Robert Woodrow spent most of his life.

"Roget's Thesaurus," as the "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" by the physician Peter Mark Roget is commonly called, has been issued in two compact little volumes in Everyman's Library (Dutton). Arranged on philosophical rather than alphabetical principles, the work has long proved useful to writers, not only in suggesting a word, but also, sometimes, an idea.

Contemporary Painting in Washington

WHATEVER may be true of other phases of our national life, American painting, to judge from the current presentation of it at the Corcoran Gallery, has not yet become fully aware of our participation in the late war. While the mere titles of a half dozen or more canvases designedly echo the event, only three or four possess any genuine pictorial connection with it. Both George Luks' "Czecho-Slovak Chieftain" and Henry Reuterdahl's "The Destroyer Patrol" may be considered only additional reasons for lamenting that calamity. But John C. Johansen's "The Daily Conference," fresh from Paris, is interesting. George Bellows' already widely known "The Murder of Edith Cavell," while theatrically powerful, is not a truly great work of art. This brief summary fairly indicates the minor rôle played by the avowedly "war" pictures in the Corcoran's extraordinary exhibition.

On the whole, the unimportance of such work in its present surroundings is not a matter for regret. It is a profound satisfaction again to see a representative collection of paintings the vitality of which arises not from the heart-breaking strain of war or the spasms of artificial "movements" but from artistic health and sanity. Whether the very evident aliveness of our present-day painting, together with certain marked changes on the part of individual painters, are indirectly due to the war, to its natural tendency to rouse men out of routine—this is a question that might be very prettily argued on both sides. But, however it has come about, American painting, as set forth in Washington this month, is full of life and significance. It gives adequate ground for pride in the visible accomplishment of our painters and affords a basis for speculation as to the future.

True, the older men are passing. Weir's death after his two paintings had been placed on the walls of the Corcoran lends emphasis to this sobering thought. And to stand in the presence of such work as that by which both Weir and Thayer are represented is to wonder if their equals can be found among the younger men even when the younger shall have become the elder. For the former's "The Sisters" and the latter's "Boy and Angel" have in them certain qualities of spirit higher than all possible technical accomplishment; and it is these subtle higher values that one misses when studying the mass of proficient paintings now being produced. But such qualities come by endowment and not by acquisition. It would be as unreasonable to expect them to prevail throughout a whole generation of painters as it would be to ask nothing but masterpieces in a contemporary show. And even were these two works of the first rank absent, the Corcoran's exhibition would remain remarkable for its high level of accomplishment.

Sargent's "Portrait of John D. Rockefeller" and Melchers' "MacPherson and MacDonald" are both familiar to other sections of the American public; but the latter's "At Home" is the newest example of his extraordinary capacity for surmounting technical difficulties. Indeed, there is no lack of capable, and in some instances distinguished, figure-painting in this exhibit, ranging in style from Paxton's characteristic "Girl Sewing" to the calculated modernity of Norwood MacGilvary's "The Self."

However, as to be expected of any representative collection of native work, it is in landscape that our school's ability is especially noteworthy. For it is in this field that its talent for brilliant transcription has freest play. Frank Swift Chase, in his "Edge of a Forest," achieves individuality without eccentricity. Charles C. Curran's "After the Storm" is decidedly more decorative than his painting which won a prize at the last Academy. Jonas Lie's two masterly water scenes call for admiration. It is a pleasure to note a more spirited sense of color in Robert Spencer's capable work. Charles H. Davis' "The Sunny Hillside," to which was awarded the second prize, is a decided departure from his accustomed manner. But at once the most eminent and the most marked instance of change is afforded by the three canvases of Edward W. Redfield; and the "bravura" of these spring songs is delightful. The most striking single piece of landscape here shown, a painting that would be remarkable in any exhibition, is Gardner Symons' "Where Waters Flow and Long Shadows Lie"; it will add strength to even the Corcoran's strong permanent collection of American work. Faithfulness to surface facts can not be claimed for Charles Rosen's "Old Willow," designed as it is to attract attention at the expense of its neighbors; and to the conservatively minded it will seem a good omen that the majority of our landscape painters do not rely on such forced mannerisms in attaining decorative and emotional quality.

In conclusion, this article can only add its note to the chorus of praise for the exhibition as a whole. It combines a high excellence sometimes attained in smaller shows with a comprehensiveness attained in no other regularly recurring assemblage of native painting. The radical element of our school plays its due part in the ensemble, but no more than its due part. The predominating conservatism of the school has its recognition in the proportional representation here accorded to it. The thing worthy of note in this connection, however, is that this predominating conservatism does not involve unthinking repetition of ancient formulas. Of course, this may in a measure be true of a painter here and there; such individuals, like the poor, we have always with us. But this contemporary exhibition as a whole is æsthetically sane and unquestionably vigorous. That this should be true of our painting in the particular stress of circumstances now prevailing is the most encouraging thing one could be privileged to chronicle.

The eminent degree of success with which the policy of the Corcoran Gallery has met warrants the hope that "The William A. Clark Prizes" may be made permanent. A real tradition of quality and comprehensiveness has been firmly established by this latest of the series begun in 1907; and with the prestige of such a tradition to live up to, the permanence of these awards could not fail to have a satisfactory effect on American painting. Were former Senator Clark to perpetuate the prizes now so prominently associated with his name, he would ensure not only the worthiest possible form of remembrance for himself, but also for the Corcoran Gallery such an influential rôle in our art as is not held by any other existing institution.

VIRGIL BARKER

Music

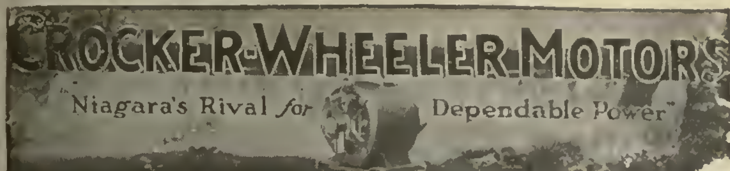
Henry Krehbiel and Ernest Newman Discuss Music

MORE CHAPTERS OF OPERA. By Henry Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
A MUSICAL MOTLEY. By Ernest Newman. New York: John Lane Company.

IN the latest of his chronicles of New York opera Mr. Krehbiel deals specifically with the period extending from 1908 to 1918. We may disagree with Mr. Krehbiel's views on opera. But as a chronicler, we admit he has no rival. Not many men alive would have the patience he has shown in noting down year after year all that takes place in all the New York opera seasons. And yet, if no one had his diligence and patience, where should we go for our musical reminders—where should we find out when this opera was first sung, or where that singer first enthralled the New York public? To the recorder, as a recorder, of these "Chapters" we owe all our gratitude. To the critic who has analyzed and made his comments we owe only truth.

On many points, if time and space allowed, it would be a pleasure to fight Mr. Krehbiel strenuously. For, as a

(*Continued on page 64*)



The Wires

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By George E. Brown

A most interesting and valuable gathering of information about Stevenson, as the author describes it in his sub-title. The whole is alphabetically arranged, so that it forms a real Stevensonian encyclopædia. *Illustrated. $2.50*

MEMORIES OF GEORGE MEREDITH, O. M.

By Lady Butcher

An entertaining and informal book of intimate anecdote and remembered talks, witty, whimsical, and serious, with a writer whose personality was always as interesting as his work. Lady Butcher was a friend of Meredith and his family from her childhood and for more than forty years. Readers of his "Letters" know her well both under her married name and as Alice Brandreth. *$1.60*

SOME DIVERSIONS OF A MAN OF LETTERS

By Edmund Gosse

"Some Diversions of a Man of Letters" is a collection of essays in various fields of literature that lie somewhat outside the author's usual path and represent, in fact, diversions from the themes on which he has principally addressed the public. Among the contents are: "The Songs of Shakespeare," "The Message of the Wartons," "The Charm of Sterne," "The Challenge of the Brontës," "Disraeli's Novels," "The Lyrical Poetry of Thomas Hardy," "Some Soldier Poets," "The Future of English Poetry," "The Agony of the Victorian Age." *$2.50*

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(*Continued from page* 62)

critic, he is sometimes narrow; swayed by harsh puritan moralities and codes; too apt to damn things that are new. His inability to sympathize with the best achievements of the French Modern School is almost exasperating. His fulminations against certain gifted artists who offend him ethically—not æsthetically—stir one to anger, and now and then to pity. But at his narrowest (as, for example, in his onslaughts on Mary Garden) he does not justify a doubt as to his honesty. And that seems but to aggravate his want of charity, his failure to allow for the faiths and convictions of others.

The decade of which Mr. Krehbiel tells us in his new "Chapters" saw many very important shifts and changes in the New York opera world; the last phases of the war between Mr. Hammerstein, at the Manhattan, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza, at the Metropolitan; the withdrawal from the stage of such charming singers as Marcella Sembrich and Emma Eames; the regretted deaths of Lillian Nordica and Putnam Griswold; the rise and exit of that great artist and conductor, Toscanini; the elimination from the opera field of poor Mr. Hammerstein; the slow and grudging, but still steady concessions of the Metropolitan management to the demand that opera should be made more understandable to its devotees, by being sung to them in clear, good English; and the invasion of New York by the late Maëstro Campanini with the Chicago opera company.

Regarding the vexed question of opera in English, Mr. Krehbiel wobbles. He has at various times held various views upon this all vital subject. Long years ago, he seemed to favor English. Then, by aloofness and by more than coldness, he seemed to discourage it. And now he has, apparently, come back to his old faith. For is not his own English version of Wagner's "Parsifal" soon to be sung here at the Metropolitan?

We owe thanks to Mr. Krehbiel for his statistics. They throw a flood of rather startling and distressing light on the allotment of rewards in opera. In the second year of Mr. Heinrich Conried's consulship, according to our recorder, the sums expended on the Metropolitan "artists" (i. e., singers) and staff totalled $544,153.11. In the same season the amount paid to composers and others (presumably publishers and copyists) for "music and royalties" was $3,499.67. Since then the cost of opera has increased greatly. But the composers are still treated almost shamefully, while their interpreters have princely fortunes heaped on them.

Mr. Ernest Newman, the English critic, in a most interesting volume of reprinted essays, writes brightly and incisively of singers, critics, composers, amateurs, and mock-critics. His method may perhaps be best described as the antithesis of Mr. Krehbiel's. He knows much more of music than most men do. But he is far too sane to pose as one omniscient. I am not sure that he would keep from smiling if he got hold of one of those new "Chapters" in which our Henry E. upholds the dignity and glory of his calling. The pose pontifical would never suit the true-born Englishman. To make his points he affects the cap and bells.

The articles included in "A Musical Motley" are of the most diverse character. They range from grave to gay, from wise to trivial. In taste, thank Heaven, their author is eclectic; quite broad enough to enjoy all schools and styles.

He is not too dignified to shrink from quips and anecdotes. He is not too hampered by unnecessary reverence to speak freely of the highest gods of art. To him the Slavs, Tschaikowsky and Rachmaninov and Chopin, are "Weary Willies," with a tempering dash of Werther.

Nor is he more respectful to his own guild. He pokes fun at musical criticism, though, incidentally, he mocks at those who scorn it. "The profession of musical critic," he explains in one of three "Open Letters" to a young, ardent critic, "is the easiest in the world. It is perhaps the only profession that can be practised by the man in the streets with as much assurance as by the man who has given his life to it. . . . The butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker are all more competent to speak authoritatively on music than the critic. . . . However, if you don't take it too seriously, you may get a lot of fun out of it." After which he lays down the rules for "safety first" in criticism.

He darts nimbly and alertly from André Wormser and his fascinating pantomime scores to Debussy, Brahms, Moussorgsky, d'Indy, and Wagner. He declines to rank the classics as supermen and even ventures to suggest that the most famous master of them all may have made errors. He goes so far in this iconoclastic strain in his "Putting the Classics in their Place," as to declare that even old music by the great composers might be improved upon by modern re-constructors.

The Dryasdusts of music may be horrified—they must be pained—if they dig into Mr. Newman's essay on "The Elastic Language"—otherwise harmony. What may pass muster in the schools as laws of harmony, he says, is really nothing but the teaching of harmonic analysis. To Mr. Newman there are no rules and no grammar for that art or science. "It is because harmony is not only a language but the most elastic of languages that it can not be taught." And, "just as a poet could weave the subtlest rhythmical patterns without ever having even heard of the terms dactyl and spondee, so a born musician can write abstruse harmony without being able to name a number of the chords that he uses instinctively." All this is most upsetting to the Dryasdusts.

One article on the "Nonsense Music" of Satie and other modernists of a fantastic turn has special value to explorers of such offshoots from the beaten track of music. But almost everything in this delightful "Medley" will bear reading, both by musicians and by laymen who love music.

C. H. M.

Drama

"A Night's Lodging" at the Plymouth—"The Master Builder" at the People's House

THE subject of the Gorki play which Mr. Arthur Hopkins now offers to the public in special matinees at the Plymouth is a place—a slum—or rather that region of the human spirit which finds in the place in question its adequate and vivid symbol. Its hero is everybody—that dusky personage who seems to occupy the halfway point between the substance of somebody and the vacuum of nobody. Particular fates count for naught or little in this sombre atmosphere in which catastrophes seem incidental and little speeches almost cataclysmic. A consumptive woman dies, but it matters little to us. What really leaves its mark upon our souls is the capmaker's undisturbed comment: "Well, we've done with that coughing at last." When the actor hangs himself, the point is not that a man has ended his own life, but that the gambler says: "He's spoilt our song, the fool." In point of sheer horror and grimness, the place in which such deeds are possible is as nothing in comparison with the place in which such words are possible. Gorki's play is a symptomatic play—in other words, a play in which the subject is a condition, and the acts and words alike are measured by their value as interpreters of that condition.

Gorki's play, read in English, is not a great drama. A great slum-play should show us the terror, or the pity, or the intensity of life. Gorki's play is rather sordid than terrible or touching or vital, and, even more than it is sordid, it is harsh. Here is a group of persons in whom misfortune and degradation have evolved a self-protective hardness, a shell or carapace, which is at once impervious and rasping. It is human nature petrified. The evangelist Luka, who is vaguely fraternal and indistinctly consoling, rather weakens the robustness of the piece, but the fashion in which he drifts in and drifts out suggests pointedly enough that the conscience is the only transient in the lodging house.

The play is undramatic in the closet; it has no unfolding action. On the stage it remains undramatic, but it becomes, to a quite unforeseen and astonishing degree, theatrical. As read, it leaves behind it an impression of congestion and squalor. This effect is greatly softened in representation; on the stage there was space and darkness; the space liberated and the darkness cloaked. The originality of the setting, which on the printed page had been largely neutralized by its meanness, now revealed itself to the imagination in the power of its novelty and the vividness of its release. I had a sense of departure from the world. The speeches uttered had often the strange effect of aerolites projected into the void of space, and while this impression was far from continuous, the intervals were partly filled by the exhilaration of watching in the murk for the outleap of these meteorites. There were drawbacks undoubtedly. The story of Pepel and the two sisters was too big and powerful for the frame, and, while it did not finally get out, in its struggle to get out the frame was very nearly cracked. Again, the fourth act on the stage is superfluous and intolerable. There is a story and a study in the play. By the end of Act III the story is ended and the study is complete. Extension beyond those limits is disastrous.

The acting of a fragmentary play is of course fragmentary, but the suggestiveness and poignancy of many of these fragments was an honor to the cast. I was astonished at the evident sympathy of American actors for these Russian parts, at the meat, the salt, which they unmistakably found in the lines. The merit was general rather than particular; nearly every actor had his lustrous moment; if I paused on any one part, it should be on Mr. Dinehart's rendering of the thief Pepel. There was one serious error. Paroxysms are out of place in this Gorki play, which is pitched in a key of stoicism that borders the courageous on one side and includes the brutal on the other. Yet paroxysms of the worst kind—describable by a line from Mr. Masefield's latest poem, "a swearing screech, like tearing sacking," were scattered broadcast through the play. Frenzy and Russia appear to have been inseparable ideas in the mind of the supervisor of the performance. The emphasis I am constrained to give to this objection only heightens the pleasure with which I felicitate Mr. Hopkins on the intelligent fulfillment of a gallant design.

On Christmas night I saw at the Workmen's Theatre in the People's House a presentation of Ibsen's "Master Builder" by the English actors, Mr. Leigh Lovel and Miss Octavia Kenmore. The performance was called a dramatic recital, but differed from a regular performance only in the use of an unvarying and doubtfully appropriate "set" for the three acts. Mr. Lovel's Solness was ashen and, nevertheless, by an odd anomaly, was made capricious and splenetic almost to the verge of hysteria. There was a brief period in the last half of the first act when Miss Kenmore's Hilda Wangel filled expectation to the brim, with a beauty and measure in certain passages hardly rivaled in my memories of New York. But when the second act began I saw that what Miss Kenmore had grasped and rendered so delightfully was not the real Hilda, the whole Hilda, but only a single mood or phase—what might be called the rapt Hilda. Her Hilda as a whole took its cue from the alpenstock. What we saw was a hardy, sturdy, upright little Swiss girl, finely indignant with Solness for his immoral treatment of Ragnar, and shocked as any other school-taught and church-bred girl would have been at the disaster to which her urgencies drove the half-unwilling Solness. As the last curtain descends, Hilda is on the earth in an anguish of sorrow and remorse, and the attitude is prostration for Ibsen's Hilda in a double sense.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News

Socialism

HERE again is a subject about which the books alone fill shelf after shelf in any large library. The profound student views with contempt an endeavor to name a few, or brief, books for the general reader. But the busy man will not scorn the suggestion of a few titles, nor even the intimation that there are one or two books which may give the beginner a general survey of the field. As with Prohibition, and other proposals for changes in the existing laws, the advocates of the change have had the most active pens, and the different varieties of Socialists have outwritten their opponents in quantity, at least.

The conscientious Socialist, or the reader who aspires to a citation for conspicuous gallantry, will, it may be, boldly attempt the three volumes of the great Bible of the Socialists: Karl Marx's "Capital; A Critique of Political Economy" (Kerr, 1908). Less ambitious souls will content themselves with reading one of his defenders, Louis B. Boudin's "The Theoretical System of Karl Marx" (Kerr, 1918) and one of his opponents, Albert E. F. Schäffle's "The Quintessence of Socialism" (Scribner, 1892). With these books should be named Thomas Kirkup's "History of Socialism" (Macmillan, 1913), an unbiased work, emphasizing English Socialism.

Have you time or inclination for but one book, and that a short one, of less than one hundred and fity pages? My suggestion is Ira B. Cross's "Essentials of Socialism" (Macmillian, 1912), which is an attempt to tell what Socialism is, and fairly to state the arguments for and against it. There is a good bibliography in it.

Now, for the advocates of Socialism:

(*Continued on page* 68)

"WINTER'S FOR BOOKS"

The books advertised in this issue have been specially selected by a group of book publishers as likely to meet the needs and tastes of readers at this time.

Offered during the newly created Midwinter Book Season, many of these books are brand new; all are believed to be worthy of discriminating attention.

Colophons of American Publishers

The small ornamental device that is found on the title-page or elsewhere in almost every book printed to-day is the survival of a quaint old custom that dates back to the time before printing was discovered. These devices, generally called colophons, have come to be known merely as the trademark of various publishing houses, and have outlived any former purpose. Many of them, however, have individually a history quite as interesting as that of old coats of arms, or old bookplates.

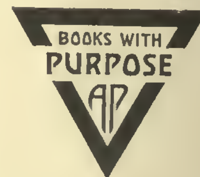
The term colophon has been in use for several centuries, but with the years its meaning has gradually changed until the original significance has been lost. One of the "seven ancient towns" which "claimed Homer dead," yet had spurned him when through their streets "he begg'd his bread," was the Ionian city Colophon, famed for the rich aristocracy that ruled it and for the dashing cavalry that won its battles. It was said that the final charge of the Colophon troop of cavalry always proved "the finishing stroke" in rendering victory decisive. Whether or not this is the correct etymology of the term, the word "colophon" was later applied to "the finishing stroke" given to old manuscripts and printed books. In the early days this term was applied to the paragraphs appended to the manuscript or book by the scribe or printer. Title-pages were then unknown, and books often appeared without clue to the date or place of issue, the printer, or even the author, unless this information was added by some enterprising printer with an eye to making history and to securing future business. Frequently he asked heavenly blessing on his work and invoked the prayers of his readers.

At the end of one old manuscript written in 1338 and, of course, in Latin) the copyist added a very full note, winding up with a verse which may be freely translated as follows:

"Let this book prove the writer free of evil;
May Jesus bless and save him from the devil."

These notes sometimes contained praise of the workmanship of the book, or of the art of printing, of the town where the book was issued, or the great man for whom it was written. Later the printer often added his own coat of arms or that of his patron. In this way colophons first took on an ornamental aspect, and ceased to be for information only. As the title-page became customary, the practice of appending a final paragraph or colophon gradually lost its usefulness and a purely ornamental device was added as "the finishing stroke." In modern times the colophon of a well-known publisher is no doubt as effective a stroke as we need to make his book worth reading and worth keeping.

The colophon of the Abingdon Press as shown here, was adapted from a fireplace design in the exhibit of the Press at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco. It suggests a frosty night without a roaring fire within, a comfortable bench, and a good book—as cheery an argument for midwinter reading as we have seen.



The Association Press has been using since October, 1916, the Triangle colophon designed by William J. Colby and drawn by John Butler. The Association Press is the Publication Department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations. The Triangle is the adopted insignia of the threefold idea of the Y. M. C. A.—Spirit—Mind—Body. The phrase below the Triangle, "The Mark of a Book Written to Meet a Need," was added in 1919. "It helps," says Mr. Colby, "to define the meaning of 'Books with Purpose,' as we aim to publish only books for which there is a distinct human need." The initials stand for Association Press.

Since 1911 books issued by the Atlantic Monthly Press have borne a colophon drawn by Bruce Rogers from a classic design. It shows a Neptune figure, with the familiar trident and dolphin, and is said to represent "Father Atlantic—the American Neptune."

(To be continued)

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Professor of English, Monmouth College

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So far as we know, this is the first book to study Lincoln in the capacity of a man of letters. The study is interesting and the analysis closely reasoned and convincing.—*The Outlook.*

Professor Robinson's study is an excellent presentation of the chief material upon which Lincoln's claim to a place in literature is based.—*The Continent.*

Professor Robinson shows us with a very keen and delicate touch how the great experiences of Lincoln's life reacted on his written words until finally, we have from him at least two of the masterpieces of literature. The new Lincoln book should find a large field for itself.—*U. S. Artillery Journal.*

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Attractive offerings are made during the Midwinter Book Season.

(*Continued from page* 65)
William E. Walling's "The Larger Aspects of Socialism" (Macmillan, 1913), "The Socialism of Today" (Holt, 1916), by Walling, Phelps Stokes, and others (a source book with documents), Jessie W. Hughan's "American Socialism of the Present Day" (Lane, 1911), and H. G. Wells's "New Worlds for Old" (1908). John Spargo's "Socialism" (Macmillan, 1918) was written before he resigned from the Socialist party, and represents his pre-war views. Another by Mr. Spargo and similar in circumstances of publication is "Social Democracy Explained" (Harper, 1918), while his "Americanism and Social Democracy" (Harper, 1918) consists of essays on the situation since the outbreak of the war.

An able presentation of the case against Socialism is Oscar Douglas Skelton's "Socialism: A Critical Analysis" (Houghton, 1911). The view of the Church of Rome is given in Father Vaughan's "Socialism from the Christian Standpoint" (Macmillan, 1912).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Gass, S. B. A Lover of the Chair. Marshall Jones. $2.50 net.

Morley, Christopher. Mince Pie. Doran.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Braithwaite, W. S. The Story of the Great War. Stokes. $3 net.

Cotterill, H. B. Italy from Dante to Tasso. Stokes. $5 net.

Loti, Pierre. Madame Prune. Stokes. $3 net.

Paton, Lucy Allen. Elizabeth Cary Agassiz. Houghton, Mifflin. $3 net.

FICTION

Austin, Mary. Outland. Boni & Liveright.

Bacheller, Irving. A Man for the Ages. Bobbs Merrill. $1.75 net.

Harland, Marion. The Carringtons of High Hill. Scribner. $1.60 net.

James, Henry. A Landscape Painter. New York: Scott & Seltzer. $1.75 net.

Keller, Gottfried. Seldwyla Folks. Brentano's.

Merrick, Leonard. The Worldlings. Introduction by Neil Munro. Dutton. $2.00 net.

Zamacois, Eduardo. "Their Son," "The Necklace." Translated by G. A. England. Boni & Liveright. $1.25.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Hadley, A. T. The Moral Basis of Democracy. Yale. $1.75 net.

Morris, R. T. The Way Out of War. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Spargo, John. The Psychology of Bolshevism. Harper. $1.35 net.

LITERATURE

Goldberg, Isaac. Studies in Spanish-American Literature. Introduction by J. D. M. Ford. Brentano's.

Magnus, Laurie. European Literature in the Centuries of Romance. Dutton. $7 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Herford, Oliver. The Giddy Globe. Doran.

MUSIC

Hobbe, Gustav. The Complete Opera Book. Putnam.

Krehbiel, H. E. More Chapters of Opera. Holt. $3.50 net.

Newman, Ernest. A Musical Motley. Lane. $1.50 net.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Brady, E. J. The House of the Winds. Dodd, Mead.

Cabot, Elise Pumpelly. Arizona, and Other Poems. Dutton. $2 net.

Mann, D. L. An Acreage of Lyric. Boston: Cornhill Pub. Co. $1.25.

More, Brookes. The Lover's Rosary. Boston: Cornhill Pub. Co. $1.25.

Smith, Mrs. L. W. The Lamp of Heaven. Boston. Four Seas Co.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Jackson, H. E. The Community Church. Houghton Mifflin.

Singer, Ignatius. The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul. Open Court Publishing Company.

SCIENCE

Fabre, J. H. The Glow-Worm. Dodd, Mead. $1.75 net.

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WHAT answer the Navy Department will make to Admiral Sims's charges, it is entirely too early to forecast. But it is of the first importance that the public should understand from the start the exact character of the simplest of those charges, and the one that has attracted the greatest amount of attention. Admiral Sims does not say, as many of the newspaper defenses of the Navy Department represent, that the Department was half-hearted in its conduct of operations throughout the war. So far as this aspect of the matter is concerned, the stress is all on *delay*—on the precious time that was lost in the early period of the war. Admiral Sims's express statement on the point is as follows:

> 13. For some reason, which has never been explained, the Navy Department, *during the first six months of the war,* failed to put into actual practice a whole-hearted policy of coöperation with the Allies—a policy required for the winning of the war with the least possible delay. (The italics are ours.)

It is no answer to this charge, nor to the detailed statements to similar effect, that we did ultimately do splendid service in coöperation with the British Navy. Still less does Secretary Daniels's own statement, in rebuttal of Admiral Sims, that the primary duty of the American Navy was to safeguard the transports that carried our boys overseas have any bearing upon this issue. We did not begin to transport troops in any considerable numbers until long after the period during which the half-heartedness of which Admiral Sims so bitterly complains was exhibited. The Navy Department should have, and will have, a fair hearing for its side of the case. But it must meet specific allegations with specific facts. We all know that the war was won, and that the American Navy played a great part in winning it. But the facts of 1917 must stand on their own bottom, and can not be shut out from view by merely pointing to the victory of 1918.

"IF the Senate ratifies the treaty, subject to the proposed reservations," says the *New Republic*, "he [President Wilson] will not have accomplished any of the constructive political objects which he sought to accomplish when he proposed the entrance of this country into the war." Whatever objects Mr. Wilson may, in his own mind, have "sought to accomplish," he did not "propose" them to the Congress or to the people of the United States. The clear implication of the *New Republic's* statement is that unless these "constructive political objects" were to be the sure result of the war, we were not justified in standing with the other free peoples of the world in their resistance to the German militarist autocracy, even after the outrages committed by it upon our own rights had passed the limits of endurance. That this is the real mental attitude of the semi-Bolshevist intellectual coterie in this country, there is abundant reason to believe; but they are very careful to avoid any frank expression of it.

SPEAKER Sweet has not mended his case by the announcement that he is going to rest it on specific facts which are said to have been discovered in relation to the personal conduct of the five Socialist Assemblymen. When he summoned them to the bar of the House and asked for their immediate suspension, he put the proposal on no such grounds. If he had done so, everybody would at once have seen the impropriety of passing sentence of suspension before the facts were investigated. If he has a good case, he has horribly muddled it; and whether he has a good case or not, he has done the Socialist cause a service which only the prompt and sincere repudiation of his position by leading citizens, by public organizations, and by the press, has prevented from being of the most signal advantage to it.

NOT a campaign of education, but what is much better, a natural process of education, is what the American people are in these days going through upon the subject of free speech. During a number of years past—for the period dates far back of the war—the issue has been clouded by irrelevancies. Many good people were stirred up to indignation over supposed violations of the right of free speech which were really nothing more than the assertion of common sense and decency as against obstreperous antics. On the other hand, many were so incensed by the Bouck White type of thing that they thoughtlessly went to extremes in the

advocacy of repression. The case of the Rev. Percy Grant is one of the things that should help to clarify general thought on the question. To interfere with his freedom to say what he thinks about the deportations, or about socialism, would be an outrage, and we believe that nearly all men of sense recognize this, or will soon recognize it. Upon those who do not, it is extremely desirable to impress a realization of the stupidity of any such suppression from the standpoint of policy. It is not only that such persecution breeds a hundred advovates to one that it suppresses; the worst of it is that once it becomes understood that radical clergymen will be gagged, the value of what conservative clergymen may say will be reduced to very near zero.

IT was not surprising that Mayor Hylan should start the sale of "bonds" to finance the propaganda of the "Irish Republic" by officially admitting De Valera to the freedom of the city. It was only natural that Assemblyman Edward J. Flynn should introduce a resolution at Albany indorsing the sale of these "bonds." But that the Assembly should actually pass that resolution, as it promptly proceeded to do, will be a shock to citizens who have thought of that body as, on the whole, possessing in a fair degree the sense of official responsibility.

IN a letter sent to Lord Curzon, the two representatives of the Sinn Feiners at Paris denounced the League of Nations as "a monument of English hypocrisy, entombing the liberties of millions of men in Ireland, Egypt, Dutch South Africa, Persia, India, and the Far East." However that may be, these British tombs can not be so bad as the catacombs of ancient Rome. There is no subterranean wail in the voice of General Jannie Smuts, and whenever he raises it in his South African grave it sounds much more like a message from Sir Robert Cecil than an echo of the sentiments of De Valera. The other millions entombed to which the letter refers are the same that are promised excavation by the heralds of Bolshevism. Sinn Fein is one of the many forces, now astir all over the world, that work indirectly for the spread of that plague by its agitation against the chief hygienic organization, the British Empire.

THE Zionist organization of America is planning a campaign to raise $10,000,000 for immediate work in Palestine. Land for the new immigrants will have to be purchased, and be made habitable by the development on a large scale of natural resources. Work already in progress in Palestine must be maintained and developed, such as the Hebrew educational system, public welfare work, extermination of malaria, and improvement of housing conditions. Funds are also needed for the work which is being done for Palestine in the United States. The organization does not limit its appeal to Jews only, and it is justified in trusting to a generous response from outside by the fact that among the members of the National Advisory Committee of the Palestine Restoration Fund are some of the leading Christians of the land.

STRANGE news it is which the Vienna correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* has reported to his paper. If we are to believe him, an offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between Austria and Czecho-Slovakia. There is at this moment only one enemy that jeopardizes the very existence of the Austrian people, and the only way effectively to fight that enemy is by an *economic* union with Czecho-Slovakia. The visit of Mr. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister, to Paris, just a month ago, coinciding with Dr. Renner's presence at the French capital, and the latter's subsequent departure for Prague, were generally believed to prognosticate an understanding between the two republics, under which Czecho-Slovakia would come to the economic rescue of starving Austria. But we fail to see why a military alliance should be contemplated by a country that is in danger of soon having not a soldier left physically fit for service, nor a child alive for whose sake it needs to be saved.

GOVERNMENT by the people is progressing. The New York *Tribune* offers an opportunity to the plainest citizen to help write the Republican platform, and holds out as a further inducement the offer of varying quantities of perfectly good 48-cent dollars to be awarded to those who submit the best planks. The project is wholly commendable. Even if the platform resulting from this sort of communal composition is not the one that is finally adopted, it cannot fail to have its influence. But its chief value appears in the probable effect on the amateur plank-makers themselves. They must sharpen their wits as well as their pens against a time, soon to come, when no citizen unfurnished with his plank can venture out without risk of ostracism.

WITH a Presidential election in the offing, one of the things we ought to be thinking about is public economy. And the thing that would enable us to think clearly about it is a budget system, for it would give us, for the first time, an accurate picture of what the Government was trying to do with our money.

When you take out of productive industry some $5,000,000,000 a year in taxes, everybody is hit. The big man and the little man have to help pay the bill. Now, so far as any portion of this $5,000,000,000 represents wasted effort, duplication or overlapping of endeavor, or unwise ventures on the part of the Government, a budget system will at least uncover the facts.

What we want is a business system in Washington. Unless all present signs fail, the Select Committee on the Budget of the Senate will pass a bill which will go to conference. The result of that conference will probably be a compromise bill which will set up a fairly good budget system. It will not provide for a complete system, for that will come only after our people are sufficiently aroused to demand the necessary reforms in the rules of Conrgess. When high-minded, public-spirited men like Taft, Butler, and scores of others, go to Washington to add the weight of

their judgment and experience in favor of establishing a sound budget system, the least the individual citizen can do is to tell his representatives in Congress to push through now real budgetary reforms.

THERE are books enough. How to get them distributed is the problem—how to get them into hands that grope blindly for them and in vain, hands that have never yet sensed the comfortable heft of a book. The war taught us that we were not so literate a people as we thought we were. But the war also brought literature to many who had been deprived of it. America was equal to the occasion, and the soldier and the sailor were liberally furnished with books. America's four million in arms read greedily; read for entertainment, finding relief from dull routine and relaxation after strenuous endeavor; read, too, for instruction in the highly technical matter in which they were suddenly called upon to excel. Most of them are once more plain citizens. But they do not propose to do without the pleasure and utility of books.

OF the many forms of energy that were organized for war purposes none has a fairer field in time of peace, a clearer call to continue its work, than the American Library Association. If it was the generosity of the American people that provided the funds, it was the A. L. A. that got the books into the hands of the boys. This group of some few thousand organized librarians has, now that the war is over, vast stores of books on hand; and, more than that, it has some very definite notions of what to do with them, and an organization to carry out their plans. The wiser use of our growing flood of books and journals, and the wider spread of good books and journals, is the gist of the programme it has set before itself.

It proposes to keep the navy and the merchant marine supplied with books. In the Coast Guard and Lighthouse service there are some 9,000 men to whom books spell all the difference between life and mere dull existence. There are service men still in hospitals, or taking the first halting steps in civil life, to whom books are bread and more than bread. There is the blinded veteran with his delicate exploring finger, who if he can get the right sort of books can recover some great part of the light that has been lost to him. So much is largely a continuation of the A. L. A.'s war work. There are to be met, besides, the conditions which sent so many illiterates before the Draft Boards. There are rural and mountain communities, logging camps and mining camps, oil towns, industrial plants, which through their country libraries and other agencies can be furnished with the books they so desperately need. The enlarged programme of the A. L. A. deserves the same hearty support that it received in war-time.

IT is to be hoped that the Federal Prohibition commissars will go about the stern business of administering the law without adding to its horrors by expatiating on the ethical aspects of the matter. Said one of them the other night, addressing a huge assemblage of clergymen: "The passions, the appetites, and the desires of men made it necessary for the promulgation of the Ten Commandments." No doubt if our Prohibition friends had been present when that desirable piece of legislation was promulgated they would have seen to it that it was accompanied by an adequate enforcement act. As it is, for a good deal more than half of the Ten Commandments there is now no external compulsion whatever. "Yet," as the commissar says, "they still stand and are obeyed by the great mass of the American people." Temperance, which is the only ethical aspect of prohibition, has also been held a cardinal virtue, and its obverse, gluttony, a deadly sin. For most people the one has not been perhaps the most difficult of the virtues nor the other the most tempting of vices. But with our new idea of "making it easy to be good" we may end by making it so darned easy to be good that nobody will take any interest in it.

The World's Economic Restoration

IN line with efforts that have been made, from time to time, for many months past, but more impressive than any that has preceded it, is the statement and appeal issued last week by eminent public men and financiers of the United States, Great Britain, and the neutral nations of Europe. It recommends, so far as this country is concerned,

> that the Chamber of Commerce of the United States designate representatives of commerce and finance to meet forthwith (the matter being of the greatest urgency) with those of other countries chiefly concerned, which should include the United Kingdom and the British dominions, France, Belgium, Italy, Japan, Germany, Austria, the neutral countries of Europe, the United States and the chief exporting countries of South America, for the purpose of examining the situation briefly set forth below and to recommend upon the basis of authentic information what action in the various countries is advisable among the peoples interested in reviving and maintaining international commerce.

The statement which accompanies this recommendation does more than merely "set forth the situation." It points out the defects of policy which must be removed, as a condition precedent to the possibility of any remedy; and, while not going into details, it lays down the principles which should guide remedial effort when that condition has been fulfilled.

In the very first line the memorandum justly places the disorganization of the monetary medium. The memorandum opens with these words:

> The war has left to conqueror and conquered alike the problem of finding means effectively to arrest and counteract the continuous growth in the volume of outstanding money and of Government obligations and its concomitant, the constant increase of prices.

Unless this process is stopped, "the depreciation of money, it is to be feared, will continue, wiping out the savings of the past and leading to a gradual but persistent spreading of bankruptcy and anarchy in Europe." Before a country can be brought within the scope of any large scheme for the supply of credit, it must "bring its current expenditure within the compass of its receipts from taxation and other regular income." So far as Germany and Austria are concerned, it will be the duty of their conquerors to see to it that this condition shall not be made impossible

of fulfillment by the burden of the indemnity. They must be required to do all that the most drastic practicable taxation can effect; but to press them to the point of insolvency, or of a disastrous lowering of the standard of living, would be ruinous to conquerors as well as conquered.

With these necessary conditions supposed to be fulfilled, the memorandum sets forth the general character of the international coöperation through which the supply of the necessary credits may be obtained. It must come chiefly from "those countries where the trade balance and the exchanges are favorable"; it must be furnished only "so far as it is absolutely necessary to restore productive processes," and thus not obviate the necessity of those efforts and sacrifices on the part of the people of the borrowing country which are essential to the restoration of equilibrium; so far as possible, the assistance should leave "national and international trade free from the restrictive control of governments"; the loans offered to the public should be on such terms as to "attract the real savings of the individual, otherwise inflation [in the lending country] would be increased"; and the borrowing country must give such preferred standing, and such guarantees, to the loans as will provide the best available security.

In all this, there is nothing novel; but the circumstance that it accords with the views previously expressed by so many leading financiers and publicists does not detract from its value. The importance of the proposal arises, indeed, from the fact that, backed by the weight of its signers, and coming at a time when all the world is ready to recognize the urgency of the need, it is to be hoped that the appeal will result in accomplishing at last that concerted action which individual exhortations to the same effect have failed to bring about. By far the largest share in the great work of financial and industrial restoration of Europe must fall upon the United States, and the one thing needful is that a plan shall be matured which will draw out for the purpose the enormous, the incomparable, resources of our country. That this should be done by voluntary investment, and not by governmental benevolence, is essential to sound progress; and in order to draw out that investment, it is necessary that a plan for establishing credits upon a solid basis, and directing the credits to the right ends, shall be formulated.

While it is with the restoration of normal conditions in Europe that the memorandum is concerned, it would be well for us to take to ourselves one very important part of its message. "The continuous growth of outstanding money and of Government obligations, and its concomitant, the constant increase of prices," is a phenomenon which has been just as manifest in this country as in Europe. It is a thousand pities that, six months ago, when the Government first turned its attention to the general question of high prices—or "high cost of living"—it directed public interest to matters which, in this respect, are of quite negligible magnitude, instead of clearly recognizing the dominant part which expansion of the monetary medium—both by bank credits and by the actual issue of circulating notes—has played in the raising of the price-level. If "profiteering," and hoarding by speculators, have been anything more than mere natural accompaniments of a rise of prices which would have taken place just the same in their absence, they have at most been factors of utterly insignificant importance. Slack production has, of course, contributed a large share, but even that has been a minor cause in comparison with the expansion of the monetary medium.

One reason for the failure to appreciate the truth of this matter has been the extremely unusual relation between the state of the currency in our own country and the value of gold. In ordinary times, any expansion in the volume of the monetary medium in our country, beyond the increase in the volume of its productive activity, would tend to drive gold out of the country, and this would check or prevent the rise of prices that the expansion would otherwise produce. There might be a considerable temporary disturbance, but the level of prices would not be permanently raised, except to the extent that the entire level of prices in the gold-standard world was raised, which would be no great matter. But in these times we are ourselves the only one of the great commercial nations of the world that maintains the gold standard; no common level of gold prices is maintained between the United States and England or France, because prices in England and France are not gold prices. It is upon our own domestic policy—not exclusively, but almost exclusively—that the purchasing power of the dollar depends. If we flood the country with dollars, we raise the level of prices, and there is in our relations with foreign countries little to counteract the effect. The policy of restriction of credits upon which the Federal Reserve Board recently entered is usually thought of as merely a means of checking speculation; but to the public its effect upon the general level of commodity-prices is of incomparably greater importance. If this were generally recognized, more vigorous prosecution of that policy—a policy of contraction, to be sure, which is always fraught with trouble and has unavoidable drawbacks—would be demanded by public opinion.

The New Policy Toward Russia

A CERTAIN brilliant and resourceful, if not entirely practical, professor at one of our Eastern universities was about to close his house for the summer. Warned by his wife to safeguard against mice some cases of personal effects stored in the attic, he took somewhat original measures which he described to his friends naïvely and with great satisfaction "I purchased several pounds of cheese, cut it into small pieces, and spread it over the floor. Of course no intelligent and self-respecting mouse will attack the cases in preference to this dainty food." Similar considerations seem to have actuated Mr. Lloyd George in the formulation of the new Russian policy that has just been an-

nounced by the Supreme Council at Paris. It remains to be seen whether as a result the Bolsheviki will be dissuaded from continuing their campaign against Persia, Afghanistan, and India, the menace of which is uppermost in British minds to-day.

The announcement is typically Lloyd-Georgian, and is primarily intended to meet domestic political conditions in England. No one knows better than the Welshman the incongruity of proposing to deal through the Russian Coöperatives and at the same time to maintain the attitude of uncompromising hostility to the Bolshevik power. But by proclaiming both these policies at the same time, he hopes to mollify the radical labor element with a promise of lifting the blockade, and reassure the more stable elements that realize the militant danger of Bolshevism in arms.

The lifting of the blockade was, however, well-nigh unavoidable. As we pointed out two weeks ago, the blockade of Soviet Russia had a reasonable basis only as auxiliary to a general support of the loyal and patriotic forces in Russia in their struggle to overthrow the Bolshevik tyranny. Such aid was never given in season or in adequate measure, and the national movements collapsed. Now, to be sure, the Bolsheviki are at war with the civilized governments of the world. Some of the methods by which they carry on this warfare are clearly set forth in an article in our present issue. Besides this, the Bolsheviki have in the field a large army which presents a definite military threat to Europe. A continuance of the blockade would be morally justifiable; the question is whether it is calculated to attain the desired end.

The blockade never starved the women and children of Russia. Starvation in the cities of Russia was due to the incompetence, graft, and crazy economic experiments of the Bolsheviki themselves, as Mr. Hoover, with his customary clearness and economic insight, has shown. Why this is so is evident. The peasants in the country have food, but not for the cities. The Bolsheviki, having told the peasants to seize all the land, proceeded to socialize it and proposed to take for the state all food-stocks that exceeded thirty pounds per month per capita. Then they tried to buy the grain with worthless paper money. They had no manufactured goods to exchange for it, since they had destroyed industrial production. So they turned to forced requisitions, which Red Guards carried out with ruthless brutality. But even when they procured food in these raids, it could not be brought to the cities in adequate quantities, for the transportation systems had broken down and they were incompetent to put them in order. Turn over the management of the railroads entering New York to a committee of soap-box orators and I. W. W., and see what would happen to our food supply.

The lifting of the blockade will not save the people of Russia from starving, but, as Mr. Hoover wisely observes, it will expose to all the world the failure of the Bolshevik theory and practice. "The greatest blow they can receive," he says, "is to have such an exposure of the complete foolishness of their industrial system to their people. Moreover, a lifting of the blockade will allow the real truth of the horror of Bolshevik rule to come out of Russia." The blockade has furnished most potent propaganda material to the Bolsheviki and their sympathizers, for they have been wont to allege that but for this their communistic experiments would have succeeded.

In its announcement of the lifting of the blockade, the Supreme Council displays neither cleverness nor wisdom. Among the Bolsheviki it can not but cause contemptuous amusement. It proposes to give import facilities to the Russian Coöperative organizations while maintaining its previous policies toward the Soviet Government! Do the Allied statesmen take the Bolshevik leaders for children when they propose thus openly a measure avowedly directed toward undermining them at home? Do they think for a moment that Lenin and Trotsky would permit this trading to take place independently of their control or fail to turn it to their own political advantage? If so, they utterly misunderstand the internal conditions in Russia and underestimate the shrewdness of the Commissars—who, incidentally, have outplayed them at almost every point.

The Coöperative referred to in the announcement is of course the Central Union of Consumers' Coöperatives, whose existence under the Soviet régime was full of vicissitudes. These Coöperatives flourished exceedingly during the war, when prices of their stocks mounted skyward and private means of distribution fell down. Because of its large and widespread membership, the Bolsheviki did not dare lay hands on the Coöperative system at first, but after they had consolidated their power they undertook to legislate it out of existence by nationalizing all domestic trade. As usual their crazy experiment failed, and they had to fall back upon the Coöperatives. This time, however, they seized the Moscow Narodny Bank, the bank of the Coöperatives, and made it a branch of their State Bank, and proceeded to issue decrees concerning membership and management of the Coöperatives. The country units have managed to retain some slight vestige of their former independence, but the Coöperatives of the cities lost all freedom of action. The Coöperatives of each province are largely under the control of the provincial Commissars.

To trade with the Coöperatives today, as proposed in the announcement of the Supreme Council, is to deal with the Soviet Government. In any case, goods can only be transported by the Bolsheviki on their railroads, and in practice it will be the Soviet that will buy goods and then trade them to the peasants in return for food for the cities. It is the Soviet alone that can deliver gold or raw materials for export. Possibly the fact that these goods will have been stolen or confiscated from private owners may seem like an unimportant technicality to the covetous foreigner. The gold reserve of Rumania, amounting to $125,000,000, was removed to Moscow for safekeeping when the Germans occupied Bucharest, and besides this the Bolsheviki have in their possession com-

paratively little, consisting of their plunder from banks and individuals. If this gold is accepted by foreign merchants, a serious international question will be raised, to say nothing of the fact that it means recognition of the Bolshevik Government.

It may well happen that in spite of the temporary political and material service that the lifting of the blockade may render to the Soviet Government, its deeper effect will be to strengthen the forces in Russia that are making for its overthrow from within. Certainly the opening up of Russia to the outside world must in a large measure put an end to the horrible methods of terror by which that Government has maintained its savage rule, and once this terror is relaxed, there will be an overwhelming demand for deliverance from its authors.

Finally it must be borne in mind that the military menace of the Red armies is still with us. A peace with the Bolsheviki is for them but a breathing space in which to carry on their propaganda the more intensively. For them to stand still or compromise is to be lost. To counter their propaganda, we are as children, with our deportations and anti-radical legislation; they can give us big odds and win with ease. Only the hard facts of experience will open the eyes of their dupes. Just now the gravest danger is that a military struggle against them may be translated into a war against Russia, uniting all the Russian national elements and forces against the world.

If such a climax should crown the past two years of blunders in policy, then will Allied diplomacy indeed be bankrupt. To avert such a catastrophe a positive, unequivocal policy must be stated. It must be made clear to the Russian people that while the Allied and Associated nations are uncompromising enemies of Bolshevism, they will welcome every opportunity to aid Russia materially; that they contemplate no policy that means its dismemberment; and that they look forward to hearty coöperation with the Russian nation when it shall have thrown off the incubus of the Bolshevist despotism.

Admiral Sims's Memorandum

A "MEMO" is the simplest and most informal type of military letter. It is usually informational and needs no answer. Admiral Sims's "Memo" on "Certain Naval Lessons of the Great War" occupies five columns of print, every word of which is of import to every American. It is the duty of Congress to force the most explicit answers to the questions raised in this most important document. Although Admiral Sims reveals the fact that he was constantly hampered in his work as high naval commander abroad, inadequately supported, disregarded, unfairly distrusted, there is no trace of personal resentment in his indictment of our naval administration. He writes with dignity, detachment, and authority. Expressions of opinion are as few as they are weighty. The emphasis is on facts.

Late in March, 1917, with war not yet declared but certain, Admiral Sims was sent to England incognito with a single aide. In lieu of the customary written orders, he received instructions which are described by him as follows:

> Brief orders were delivered to me verbally in Washington. No formal instructions or statement of the Navy Department's plans or policy were received at that time, though I received the following explicit admonition:
> "Don't let the British pull the wool over your eyes. It is none of our business pulling their chestnuts out of the fire. We would as soon fight the British as the Germans."

On arriving in England, Admiral Sims found that the submarines were in a way to starve out England inside the year. Accordingly he recommended an immediate concentration of all available fighting forces in the real theatre of the naval war. The Navy Department promised four destroyers. Admiral Sims appealed to Ambassador Page, and the number was raised to sixteen. In April, 1917, the British Admiralty requested that the American fighting fleet should guard the English Channel. Transmitted to Washington by Admiral Sims, the request never received the courtesy of a reply. Meanwhile our battle fleet, though ready for action, was performing no military service of any sort. In July, 1917, Admiral Sims recommended that four coal-burning battleships should be assigned to the British great fleet. This modest request was honored only in November, after Admiral Benson had verified in England the information he had possessed for many months through Admiral Sims. Soon after his arrival Admiral Sims requested that all available tugs be sent over. They were wanted to salvage ships which the submarines had crippled without sinking. None were sent, though at the time dozens of Navy tugs were tied up idly at the wharves of Norfolk, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Newport, and Boston.

From this state of things two inferences are to be drawn. First, that the Department grudged a whole-hearted and effective aid in the war, adhering still to the hope of "peace without victory;" next, that there was no strategic plan at Washington, but merely a welter of smaller purposes. For three years of world-wide warfare, and with constant dangerous friction with Germany, President Wilson and his war lords held to the theory that our national policy was to set a good example to the world by neglecting our obvious military interests. The result was that in the hurry of belated preparation, two lives were lost where one would have sufficed, two men were wounded where one would have sufficed, and more than two dollars were spent where one would have sufficed. With the ultimate value to humanity of a policy not without its own idealism history must some day reckon. Its immediate and practical result may be simply expressed in the form of a commercial statement:

> WILSON, BAKER & DANIELS, LTD.
> In Ac. with the American People.
> Credit:—By any moral good accomplished by neglecting a reasonable military preparedness in 1915-16.
> Debit:—To 35,000 Americans killed unnecessarily.
> To 160,000 Americans wounded unnecessarily.
> To $10,000,000,000 spent unnecessarily.

However this account be balanced, the Navy merely suffered with the rest. Its case was not special. Admiral Sims in noting the vacillation and absence of naval counsels at Washington is not indulging in retro-

spective recriminations, nor are we. He is pointing a solemn lesson for future use.

So far Admiral Sims's letter merely gives a new emphasis to familiar facts. There is another and more startling side to his revelations which no loyal American can consider without a sense of shame. It appears that having appointed him to high command, the powers-that-be regretted their action. Not daring to take the straightforward course of relieving him, they attempted to make his position impossible and force him out. In so doing they imperilled the efficiency of our naval effort abroad. Sustained by a high sense of duty, he achieved the impossible—stuck to his post, and, under heavy disadvantages, did his work. This is our allegation, not his, but the facts are plainly to be read between the lines. Let us consider the bare facts.

In April, 1917, Admiral Sims was ordered abroad with a staff of one aide. Repeated requests for a suitable administrative staff were refused on the ground that no officers were available. Meanwhile competent and willing officers were on fifty idle ships. In July, now Commander in Chief for the European campaign, and his aide exhausted, he was allotted three officers. Such a staff the young lieutenants commanding at sub-bases like Block Island, New Bedford, and Nantucket were allowed for their flotillas of half a dozen patrol boats. In vain Admiral Sims requested the staff customarily allowed to the commander of a squadron of destroyers. Facing administrative disaster, he finally adopted the desperate but only expedient of recruiting his staff by depleting his line. Eventually he thus combed out of his ships two hundred officers with a thousand enlisted men and civilians. Meanwhile his destroyers and scout patrol boats sailed their arduous stations short-handed. To make matters more difficult, he was denied the usual right of enlisting competent Americans abroad and of awarding temporary promotion to his own officers. As an additional humiliation, he was not permitted to select his personal aides. Among the British and in his own command his authority was by so much diminished.

From these deplorable but necessary exposures the accomplishment of the professional Navy emerges in a brighter light. In spite of certain incompetence and probable malice at Washington, it splendidly did its task. That so perilous and discreditable a chapter should not be repeated is Admiral Sims's chief concern. In fixing the responsibility where it belongs, between Secretary Daniels and Admiral Benson, Admiral Sims has deserved well of the Navy and the Republic. Now let the complete correspondence between Admiral Sims and his superiors be published, and let Congress fearlessly probe the whole matter to the bottom.

The Father of Victory

We sincerely regret that M. Clemenceau's exit from the political stage had its impressiveness marred by a final discomfiture to which he exposed himself by drawing a wrong conclusion from his popularity. The unexampled success which crowned his tenure of office had silenced, for the time being, his many political opponents among Roman Catholics and Radicals. The people's unanimous recognition of his great service to the country was no guarantee of as complete a consensus on his eligibility for the Presidency. Different capacities from those which made him an eminent leader in the onset towards victory are needed for the representative figure at the highest post of honor. Neither his temperament nor the power which his popularity secures him would have let him be satisfied with the mere glory of that dignity. Fear of his influence, greater than tradition has sanctioned, on the Government's conduct of affairs dictated to the majority of Senators and Deputies their adverse vote. The painful dilemma was not of their choosing. We should do them an injustice by believing their motive to have been personal enmity. They had to decide between honoring the man and serving the country, as in their eyes the two were irreconcilable. And M. Clemenceau will have been the first to admit that, such being their opinion, they chose the better of the two.

For in his long, eventful life the one motive which actuated his every word and act was France and the glory of France.. In a political atmosphere replete with self-seeking intrigue, he moved invulnerable, thanks to a proverbial integrity. "What is this talk," he said one day, "about my having overthrown so many Governments? It was always the same Government — with only different names." The paradox gives a characteristic description of the man. The Cabinets he ousted from power were all one to him in that they ruled to the detriment of France. Personal consideraions had no weight with him. Old friends lost his friendship if France was no longer served by them in the way he considered best for her. It was on M. Clemenceau's recommendation that M. Freycinet, in 1886, fixed his choice on General Boulanger for Minister of War in his Cabinet. But it was Clemenceau, again, who two years later, when the General aspired to a dictatorship, was foremost among those who opposed him, and after the sensational scene in the Chamber, in which Boulanger had called Premier Floquet "a damned liar and an impudent pedant," Clemenceau, as Floquet's witness, took his challenge to the insulter. In the same way he challenged, on behalf of France, the strong and the unscrupulous who loved her less than themselves. A disturber of peace, people called him. "Why can you not let the country rest?" he was asked by an interruption in the Chamber. "Because there is no rest for free nations," he retorted. "Rest is good for monarchies. The nation is a living organism, and life knows no rest."

His own life has been a vivid illustration of that maxim. And it seemed as if, with the increase of his years, his energy grew in intensity. The youthful élan which inspired his indomitable nature rekindled the fire of enthusiasm in whose steeling flames the country has always recovered strength to overcome its vicissitudes. By grace of that spirit in him he had become the savior of

his country. It owes him a debt of gratitude too great to be adequately expressed by its conferring on him even the highest dignity that a Frenchman can win. Ambition, "that last infirmity of noble mind," is in this man of impetuous energy a symptom only of his restlessness, which, in his own words, is life itself. Until his dying hour, to live, with him, will be to aspire. But the nation knows better than he that the highest he could aspire to is already his. History will add many more names to the list of Presidents of the French Republic, but one Frenchman only will be remembered in her record as the Father of Victory.

President Butler on the Classics

THE paragraphs of President Butler's Annual Report which deal with classical studies in Columbia University are interesting rather for certain suggestions which they convey than for their statement of facts. We are all aware, of course, that the proportion of students taking Latin and Greek under a purely elective régime is comparatively small. Our chief concern lies not with the fact, but with the underlying reason. Dr. Parkin, in discussing the Rhodes Scholarships, has pointed out that the surprisingly high ratio of failures on the part of American students to pass the Oxford University entrance tests holds good for the more modern subjects as well as for the classical languages. "May it not be true," Dr. Butler asks, "that the American student resents the demand for the close and long-continued application necessary to an accurate knowledge of any difficult subject?"

In the matter of the classics, it is a fair question how far the responsibility for numerical loss rests primarily with the student. In a country town in the Middle West, a few years ago, the study of Latin was saved, against an iconoclastic superintendent, by the insistent demand of boys and girls determined to study it. A few years ago a State Normal College west of the Alleghenies had a strong department of Greek, wholly on the elective basis, and the Greek play which it presented each year was one of the most distinguished events of the college calendar. The department died, not from loss of interest, but by peremptory edict of a new President who, during the summer vacation, before he had ever met the college in session, countermanded the order for Greek text-books and announced that the study would be dropped, as "unpractical." On the other hand, from within a few miles of Columbia University comes the report that a class in Greek has been organized in a New Jersey high school, at the urgent request of students desiring to enroll. Opposition to classical study *in the public schools* comes far more from educational theorists than from pupils, or parents, in search of the "practical."

Fought by "modernists" on every hand, and a requirement for graduation almost nowhere, Latin still has a very strong hold in the high schools in all parts of the country. If a fair proportion of students who have carried it successfully through the usual four preparatory years were to continue it in college, there would be no talk of the decadence of Latin. In view of this fact, it may be questioned whether any great share of the loss that occurs just at the point of entrance to college is due, as President Butler suggests, to an aversion of the American student to "the close and long-continued application necessary to an accurate knowledge of any difficult subject." Something must be granted to this influence, no doubt, nor can an unrestricted elective system ever free itself from the charge of encouraging such an aversion. But there are other influences at work which tend to deprive classical studies of an even chance in the mind of a freshman making up his schedule. Thus the faculty representatives of the newer subjects, as Dr. Butler says, often insist on programmes which make it difficult for the student to take an extended course in classical studies.

President Butler makes it evident that his own desire is for the building up and continued maintenance of strong departments of Greek and Latin in Columbia. Towards that end he suggests an increased striving on the part of teachers for a readier power of sight translation; the bringing of the student more closely into touch with ancient ideas and ideals; political, moral, and social relationships; and the development of courses having to do with Greek and Roman customs, and Greek and Roman art, architecture, etc. Friends of broad educational ideals will hope that this declaration of interest will be followed by a duly liberal financial policy in providing the material equipment required to carry out, with the fullest degree of success, the improvements in method suggested in this report.

Dr. Butler quotes and accepts Gilbert Murray's statement that the study of the present alone isolates, while the study of far distant times, if they be really great, sets the student free. In every specialist walk of life, there are men to-day of the highest competence and reputation who do not hesitate to assert that their calling is suffering from the failure of its devotees to broaden their mental vision, and their range of human interest, by studies of this kind. "I am going to be a scientist, and therefore will not elect any studies in the classical departments," is a very general attitude of mind among incoming freshmen to-day. "My life as a scientist will necessarily tend to narrow my range of interests unduly, and therefore I will guard against the danger in advance by including a fair amount of the study of the great civilizations of the past in my course," would represent a far more promising state of mind.

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Moscow's Campaign of Poison

A FEW months ago the Executive Committee of the Bolshevik Government in Moscow sent to its agents everywhere abroad a confidential circular of which the following is a translation:

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

The revolutionary work of the Communist Party.

The work of Bolshevist organizations in foreign countries is regulated as follows:

1. In the domain of international relations.

(a) Assist all chauvinistic measures and foster all international discords.

(b) Stir up agitation that may serve to bring on industrial conflict.

(c) Try to assassinate the representatives of foreign countries.

(Thanks to these methods interior discords and coups d'état will occur, such agitation working to the advantage of the Social Democratic party.)

2. In the domain of internal politics.

(a) Compromise by every possible means the influential men of the country; attack people in office; stir up anti-governmental agitation.

(b) Instigate general and particular strikes; injure machinery and boilers in factories; spread propaganda literature.

(Thanks to these methods destruction of governments and the seizure of power will be facilitated.)

3. In the economic sphere.

(a) Induce and sustain railroad strikes; destroy bridges and tracks; do everything possible to disorganize transport.

(b) Interfere with and prevent if possible the transport of food supplies into the cities; provoke financial troubles; flood the markets with counterfeit banknotes; appoint everywhere special committees for this work.

(In this way total economic disorganization will bring its inevitable catastrophe and the resulting revolution against the government will have the sympathy of the masses.)

4. In the military sphere.

(a) Carry on intensive propaganda among the troops. Cause misunderstandings between officers and soldiers. Incite the soldiers to assassination of the higher officers.

(b) Blow up arsenals, bridges, tracks, powder-magazines. Prevent the delivery of supplies of raw material to factories and mills.

(Thus the complete destruction of the army will be accomplished and the soldiers will adopt the programme of the social democratic workers.)

A later circular issued as Campaign Order No. 4, again for secret distribution in foreign countries, defines the methods to be pursued among the agricultural classes. "It is necessary to find out everything possible about the living conditions of the farmers; it is urgently necessary to know all those who are in debt or find difficult the payment of their rent. It is important to assist them, discreetly and prudently, and at the same time to explain to them that only revolution will put them on their feet. In this work, as in all others, it is necessary to work principally on the feelings of the women, and beyond this conversations should be carried on principally with young people, who are more susceptible to revolutionary influences."

These are merely samples of the secret orders that flow out from the poison spring in Moscow. It takes no very careful study of them to see that they represent no "great constructive force," as is claimed by our American parlor bolshevists. It is clear that their authors care nothing for the interests of the proletariat, as is urged by certain sentimental American paper-radicals and by the still undeported representative of Lenin in New York. Ideas such as these orders contain are brutal and brutalizing; they are false and propagate falsehood; they point to suffering and misery as an end to be sought. They are purely destructive in intent and give not even a hint of a constructive future. Tear down; destroy; create economic chaos; cause famine and cold; kill your fellow men—and to what end? To bring about revolution! But surely modern man has sufficient mental and moral stature to realize that revolution is not an end to be desired; that it is endurable only as a last resort to secure a great gain to civilization which is not otherwise obtainable. The danger of these circulars is that they are not intended to fall into the hands of those who have attained well-balanced mental and moral growth. They are not intended to educate the masses or to be read by the intellectual, but to instruct the dark and secret agents of destruction, all of them queerly abnormal people who have their prototypes in Russia—Lenin, a great force, an idealist who can not understand that ideals can be realized only through imperfect human agents and that realization before humanity is perfect must destroy their original purity, a man with a vision that reality has dimmed and necessity brutalized; Chicherin, a man of the upper classes, who has twice been confined in an insane asylum, who is incapable of thinking straight; Trotsky, intellectually powerful along the narrow path of his enthusiasm, morally a monster; Zinoviev, a man of little mental and no moral capacity, but with an enthusiasm that borders on madness and that makes his commonplace words flame; and the others, inevitably most numerous, who may better be nameless, who are of varying capacity and are Bolsheviks for sordid hope of plunder or of power. Into the hands of men similar to these the instructions are carried by highly paid agents, and the instructions are passed on to the rank and file, not as they came, but in the form of specific orders to cause a strike here, to destroy there a factory, or to assassinate a man of influence and integrity. There are few crimes so dastardly that an excuse for them can not be found in some generally-worded instruction, but the character of the specific deed is usually a reflection of the personality of the agent who issues the final order.

These circulars, as has been noted above, are not in any sense propaganda. They are orders, issued to chosen individuals and not intended to be seen by others; but such orders can not be carried out in a country where the ground has not been prepared by propaganda. Even in Russia itself, where the vast proportion of the population shivers under the rule of an autocratic and bloodthirsty minority, the Bolshevist régime could not retain power if it admitted the truth. If it lies at home, why should it be truthful abroad? On November 8, Zinoviev said in a

speech in Petrograd, "The White Army was followed by an American mission which pretended to feed our children in Gatchina, but the first thing it did was to rob the orphan asylum. When Gatchina was captured a Jewish pogrom took place and the population received only a few herrings." This is a good example of Bolshevist defensive propaganda within the borders of Russia. The truth was that there was no pogrom in Gatchina and that the American Relief Administration undertook immediately, and continued until the retreat of the White Army, the daily feeding of three thousand starved children. In Russia the truth can be and is suppressed. Along the borders of Russia it can be and is partially suppressed, but this suppression becomes more difficult as operations must be carried on further from the centre. Hence, the further propaganda is carried from Moscow the more subtle it must become to be effective. Half truths and cleverly manipulated whole truths must be substituted for lies, propaganda must be attuned to the instincts, sentiments and desires of those to whom it is addressed, with the purpose of preparing as large a field as possible in which the seed of the definite orders may flourish and bear its red fruit. Propaganda in different countries, therefore, varies widely in method and arguments employed; whereas the instructions vary almost not at all.

Twice, so far, this subtly prepared propaganda has made possible the carrying out of the orders. In Hungary, which is essentially a conservative country, Bolshevist propaganda was confined almost entirely to Budapest, because only in that city was there a nucleus of industrial workers —always more accessible to any form of propaganda because concentrated —and because the capital was the heart of the country. Supplies were short and therefore the opening of an avenue to "the limitless food stocks of Russia" was harped on continuously. The Karolyi Government made just enough half-hearted reforms in land tenure and in the education of workingmen to a knowledge of their due and of their potential power, to arouse the instincts of acquisition without recompense—in plain English, "plunder"—but it was too weak to carry its reforms through to their logical conclusion. A peasant one day appeared at the ticket window of a local station and said to the ticket agent, the only visible government official, "I have come for my share." "Your share of what?" the agent demanded. "My share of the money," the peasant answered. "Is not Hungary now a republic and in a republic do not all share alike?" The communists said to this man and others like him, "If you put us in power this belief of yours will come true. We will divide among you the property of the rich." But, in spite of ignorance and hunger, the Bolsheviks could never have gained the power in Hungary had they not appealed to the strongest passion of all, the instinct of nationalism, which is really the negation of all Bolshevist principles. When bordering states encroached more and more on the boundaries defined by the terms of the armistice, and when it was clear that Karolyi could not get the expected support from the Allies, the Bolsheviks seized the Government as champions of nationalism. Bela Kun was tolerated because he promised to drive out the invaders. When he failed in this and began to preach communist doctrines, the people drove him out. This Hungarian episode is an interesting example of Bolshevist propaganda, because it succeeded by an appeal to local passions through promises that were wholly false and based on principles wholly contrary to the dogmas of communism. It proves that the means are never considered so long as they seem to make possible the carrying out of the orders.

In Bavaria, as in Hungary, Bolshevist propaganda made possible the temporary establishment of a communist Government. In Munich, as in Budapest, war-weariness and hunger prepared the ground. In Bavaria propaganda pointed to the insincerity and the failures of the German Social-Democratic Government. It played on the fact that, although the war was over, living conditions were growing worse instead of better, and insinuated that the Entente intended treacherously to destroy Germany through starvation, since it had been unable to obtain a real military decision. It again appealed to narrowly nationalistic feelings, already irritated by the obviously centralizing tendencies of Weimar, by pointing out the danger of a bitter military domination of Bavaria by Prussia, by saying that communism would mean the complete severance of Bavaria from the German realm and consequent freedom from the State's share of the German war debt. Outside of the cities no one was convinced by these arguments, and Bavaria, being more generally intelligent than Hungary and far more accessible to information from outside, tolerated its Bolshevist Government for only a few days.

In Switzerland radical propaganda has two distinct phases: that actually directed against the Federation and that sent into Switzerland or manufactured in Switzerland for purposes of foreign distribution. Except in Basel and Zurich, industrial centres, the extreme Socialist following is small and, with the restoration of something approaching normal economic conditions, it will still further decrease, unless communism should gain temporary sway in surrounding countries. The increase of the number of seats gained by the Socialists in the recent elections is not an indication of party growth but is the natural result of a change in the election laws. The Socialist party itself defeated by an overwhelming popular vote the proposal to join the Third, or Moscow, International. Among the Swiss themselves propaganda cleverly accentuates every misunderstanding between federal and cantonal authority; it aims at creating jealousies between the French, German, and Italian speaking populations of the various cantons; it suggests to the townspeople that the farmers and dairymen are withholding food, and to the countryfolk that the towns are trying to force the sale of foodstuffs at prices ruinous to the producers. All this has had little effect, however, and when orders were issued to turn

the Basel strikes into an insurrection, failure was immediate and complete. Switzerland has, on the other hand, been less successful in its endeavor to prevent the country from becoming a centre for the distribution of propaganda. In spite of drastic laws and thorough inspection at the frontiers, quantities of literature are brought in, and quantities, printed in Switzerland, are sent out into France and Italy. It is also only fair to Switzerland to admit that much literature with the imprint of Basel or Berne was actually printed in Germany. (This was recently proved in the case of a pamphlet intended to create disturbances in Alsace.)

A keener edge is put on propaganda in France by references to Germany intended to incite nationalistic feelings or to irritate by comparisons. For example, this from another order that was probably actually prepared in Germany: "It is essential to make clear to our comrades, especially to those who have had only a little instruction, that the victory of the Entente, that is, the victory of imperialism and capitalism, places the Latin worker in a position inferior to the German." It is fair to say, however, that although this sort of thing may appeal to some few people in France—and the recent elections seem to emphasize the narrowness of the appeal—the country as a whole is too well aware of the continuing German danger, too conscious that it is the negation of those principles for which France has suffered so bitterly, to be seriously affected now. Only if France should lose the cordial support of England and America, might it be willing to experiment with another revolution.

Bolshevist propaganda in Germany is exceedingly difficult to estimate. How much of this propaganda, how many of the secret orders come from Russia, and what proportion originates in the German communist party? It seems clear that the German Reds are less formally under orders from Moscow than are the Reds of the smaller adjoining countries, also that their association is more intimate. It is the expressed opinion of Moscow that Germany, in securing a Socialist Government, has progressed further than other countries, and that the benefits resulting from this modified Socialism will make the people demand more and more. Lenin knows, also, that the Germans consider themselves the "original Socialists" and that obvious interference from outside would offend their pride of proprietorship of the idea. He can, therefore, only point out that it is the Independent Socialists who hold fast to the doctrines of Marx in their pristine purity. This party was and is the hope of the Bolsheviks. Under the leadership of Hugo Haase, it proved impossible to lure the Independents as a party to the extreme left. After Haase was killed, the extremists gained control, and during its recent convention the Independent Socialist party went over bag and baggage to the communists. This action establishes in Germany a strong, recognized Bolshevist bloc, a party-grouping pledged to the Third International and having the closest affiliation with Moscow, a group believing in direct action and in the dictatorship of the proletariat on the Russian model.

The probable effect on Germany need not be discussed here except to note that the political situation becomes more explosive and that at the same time the more conservative, reconstructive parties have exchanged for a hidden and secretive foe, one who must in the future fight in the open. There is probably no formal or binding understanding between the Berlin and the Moscow Governments. When the German Government wishes to communicate with the Soviet it does so through a group of former German prisoners converted to Bolshevism and now living in Moscow. These men are a convenient medium because they have no recognized diplomatic standing and can be repudiated if need arises; but they are sufficiently official to satisfy the Soviet. Through them Lenin corresponds with the German Government, but how far that Government consciously plays into his hands and how far it is his dupe is an open question. Germany is obviously trying to steer a middle course that will leave it the friend of Russia, whatever the outcome of the Russian internal struggle. When a government is as weak as is the present German Government, a middle course is generally not actually this but rather an erratic veering from one side to the other of the stream. So the German ship of state sails in meaningless zigzags because there is no competent helmsman. Its captains —for they are many and all inefficient —publicly refused to comply with the Entente request for a blockade of Soviet Russia. At the same time they supported the formation of an Army in Courland to attack Soviet Russia and then permitted that army—stated, of course, to be insubordinate —to attack the Letts at a moment when the attack necessitated the withdrawal of Esthonian forces from the anti-Bolshevist front of Yudenitch, just when the situation was critical for the Soviet. German officers in the Ukraine assisted Petlura to attack the rear of Denikin just as Denikin was driving the Bolsheviks back on Moscow. There are two really strong groups in Germany, the reactionaries and the communists. On international policy they are at opposite poles, but so far as Russia is concerned it is often expedient for them to unite. The communists want to aid the Soviet on principle; the reactionaries are willing to aid the Soviet whenever there seems a chance that forces of law, order, and democracy, favorable to the Entente, may definitely secure peace and stability for the country. Between these two forces the German Government is helpless and bewildered. In propaganda, also, the two extremes coöperate. The communists freely receive, manufacture, and distribute their propaganda in Germany, where the reactionaries feel themselves strong enough to combat it; and the reactionaries assist the communists in their distribution of propaganda and secret orders abroad, because it is in the interest of all Germans to cause industrial unrest in foreign countries.

In the United States, as well as in Europe, this propaganda is active.

Even the orders of the Soviet reach our radical chiefs and are interpreted as seems expedient at the moment. Last summer a circular was issued giving a detailed programme of disorders in this country. A steel strike was to take place in October; this was to be followed by a coal strike in November and a sudden railroad strike in December. The circular stated frankly that this series of strikes would cause such suffering and consequent disorders that by February the country would be ripe for insurrection against a "capitalist government" unable to prevent such deplorable conditions. The circular was not dictated by Moscow, because the Russians are willing to leave details to their lieutenants, but it might well have been, because it contained nothing whatever beyond the purely destructive philosophy of the Soviet. In the way of Bolshevist propaganda the United States suffers from an influx of Russian ideas sedulously propagated by German agents. Our pro-Bolsheviks disclaim the accusation of pro-Germanism, but how many of them can be found who did not hinder recruiting, who did not condone—or deny, as being more convenient—the German atrocities in Belgium? *Vorwaerts*, the mouthpiece of the German Government, recently stated that it was important for Germany to destroy competition by creating industrial unrest abroad, "especially in England and the United States." Lenin said a few days ago that the communist system could not at this time be permanently established in a largely agricultural country like Russia, but that its real future lay in the more educated, highly industrial nations of the west. The Soviet admits that it wants peace primarily so as to be able to send its propagandists freely to all parts of the world.

We in America are too prone to sigh with relief when a few Reds are arrested, and perhaps deported, and to think that this is sufficient. A few individuals are of little enough importance in the face of a determined propaganda, carried on with Russian fanaticism and German thoroughness; a propaganda that is insidious, cleverly compounded of truth and lies, fashioned to make its special appeal wherever there is sentimentality or distress. To save itself and to save civilization the American Government must steer a firm course between reaction and capitulation. It must not be a zigzag middle course like that of the German Government, but straight, with the pilot eternally vigilant, with its route carefully charted, with its aim so clearly defined that all the people may approve and support it in every crisis.

The Bolsheviks have one great argument. It is this: "The war has cost the world over two hundred billion dollars. Perhaps five per cent. of this amount has been paid for. The rest of the war was fought on credit. It will take the world, especially the poor people of the world, a hundred years to pay off this enormous debt. This means sorrow, suffering, incessant labor. Bolshevism will wipe all debts from the slate. The world can begin afresh a new, finer life of justice." What wonder that this appeals, that there are Bolshevist agents in all lands who can elaborate these themes! And only the man who thinks on a groundwork of robust intelligence understands that the plan, if carried out, would lead the world back to the times of the cave-dwellers, that with the crash of credit would come also the crash of civilization with all that it has given us of good as well as of bad—the end of education, of art, of literature, of everything that makes life attractive to rich or poor.

I went into a bookshop the other day to get a magazine. It was one of those little highbrow bookshops that have recently sprung up in our cities, the kind that has nothing for the tired business man, that deals only in books with a moral—generally a very bad moral. I asked for the *Review*. The polished proprietor regretted that he did not keep it. He offered me the *New Republic* but I told him that I was tired of Bolshevist propaganda. He looked a little disappointed and offered me the *World Tomorrow*, a journal, as he pointed out, that is working for a Christian world. I took it because I had never heard of it. The first article I read was a defense of Bolshevism—in a journal working for a Christian world!—a defense of a system which prohibits the Bible because the Bible dares to speak of God as a being superior to man. This was a trivial thing but deeply suggestive. We Americans must defend ourselves not only against the blatant propaganda of the yellow press but against the far more insidious propaganda of the highbrow bookshop. Russian fanaticism, German thoroughness, working together, the one actuated by idealism gone stark mad, the other by selfish materialism!

EXAMINER

The Government of India Act

Now that a semblance of peace has superseded the European state of war, the attention of the world is turning towards that part of the globe the control of which was the deeper-lying cause of the conflict. Germany's support of Austria in the Balkans was dictated by the wish to secure for herself a firmly guarded corridor to Constantinople and Asia Minor through which Berlin was to launch its trains for the far-off goal: Bagdad. Once in control of that Balkan route and with Turkey reduced to a vassal state, she saw the way open, via Bagdad, into Persia and India, for German enterprise and political expansion. And while thus stretching one tentacle across Turkey and Persia towards Great Britain's Asiatic possessions, she hoped to lay another on the Netherland East Indies by forcing the kingdom of Holland to become merged in the super-state of Middle-Europe. Friedrich Naumann, in estimating the future area of that economic state, arrived at an extent of about 9.3 million square kilometres, "if we claim all European and Asiatic Turkey and venture to count in, to a, it is true, somewhat arbitrary extent, the overseas possessions of neighboring states which have not yet joined us." Thus, in the last resort, the world war was a struggle between Ger-

many and England for the economic control of India.

The danger, though averted by England's victory, has during its long imminence aggrandized another since long astir within. The intellectual élite of the native population did not withhold its support from the Government, but it reckoned on a fair return for its loyalty in extension of its share in the government of the country. The danger was not in the necessity of complying with that request, but in the unrest which insistence upon it aroused among the totally ignorant and politically immature masses, which echoed with less patience and no comprehension of the difficulties involved in the demands of their political leaders.

The Government of India Act is intended to meet these wishes for home rule. It is not extorted from the Government, as the tendency towards granting the native element political responsibility was manifest before 1914. In the Netherland East Indies, whose native population could not base its claim of self-rule on any deserving rôle played in the war, the Dutch Government has anticipated the British by the introduction of a transitional form of administration. The war has only in so far influenced the legislative procedure as it has accelerated its course.

It would require much space to give a detailed comparison of the different ways in which the British and the Netherland Governments intend to inaugurate a democratic form of colonial administration. The Dutch plan is, obviously, modelled on the parliamentary system at home; the British one has no counterpart in domestic institutions and seems an original attempt to initiate self-rule by setting up a dual form of administration, nicknamed Dyarchy by its opponents.

The Hollanders have created a People's Council (Volksraad), the majority of which is appointed by the Government, the native minority being elected by an extremely limited electorate, the members of the provincial and local councils, who themselves are mostly appointed by the Government. This "Volksraad" is one day to become the legislative power of Indonesia, but in its probation period it is entrusted with only an advisory function. It is consulted on the budget and appropriation bills, on the negotiation of loans, the imposing of military duties, and on all questions on which the Governor-General deems it desirable to hear the Council. The former, in drawing up the provisional budget, is obliged to abide by the Council's advice; it is only the Minister of Colonies and the Parliament at home which, in the last resort, may disregard it.

This primitive frame-work for the construction of a central autonomous government of the future is a copy, on a larger scale, of the provincial and local councils inaugurated in 1903 with a view to turning the provinces and the larger local communities into semi-autonomous organisms. In these, as in the Volksraad, there are appointed and elected members whose function is limited to the control of the budget and appropriations. It is in these local councils, first of all, that the native will be educated to the knowledge of political administration and a sense of his personal responsibility for the conduct of affairs which is involved in his new right to control them.

The Government of India Act, which has recently passed through the two Houses of Parliament, is a much more radical scheme in so far as it gives the native element, at the outset, an active part in the administration. It splits the Government in each province into two sections: on the one hand, the Governor with his official colleagues in executive council, on the other, the Governor with Ministers drawn from the legislative assembly. To the former will be reserved the administration of the heavier duties of the state, such as the maintenance of law and order, and those functions which require a great deal of technical knowledge from the functionaries, such as the administration of universities, industries, harbors, land revenue, forests, irrigation. To the other section will be transferred the remaining duties, such as the control of local bodies, primary education, sanitation, agriculture, excise, roads, and bridges. The Governor will be the link between the two sections of his Government, and has the difficult task devolved on him of seeing to it that the two, while each remains fully responsible within its own sphere, shall collaborate with a common purpose and an harmonious policy. After a ten years' trial, a parliamentary committee will go out to India and advise on the success of the experiment. If its report is favorable, further subjects will be transferred to Ministers. And so the process will go on until full responsible government is established, the official half of the administration disappears, and the transitional system of dualism is superseded by a unified popular administration. The Act further provides for a two-chamber system of legislature at Delhi, and abolishes the maximum of eight, and most of the statutory qualifications, for the Viceroy's executive council, with a view to a larger appointment of Indian members.

The success of these reforms depends largely on the attitude of the native intellectual leaders. On their side, there must be an earnest will and endeavor to coöperate with the European officials in the task of educating their own people to a clear sense of what this incipient measure of autonomy involves. Criticism of the new course, both in Holland and in England, is chiefly based on a disbelief in the necessary support from that side. The masses are ignorant and wholly incapable of realizing that reforms of this nature can not be brought about with the miraculous swiftness of an Arabian Night metamorphosis. Ambitious leaders can acquire an easy popularity by refusing to remind their followers of the necessity of a probation period. In both the Netherland and British Colonies there are extremists who clamor for a speedy and complete surrender of the Government to the Indians.

"Insulinde," a strong organization of radical nationalists in Java, has much in common with the left wing of the British Indian Home Rule

League, which condemned the Chelmsford-Montagu reform scheme before it could even have taken cognizance of its bearings. In the Indian National Congress held in Delhi in December, 1918, where the Extremists were all-powerful, great impatience was displayed at speeches in English, and the tone of the discussions was one of defiance. The moderates, who realize that an immediate assumption of full responsibility of government would lead to chaos, have their own organization in the National Liberal League, a political counterpart of the Javanese "Boedi Oetomo" (Noble Aspiration). But neither group has such a strong hold on the masses as have the extremists of the Home Rule League and Insulinde. Both are always more likely to veer round towards radicalism under pressure from below than the radicals are to be brought to moderation. The British Indian leaders made a move in the direction of the extremists' views when, in reply to Lord Chelmsford's statement that "we have carried the advance right up to the line beyond which our principles forbid us to go," they declared the proposed reforms to be "an irreducible minimum."

The Mohammedan population of British India, organized in the All India Moslem League, had a twofold reason for opposing the scheme. In the first place, they were afraid of Hindu domination after the reforms had been introduced, and, secondly, the "Young" Mohammedan elements saw in opposing them a welcome means of wreaking vengeance on Great Britain for the humiliation of Turkey and the Sultanate. Loyalty to the Caliph thus made them allies of the Hindu Home Rule Leaguers, the very party whose domination they feared. In the Malay Archipelago, with its preponderantly Mohammedan population, the "Sarekat Islam" (Islamic Union) is not withheld by any fear of Hinduism from giving its support, though by no means unqualified support, to the Netherland Government's reform programme. The British Colonial Government, therefore, is faced with a more difficult task, the problem how to educate the people to autonomy being crossed by the no less difficult question how to do this without sharpening religious jealousies. The distinctions of caste are an additional cause of trouble to the Government at Delhi. The Non-Brahmin Community of Southern India feared, as a consequence of the proposed reforms, a reimposition, with all its ancient weight, of the yoke of the Brahmins, whose ambitions are voiced by the Home Rule League.

These are the conflicting forces—race hatred, religious intolerance, caste antagonism—which have to be reconciled by one system of legislative reform. It is only natural that many English at home and in India, realizing that no law, however perfect, could ever successfully cope with that task, are anxiously inquiring whether the continuance of the old bureaucratic system would not have been preferable to this democratic departure, which, if it fails to answer the natives' expectations, will cause more discontent and unrest than the approved administration is responsible for. The riots of Amritsar and Ahmedabad, the culmination of a long campaign of discontent and race hatred, are ominous symptoms of what will happen if disappointed illusions should look towards Soviet Russia for their realization.

However, it would have been wrong policy, unworthy of the British Empire, either to give in to the wildest demands of native demagogues in order to take the wind out of the Bolshevist sails, or to refuse to the Moderates the inch they justly claim from a fear lest the extremists should take an ell. To admit a fear of having one's justice abused is only a confession of weakness. It requires less strength and courage to deny a just demand than, having granted it, to stem any attempt to take undue advantage of the concession. It was not fear, but rather self-reliance, which, in the course of the debate on the second reading, made Mr. Montagu, the father of the Act, tell the House of Commons that "You dare not and ought not to do less than we propose in this Bill."

A. J. Barnouw

Correspondence

What Shall We Do to Be Saved?

To the Editors of The Review:

The present political outlook is certainly not encouraging. Both of the great parties are so deficient in real leadership as to make them appear almost hopeless. All of the bungling of the party in power is met by equal, if not worse, bungling by the opposition.

Even citizens who were ardent supporters of the Democratic party are greatly dissatisfied with its conduct of affairs. It has shown great faults and shortcomings in handling larger matters, and at every point where the administration of affairs touches the individual it has been bungling and stupid beyond belief, and constantly irritating. The policy almost appears to be to make it as hard as possible for the individual to live with his Government.

If one may judge from the talk of the average man, regardless of political affiliations, the country is eagerly and impatiently awaiting the opportunity for a change. But where can we look for improvement? Certainly not to the Republican party, unless some miraculous change shall take place in its leadership, and there is at present no evidence in sight of any tendency in that direction.

Thoughtful citizens are in a great dilemma. What shall we do to be saved?

I have been able to see but one hope, and that is to nominate Herbert Hoover on an Independent ticket. Mr. Hoover, it seems to me, could unite the conscience and intelligence of the country, and could draw enough votes from both parties to be sure of an election; and, if elected, would be free to draw upon the best and most capable elements of both parties for the support of his Administration. Mr. Hoover seems to be the one man in sight who would be likely to give our present problems the sane consideration which they need; he is the one man in the public eye whose every word and act has been thoroughly sane; who commands the respect and admiration of the entire world, and who has to his credit what is perhaps the greatest piece of administrative work in history.

I was an ardent supporter of Mr. Wilson in his first campaign, and should have voted for Hughes at the last election, had his conduct during the campaign permitted it. As it was, I refrained from voting, for the first time in my life in a Presidential election.

M. L.

Philadelphia, January 16

No Pilot at the Wheel

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

For several months our country has had a chief executive in name only; is it not time that we provided ourselves with one in fact? Since the President was struck down in the early fall he has seen almost no one but his wife, his doctor, and his private secretary. We do not know the nature of his affliction. We do not know what reports of the state of the nation are made to him. But we do know beyond all doubt that the country is entering upon a critical period of its history which even threatens the stability of its form of government; the ship of state meanwhile is drifting through these perilous waters with no one at the wheel. Dr. Grayson tells us the President is progressing steadily. We all hope that he is; but let us not delude ourselves into thinking that he is likely ever to recover completely from his stroke. Rest and freedom from strain of all kinds may in time bring back the semblance of normal health, but nothing can restore the vigor of mind and body needed to meet the coming struggle. Let us consider frankly: can the Government continue much longer without a chief? I, for one, doubt it. The Constitution provides for such an emergency. Let us avail ourselves of this provision.

FRANCIS ROGERS

New York, January 6

Queries Concerning the "Social Unit"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The article "The Social Unit at Cincinnati," and your remarks thereon, are certainly thought-provoking. I find one or two matters of rather fundamental importance on which Mrs. Tiffany gives no information. Is the Social Unit a representative government, or do the voters have direct control? That is, do the seven members of each "Council" have a fixed term of office, or are they, like the Soviet delegates, bound by threat of "recall" to carry out the behests of their constituents? And have those who "sit on the Central Citizens' Council" a fixed term of office, giving them a reasonable freedom to use their own (presumably) expert knowledge, or are they bound by threat of "recall" to carry out the policies of the "Councils" that elected them? And the same question may be raised in regard to the "Occupational Councils." If the latter alternative is the true one, the Social Unit is not representative government, and is *against* the whole spirit of our political order. We do not mean to govern directly by the people; we—in theory at least—select specially qualified men to govern us, and agree to abide by their judgment, making them, of course, responsible in the end to the people. Ours is a compromise-system between rule by the expert and pure democracy, or rule by the people; and its virtue lies in this compromise character. But if the Social Unit gives no independent power to its elected Councils, then it would seem to be uncompromising, unqualified democracy, and essentially like the Soviets —omitting the class-war and murderous methods. And if that is the case, it would be potentially a thing of evil; for it would kill the very spirit of leadership and independent thought which it professes to foster. We hear much of community spirit, community organization, and the like, in these days, and we must beware lest these things become a fad and fashion, blindly accepted because of their humanitarian or democratic color. Let us have, as you put it, "a careful study of possible tendencies and purposes." And accordingly I (and doubtless many others) would be glad to be informed on the above points.

WILMON H. SHELDON

Hanover, N. H., January 9

Intervention in Mexico

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

One of the most puissant—and venerable—arguments against American intervention in Mexico is that the rest of the Latin-American nations will say: "I told you so. See! The Monroe Doctrine is a sham; the Americans are hypocrites."

And yet, when we intervened in Cuba, they said the same thing. When we withdrew from Cuba, they were dumbfounded. They could not understand American altruism, or, better, enlightened self-interest. There must be some hidden motive for such an extraordinary phenomenon.

Our second intervention (to restore order) explained the whole situation. Of course it was a grab game, cunningly camouflaged by a temporary retirement. "I told you so," again.

Our final retirement from Cuba probably has never been understood by the Latin-American mind. That a powerful nation should voluntarily and in accordance with its word of honor relinquish conquest was to them, and many other nations, it must be confessed, inconceivable. Yet it is an historical fact. The United States did retire from Cuba after assisting her to self government, did intervene to restore order, and after order was restored, did retire and leave the Cubans to govern themselves so long as they should refrain from revolutions. We insisted that ballots rather than bullets should decide who was to be the next President in Cuba. *Voilà tout!*

Expressed in the crudest terms the attitude of the United States towards Cuba has been about this: "You have our best wishes. Go ahead and govern yourselves. We will guard you against outside interference. We look to you to be decent in internal affairs. If you start a roughhouse, we shall turn the hose on you. *Adiós, amigos.*"

We intervened in Cuba because the political conditions of our next door neighbor were an intolerable nuisance. We abated the nuisance and then retired, retaining the right to abate a similar nuisance should occasion require. Those are the plain historical facts.

Since the days of Porfirio Díaz political conditions in Mexico have been a nuisance which we have tolerated for the sufficient reason that we have been otherwise occupied. International obligations have been openly and flagrantly disregarded, contracts broken with the most sinister disregard of alien rights, systematic persecution of American nationals fomented. As far back as 1907 and 1909 when I was living in Mexico I could see the German machinations against American trade, American concessions, and American citizens.

Shibboleths and formulas have a tremendous effect on the human mind. But, after all, a formula expresses, often imperfectly, public opinion or aspiration formed on existing conditions. But conditions in this world are constantly changing, and the formula of yesterday does not always fit the conditions of today. In strict accordance with our ancient and favorite political formulas, what right had we to impose the Platt Amendment on the Cubans? What right to interfere and restore and compel law and order in the affairs of San Domingo and Hayti? Clearly none at all.

And thus doubtless we shall sooner or later be compelled to ignore ancient formulas and to interfere in Mexico to restore order and respect for international obligations. The task of control of the country will be enormous, and reconstruction still more difficult. A fanatical crew akin to our ante-bellum pacifists will raise a howl and will invoke ancient gods. But in the end Mexico will be in the condition of Cuba, peaceful, prosperous, and self-governing. It will be worth the price. In the beginning the Latin-Americans will raise their eyebrows, will shrug their shoulders and say, "I told you so. The Yankees are hypocrites; the Monroe Doctrine is a camouflage for aggression." But when we go out of Mexico without confiscation of territory, the Latin-American perhaps will begin to understand that the United States really means what we say and that there is no hypocrisy about us. The lesson to the rest of the world will be of incalculable value in international affairs.

E. L. C. MORSE

Chicago, Ill., December 26, 1919

Book Reviews

The Tragedy of von Tirpitz

My Memoirs. By Grand Admiral von Tirpitz. In two volumes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

The bright red dress of these volumes was not appropriately chosen. The color belongs not to the mood or the words of Admiral von Tirpitz, sitting in sorrow at Zabelsberg and penning the recollections of a disappointed life, as it looks through the clouds of the past five years. A better dress would have been the twilight gloom of an overcast sea, with a bedraggled German flag for a cover design, flapping on a mast-head peering out of the brine of Scapa Flow, over the grave of a German dreadnought.

In the first fifteen chapters, the author traces his own history from boyhood, through the Naval Cadets' Institute, to officer's rank in the navy, and on through increasingly responsible commands, with growing influence, until at the outbreak of the war, in 1914, he was not only Grand Admiral of the German navy, but more than any other single man the creator of that navy as it then stood. He had developed the torpedo arm, and he had been the most powerful factor in the victory of the "battle fleet" policy over that of a fleet of cruisers. Back in the 'eighties, he had been in close touch with his kinsman Caprivi, then at the head of the Admiralty, whose constant state of mind he sums up in the words, "Next year we shall have a war on two fronts." And they had planned together how von Tirpitz was to run a torpedo division into Cherbourg the moment war was declared, to be followed at once by the battle fleet and a bombardment. By training and temperament he was fully prepared to be a leader in actual war.

And at last "the war," always lying as a possibility just under the horizon, loomed up into view. From that moment on, von Tirpitz sees in the official conduct of his country little but a continued succession of deadly blunders. The war, he thinks, could and should have been avoided. Germany had all but reached, without war, the point where it would have required no war to establish and maintain her supremacy—in other words, though he is careful not to put it in just that form, the point where she could have dominated the world by making it prohibitively dangerous for any nation, or feasible combination of nations, to challenge her power. The superman was just about to have his superiority generally admitted. And just at that point, the superman began the four-year series of blunders and follies and general inefficiency which finally saw the German army hastening back to, and over, the Rhine, with the Allied forces at its heels, the Hohenzollern dynasty shattered, the Emperor an exile, and the fleet, the pride of the Grand Admiral's life, wallowing beneath the waves of Scapa Flow, sunk in bitterness and littleness of spirit, by its own commanders.

Though holding that Germany blundered into a war which by wise diplomacy she could have averted, he is still quite sure that the *guilt* of bringing on the war belongs elsewhere. "The complete absence of instinct with which the Chancellor proceeded" was not so grave an offense against international morality, in his view, as "the vagueness of England's attitude during the crisis," a vagueness persisted in by the British Cabinet, "though it was well aware of Bethmann's love of peace and his whole nature." Of course this means that if England had made it certain that she would be a participant, Germany would have avoided the conflict. But did anybody outside of Germany doubt, during those days of crisis, that if the storm was allowed to break England was sure to be there? The judgment of von Tirpitz against England is that "the *causa remota* of the world war lies, according to the judgment of all honest observers of European events—the Belgian Ambassador, for example—in the English policy of encirclement which originated in the 'nineties in trade jealousy, then hid behind pretexts (Transvaal, Navy), poisoned the press of the world, linked up all the anti-German forces in the world, and created a tense atmosphere in which the slightest mistake could cause a most terrible explosion." All this, if true, would prove a very high degree of efficiency in that nation which the superminds of Berlin had so often pictured as hopelessly effete.

But the war once irrevocably let loose, Admiral von Tirpitz is sure that the one and only correct policy required an immediate attack, in full force, upon the British fleet. Delay meant loss of prestige to the navy outside, loss of morale within, and steady gain in relative strength to the British. Furthermore, is not the history of naval warfare full of instances in which the lesser fleet, better managed, has conquered the greater? But from start to finish his advice was not taken, he could not get the confidence of authorities higher up, he had no freedom of action, not even the poor privilege of resigning his official station and taking his humiliation and chagrin out of the public gaze. "Here I sit and do nothing!" he wails again and again, all the more bitterly because of his unshakable confidence in his own ability to make things go better. "Has Ingenohl the genius of a conqueror? Pohl certainly hasn't. . . . Obviously the Kaiser is prejudiced against me. Apropos of which I feel, where these questions are concerned, that I have more in my little finger than Pohl in his whole anatomy."

The submarine warfare was fatally mismanaged, he thinks, at every point. It was a bad blunder to shock America with such an act as the sinking of the Lusitania at the start. American opinion should have been worked up gradually to the point where it could have stomached such strong food without revulsion. But, the blunder once made, there should have been no drawing back, or even apparent admission that any real wrong had been committed. The submarine campaign should have begun with something which it could really accomplish, such as the blockade of the Thames, which he officially advised. But "I was not consulted at all" he says, "the campaign being started over my head and against my will, and in a form which did not promise success." The ground yielded to Wilson in the Sussex note was the beginning of German capitulation: "from the time of this decision we went downhill." And when the submarine was again taken up with vigor, it was an equal blunder, for *it was then too late.*

The Admiral sees little but gloom a[s] he peers into Germany's future. He i[s] unable to "shake off the fear that Ger[many] has lost her last chance of risin[g] to the rank of a great power." At an[y] rate, she must first "come to her sense[s] and recognize her old traditions and th[e] forces which made her great." But h[e] can not believe that this can happe[n] under a republican government. "Ou[r] breakdown is not due to any defects i[n] our old state system, but to the inad[e]quacy of the persons who tried to ru[n] it." But those inadequate persons—an[d] they appear to have been all but th[e] Admiral himself, in his own judgment[—] were brought to their positions by th[e] normal working of that old state sy[s]tem; so there you are. Human natu[re] evolves a race of supermen, and organiz[es] them into a superstate, only to tear th[e] latter down through the blundering i[n]efficiency of the former.

These volumes are intensely interes[t]ing, mistaken to the point of absurdi[ty] sometimes in judging of outside matte[rs,] but richly profitable as a study of t[he] state of mind that plunged Germany in[to] a war which that same state of mi[nd] made it impossible that the world shou[ld] ever allow her to win. The tragedy [of] von Tirpitz, doomed to see his own li[fe] work, without fruition, sink in disho[nor] beneath the brine of Scapa Flow, [is] merely a replica in little of the m[ore] stupendous tragedy of modern Hohenz[ol]lernism. Fame and fortune await [the] dramatist who has the genius and co[ur]age to break away from present drama[tic] habit, and put either the lesser or [the] greater of these two tragedies into [the] form which Aeschylus or Sophocles wo[uld] have chosen.

Sensitivism

ECSTASY: A STUDY OF HAPPINESS. By Louis Couperus. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
SEPTEMBER. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

"ECSTASY" considerably antedates the four "Books of the Small Souls," by Couperus, which have recently been rendered into English by Mr. de Mattos. It is the third of his novels, written in the early nineties when he was consciously one of a school of Dutch novelists who styled themselves "sensitivists." An English (or English-writing) critic of the time defined this "sensitivism" of theirs as "a development of impressionism grafted upon naturalism." Stepping delicately away from this slough of -isms, after a hasty acknowledgment of its depth, let us look at our small rescued object. It belongs to the period of languid-intense ingenuities, of over-ripe æstheticism to which the term "decadence" attached itself. Holland, like France and England, was bored with the usual thing, the ordered tempestuousness of the romantic mode as well as the ordered beauty of the classic mode. There remained the relatively unexploited beauties of dubiety, ugliness, and decay, flickeringly illumined, in default of any constant star, by phosphorescent gleams of emotional and temperamental yearning towards the unattainable. Couperus' people impress us first with their unescapable fellow-humanity. Dutch in name and tongue and habitat, they are in substance, in their real being, strangely familiar. Friends? neighbors? Cousin this or that? Why, ourselves! Ourselves ingeniously denuded and exposed to minor but persistent torments, suffering subtly but intensely; creatures held in life as in a cage, by ties of blood, social convention, personal habit. Selves by no means despicable, yet rarely able either to seize a bold happiness or to rise above plaintiveness and self-devouring melancholy to the higher tragic plane. "Small Souls"—such are the beings by whom, in Couperus' eyes, the modern world—that is, the end-of-the-century world—was peopled.

In "Ecstasy" he has not yet developed the later formula whereby his sensitivism, though it never leaves the scene, does yield the foreground to a realism less feverish and somewhat more robust. There is a brooding plaintiveness in all of Couperus' work. The only happiness he can apprehend is a happiness of illusion; and it is of this kind of happiness that the present novel is a study. It is a story of two persons. The woman is by chance a widow with two children, but still "unawakened;" a girl dreaming contentedly enough of she knows not what: "It was the dreaming of one on whose brain lay no obsession either of happiness or of grief, the dreaming of a mind filled with peaceful light; a wide, still, grey Nirvana, in which all the trouble of thinking flows away and the thoughts merely wander back over former impressions, taking them here and there, without selecting." She languidly cares for her children, reads a little, keeps a diary in which are luxuriously recorded her tiny emotional and æsthetic reactions. But day-dreaming is her chosen state: "I only feel myself alive when I am doing *nothing*," she confesses, with a tolerable degree of complacency. Now, of course, all a young woman in this mood needs is, as it were, the jolt of love. Our Cecile gets it at the hands of the masterful Quaerts. In their matching of egotism, active and passive, he wins, hands down. For him, over-experienced in carnal love, a spiritual passion chances to be in order; poor Cecile is to be both its object and its victim. She takes too literally his protestations of disinterested idealism, and throws away the real man in order to keep the empty phantom of his worship. All this in a strain of well-nigh excruciating sensibility, or should we say sensitivity?—a sensibility refined and intellectualized to the point of deliberate self-torture.

Henry James's method (bred of the same period) was akin to this, though so much cooler emotionally and keener intellectually; and so, in some of his work, at least, is the method, the more characteristic process, at least, of one of England's newest among "new novelists," Frank Swinnerton. It achieved its own kind of perfection in "Nocturne," which seemed to sustain its extraordinary pitch and vibrancy without effort. In "September," with its larger scale and necessarily more variable mood, the effect is less certain. Here are a well-bred English pair, fifteen years married, no longer lovers, and not yet content with wedded friendship. It is the perilous "mid-channel" phase so often interpreted in recent drama and fiction. Are youth and its happiness really past, or may not one more taste of it be somehow snatched, even now, from uncharitable time? The husband is a natural philanderer, and the discovery of his passion, at forty-nine, for a young girl, arouses contemptuous pity rather than any more poignant emotion in the wife. It is with her discovery that she herself is capable of a similar lapse, or reawakening, that we are chiefly concerned. At thirty-eight, with her beauty only beginning to fade, she is a natural object for chivalrous adoration on the part of an imaginative youth of twenty-six. What happens in the end to these four people is by no means astonishing or even novel, as fact and fiction go. The real action takes place in the heart and mind of the wife Marian. In her person, as it were, a person concealing beneath its notably calm and even cold surface a temperament of extreme sensitiveness, we suffer the quivering torments of a passion acknowledged and cherished, yet never revealing itself even to its object. And we seem to share her heroic yet inevitable sacrifice to youth and its rightful emoluments. Mr. Swinnerton's sensitivism, if the term may properly be applied to him, is on the side of the angels. Unlike many of his contemporaries, he does not throw decency overboard because hypocrites exist, or exalt impulse over principle. This is a study of character triumphing over temperament. His concluding sentences, with their frank didacticism, would be unimaginable from a Cannan or a Mackenzie:

> Marian was now very composed and resolute, and entirely mistress of herself, as she had always been and as she always would be. She had been able to feel sympathy and understanding because she had the power to give inexhaustibly; but her reward thenceforward was to lie in the love and trust of her fellows rather than in any satisfaction of her own passion for happy experience. If Marian could have prayed for a gift, she would have demanded joy in her life. Instead, nature had given her as compensation the strength and courage to endure her own pain and the ability to imagine and soften the distress of others. If it is not the first of gifts it is among those most rarely bestowed upon poor mortals, and is without price.

H. W. BOYNTON

Hard-Boiled Poetry

YANKS. A. E. F. Verse. Originally published in the *Stars and Stripes*, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Forces. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WAR brings out the distinction between "rare" poetry and poetry hard-boiled. Rare poetry is precious. Of hard-boiled poetry the quality is not strained nor the diction restrained, and it falls pitilessly on the just and on the unjust. It is the poetry of the hard-boiled guy, who accepts only that which expresses his own moods and experience in his own phrase. Since as a rule he does not swagger gracefully (he is apt to be muscle-bound), such sentiment as it has is usually without glamor or romance. It is the iron ration of literature, warranted to withstand any climate and all the exigencies of war and for the time being to sustain emotional life. It has no pride of birth nor consciousness of its heritage. Mr. Kipling achieves it; it eludes Mr. Serviss as an ideal; but for the most part it emanates from men who normally scoff at the very name of poetry, which they give to everything they dislike in literature and then kick it about the floor—in contradistinction to the opposite party who give the name poetry to whatsoever they love and discard all else. In time of peace, we have it in cowboy songs, railroad songs, sailor chanteys and all such, but, like eggs

cooked in the crater of the volcano, it is at its best when it tastes like—war.

"Yanks" is a collection of the hard-boiled poetry of the war, and as such it is distinguished from other anthologies of war poetry. To the young veteran the first pleasure of the book will be that of the fireside return to the memory of hardship. "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit" was a frequent mood in the A. E. F., usually expressing itself in the form of allusions to future sessions about the cracker barrel and the stove of the corner store, or in rocking-chairs on the veranda "when we join the Soldiers' Home—A-h-h-men-n!" In these verses the "soldier come from the war" greets old friends who were with him in the thick of it. He recalls where he met them last, not long ago, to be sure, but still distant enough in time and space to have become part and parcel of his sentimental past. He recalls the day when the *Stars and Stripes* came into camp. He always tried to reach the Y. M. C. A. hut in time to get one, and turned first to about page 7 for Wallgren's comics, then to page 4 for the "Army Poets"—then it would be "Say, fellows, listen to this:

> Rations? Oo-la-la! and how we love the man
> Who learned how to intern our chow in a cold and clammy can. . . .
> Mess kits flown the coop, cups gone up the spout;
> Use your thumbs for issue forks, and pass the bull about.

Here it is now on page 121—and here's the one Bill had pasted up in his bunk; and here's the one Mac always sprung when you tried to graft anything off him; and here's the one Blondy wrote and would never have sent in if we hadn't told him it had the others skun a mile—and look at it now! He finds many old favorites, but looks for others in vain. Where is that profound truth about a chance meeting with a poilu which ended

> He left at last with a gay "Bon chance!"
> And all the cigarettes I had?

There were some little gasps in free verse that one would not willingly let die:

> An' she (She's my girl)
> An' she said——

And a wail about

> Sick of the smell of billets,
> Sick of the chow.
> Want to leave France and put on long pants,
> Want to go now!

Of course the editors could not print all, but if they could have taken a plebiscite of the readers of "The Army Poets" column as a basis for their selection, they might have made the book even more interesting than it is to both reader and student.

The mood of "Yanks" is the mood of the A. E. F., serious of deed and light of speech. Sentiment where it occurs is first of all sincere, then broken across by a flash of realism or of humor. The bugler who can no longer blow taps since he played his buddy off ends his confession with a pun;

> I can't blow taps no more . . . but say!
> I tapped a German skull the other day,
> And that squares me!

It shows again in "Me—an' War Goin' on—"

> Me, that ain't a poet, growin' poetic . . .
> Me—a-murmurin' a prayer for Maggie,
> An' stoppin' to laugh at Slim,
> An' shoutin' "To the right of the road for the Swoi-zant-canze!"
> Them babies that raise such hell up the line,
> An' marchin',
> An' marchin' by night,
> An' sleepin' by day,
> An' France,
> An' red wine,
> An' me thinkin' o' home;
> Me—a-leadin' a column,—
> An' war goin' on!

which gives us also the rarer mood in which the conscious artist has stepped outside the man and each wonders at the other. Again we find the artist conscious but not self-conscious, his mood truly lyric, and the product anything but ballad-like:

> The wise years saw him go from them,
> Untaught by them, yet wise;
> He had but romped with the hoyden years,
> Unwitting how time flies;
> Whose laughter glooms to wistfulness
> At swift, undreamt good-byes.
>
> We with the war ahead,
> You who have held the line,
> Laughing, have broken bread,
> And taken wine.

If these are not hard-boiled, neither are they so rare as one might suppose, nor specially significant. A body of men like our army overseas has its lyric poets, and its scholars as well; he who writes of "The Old Overseas Cap" seems to know his Marlowe no less than his Homer: Helen went a. w. o. l. to Paris, and

> Shipping boards gave no trouble with quarrels or slips:
> The beauty of Helen had launched all the ships.

But most of this verse is like folk-lore in that it is lyrically anonymous, expressing none but communal feelings in the communal phrase. There is little of the "hero stuff," nothing of pomp and circumstance. For the most part it is routine turned into literature. The doughboy finds himself in

> A world of
> Hizzing (*sic*) bullets,
> And mustard gas,
> And cold, sleepless nights,
> And no food for days,
> And huns who cried
> "Kamerad!"
> (When their ammunition was gone),
> And filthy clothes,
> And cooties,
> And cooties,
> And cooties.

There he expresses in racy idiom his reaction to the things that are real to him: reveille, pie, mud, the girl at home, camions, corn-willy, mother, the "8-40" train, R. T. O., kid sister, the bugler, the guns, the censor, the campaign hat, the little towns, the orphans of France.

For the most part, it was the folk who made the poetry of the army in France, and if students of balladry do not collect and study the product they miss their opportunity. The editors of the *Stars and Stripes* sifted it first for the newspaper, and now again for the book, and for the general reader it is better so. But the student of American popular poetry would find in the heap of chaff much to interest him. These pieces are homeless, nameless, parentless waifs and strays that drifted through camps and trenches. A few of them have found their way into print, many circulated in manuscript, others, especially the "high-kilted" ones, lived in memory and passed by word of mouth, and the collector gathered them as best he could from oral rendition. Songs of the various branches of the service are fairly well-known:

> The Ordnance, the Ordnance, we play with T. N. T.
> Dynamite is our delight, we take it with our tea;
> We play baseball with hand grenades, and cans full of H. E.
> We all drink nitro-glycerine when we go on a spree.

There are those which celebrate the various organizations, as that of "The Shocking 144th," which declares that when the news of its arrival in the trenches reached Berlin

> All the Reichstag tore their whiskers—
> "Mein Gott! the beans are spilled!"

More of the true ballad is in "The Roamer's Romance in France," unsophisticated, though with occasional journalistic turn of phrase, as, in speaking of the heroine,

> We need not describe her beauty, for her looks were rare to find,
> As her eyes reflected loveliness were smiling as they shined.
> Her appearance favored America's type, for not many years before
> She had resided there and journeyed here in the early days of war.

As an example of such sentiment as hard-boiled poetry allows itself, we have the lyric burst which ends

> Just kindly remember wherever you roam
> That Shakespeare was right, kid, there's no place like home.

or

> Why keep me feeling lonesome, why keep me feeling blue,
> When you know that the thing that will cheer me up is only a line from you?

Probably none exceeded in popularity that which described how

> With vigorous hop we go over the top
> In the terrible Battle of Paris . . .
> But say, on the square, I'd rather be there
> On the Somme, on the Marne, or at Arras;
> For with vin blanc a snootful it's hard to be neutral
> In the famous Battle of Paris.

From veterans of the battle this sentiment receives hearty endorsement;

Why six months here with conscience clear
would surely rate the Legion;
Eight months or so the D. S. C. for fighting
in this region.
Of medals known for war alone you've seen
the great selection;
If we survive the female drive we'll rate the
whole collection.

All was grist that came to the mill, from the medical officer's prescription,

"Here's a cure for all your ills,
(Iodine and C. C. pills).
Just take this and you'll feel fine
(C. C. pills and iodine)."

down to the discharge papers:

As Willy-with-the-Wallops,
As Boy-that-Took-a-Chance,
You put a dozen scallops
In Kaiser Billy's pants . . .
And so we do not need you,
'Tis sad, but even so;
It cost a lot to feed you,
And we must let you go.
So, knowing this condition,
And with a silent sob,
We hand you our permission
To hustle for a job.

In such as these, there is little of high seriousness, but they ring true, and that is what they have in common with the best of the verses in "Yanks." It is fitting to close with lines from Pvt. Baukhage's "November Eleventh," the last poem in the volume,

We stood up and we didn't say a word;
It felt just like when you have dropped your
pack
After a hike, and straightened up your back
And seem just twice as light as any bird. . . .

If you had listened then I guess you'd heard
A sort of sigh from everybody there,
But all we did was stand and stare and stare,
Just stare and stand and never say a word.

Though this stands above the level we may accept it as true to type, for undeniably it is hard-boiled, and beyond question it is poetry.

Robert P. Utter

The Art of the Etcher

Etchers and Etching. Chapters in the history of the art, together with technical explanations of modern artistic methods. By Joseph Pennell. (The Graphic Arts Series.) New York: The Macmillan Co.

"JO" PENNELL is nothing if not always interesting, instructive, stimulating—and combative. These qualities are in evidence whether he is engaged in a newspaper controversy or writing a book of technical and historical instruction such as the present one. Aggressiveness in the service of one's beliefs may be an exceedingly useful quality, and it often is with Mr. Pennell. But it may also engender a temperamental habit, with a suspicion of querulousness, which runs to the facile picking out of minor errors (as in the remark *re* W. C. Brownell on page 6) and to a disconcerting want of coherence, of balance. And the obvious is at times stated with the aplomb of a challenge.

Our author tells us that he has often been criticised for making statements strongly, but that if one writes "what one knows and believes, one cannot write too strongly." Quite true, and that's just why, when all is said, one would not have missed reading the historical portion of this book. But writing strongly is different from proving a point by a downright inconsistency. In one place, Dürer's "Cannon" and Rembrandt's "Three Trees" are contrasted in order to make a comparison between etching and engraving. Mr. Pennell hastens to admit that "some say *The Cannon* is etched, not engraved." But he continues: "To me it looks like an engraving. Feels like it." Then, on page 145, comes the serene statement: "*The Cannon* is said to be engraved, but I have the courage to doubt it—the line is so vital, so superb." Of course, the matter is really of no consequence, and the Dürer plate will be enjoyed one way or the other.

Elision of names from the list of etchers worthy of a place in the book has been practised to a point described in a statement overheard: "There is no god but Jim, and Joe is his prophet." However, the author's iconoclasm usually has some basis of reason, even if not fundamental. One cheerfully underscores objection to the over-rating of artists of the past whose chief distinction is their antiquity. But to-day, also, etching is to more than one an all too facile affair. Here, too, to use Whistler's phrase, art is "chucked under the chin" by the passing artist-gallant. That's the trouble with not a little etching to-day. Such passing flirtation will not disclose the finer nature of etching to the artist.

Mr. Pennell's preface is a true overture; it sounds the keynote of the *opus* that follows. One notes, with satisfaction, the admonition to the student to start "by looking at good art intelligently." That is the best sort of advice. Good hand-books are necessary for him who looks for guidance in the appreciation of etching. They help him "get there" (if they are the right kind), as the guide-book does the traveler. But the ultimately necessary thing is to see for oneself. Montaigne's dictum is applicable here, too: "A mere bookish learning is a poor, paltry learning." In a postscript to the preface, written at the end of the four years during which publication was held up by the war, Mr. Pennell states a fact which many do not yet realize—that new inspiration in art is not to be hoped for from the war.

It was to be expected that so very able a craftsman would lay due stress on the qualities of the medium, on the fundamental necessity, for the artist, of understanding its limits and possibilities. "A work of graphic art," said Bracquemond, "must bear on its face, undisguised, the character of the technique by which it was produced." That is a truth which well bears repetition, and Mr. Pennell's inevitable insistence on it naturally leads to the second and rather more important part of his book. In that he places the rich fruit of his knowledge and experience before the etcher, offering him a technical guide of real value. Processes and tools (grounding, re-grounding, needles, biting, printing, ink, paper), allied processes such as aquatint, sand-paper method, mezzotint, monotypes, are described in a practical and helpful manner, illuminated by the author's illustrations. There are diverting whacks, aside, at the "system" of trials and states, as also at cataloguers and curators and other little things that get in Mr. Pennell's way.

The proofreading has apparently been carefully done, and the book does not show the typographical errors which marked both editions of the very useful volume on "Lithography" in this same series.

As a piece of book-making the volume bears evidence of great care, and the reproduction of the prints (the photogravures are all carefully credited to F. A. Ringler & Co.) is exceedingly well done—an American achievement that need not fear European competition, and that fills one with a pardonable satisfaction.

The Run of the Shelves

MISS DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH is a porcher. "Porcher" is a new word. Why should not the English language put forth a new tendril, particularly when it is engaged in the vine-like function of twining ornamentally around porches? Miss Scarborough divides her time between New York and Virginia. If any one complains that New York is uncomfortable and Virginia unexciting, the answer is plain: Miss Scarborough's comfort in New York is to idolize Virginia, and her excitement in Virginia is to abominate New York. She has written a book. The instant disquiet which that solemnity called a book awakens in all right-minded people is allayed by the publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons of that City of Destruction, New York) in a note which affirms that the book is a "book of whimsy," and that the author "loafs." Other comforts await us in the "Foreword." It makes one's mouth water to be told that the book has been "written with tongue acheek." It breaks every rule of "unity, coherence, and continuity," as all books that have virtue enough to be wicked should do. Rules are like those paper-filled hoops in the circus whose only end and aim is to show the dash and grace of the equestrienne

as she plunges headlong through their ruptured tissue.

Miss Scarborough is the most amiable of women. She has angers now and then, but they are only the irresistible little rages of a golden-hearted person whose slumbers on the porch have been interrupted by love-parleys on the part of inconsiderate young people. She loves Virginia (its beauty "wrings" her heart); she loves landscape; she loves birds; she loves even reptiles, at which word the shy reviewer lifts his head in proud reciprocation of her smile; she loves negroes; she loves negro songs, and their pleasant, glistening lines strew her pages like streaks of maple syrup on the hot cakes, smoking from the griddle of which this toothsome book undoubtedly consists. Speaking of eating—but who can speak of eating but Miss Scarborough? She eats on the porch where, amid other viands, she "devours the dew-washed morning." "The joyous birds slip singing down (her) throat," like Girondists singing on the way to execution. She recommends that the inspiration of poets should be gastric, and her playfulness on the nourishment of corpses is simply irresistible. "The city person is dead when he eats, and a corpse never does properly assimilate his victuals." But this is not enough. As if to add the last touch of diabolic completeness to her equipment for the bewitchment and bedevilment of her kind, *she eats slices of watermelon in her bath.*

The examples already given suffice to prove that Miss Scarborough is the jolliest person left on this woe-begone planet. Her book is a "joyous, irresponsible jumble" of things she likes, and she has frisks and pirouettes that are inimitable. "Lucia is the kind of girl for whom everybody likes to do things—particularly trousered everybody." Such archness and such discretion! "If either of you saw my ankles," said the agreeable Miss Mowcher to James Steerforth and David Copperfield, as she jumped upon the table, "I'll go home and destroy myself." It is impossible to take leave of a volume that has all but made farewells impossible without reiterating that it is the rosiest, coziest, raciest, laziest, craziest, sunniest, funniest, gypsiest, tipsiest book that the bounty of destiny has ever permitted the author of this note to meet.

The difficulty with which books are published in our time is remarkable. Hardly less remarkable is the ease with which they are published. On our table is a book by Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday, entitled "Broome Street Straws," to which the publishers (George H. Doran Company) have been generous in the accessories of thick paper, wide margins, and large print. The author of these stories, sketches, and critiques, is far from a stupid or brainless person. Like many of us, he is bright when he is lucky; and, again like many of us, he is lucky sometimes and unlucky often. The point is that he is like the rest of us, and why he should be lifted to the rank of an accredited entertainer or instructor by the enshrinement in a book of his casual and fleeting journalism is a mystery which possibly only cashiers could solve. As journalism these sketches were flanked by work from other hands, and they are the sort of sketches to which the neighborhood of other work is valuable. The hazards of continuity are great. Why give us unmixed Holliday?

There is good sketch-work in the "Romance of Destiny," and respectable, if rather desultory, criticism in "Tarkingtonapolis." There are also gayeties which amuse without surprising us, and serious critical dicta, like those on Mr. Bellóc and O. Henry, which surprise without amusing us. Mr. Belloc writes the "best English now going in England"; O. Henry's failure was "amazing." The two assertions may keep each other in countenance.

Mr. Holliday calls Mr. Stephen Leacock a "rotten bad critic." We pass the discourtesy, more regrettable perhaps on Mr. Holliday's account than on Mr. Leacock's. We pass "rotten" merely as slang without objection, since that objection would be received by slang-users as inverted homage. But we should like to point out that "rotten" in the colloquial sense is slang *decaying,* slang worn out, and as such should be obnoxious to lovers of novelty in its own field. Slang is the repudiation of antiquity; it is often singularly blind to its own age. A man may wear a circus suit, if he likes, instead of the ordinary street costume, but a circus suit is the very last costume in which one can afford to be visibly threadbare and dingy.

"L'Amiral de Grasse" (Paris: Pierre Téqui) is interesting for two reasons. The first, because it was Admiral de Grasse who contributed largely to the success at Yorktown, and the second because it brings out the little-known fact that the Count's four daughters fled to America at the time of the Terror, married here, and, according to the list at the end of this volume, have left over two score descendants in the United States, among whom are members of such well-known families as the Livingstons and Schuylers. The following unpublished letter from the author, Canon Max Caron, of Versailles, gives evidence that the old dislike for Lafayette still exists in conservative circles in France.

> Here is how I happened to write this life of the great sailor. During a number of years chance, or Providence rather, caused me to spend my two-months' vacation in the Château de Tilly, which belonged to the Admiral, and where he spent his closing years. In the church of the village of Tilly was deposited, as was asked in his will, the Count's heart. So, naturally, I was led to examine into the career of this man, as everything in the château and the church spoke to me of him. And the result was that I arrived at this conclusion—that it is much more to Admiral de Grasse than to General Lafayette that the United States owe their liberty. And yet everybody celebrates the latter and nobody speaks of the former! The real truth lies here—the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, Vergennes, conceived the thought of an armed intervention on the part of France in aid of the insurgent Americans; Louis XVI furnished the means and Count de Grasse carried out the plan. If I have succeeded in proving this, as I think I have, I have done a good thing for my country and for America.

It may be the vogue of the rhymed advertisement—those little verses about somebody's soup and somebody else's cough lozenges which so delightfully sing themselves into one's memory—that has led Mr. Emile Berliner to put forth in the interest of hygienic improvement some illustrated "Health Jingles" under the title of "Muddy Jim":

> A naughty lad was Muddy Jim,
> He hated soap and water,
> Nice little girls wouldn't speak to him,
> Tho' he wished and thought they ought to.

Jim, it appears, was rather too—too Bolshevik in his personal habits. But to our thinking the treatment which the nice little girls meted out to Jim was precisely calculated to confirm him in his evil tendencies. Their behavior will in all probability goad him on to violence. Further on in the book, germs are held up to scorn and derision. Very dangerous. Who can say what harm germs may be capable of if they are treated in this contumelious fashion? Then comes a picture of a trim housemaid sweeping a room. Why put such absurd notions into a child's head? It leads to things like this:

> Mother, will you tell me why
> We are told to "swat the fly"?
> Yes, my dear, because it brings
> Dirt, disease, and filthy things.

How much better to tell the child that flies should be reasoned with, not "swatted"? Indeed, we are quite prepared to find near the end of the book a column of smart-looking soldiers following the American flag. This is the sort of result such misguided propaganda inevitably leads to. Or, last picture of all, accompanied by an apparently innocent verse in praise of sleep, behold the fairy, Capitalism, lulling a child-like society into forgetfulness of its wrongs. We are hopeful that so reactionary a volume will be suppressed before it has the effect of bringing in the revolution.

For those who like literature written in the "Spearmint" dialect the first part of Ring W. Lardner's "Own Your Own Home" (Bobbs Merrill) is funny. There is an unfailing source of humor, if one chooses to look at it that way, in the

ribulations that beset the man who pays the bills and does the worrying incidental to the building of a house. And here the language helps. But the latter part of the story recounting the efforts of a detective to break into society are not very funny. All, however, of Fontaine Fox's little illustrations are.

Our American Shoe Men

(*By a Staff Correspondent*)

"WE produce like gods and distribute like brutes," says an English writer, with whom I do not agree, for I think that we do neither. Rather, I think, our organization for distribution, although less consciously developed than that of production, is on the whole quite as good through its being a survival of myriads of individual instances of the exercise of common sense in the adaptation of means to an end.

But we must all agree that the problem of distribution is well up-stage and hearing the spotlight. It is not surprising, therefore, that a gathering of retail merchants like that of the National Convention of Shoe Dealers at Boston last week drew to the big hall of Mechanics' Building a considerable number who were not of the calling.

One must become a little accustomed to the convention jazz of electric lights, of badges, and of the clatter of groupings and greetings before it is possible really to take notice, for this visible glare and audible clamor is not the convention.

They are not themselves so particularly well-shod, these shoe dealers—apparently all that is shoe-selling is not sold.

There is a programme, of course, heard throughout by earnest souls, and treated with the utmost respect by all: they take their programmes seriously, these conventions of American business men, but a little stiffly, somewhat as the newly rich take their evenings at a Beethoven concert. There are thoughtful papers thoughtfully discussed, but the programme is not *it*.

One might judge from all the booming of localities by patriotic sons that the next year's meeting place was the prime object of the convention. Or, again, one might think that the election of next year's officers was the principal interest. These certainly had their place in the sun, but were not *it*.

The palpable effort of manufacturers to create a nice, optimistic buying spirit among these kings of the fitting parlor, who hold our feet if not our fates in the hollow of their hands, was also sufficiently in evidence—but still was not *it*.

The something that was the spirit of this convention refuses to admit that any of these brass-band elements are more than adventitious. Slowly *it* takes form in our minds as a message —a message gathered from impalpable things, from the general atmosphere of integrity, from the careful explanations of the processes of shoe-making and shoe-machine making, of methods of jobbing and of retailing—a message to the American people that American business is sound at the core, and that it may be counted on to meet its problems with courage, honesty, and good sense.

Now, shoe manufacturing and selling happens to be one of the most highly organized of American industries. Nowhere have the triumphs of American inventive genius been greater, American superiority of method and process more manifest, and nowhere are the manifold phases of industry more finely correlated —shoe-machine making with shoe manufacturing, shoe manufacturing with jobbing, jobbing with retailing. And, very significantly, a subject prominently discussed at this convention was that of possible closer relations between the retailers of different industries; that is to say, more and better organization.

There has been, and is, a persistent group of agitators in American life who would convince us that all of this organization is bad, that it defies law, fosters an insatiate corporate greed, and exploits the public. The facts do not seem to bear out this contention.

War prices, and (what is worse) post-war prices that have given us our new swear-word, *profiteering* (we may soon be writing p——g, as we write d—n; for we are enunciating it with increasing sulphurosity), are the results of factors too numerous and too complicated to be glibly ascribed to this or that single cause. Admitting that the term *inflation* covers most of the underlying sin, there is still a goodly portion from Adam's fall in other forces, and in none more certainly than in the disorganization of business that has resulted from the sudden entry and sudden departure of governments as customers.

Regular profits are lucrative—more so in the long run than irregular ones—but they tend toward a perpetual paring down of excrescences. The regular organization of business automatically tends to increase service, reduce costs, limit margins of profit. It is in the state of disorganization that speculation flourishes, and with it that sister of uncertainty, our profane friend, *profiteering*. A return to normal organization carries with it a quick death to speculation, and a rapid return to normal service and prices.

And after all, what but organization do our overheated uplifters and socialists desire? Surely, that, and that only, but with this important difference: They desire a form of organization drawn up on paper (by themselves, of course), an artificial rule-of-three organization to replace one which has grown up through the generations of our free industrial life. That is as if we should cut down all our growing fir trees and replace them with those little made-in-Germany Christmas trees of waxed paper and wires—how regular their branches, and how very green their leaves! But I am sure that America will always prefer the free-growing type that has its roots in our own soil and is not German-made, nor grown in the hotbeds of European discontent, and whose branches are always moist with the sap of new growth and healthy vigor.

Of this higher type of organization the shoe industry of America is an effective example. A clerical gentleman once differentiated two denominations of Christians by saying that the one carried on its national concerns in the spirit of a village parish while the other carried on its village parishes in a national spirit. The shoe industry is of this latter type—largely, I suppose, because of the permeating influence of that great industrial organization by which its shoe-making machinery is manufactured, leased, kept in order and always abreast of the inventive skill of the age. Out of this continuing relation a spirit has developed that creates a living organism rather than a paper-made organization. Before we go to displacing this growth of years, with its silent but effective disciplines, let us be very sure that we understand and appreciate it. Possibly we may come to the conclusion that it is as much better than anything we could sit down and draw up on paper as the Constitution of England is better than More's Utopia.

But we are arrived at ladies' night, and the motor sight-seeing tours; the place for the next annual meeting is selected; the officers for the coming year are all chosen; the jaded hotel clerks and bell-boys are listless and lazy; only the bill-clerk is very busy and very smiling, and the home-going is near. The convention is over, but we have learned a lesson. We have sat in with five thousand as sensible, as brave, as honest-souled business men as the world ever bred and—blow hot, blow cold—we are not to be panic-stricken by the rantings of the business-baiting press. And shoes will come down in price? Well, these men no more than others can re-create in a day the wastes of war, or set at naught the effects of world-wide inflation; but this much in all soberness may be said—the organization of the shoe industry in America is such as to give reason to believe that it will be among the first to pass on to the public the benefits of bettering conditions.

Drama

French Plays—Carlo Liten and "Les Bleus de l'Amour"

NEW YORK has not yet awaked to the value of the five-week season of French and Belgian plays which M. Carlo Liten is producing in the original tongue at the Lenox Little Theatre at 52-54 East 78th Street. The repertory ranges from Verhaeren's "Cloître," which has bulk and significance, through Richepin's "Flibustier" which has bulk (in moderation) without significance, and Maeterlinck's "L'Intruse," which has significance without bulk, to Halévy's "L'Eté de la Saint Martin," which possesses neither bulk nor significance. All these plays, I hasten to add, have a place in literature; I restrict the term "significant" to works that illuminate the march of tendency. Personally, I should have thanked M. Liten if he had given us either six full-length and full-strength classic masterpieces or six modern plays of the originality and distinction of Verhaeren's "Cloître."

"Le Cloître" is a play which, in the process of gestation, seems to have undergone something akin to a change of species. The feeling which I expressed some time ago stays with me to this hour: that this play is a comedy which has been seized and carried off by a tragedy or melodrama. The comedy is the more valuable, even the more interesting, of the two; but the tragedy or melodrama has the physical force on its side, and the spectator is caught up and swept along in its train. It is as if a man were looking at some fine etchings when a conflagration, breaking out in the next street, lit up his windows with its feverish glare. He might sincerely prefer the etchings, but against his will his eyes would be held by the conflagration.

"Comedy" in this case must be taken in a rather special sense—the sense of a play, not humorous, but satirical, and tending only by accident to a catastrophic issue. Verhaeren has painted a worldly cloister; he has charged it with the contentions, jealousies, ambitions, masterships, proper, though not peculiar, to the world. The world is, after all, an emanation from our hearts, and the cloister, in shutting the world out, shuts the heart in. Verhaeren has done this thing in a high way. His severity is respectful; his exposure is considerate. These men have behind them a lofty past symbolized in a noble dwelling, and the dignity which has forsaken their aims still clings to their manners. Respect does not stop here. The ancient high spirit persists in a young brother called Mark, a recluse from the world within the cloister no less absolutely than from the world without. In Dom Mark's voice, insisting that civil crime shall answer to the civil law, the cloister judges and condemns its own sophistications. As Spenser, following Du Bellay, said, "Only Rome o'er Rome hath victory."

So much for the high comedy—the satire. An upheaval throws the play out of balance. One of its elements, which is, or should be, merely illustrative or instrumental, mutinies, as it were, and draws to itself the mastery and headship of the play. One of the monks in this cloister is a parricide, who has allowed an innocent man to be executed in his place. The interest of his remorse and confession, though cheap beside that of the satire, is insistent and overwhelming; Verhaeren himself is subject to its deflecting force. There is in his own eloquence a streaming quality, a quality suggestive of flame in wind, to which the appeal of convulsive terror and remorse is irresistible.

The other plays may be treated more briefly. Edmond Rostand is captivating in the one-act piece, "Les deux Pierrots," which means a gay and a sad Pierrot who agree only as to the desirability of Columbine. The smile and the tear have each its gleam, and Rostand could catch gleams anywhere. The one-act play "Le Caprice" shows Alfred de Musset at once in his most virtuous and his most frivolous mood. Was virtue a levity for Alfred de Musset? "Polyphème," in two acts, by Albert Samain, is one of those neo-classic pieces which give more pleasure to Frenchmen than to Anglo-Saxons. The climate of Versailles is more auspicious for these things; in Windsor Park or Central Park, the classic deities shiver.

The company is able. M. Liten's control of an exquisitely modulated voice is absolute. Tone is fitted to feeling, like word to meaning, like glove to hand. An objector in an acrid moment might grumble that the whole process resembled a trying-on of gloves; but even that process has its witchery when the hand is shapely and the glove delicate. The point of the criticism would lie in the implication that M. Liten is a student of emotions rather than of characters. So far as I could judge (the pursuit of the hurrying French tongue by the laggard American ear is a race between hare and tortoise) he was even better in the recitation of lyrics than in the impersonation of men. His Balthazar was an affair of vivid culminations and passive intervals. His Polyphème, strong in its look of ravage and desolation, was almost too mobile, in mind and voice, for a Cyclops. Mlle. Yvonne Garrick of the Comédie Française quite conquered me in two of her three rôles; she made laughter exquisite in Pierrot, and her Galatea was an embodied April. M. André Chotin's portrayal of Dom Mark had the singleness and purity of a star.

M. Romain Coolus is a playwright who, in "Une Femme passa," showed ability and even conscience. In "Les Bleus de l'Amour," a recent offering at the Théâtre Parisien, the conscience absents itself, and the ability is—unobtrusive, touched with unconcern. M. Coolus is not testing his rivets; he is not tightening his knots. Comic virtue is evident in certain passages, and the wit is redolent of Paris. It is an idle, shifting, strolling life which the three acts represent, and the temper of M. Coolus is for the moment in exact harmony with his theme.

This assertion may seem questionable in the light of the fact that the play centres in a French countess who, childless herself, may be briefly classified as an amateur of eugenics. The family must be continued; her niece must marry her nephew; the marriage must be productive. Sureties must be obtained beforehand for the fertility of a young man who is a rougher Hippolytus, de lighting in the chase and ignorant o women. When this young man decline to respond to various suggestions of hi aunt, the last of which is that he shal seduce her own maid, she contrives plan for sending him to Paris under th escort of an actress of doubtful reputa tion, whom, in the furtherance of thes amiable projects, she invites to her ow lunch-table.

The American observer of Frenc manners is prepared for much, but h is unable to view, with perfect equa nimity, this interest of highborn French women in what Mr. Chesterton onc pointedly called the "human stud. There was a time when French coun tesses were the exemplars of breeding i another sense. These are grave depa tures, and the only excuse for departur is—arrivals. One should go all the wa The countess refuses to make prelim nary tests of the fertility of her niec I submit that a woman who sacrific convention to science in the case of t male, but allows convention to superse science in the more uncertain and ther fore more important case of the fema is neither a genuine French countess n an honest stockbreeder. Taken seriousl the countess's plan becomes farcical; M. Coolus, on the other hand, propoun it as a mere joke, I am lucky or unluc in an ancestry and training which obli me to take that joke rather serious It is impossible for me to view it a whimsicality among other whimsica ties. I can not laugh at it between laugh at the rusticities of a provinc hunter and my laugh at the polite acer ties of a submissively protesting stewa This matter is for me a strong liqu a sort of wood alcohol, which, if serv

(*Continued on page* 92)

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at all, can not be properly served on the same tray with the lemonade and the coca-cola.

The presence of other material and the light and tripping gait of the performance relieve these crudities in some degree. The acting was generally satisfactory. M. Gustave Degreziane as Gaspard was happy in a smile that avowed and disavowed a thousand errors; M. André Franky was a good woodsman; and M. Robert Casadesus brought dexterity and moderation to the portrayal of the crabbed steward, Bigorne.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music

The Chicago Opera Season—"Zaza" at the Metropolitan

THE death of the distinguished manager of the Chicago Opera Association, Maëstro Cleofonte Campanini, will not in any way prevent the execution of the plans he had made. Under the management of Mr. Herbert Johnson, an American, and with the artistic aid of Maëstro Marinazzi, formerly of the Scala, on Monday next the singers and musicians of the company will begin another season at the Lexington—a season which, at least in some respects, bids fair to be of quite unusual brilliancy.

For the first night we are to have a great revival of Bellini's "Norma." In days gone by this "Norma" was as popular as "Carmen," "Faust," and "Lohengrin" were later. Those who imagine that its former spell is gone may be astonished (as I was one night in Venice, a few years ago) to find that, rightly sung, with such an artist as Raisa in the title part, it can still thrill one. Few singers have the qualities required for the chief rôle in "Norma," which calls, not for the graces and embellishments of the coloratura style, but for sustained and lovely singing and great dignity.

Of the three novelties announced for the first crowded week at the Lexington, one is the "Madame Chrysanthème" of André Messager. The story which Pierre Loti told so cruelly forms the foundation of the libretto. It was invented long before the "Madama Butterfly" we love so well. And Messager was younger—at his best, indeed—when he composed his score. The part of the poor, touching little heroine, the forsaken Geisha girl, will be interpreted, in the right way, the Japanese way, by Tamaki Miura.

Hard on the heels of "Madame Chrysanthème" will come another long-awaited work—"L'Heure Espagnole," of which the translated title should be "Spanish Time," of Ravel, best known here by his popular concert works, and more especially by his "Shéhérazade" overture.

A sad significance attaches to the promise of the third novelty announced for the first week, the "Rip Van Winkle" of the late Reginald de Koven. This "Rip Van Winkle," like the operetta of Lecocq, is said to take liberties with the legend. That may not matter much, though, if the English words and American plot devised for the libretto by Percy MacKaye prove to be suited to the purposes of opera.

Besides all these new works we shall have "Pélléas et Mélisande," "Pagliacci," "L'Amore dei Tre Re" (with Mary Garden, for the first time here as the romantic heroine), "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Madama Butterfly." The Metropolitan will have to guard its laurels if this programme is carried out.

Among the other works we may expect in the succeeding month of opera at the Lexington may or may not be Montemezzi's latest effort (with d'Annunzio's book) "La Nave," Camille d'Erlanger's "Aphrodite," Halévy's "La Juive," Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," Massenet's "Hérodiade," "Le Jongleur," and "Thaïs," Carpentier's ever-welcome "Louise," Verdi's "Falstaff," Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," Gounod's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette," Bizet's "Carmen," Leroux's "Le Chemineau," Henri Février's "Monna Vanna" and two new ballets by American composers, the "Boudour" of the critic, Felix Borowski, and "The Birthday of the Infanta" (after Oscar Wilde) of John Alden Carpenter.

To interpret this startling and exacting repertory the Chicago company will bring us far-famed singers. Among them will be those two admirable baritones, Titta Ruffo, long a god of the Italians, and Carlo Galeffi, who is said to rival him; Edward Johnson, an American tenor who, under the stage name of Giovanni, has become popular at the Scala; that master of *bel canto*, Alessandro Bonci, whom some have ranked above the great Caruso; Mary Garden, in her own field still unequalled; Rosa Raisa, of the full and mighty tones; Galli-Curci, the best coloratura soprano living, and Alessandro Dolci, an engaging tenor.

The most recent addition to the repertory of the Metropolitan is the "Zaza" of Leoncavallo (who, with no small skill, adapted the libretto from the once well-known play produced by Mr. Belasco). This "Zaza," though it has no great importance, will appeal to those who love life and movement, wit and humor, on the stage, varied by pathos and occasional violent outbursts. The composer has, in a humble way, made use of music as a handmaid of drama and comedy on the "Falstaff" plan. In his first act (which, by long odds, is the best) he has the deftness which delights us in the "Segreto di Susanna" of Wolf-Ferrari. His second act is rather tame and colorless. The third and fourth acts both contain effective episodes. But nowhere does this work approach the level reached, at times, in "Pagliacci."

The appeal of "Zaza" will be made here by the play (for it is really a good play—of a bad kind, maybe—set cleverly to music). The plot is largely an unvarnished tale of harlotry. And in the centre of it stands the striking figure of the painted "heroine." She is an "artist" of the vulgar music halls, a creature of whims, of passionate freaks and impulses. As an exponent of this meretricious drab (she is that or nothing) Geraldine Farrar fairly took one's breath away. She was as contenting (or distressing) in her stormy moods as in her courtesan coquetries (which left little to the imagination). In the much talked-of scene for Zaza and the child of Dufresne, her lover, she awoke needless sympathy. Her attitudes and poses were audacious—now and then, indeed too audacious for the opera boards. And when the chance occurred, she sang mellifluously.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Reginald de Koven

THE sudden passing of Reginald de Koven, a few days ago, came as a shock to those who liked him as a man and to a host whom he had pleased as a composer of light songs and operas. It was my privilege in other days to share with him, as dramatic critic of the *World*, the work of chronicling the doings of the stage. His field was music. In later years I helped him in his fight—a long, hard fight—for the employment of our English tongue in opera. Both in the theatre and in the press-room "Reggie" de Koven, as we called him, had warm friends.

Neither as critic nor as musician did he pretend to be a futurist, or even a modernist. To him the Schoenbergs, the Stravinskys, and the Regers of these restless times were puzzling problems. To him good music meant above all things—melody.

It is chiefly as a writer of tuneful songs that most will think of him.

His most successful work was "Robin Hood." The production of that charming comic opera, in 1890, did more than vastly more ambitious efforts to improve the public taste. By "Robin Hood," with its old English flavor, he may live here for some time to come; not by his "Canterbury Pilgrims," his one claim to fame as a composer of "grand" opera.

Toward the end of his career, "Reggie" de Koven was a persistent advocate of the creation in this country of that m

(*Continued on page* 94)

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needed institution, a National Conservatory. For this and other things we owe him thanks.

Though he was not, in any sense, a great musician, he had his place in the wide field of music. His death, soon after the production of his "Rip Van Winkle" by the Chicago Opera Company, has left the world a little poorer for his loss.

C. H. M.

Books and the News

The Theatre

IN the middle of the theatrical season it may be pleasant to see some suggestions for reading about the theatre—criticism, general information, and recollections of the always golden past. These books are mainly about the American stage.

To begin with memories of older days, Mary C. Crawford's "The Romance of the American Theatre" (Little, 1913) will be found interesting, as will the volumes by two veterans, J. R. Towse's "Sixty Years of the Theatre; An Old Critic's Memories" (Funk, 1916), and William Winter's "The Wallet of Time" (Moffat, 1913). The alliterative title of "The Diary of a Daly Débutante" (Duffield, 1910) ought to be attractive; it is by Dora Knowlton Ranous. Those to whom the names of William Warren and Annie Clarke mean anything will be glad to be reminded of Kate Ryan's "Old Boston Museum Days" (Little, 1915).

For general criticism and comment there is Richard Burton's "The New American Drama" (Crowell, 1913), not light reading; and, for contrast, George J. Nathan's "Comedians All" (Knopf, 1919), which may be named as a sample of his books about the stage, in all of which there is a little meat and a great deal of tabasco sauce. Despite Mr. Nathan, the leading American writers on the technique of the drama are Brander Matthews and George P. Baker. The former's newest volume is "The Principles of Playmaking" (Scribner, 1919). Prof. Baker's "Dramatic Technique" (Houghton) appeared last year. Gordon Craig writes essays on all kinds of theatrical subjects in "The Theatre Advancing" (Little, 1919). Another, by Mr. Craig, upon a special subject, is "On the Art of the Theatre" (Browne's Bookstore). Walter Prichard Eaton's "Plays and Players" (Stewart & Kidd, 1916) has some general essays on the theatre, as well as comments upon certain plays. Ludwig Lewisohn in "The Modern Drama; An Essay in Interpretation" (Huebsch, 1915), Archibald Henderson in "The Changing Drama" (Holt, 1914), A. B. Walkley in "Drama and Life" (Brentano, 1908), and Clayton Hamilton in "Problems of the Playwright" (Holt, 1917) deal in all manner of subjects about the theatre, but chiefly in dramatic criticism. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader of James Huneker's "Iconoclasts" (Scribner, 1905), a book about great contemporary figures among dramatists.

Persons interested in special developments in the theatre will find these described in Thomas H. Dickinson's "The Insurgent Theatre" (Huebsch, 1917), with its essays on the little theatres, the "dramatic laboratories," etc., in Constance Mackay's "The Little Theatre in the United States" (Holt, 1917), Percy Mackaye's "The Civic Theatre" (Kennerley, 1912), Alice M. Herts's "The Children's Educational Theatre" (Harper, 1911), and Huntley Carter's "The Theatre of Max Reinhardt" (Palmer, 1914).

David Belasco's "The Theatre Through Its Stage Door" (Harper, 1909) is varied and entertaining. Montrose J. Moses in "The American Dramatist" (Little, 1911) has written a book of reference that is also readable, with its chapters on early playwriting in the United States and discussions of the work of the present.

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THE REVIEW

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IN the public mind, as distinguished from the schemes and combinations of political managers, the two names that are far and away foremost in the Presidential field at this time are those of General Wood and Mr. Hoover. In this circumstance there is ground for genuine comfort, at a time when comfort in the contemplation of our political state is a very scarce article indeed. For, whatever else may be said about either of these candidacies, they both rest fundamentally on great and rare achievement. It was General Wood's admirable work in the regeneration of Cuba that was the basis of his subsequent career, as well as the primary cause of his high place in public esteem. And his hold on that place was signally confirmed by the invaluable part which his foresight, energy, and efficiency played in giving the country some degree of preparedness for its entry into the great war. Mr. Hoover's emergence as a possible candidate for the Presidency arises still more distinctly from the exertion of splendid administrative powers in momentous work successfully accomplished. In contrast with the nightmare of political impotence exhibited by both parties at Washington, these things shine out with special lustre, and it must be a solace to all patriotic Americans to think that they are adequately appreciated by the nation. That both the men were from the outset staunch supporters of the Allied cause in Europe is an additional reason for satisfaction, and one by no means without importance in its bearing upon the future.

BETTER late than never is the thought that comes uppermost when one has read the sober, concise, and straightforward statement made by the Secretary of Labor on the subject of deportations of members of the Communist Party of America. If such a statement had been made by Attorney General Palmer at the time of the recent wholesale arrests, a great deal of mischief would have been averted. The worst of the raiding business, when it is conducted in a sensational way, is that nobody knows where it is going to end. With no definite indication of the legal basis of the proceeding, and with many outward signs of high-handedness and lack of discrimination, it encourages both the extremists who favor a policy of ruthless repression and the opposite kind of extremists who acclaim it as proof of the accusation, which they have long been making, that we are already guilty of oppression that puts America into the class of the Russia of the Tsars. Secretary Wilson's statement shows that the proceeding against the members of the Communist party was strictly in accordance with the law, and it gives everyone the means of knowing what he must do to avoid coming into collision with the law. Nevertheless, the question remains whether the best judgment was exercised in the application of the law, and also to what extent, in the prosecution of the cases, administrative discretion should temper its execution. No statute of this nature is in practice carried out with literal exactness. The matter is one of political expediency quite as much as of law. If enough is done to serve for warning and prevention, the purpose of the legislation is achieved.

SEVERAL weeks ago, we referred to "definite and serious charges of misconduct" made by *Harvey's Weekly* against Norman Hapgood, late Minister to Denmark. Shortly after that, Mr. Hapgood replied to the charges in a full and straightforward statement of the facts in the case. The rejoinder to this statement made by *Harvey's Weekly* fails to sustain the charges either by adducing any substantial evidence of its own, or by pointing out any untruthfulness in Mr. Hapgood's statement. The sinister interpretation which it seeks to put on the facts admitted by him we see no reason whatever for accepting.

"I BELIEVE," says George Washington, in a statement which accompanies an editorial in a New York newspaper pouring forth its denunciation of our "iniquitous treaty" for many reasons that are vague, but one that is explicitly stated ("because it refused self-determination to peoples"), "I believe it is the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or squabbles of European nations." The *credo*, just as it is stated, is as

good to-day as on the day it was uttered; but it does not seem to occur to the newspaper in question that if there is a single situation in Europe which at the moment deserves to be described as a squabble it is precisely that Irish business into which some more or less American noses are so fond of obtruding themselves. On the other hand, it is absurd to pretend that everything that happens in Europe is by definition "political intrigues and squabbles" with which we have no concern—the war and its consequences, for example.

If American statesmen knew Bolshevik Russia as well as Bolshevik statesmen know America, how simple it would be to set everything to rights! Look at this admirable statement, in a note sent by Commissar for Foreign Affairs Chicherin to President Wilson October 24, 1918:

> In your country, Mr. President, the banks and the industries are in the hands of such a small group of capitalists that, as your personal friend, Colonel Robins, assured us, the arrest of twenty heads of capitalistic cliques and the transfer of control, which by characteristic capitalistic methods they have come to possess, into the hands of the masses of the world is all that would be required to destroy the principal source of new wars.

Just how much of the merit of this wonderful summary of American economic conditions is to be ascribed to Chicherin and how much to Raymond Robins, it is impossible to say. The prosperity, not only of a jest, but also of other interesting communications, lies in the ear of him who hears it. But while in this instance the ear was a good one, it is safe to say that the tongue did its fair share. After breathing for a year or two the stifling atmosphere of America, Colonel Robins will doubtless feel that it is impossible he should ever have said anything like what Chicherin states that he did; but to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober is not always a conclusive way of arriving at the truth.

Hans Vorst, well known for his excellent contributions on Russian affairs to the *Berliner Tageblatt*, has published in that paper extracts from a letter written to him by a professor in the University of Tomsk who belongs to the party of the Mensheviki (*i. e.*, Minority Socialists), adherents of the so-called Plekhanov group. This man's testimony to the high character and patriotism of Kolchak is worth quoting as, coming from that side, it forms a strong refutation of the slander of which the Admiral has been the victim both in Europe and this country. The Siberian professor says:

> The Government of Kolchak has rendered extraordinary services to Russia, whatever the revolutionaries and their hangers-on may say of him. He had to work under the most trying circumstances and absolute lack of money and personnel. His Government has made no few mistakes and often veered to the Right—but on the whole it has steered the course of a democratic government which wishes to reunite the divided parts of Russia and establish law and order in the place of Bolshevist tyranny. All the talk of the reactionary tendencies of Kolchak's Government is downright slander. Kolchak was perfectly loyal and his Government recognized its chief duty to be the reunion of Russia and the convocation of the legislative assembly.

We print in other columns correspondence from Berlin by Dr. Paul Rohrbach, a well-known writer on German politics and, before the war, a prominent advocate of Germany's economic and colonial expansion. We are glad to give him this opportunity of stating his country's present case, which must afford bitter reflection to a man who had dreamed of quite a different future. But we can not help feeling that his appeal for material aid and mitigation of the peace terms would have impressed us more if the writer could have assured us that, even more than by their physical sufferings, the Germans are tormented by the consciousness that, but for the crime against civilization to which they were parties, Germany and the rest of Europe might now be enjoying the continuance of old-time prosperity.

It is difficult to define the full bearing of the Pyrrhic victory by which M. Millerand obtained the Chamber's vote of confidence in the entire Cabinet. Léon Daudet's attack on Jules Steeg, the new Minister of the Interior, was obviously a preliminary skirmish by which the opposition meant to test the strength of the new Government and, perhaps, to ascertain on what auxiliary forces they could reckon for the full onset that is to follow. It is a very heterogeneous group by which the Millerand Cabinet is challenged. There are first of all the Socialist members who naturally will join any opposition against a Government formed by the Bloc National. By helping to defeat it they would take revenge for their recent discomfiture at the polls. The extreme Right, as whose spokesman Léon Daudet led the attack, will not be withheld from repeating the assault by fear of playing into the Socialists' hands. The latter are too few in number in the new Chamber as compared with the representation of the Bloc, to derive any substantial gain from the overthrow of the Cabinet. These two extremes are strengthened by several deputies of the Bloc National, who owe the new Premier a grudge for not having offered them or their friends a place in the Government.

The personal element has always been a strong factor in French politics, and now that the German danger is past it reasserts itself with fresh vigor. The Frenchman's interest in the contest of parties is stimulated by his realistic tendency to transpose the clash of abstract principles into a conflict between ambitious politicians. The present crisis is a case in point. Behind the opposition looms the powerful figure of Briand, who, if he succeeds in ousting Millerand, will be the chief gainer. It was Briand who manipulated the election of Paul Deschanel to the Presidency, and in the event of the fall of the present Cabinet Briand will be charged by the new President with the formation of a new one. It would, therefore, have availed Millerand but little if he had waived insistence on M. Steeg's being excluded from the vote of confidence in the Government. The attack on the Minister of the Interior was only a means to an end, and the end is the ousting of M. Millerand himself. The latter's position is the more precarious as he has no definite programme to offer on which a strong majority of the Chamber could be brought to agree. The cement of the Bloc National is a negative formula

There is no unity of design between its various fractions as to the best plan for the economic reconstruction of the country. The financial policy to be adopted will be the supreme test of the Cabinet's vitality. The new Minister of Finance, François-Marcel, has denounced the work of his predecessor, M. Klotz, as "incoherent and altogether incapable of meeting the present needs of France." But he will soon find out the difficulty of steering a course which must not only meet the needs of France but must also meet with the approval of such an incoherent body as the Bloc National.

THE Ohio State Bar Association, in annual session at Dayton last week, listened to a very vigorous discussion, by Hon. John A. McMahon, of the attitude of labor organizations towards what they are pleased to call "government by injunction." The speaker showed that the injunction is an ancient familiar remedy, developed as a means of enabling courts of equity to protect citizens in their legal rights. "Its area of jurisdiction is as wide as that of human rights invaded by unscrupulous men." It has been a very common resort of the poor and the weak against attempts at ruthless encroachments by wealth and power. Only a small percentage of the cases of its use have had anything to do with labor controversies. In no case has a court assumed the authority to enjoin strikers simply as strikers, but only as particular circumstances involved them in the illegal infraction of the legal rights of others. "There is no recorded case where workingmen have been compelled to return to work by the order of any court." While admitting that individual judges might err in the discretion necessary to the use of such a means, the speaker argued very earnestly that the injunction is a bulwark of human right and justice which we can not afford to weaken. In the Ohio campaign for the adoption of a long series of amendments to the state constitution, in 1912, a proposition was submitted separately which limited the use of the injunction, in cases involving the employment of labor, merely to the protection of physical property from violence. It was defeated by over sixteen thousand votes in the State, and through a campaign of education led by Mr. McMahon it was beaten by more than eleven thousand in the counties containing the great manufacturing centres of the Miami Valley.

THE slogan "1919 has been the radicals' year, 1920 belongs to the sane thinkers" may represent only a pious hope, but it is a hope worth holding up before men as one that is at least possible of realization. Some recent publicity of the McGraw-Hill publications, appearing under the above caption, suggests large possibilities in the use of advertising space for the purpose of teaching the fundamental economic truths in a plain and forceful way. The plain citizen may be pardoned if he feels that in his economic diet he must perforce choose between some pretty raw east wind and a simoom that may be heating but is not sustaining. Like plant foods in the ground, economic truth exists in abundance, but for most mortals it is not in "available" form. In such a possible campaign of education, quite as important as explaining what is true, would be the effective demonstration of what is not true, or is characterized by the possession of a mere dangerous fraction of the truth. Indeed, it is the things that seem to be true that are the chief source of danger. The things that are palpably false will be seen through, sooner or later, by even the plainest citizen. But he needs to be put on his guard against the mischief-breeding half-truths and possible falsehoods with which he is constantly confronted.

THE plan for a general final examination of candidates for degrees at Harvard is connected by President Lowell, in his annual report, with the feeling that the individual student, rather than the individual course of study, should be treated as the unit in education. The general examination is to cover the field in which the student has "concentrated," a technical term in Harvard which happily avoids some of the suggestions of the more common word "specialized," or of the ill sounding "majored." The system begins with the present Freshman class, but is not obligatory on any department against its will. All departments except those of mathematics and the natural sciences have so far voted to make the experiment. Perhaps the greatest advantage of these examinations will be their influence in extending and systematizing the student's collateral reading, which examinations in single courses can not control, and which, with the multiplicity of present-day college distractions, is taken for granted far oftener than done.

THE suggested unionization of college and university teachers is discussed by President Lovejoy, of the Association of University Professors, in his recently printed annual message to the Association. He gives three very forcible reasons for opposing the scheme. In the first place, it is certain that a large part of the profession would refuse to join an organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor. Again, the trade-union usually is, and is generally understood to be, preponderantly economic in its aims and methods. It is not wise that the professional organization of university teachers and investigators should exist, in fact or in popular opinion, primarily for the purpose of increasing the salaries of its members, or that its characteristic business should be the application of economic pressure for such ends. Rather, its first concern should be to enable its members to discharge their distinctive function in the economy of modern society with the highest possible degree of competency and serviceableness. Finally, that part of the profession which is engaged in teaching the "social sciences" should avoid, in the interest of a suitable detachment, entangling alliances with any of the purely economic groups now struggling to retain or increase their share of the "social dividend." There is little ground to apprehend much dissent from this reasoning.

Hoover

THE New York *World's* courageous declaration in favor of Hoover for President has awakened an enthusiastic response. It would be impossible, we believe, to find any parallel to the announcement, by a newspaper generally acknowledged to be the most powerful organ of its party in the country, that it will support a particular man whether he be nominated by the Democrats or by the Republicans or by an independent movement, provided only that the platform on which he stands is sound in its fundamental character. And the applause that the *World* has received has come from Democrats even more than from Republicans, though there has been a great deal from both.

It is being widely asserted that the Hoover boom, to which the *World's* announcement has given so sudden an impetus, has been industriously fostered by strong political and other interests. To attempt to determine the facts as to this aspect of it would be a futile undertaking. But whatever may be the truth as to the existence of any factor of this kind in the case, there is no question at all as to the existence of another factor so powerful as of itself to account for the spread of the Hoover idea—a factor without which the machinations of politicians and cliques would have been impotent to produce it.

Without urging of any sort, the thoughts of thousands of citizens have turned to Hoover as the man who possesses in a unique degree qualifications singularly suited to the needs of an extraordinary situation. People turn to him after much the same fashion as in other days republics in time of stress were wont to turn to "the man on horseback" as the only possible "savior of society." A republic threatened with immediate and possibly fatal convulsion is prone to overlook all other considerations in the presence of the overmastering need of safety. In such a situation the one strong man whose name is a synonym for safety—and he is very apt to be "the man on horseback"—outclasses all competitors. Our country is in no such plight. Neither the evils with which we are already contending, nor the evils that we apprehend, forebode any sudden convulsion or overturn. But they are of a seriousness unexampled in our history; and nowhere is there any sign that they will be vigorously and effectively grappled with. The profound economic disturbance brought on by the war enormously aggravated all forms of social unrest; and to-day, fifteen months after the armistice, our reasons for anxiety as to this situation are not less, but far greater, than they were when the clash of arms came to an end. To do what can be done for the betterment of these conditions is the one supreme need of the moment; and it requires nothing more to explain the underlying cause of the Hoover boom. For Hoover is the one man whose achievements and character mark him out as signally qualified to meet that need.

The great foundation for this belief in his achievements and his character is his work in the rescue of Belgium. A private citizen, a man not theretofore connected with any great philanthropic enterprise, he undertook a task before which all the world shrank appalled, and he achieved it. Not only on the economic side, but on its manifold human sides, he grappled with all the difficulties of an unexampled situation and overcame them. To awaken his countrymen to a duty of which they were slow to appreciate the magnitude, to enlist and to retain the devoted coöperation of the ablest assistants, to institute methods which brought to devastated Belgium the maximum of assistance with the minimum of pauperization—these were the aspects of his work which soon became apparent, and which excited the admiration and gratitude of all the world. It was only later that we came to understand by what combination of firmness and tact, of vigilance and foresight, he succeeded in maintaining livable relations with the German authorities, while yielding nothing of the principle that every ounce of the help that he provided for the Belgians, and of the self-help which he made possible to them, was to count for their good and not for that of their conquerors. History records no more splendid example of the consecration of great powers to the service at once of humanity and of liberty.

Mr. Hoover's work in Belgium was followed, when our country went into the war, by administrative work on a still greater scale, for which he was chosen by President Wilson because of the preëminent ability and energy which he had exhibited. In the execution of these tasks he has manifested the same quality of practical insight combined with breath of vision, as well as that perfect command of detail, and that genius for organization, which were essential to the success of his work in Belgium. And he has never lost sight of the human elements without which even the highest organization is incapable of achieving great ends. He did not underestimate, as many men of the merely engineering instinct might have done, the immense potentialities of voluntary coöperation at a time when a whole people are deeply stirred to a sense of patriotic duty. Nor has he failed, at each of several notable conjunctures, to say a ringing word that has had conclusive potency. Without in the least countenancing preposterous notions of the punishment to be inflicted upon Germany, such as were fomented by Lloyd George in his electioneering campaign after the armistice, he put his foot down firmly when sentimental pleas for the relief of the Germans were filling the air while our undivided attention was required for the rescue of populations that had been crushed in the mire by the German power; and when the downfall of Bela Kun was followed by what looked like a recrudescence of the Hapsburg idea, a few forthright words from Hoover gave what was generally regarded as the *coup de grace* to that unfortunate project. Preëminently a man that "does things," Mr. Hoover is not much of a talker; but when he does speak he hits the mark.

To a man of this type it is natural that the country should turn when it stands in crying need of relief from evils in which the economic and the

human elements are equally involved. We are not going to straighten out the troubles between labor and capital either by an appeal to lofty generalities or by the application of merely economic remedies. We are not going to deal successfully with the grievances that have arisen from the enormous advance of prices by exhorting men to be more high-minded or unselfish, nor can we do so by looking hither and thither for means of artificial legal restraint upon the processes of business. In so far as anything can be done by the Government for either of these ends, its action must be animated by just that combination of broad-mindedness and practicality which, in the fields in which he has thus far been engaged, Mr. Hoover has so signally exhibited. Accordingly we believe it to be true that his advocates will be found in about equal proportions among those who are adherents of Mr. Wilson because of the loftiness of his idealism, and among those who oppose and condemn Mr. Wilson because of the disastrous vagueness of that same idealism. Men of the latter class are ready to welcome with profound relief a change from glamorous generalities to concrete helpfulness; and we feel quite sure that by this time even men of the former class, whether they admit it to themselves or not, have had a surfeit of rainbow-chasing.

So much for the case in favor of Mr. Hoover as a possible President of the United States. But strong as it is, it is very far from being an adequate case. Before we can as sober citizens of a self-governing nation declare that he is our man, we must know much more about the kind of President Mr. Hoover is likely to make. It has been announced by a friend of Mr. Hoover's that a statement will soon be forthcoming, in which he will lay down his views on the issues of the time. This may go far towards determining the inherent merits of his candidacy, even if it still leaves wide open the question of his possible nomination by either party. In the meanwhile, it is proper to point out some of the vital considerations, other than those involved in his personal ability and character, which must be taken into account by the nation.

The term of the next President will begin not to-morrow, but more than a year hence; it will end more than five years hence. During these five years great national concerns will be affected, other than those which at this moment are pressing so heavily upon us. The ship of state is in stormy waters, but, whoever is President, she will right herself. She is not going on the rocks. It is extremely important that we should get through with as little injury as possible, but we are not reduced to the necessity of electing a merely emergency President. In the main, the salvation of the country from the immediate evils in the contemplation of which we are now absorbed must come from the sound sense and the fundamental virtues of the people themselves. On the other hand, the political and economic structure of the country may undergo very great changes, even in the course of a few years, through the action of those whom the people choose to carry on their Government.

Even before the advent of President Wilson, the presidency had gradually come to be a political force so dominant as, in the hands of a strong man, to overshadow all other factors. Whatever other issues there may be in the presidential campaign, one issue is bound to run through it, whether explicitly formulated or not. We are either going to stand by the fundamental principles of the American political and economic system, or we are going to drift away from them. It may or may not be that Mr. Hoover has profound or well-defined convictions on these principles; it may or may not be that he realizes the essential importance of surrounding himself with men who are devoted to them. We can not afford to be saved by a wonder-worker, a superman. We want to get the benefit that such a man is capable of conferring on us in a time of great and extraordinary need, but we do not want to purchase those benefits at the sacrifice of the permanent character of our institutions. In a word, we must know what the election of Hoover would mean politically, before we can decide whether he is the man that we ought to have for President.

New York's "Town Meeting Hall"

THE League for Political Education was founded twenty-five years ago by a little group of public-spirited women, of whom the late Mrs. Henry M. Sanders was the leader. Its growth has been quiet, unobtrusive, and steady. It is now to have a centrally located building, of ample dimensions and suited to varied uses. If the tributes paid to its past by men of such diverse views as Bishop Burch on the one hand and Rabbi Wise on the other may be accepted as a token of the future that lies before it, the civic and social activities which are to be centred in the new building will in the years to come exercise an important influence, which will be felt not only in New York but throughout the nation.

Not the least of the reasons for such an anticipation is that feature in its history and purposes which was especially dwelt upon by Mr. Robert Erskine Ely, to whose energy and devotion as its administrator the other speakers ascribed the chief share in its success. It has relied for its growth not upon the munificence of a few individuals, but upon the hearty coöperation of many hundreds, each of whom gave his or her help without the special urging of anything like an organized "drive." By way of emphasizing the point, Mr. Ely declared that if the $1,250,000 needed for the new building, whose corner-stone was laid last Saturday, were to be offered to him in a single check, he would feel obliged to decline the gift. In the new career now opening for the institution, it should, and probably will—like the City Club of New York—have imitators throughout the country, and it is important that these should be inspired by the same idea of self-help and spontaneous coöperation.

Of the building the most conspicuous feature will be what is formally

called the "Civic Auditorium," but what is by preference referred to as the "Town Meeting Hall." The friends of the project love to think of it as offering in some measure a revival of the New England town meeting. The town meeting, however, as everybody knows, can play no such part in a world-city of six million inhabitants of the utmost conceivable heterogeneity as it did in the New England town of six hundred, or six thousand, transplanted Englishmen. Indeed, as we understand it, there are two quite distinct objects for which the Civic Auditorium is to be established. The regularly planned lectures and discussions, under the auspices of the League for Political Education, will there have access to large audiences, instead of the comparatively small ones which they have hitherto reached; but during the greater part of every week the hall will be available for public meetings of miscellaneous character.

The League will do well to keep clearly in mind, and to keep clearly before the public, the distinction between these two functions. The principle of free speech has its bearing on both, and the principle of intelligent speech has its bearing on both. But the emphasis on freedom and the emphasis on intelligence should be different in the two. It will be a great thing to have a recognized centre where opinions and sentiments of almost every possible shade can find vent without the sponsorship of any organization; and accordingly the League should be as sparing as possible of any censorship of the purposes for which its hall may be used as a place of general assembly. On the other hand, a League for Political Education is bound by its very title to see to it that the matter which is presented under its own auspices shall be educative. There is a superstition of free speech, just as there is a superstition of bigotry. It may be right to let wild or ignorant people talk nonsense, but it is silly to suppose that such talking is educative, or that it is sure to be harmless. The views set forth by speakers for a League of Political Education need not be in accord with what the officers of the League think just or desirable, but they must fulfill one condition—that of being the result of sober and competent thought. To be a lecturer for such an association is not a natural right, but an acquired privilege. Undoubtedly, it has been upon this principle that the League has proceeded in the past; but once it gets into the limelight in its larger sphere of operations it will be likely to meet with much sophomoric criticism if it continues to adhere to it.

Another of the uses to which the building is to be put appeals to us perhaps even more strongly. It will house a club for men and women, to which admission will be easy, and of which the annual membership fee is to be only fifteen dollars. There ought to be a score of such clubs in New York, and every city should have one or more of them. To a large class of women especially it would supply something the absence of which it is pitiful to contemplate when one thinks how easily it might be provided. There are in New York tens of thousands of women living solitary lives of hard work, women of education and refinement, whose life would be transformed by the mere possibility of such human contact as a club of this kind would furnish. In many cases the effect of this contact would be to open opportunities for civic or social usefulness which these women would eagerly welcome, and from that standpoint alone the existence of the club would be more than justified. But it is the benefit to the individuals themselves—men as well as women, but women most because they need it most—to which we attach the highest value. The civic or public side will be peculiar to such a club as is to be housed in the League's building; but if this should prove a success, lesser clubs, clubs of a neighborhood character, ought to find their cue in it. Without any aspiration for larger results, such clubs would do their share in filling a need not less acute than that for social or political reform—the need of a livable life for thousands of individual men and women oppressed by the utter bareness and unfriendliness of their social surroundings.

Holland and the ex-Kaiser

IN its note to the Netherlands Government demanding the extradition of the ex-Kaiser, the Supreme Council expressed the opinion that "Holland would not fulfill her international duty if she refused to associate herself with the Entente Powers, within the limit of her ability, to pursue, or at least not to impede, the punishment of crimes committed." The Council has thus, in anticipation, condemned Queen Wilhelmina and her Government as lacking in duty to the rest of the world. It seems open to doubt whether it is in accordance with that high international policy in whose name the demand for extradition was made to force, by the threat of a stigma, the Kingdom into fulfilling its alleged duty. A compliance with the request, since that menace was made, would, whether justly or not, have been explained as due to Holland's fear of the consequences of a refusal. Holland was thus given only the choice between fulfilling a new-sprung duty without receiving credit for her moral sense and satisfying her own conscience by a strict adherence to the laws of the kingdom and national tradition.

The decision, though thus facilitated for Holland by the threat of the Powers, would not have fallen out otherwise if they had simply appealed to her "respect for law and love of justice." It is on these very principles that Queen Wilhelmina has based her refusal; respect, indeed, for the laws of the kingdom and love of that justice which is embodied in national tradition. Those two were the only principles by which her Government could let itself be guided, as no international law exists on which the demand of the Powers could be based. There is greater force in that argument than in the plea, put forward by French editors and politicians, that the demand is founded on a new moral law which, by its application to the ex-Kaiser's case, would be carried out of the sphere of theory into that of international practice. The prestige of the International

Code of Law would suffer from this novel mode of enactment, contrary to the juristic principles of all civilized countries. Taking this point of view, which seems to us unimpeachable, the Government of the Queen declared that "if in the future there should be instituted by the society of nations an international jurisdiction, competent to judge in case of war deeds, qualified as crimes and submitted to its jurisdiction by statute antedating the acts committed, it would be fit for Holland to associate herself with the new régime."

The Dutch press seems to be unanimous in its approval of the Government's attitude. We should wrong the Hollanders if we ascribed their satisfaction to any love for the exile of Amerongen or to a wish to condone the many crimes committed in his name. If they could, without prejudice to their national honor, get rid of the intruder, they would gladly see the last of him. Those who refuse the Kaiser's extradition would be more glad of a justifiable reason for delivering him than the Allied Governments probably would be of receiving him at their hands. The Dutch reply must have brought a sense of relief to the Cabinets in Paris and London. The fear lest the failure to enforce one provision of the Treaty of Versailles should invalidate others has small basis. It is not the German Government which raises the obstacle, but a Power which can, and does, claim as a reason for refusing the Council's demand that it is not a party to that treaty.

The two parties chiefly concerned have good cause, therefore, to thank Queen Wilhelmina's Government for its decision: the Entente Powers, which are barred from the dubious honor of establishing a new international law which would set up the accuser as judge in his own case, and the Dutch nation, which has the satisfaction of seeing its respect for law and tradition prevail over its aversion to the guest who, little to his honor, abuses that feeling for his own safety. It is only the ex-Kaiser himself who, if he were the man he has so long pretended to be, should regret a conclusion which prevents him from rising out of his present obscurity into the full glare of the world's stage, to make his exit as a martyr.

Still Fumbling with Russia

ANNOUNCEMENTS in recent official Soviet Government newspapers, as well as from the Soviet authorities themselves, confirm the statement made in our last week's issue that the Russian Coöperative organizations were under control of the Soviet Government, and that to trade with the Coöperatives as proposed in the announcement of the Supreme Council is to deal with the Soviet Government.

The real meaning and intent of the announcement are still far from clear. Three possible explanations have been suggested. The first is that Alexander Berkenheim, sometime representative of the Central Union of Consumers' Coöperatives, had taken in the Supreme Council and led them to believe that it was possible to deal with the Russian people through the Coöperatives independently of the Soviet Government; in other words, that it was possible "to go over the heads of the Government to the people." The cryptic remark in the announcement concerning "the report of a committee appointed to consider the reopening of certain trade relations with the Russian people" may refer to Berkenheim and his assistant, Krovopuskov. The latter has now admitted that the Coöperatives are completely controlled by the Soviet Government. A second view is that the announcement is a scarcely veiled proposal to enter into negotiations with and recognize the Soviet Government. This, however, seems unlikely in view of the categorical statement that the arrangement implies no change in the policies of the Allied Governments toward the Soviet Government, and also because the proposal has been coldly received by the Soviet authorities. A third supposition is that Lloyd George put forth, for its political effect upon the radical labor element in England and elsewhere, a proposal of which he knew well that nothing would come in practice, but for the failure of which he could place the blame on the Soviet Government itself.

In connection with this, it is interesting to note that the pro-Bolshevist press charges a British plot to secure a favorable trade position, regardless of what develops in Russia, and to exclude America from similar opportunities. Attention is called to the fact that the action at Paris was taken after America had burned her bridges behind her by the deportation of the Russian "Reds" and by the publication of the State Department memorandum on Bolshevism. Meanwhile the Allied policy toward Soviet Russia is a mass of inconsistencies and contradictions. Side by side with the proposal to trade with the Russian people comes the recognition of the independence of Georgia and Azerbaijan and the promise of assistance to Poland in her struggle against the Bolsheviks. It must be reiterated that the announced policy of placing a "barbed-wire fence" around Bolshevik Russia is fraught with great danger. Any proposal that threatens the unity and integrity of Russia tends to unite patriotic anti-Bolshevik Russians under the Bolshevik banner for the defense of the unity of their country, and discourages those forces which are making for revolution from within. Nothing could be more disastrous to Europe than to have the war against Bolshevism transformed into a war against Russia.

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A Glimmer of Hope for Ireland

IT would be premature to express more than a tentative judgment upon the new proposals about Ireland until we have the full text of the Government bill. So far we have only an outline of its broad principle, and there are immensely important matters of detail which one still eagerly awaits. But some salient points at least are clear.

Full recognition is to be granted to the claim that Ulster, no less than the rest of Ireland, shall "determine herself." Mr. Lloyd George insists that no plan is admissible which does not rest on general consent, though his recommendations clearly imply that this consent may be the outcome rather than the prerequisite of a well-conceived reform. He has in mind Gladstone's central doctrine that popular sympathy must in the end be enlisted by any constitution which is to succeed, and he will not limit the scope of this rule to one part of the island only. Whatever the causes, reasonable or unreasonable, which divorce public feeling from the administration, he realizes that these must be considered, and, so far as possible, removed. The obstacles which have their root in reason will, of course, be more manageable than those which spring from unreason, and Mr. Lloyd George's many speeches on Home Rule bills in the past leave us in no doubt that for him "Ulster" has been the seat of the more irrational obstinacy. But this, too, he is anxious to meet and to reconcile. The new scheme assumes that it is the melancholy discord among Irishmen themselves which now stands in the way of settlement, and that circumstances exclude the hope of overcoming this conflict by the mechanical imposition of a common legislative assembly. Hence it is proposed to divide the country, at least for a time, into two areas, giving to each a provincial legislature, and setting up besides a federal council to form, for certain carefully defined purposes, a connecting link between the two. The temporary character of this arrangement is emphasized by the provision which the bill is to include for bringing the two provinces in the end more intimately together. It is to be within the power of the provincial legislatures themselves, *without further reference to the Imperial Parliament*, to decree their own fusion into a single House.

Thus the bill makes room for the simultaneous acceptance of two principles hitherto deemed irreconcilable. It removes all ground of complaint on the part of "Ulster" that she is being coerced, and it entrusts to Irishmen alone—uncontrolled by outsiders—the next step to a complete national unity. No doubt the Ulstermen will protest that their chief weapon is to be forced from their hands when they are deprived of the power of appeal to English, Scottish, and Welsh support. On the other side the southern folk may feel aggrieved that for the purpose of the next negotiation, which can not be far distant, thirty per cent. of voters in the north is to be held equivalent to seventy per cent. in the south. But on the whole the plan seems a remarkable feat of ingenuity.

The self-determination which is here acknowledged is something very different from that which to certain dreamers seems to imply an independent Irish Republic. Constitutional nationalists, like the writer of this article, must welcome the unambiguous terms in which Mr. Lloyd George bids defiance to any such proposal. That in this respect, if in no other, they can join hands with even the most inveterate Ulster opponent is among the tokens, still too few, of a possible reconciliation.

If Sir Edward Carson and his friends acquiesce in the new policy, they will have to abandon some of their most cherished arguments. They used to say, for example, that they had comparatively little fear for the interest of the "Plantation Counties" under Home Rule, for these would be well able to look after themselves, and that their chief anxiety was for their scattered brethren so hopelessly outnumbered in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. These last, to use the old Ulster phrase, are to be "thrown to the wolves." But the southern and western Unionists have, ever since the 1916 Convention, voluntarily abandoned their would-be protectors, and have distressingly avowed that the wolves have for them no terror at all! Again, it used to be a Unionist contention that "Ulster" means the whole geographical entity of nine counties—an idea obviously in the interest of those who urged it, so long as the northern province was expected to remain in parliamentary union with Great Britain. Will this view be retained when the fate of the northern province is to be decided by its own inhabitants alone? Will Sir Edward Carson agree to have an autonomous province which contains some fifty per cent. of Home Rulers? Or will he devise a new zigzag boundary line, in utter neglect of that geography about which we once heard so much, and cutting out an irregular but homogeneous area of his own pledged supporters? Some humorist has already suggested "Carsonshire" as a name for the strange province that would thus be created. But to accept this would be to introduce a permanent hindrance to the amalgamation that the bill contemplates. We must wait to see how this very essential point is determined when the full text of the measure is before us. On the principle of division the Prime Minister's introductory statement was far from definite. He spoke of tracing out "homogeneous areas," and there was more than a hint that homogeneity was to be determined by religion. But we must wait to see whether he really meant so disastrous a scheme of cleavage.

Meantime we have much reason to hail some features of unusually rich promise in the plan as we have so far been allowed to know it. First of all, it is much to have resolutely faced the problem of the Irish schism, however we may have to deplore its existence, and with whatever sanguine hope we may anticipate its extinction. Such extinction will be best promoted by talking less of the grounds of variance in the past, and

setting the discordant parties to work together, even under some disagreeable limits, in their own house with a common responsibility for the present. The late Mr. John Redmond once declared in ever-memorable words that almost any compromise should be welcomed which did not shut out the future chance of a really united Ireland. He was willing to accept even the plan of a local option by counties for a period of six years, after which the whole problem might be reopened, though he well knew that at least four counties were certain to separate themselves from the rest. Things have moved fast and far since that statesmanlike concession was defeated of its purpose. But the granting to "Ulster" of a legislative exclusion, until such time as Ulstermen shall themselves decide to come in, is in exactly the same spirit of far-sighted conciliation.

It is much, too, that the new bill will withdraw the ultimate settlement of Irish internal difference from the corrupting influence of party politics across the Channel. Perhaps the deepest source of the long difficulty has been the fact that Ireland has been the obvious and habitual tool for rival ambitions to exploit in interests quite apart from her own. Long before this her domestic feud might have been composed if it had not served the turn of second-rate politicians elsewhere to intensify it. Under this bill she will be exposed to that risk no longer. And to those who fear that the first step of the southern province as now dominated by Sinn Fein would be to declare an independent republic the simple reply is that the powers of the new legislatures will be defined by the statute which creates them, and that a revolutionary move of this sort is as easily prohibited as a corresponding move —if such were conceivable—by Ontario or Nova Scotia. To all, except on the one hand the irreconcilable Sinn Fein, and on the other the no less irreconcilable Ulster Covenanters, Mr. Lloyd George's plan is full of fresh possibilities for good.

The smart critics say that previous bills satisfied somebody, but that this bill will satisfy nobody, and they take for granted that herein lies its sufficient condemnation. But is this a defect? Is it not rather a conspicuous merit, without which one would doubt that a settlement was in sight?

It is safe to guess that not one, even among the sub-committee responsible for drawing up the provisions, is satisfied with every clause of them, and it is certain that Irishmen of all parties both at home and abroad can see much to justify their own discontent. One can understand how English critics hate to see self-government inaugurated at a moment of such intense passion between classes, when the voice of moderate men is drowned in clamor, and when the apostles of violence hold so great a part of Ireland in their grip. One can appreciate, too, how all genuine Irishmen revolt against an arrangement which will even for a time divide their kindred into hostile camps, revive old memories that should long since have been allowed to die, and officially acknowledge the wretched doctrine of "two nations." Still deeper must be the disgust of all who remember how needless and artificial are these hindrances, how political manœuvering for place and power has found its ready instrument in envenoming a wound that had almost healed, how many chances were missed for a settlement that promised well, so that the only chance still open is for a settlement that promises indifferently. Speaking as an Irishman to my compatriots I would say that if we are mere disputants, wrangling about "who is to blame," we shall find it easy to dwell upon a dozen grounds for discontent with either this bill or any other bill that the wit of man can now devise.

But we have something better to do than to recapitulate our case against the coercions and postponements, the stupid misunderstandings, the wilful chicaneries, the Carsonism that inspired Sinn Fein, and the Sinn Fein that stooped to take its model from Carsonism. These matters will belong to history, and we leave it in confidence to the historians to do stern justice. It is for living Irishmen to take their own decisions for the future in the light of the present.

The cool-headed are always a small group, but it would be idle to deny that they are dissatisfied too. What dissatisfies them is not, however, the fault of the proposed bill, but the lamentable circumstance that a better bill is not, in the light of the whole situation, at present practicable. We must not blame the unfairness of Ministers when the trouble lies in the desperate nature of the business they are trying to mend, and, even if we believe that some of them have themselves to thank for their difficulties, let us give them the credit of rising to a task which they have at length, though slowly, come to appreciate. Nothing is settled by invoking "self-determination" until one has defined the area that can be called a national self.

Mr. Lloyd George has come to understand the truth of that old saying of Mirabeau that for men dealing with a national crisis there must often be a bold "swallowing of formulas." But in the present proposal about Ireland the formula of self-determination is being sanely though not slavishly kept in view.

Not by pleasing those who think that they are not "self-determined" until they have got all they either asked or wished, not by deferring forever to those who refuse to see the need for a generous programme of give and take, not by taking seriously those who have sworn in advance a "Covenant" about what "under no circumstances" they will accept, will this problem be guided to a solution. What Ministers seem at last to realize is that they have been led to the present situation in part at least through their long delays, their dexterous chopping and changing, in the vain hope that extremists can be cajoled into combining. The new scheme is not for the complete satisfying of anyone, but for the establishment of an order with which all reasonable men *should*, at least for the time, be satisfied. If Mr. Lloyd George will only preserve an impartial courage towards all the violent alike, whether they are his own electoral friends or foes, there is a glimmering of hope.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Can Germany Recover?

THE other day I received a number of the *Japan Financial and Economic Monthly*, a periodical edited by Japanese but written in English. The editors had asked several leading politicians and strategists for their opinion as to the future of Germany. The answers all agreed in asserting that Germany's power of economic recuperation is not broken, and that she is destined to make rapid progress in social developments by which she will recover her former position among the nations. These Japanese prophets evinced a common tendency to reckon on this expected revival of Germany as a trump card which Japan can play out against the Anglo-Saxon nations. Dr. Misao Kanbe, a professor in the University of Kyoto, expressed himself thus: "Germany is bound to create a new civilization, which will compete with the Anglo-Saxon world and its capitalistic system." The Marquis Okuma, who was Prime Minister in the Cabinet which declared war on Germany, is of opinion that Germany, when peace has been concluded, will doubtless resume her economic life-and-death struggle with all the nations of the world. Especially the English and Americans will experience that."

Similar statements are made by Japanese residing in Germany. They are not to be shaken in their belief that the German nation will recover its strength and fix on a conscious policy for international reconstruction. Every foreigner who visits Germany is anxious to find out what are the real political intentions of Germany, of the Government, and of the leading personalities among the nation. In the press of the Entente countries, especially of France, there is a great deal of talk about German plans and purposes against which the Allies should be on their guard. A French General in the Baltic region recently said to a Swedish interviewer that the refusal of the German troops to evacuate the Baltic Provinces had convinced him of the existence of a Russo-German conspiracy against the peace of the world!

To those who know the actual conditions in Germany, who have lived through the Revolution and have watched its further development, such notions seem either bitter irony or, if they are not, they afford an illustration of the levity with which lack of knowledge forms its opinions. Is it at all possible that Germany will again become an economic force in the world? If the Peace Terms of Versailles are not altered in any way and Germany is left without aid in her present state of distress, there is no chance of her economic recovery. In that case Germany's political bankruptcy is inevitable, bringing in its train private bankruptcy and a terrible proletarisation of the whole nation.

It is impossible for the German nation to maintain its life on the territory left to it by the peace of Versailles. Before the war about one-tenth of the necessary bread-corn had to be imported, and a similar proportion of meat had to come from abroad.

It would seem as if, with increased economy, the nation would be able to live on the products of its own soil and land. But the experience of the war has shown that this is not possible. First of all, the maximum produce of agriculture, in spite of German kali, could not be maintained without a large supply of mineral manures from abroad. Manufactured inventions can only partly replace them, as there are no substitutes for phosphates, only for nitrogen. In the second place, agriculture needs a large stock of cattle and horses for manuring and team-work. But our live stock has been reduced by the war, and the prevailing dearth of fodder precludes its extension. Thirdly, German stock-raising, before the war a flourishing trade, depended largely on foodstuffs imported from abroad, especially all kinds of so-called "Kraftfutter," residues of oil-refining and such like. With the cessation of their import, the cattle deteriorated and produced less milk. Without this foreign food the stock can not be maintained in sufficient numbers. And lastly, Germany could only remain self-supporting as long as the eastern provinces produced more corn than they consumed themselves. Of these granaries Germany has lost two almost entirely, Posen and West Prussia, and large parts of Silesia and East Prussia will also, probably, be taken from her. The result, in the present and the future, is such a large shortage of home-produced foodstuffs that, even with the utmost economy, Germany can not possibly subsist on her own output.

There are three possibilities left to her: imports from abroad, emigration of the population surplus for which no food can be provided, and gradual reduction of the number of inhabitants by hunger and suffering. By a fair estimate, Germany, after the cession of the territory required by the treaty, will contain a little less than 60 million people. Before the war this number was 67 millions, and, if peace had been maintained, it would now have risen to over 71 millions. It is difficult to make a guess at the number which Germany, reduced in size, will be able to maintain on her own resources; probably no more than 40-45 millions. How will Germany pay for the foodstuffs which must be imported if the other 15 or 20 millions are to be kept alive? She has no raw materials to export in return, except kali, part of which comes from Alsace, now ceded to France. Manufactures are the only means of payment left to her. But in order to engage in manufacture Germany needs raw materials: wool and cotton, metals, wood, caoutchouc, hides, etc. Without these supplies, Germany's economic life is paralyzed. The only great industry which, in that case, could still subsist is the steel industry; all other industrial concerns would amount to very little. And even the steel industry will be doomed if the mines in Silesia and Poland are to be ceded to Poland.

It is clear, therefore, that Germany, of her own power, is not able to recover economically so as to keep the nation from starving. First of all, raw materials must be obtained from abroad, so that the industries can start afresh. That can only be done on credit, as the German mark has lost all purchasing power. The scarcity of raw materials for all industries, on the other hand, forces prices to a fabulous height, and the buyers of such scanty products of manufacture as are on the market are mostly not Germans, but foreigners, who, in consequence of the abnormally high purchasing power of the dollar, can buy Germany empty at little expense. Half a year ago the price of a beautiful China dinner service was M. 1500, of a fountain pen, M. 30; of a small electric cooking apparatus, M. 50. To-day these prices have gone up to M. 3800, M. 70, and M. 120. When you inquire into the cause of this rise, the salesman will tell you that the material is growing scarce and that the foreigners pay any price, as at the present exchange rate the most exorbitant charges seem still cheap to them.

The general aversion to work which came as a natural reaction after the hardships and deprivations of the war, and as a consequence of the new revolutionary "Liberty," lasted for about eight months. In the early autumn of 1919 the will to work began to come back to the people. To-day the majority are willing to exert themselves; only a terroristic minority opposes the return to labor, wishing to continue the revolutionary movement to the point of anarchy. But how shall the people be set to work without raw materials, and without sufficient food to make the masses physically fit for the task? The rich can afford to pay five or six times the price they formerly used to spend on the necessaries of life, but the masses can only subsist if the State, by paying the surplus on bread and meat prices, keeps them down at a normal level. How long will that last? There is still a small reserve stock of foodstuffs, especially of those supplied by America at a time when the German

mark had not yet abnormally depreciated. But in March or April a severe crisis is to be expected. The scarcity of milk is the gravest calamity. Berlin, before the war, consumed a million liters of milk a day. At present it receives a daily supply of only 150,000 liters, as a great number of cows have had to be slaughtered and the rest yield less milk than before. American powdered milk is sold at M. 10 a packet, a price which only few people can pay. The children, the sick, and the old people are the chief sufferers. The Entente insists on the surrender by Germany of 140,000 more milch-cows, which means, at their present abnormally low yield, a daily loss of about one million liters.

Is it possible to organize the emigration of 15 million Germans within a sufficiently short period to prevent a grave crisis of unemployment and starvation in the coming years? The question implies its own denial. Germany is still in a somewhat better condition than Austria. There hunger scourges the country, and people are dying in masses. The mortality figures of last year in Vienna reveal a terrible scene of suffering. The death rate is twice what it was in peace time, and child mortality has risen by 300 per cent. In the clinics at Vienna new-born children are frozen to death, as the hospitals can not be heated. The price of firewood is prohibitive: two pounds of wet wood, which does not even burn, cost 1½ to 2 kronen. Since the beginning of the cold season 90 per cent. of the Viennese population have not had a coal or a log on the hearth. The few pounds that can be procured are used for cooking the dinner, if food can be found. The people are shivering in their houses until they can creep into bed. Jewelry, furniture, etc., are sold to get money for food. The birth of a child means fresh terror. A sick child is a doomed child. A well-known Viennese physician, a well-to-do man, lost last winter three children who all died of hunger-grippe; *i. e.*, they were so weakened by hunger that their constitutions could not offer any resistance to the disease. A fourth child remained alive, thanks to a few weeks' visit, in the preceding summer, at the house of some kindly people in Switzerland who let it eat its fill.

But even worse than in Vienna is the condition of the German districts of Bohemia. The reporter of a Hamburg paper, who, in an automobile of the Hoover Commission, made a tour through the "German Hell," as the "Böhmisch-Sächsische Erzgebirge" is now called, gave the following description of his experience: "I saw the interpreter of the American Mission sob at the sight of the babies; I saw an American hospital-nurse, whose nerves had been hardened by a five years' lazaret service, drop unconscious in the presence of the starved skeleton of an old woman; I saw children of a year old who weighed less than at their birth; and I visited some large communities where 90 per cent. of the children were rachitic and do not learn to walk until they are three years old." Conditions as bad as these are as yet found only in a few parts of Germany. But they are indications of what will happen, if Germany is to be left without raw materials for her industries and the food supply from her own soil remains insufficient to feed the nation. The scarcity of both will have a paralyzing effect on German initiative and German hope.

It is, therefore, quite out of the question that Germany could plan an active economic campaign abroad, as without foreign support she can not even avoid a domestic catastrophe. That support must be given in the form of an immediate supply of raw materials and foodstuffs, and by a mitigation of those terms of the Peace of Versailles which, apart from the present acute distress, tend to paralyze the country's vitality. First among these are the uncertainty as to the amount which Germany will have to pay, and the possibility that any Entente Power which should remain lastingly hostile to the German people may interfere in Germany's economic life with negative, obstructive, and confiscatory measures in carrying out the provisions of the treaty.

Bolshevism has little chance of thriving in Germany. It could only gain ascendancy if distress and despair rose to such a height as is unavoidable in the event of national labor being left without the means of recovery. The Government can remain in control of the industrial masses only as long as it can secure them employment and a living wage, and if it possesses the means to keep a sufficiently large military force. German militarism is done for in consequence of the experiences and hardships of the war. The parties which are trying to revive the monarchical military aspirations of former days are actuated by the hope that such bitter need and unrest may develop as to cause the people, in their despair, to wish for a return of the old order. Neither is there any truth in the rumor that the Government is planning an alliance with Russia and a common Russo-German policy against western Europe. Such suspicions overestimate the energy and capacities of the men who are now at the head of the Government. The armed forces which Germany needs—and she needs more than the Entente will allow her—are wanted as a safeguard against internal anarchical crises, which are unavoidable if aid from abroad and mitigation of the peace terms are refused.

Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Berlin, December 23, 1919

Correspondence

"Two-thirds of Both Houses"

To the Editors of The Review:

In your issue of the 17th inst. under the caption of "Two-Thirds of Both Houses," you well say with reference to the vote upon the so-called Eighteenth Amendment:

> The objection thus raised rests on no finespun or metaphysical view; it is simply a question of fact. It was not "two-thirds of both houses," but only two-thirds of the members voting, that placed the Eighteenth Amendment before the Legislatures for ratification. The Supreme Court, when the case is brought before it, will have to pass upon the question whether two-thirds of the members voting are to be regarded as two-thirds of the House.

But this question has been before the United States Supreme Court. It is true it has not been before it with reference to the requisites to initiating a proposed constitutional amendment, but in connection with the provision relative to the passage of a bill over the presidential veto, which is:

> If after such reconsideration two-thirds of that house (*i. e.*, the place of origin) shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent together with the objections to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that house, it shall become a law.

The opinion in Missouri Pacific Ry. Co. *v.* Kansas, 248 U. S. 276, involving the so-called Webb-Kenyon Law with respect to inter-state traffic in liquor, handed down January 7, 1919, by the Court (with the same personnel as at present) interpreted this provision.

In ruling against the contention that "two-thirds" as thus used means two-thirds of the entire membership, the Court prefaced its decision with the following language (p. 279):

> In view, however, of the importance of the subject, and with the purpose not to leave unnoticed the grave misconceptions involved in the arguments by which the proposition relied upon is sought to be supported, we come briefly to dispose of the subject,

and supported its conclusions by analogy to the practice on constitutional amendments, saying (p. 281):

> The identity between the provision of Article V of the Constitution giving the power by a two-thirds vote to submit amendments and the requirement we are considering as to the two-thirds vote necessary to override a veto make the practice as to the one applicable to the other.

As regards that practice, Chief Justice White said (p. 283):

> The settled rule, however, was so clearly and aptly stated by the Speaker, Mr. Reed, in the House, on the passage in 1898 of the amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of Senators by vote of the people, that we quote it . . . "The question is one that has been so often decided that it seems hardly necessary to dwell upon it. The

provision of the Constitution says 'two-thirds of both houses.' What constitutes a House? A quorum of the membership, a majority, one-half and one more. That is all that is necessary to constitute a House to do all the business that comes before the House."

Now that somewhat similar language of the Constitution is before the Supreme Court for construction, it is necessary, if we are to reach a different result, to overcome the *dictum* of that tribunal in the course of its reasoning to sustain the validity of the Webb-Kenyon Act. Moreover, the ruling of Speaker Reed has to be disapproved, and—what then is to come of the constitutional change with respect to the popular election of senators?

The difficulty seems to have arisen from the fact that there is some uncertainty as to how many of the Congress voted in favor of the first ten amendments to the Constitution—*The Bill of Rights*—a most important feature of that instrument, itself appealed to for the overthrow of the Eighteenth Amendment, as violative of due process of law and the reserved rights of the States and those of the peoples of the States. These amendments were passed by the vote of two-thirds of those present—*non constat*, however, but that this vote was equivalent to two-thirds of the entire membership of both houses.

The question first arose when the Twelfth Amendment, providing for a change in the method of electing the President and Vice-President, was under consideration. In the House the Federalists objected to it as unconstitutional because instead of two-thirds the vote of the entire Senate, it had obtained the vote of only two-thirds of those present; but the Speaker ruled against the objection on the precedent set in the case of the first ten amendments (Ames, pp. 79, 295). The question arose next in 1861 when the so-called Corwin amendment, which sought to temporize with slavery, came up in the Senate, and the Chair's ruling that two-thirds of those present was sufficient was sustained by that body (Ames, p. 295). It did not arise in Congress again until the amendment which is the subject of the *obiter* remarks of the Supreme Court in the case of Missouri Pacific Ry. Co. *v.* Kansas, which has been previously referred to.

Here then are two structural features of our Constitution initiated admittedly by less than a two-thirds vote of the membership of both houses, though of course by not less than two-thirds of those present—so that the decision of the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment may involve the present method of choosing the President, the Vice-President and the Senate.

BENJAMIN TUSKA

New York, January 22

Col. Lynch's Catholicism

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I wonder if you have good authority for saying that Col. Arthur Lynch is a Roman Catholic. Such is not the impression that I get from a striking chapter in his book, viz., "Priests in Politics." I spoke with him on Saturday night at the Economic Club of Portland, Me., and we both hammered the priests in the presence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Portland, Dr. Walsh.

I feel very strongly that you are mistaken.

GEORGE L. FOX

New Haven, Conn., January 11

[There have been good Roman Catholics in all ages who were not afraid of hammering the priests. Colonel Lynch's hostility to priestcraft is no disproof of our statement, which was based on words spoken by Colonel Lynch himself in the course of the address we referred to: "Remember," he said, "I am not a Protestant, but it must be borne in mind that some of the most glorious leaders of Irish freedom have been Protestants." It seems to us that if Colonel Lynch was a Jew or an atheist he would not have used the negative phrase, which suggests Catholicism as its alternative. —Eds. THE REVIEW.]

An English University for New Jersey

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

At New Brunswick, New Jersey, a great educational transformation is now under way and the foundation is being laid of what, in a few years, is destined to be one of the largest and most brilliant of our Eastern university centres. The humanities are well intrenched at New Brunswick in that venerable institution, Rutgers College, whose birth occurred ten years before the American Revolution, whose history has been worthy of the best of those fine old Colonial colleges, and whose present activities are so admirably directed by Dr. Demarest. Schools of civil, electrical, and mechanical engineering represent creditably the scientific side of learning. Agriculture is well looked after by the State Experiment Station and Agricultural College, with Dr. Jacob G. Lipman of Cornell at their head. The new woman is not forgotten, for there is a very successful State College for Women, with Mrs. Douglass, of Barnard College, as dean, and there is even a long-established Theological Seminary with an admirable library, under the able management of Dr. John C. VanDyke.

The movement to coördinate these more or less separate schools and to bind them together as a university runs the risk of repeating in New Jersey the same mistake that was made in Massachusetts and in Connecticut, when two modest colleges were made to do duty for a great university organization, and what should have been called, and really made, New Haven University and Cambridge University, leaving Harvard and Yale Colleges parts of a larger whole, had to cope with a situation they were never intended to meet.

What will make this course all the more inexcusable if it is finally entered upon at New Brunswick, springs from the fact that Rutgers College, which some would expand into Rutgers University, is not the original name of the institution. For half a century it bore that of Queen's College, in honor of the consort of George III, who granted the first charter, and continued to be known as such down to 1825, notwithstanding our two wars with England.

Nor is this sentimental reason alone opposed to the proposed course. Ever since the Civil War the Rutgers trustees have been coquetting with the Legislature at Trenton, until the college has been officially pronounced both the State College and the State University. It is, therefore, fully in the power of the board to develop a university on the lines it sees fit, without returning to Trenton for authority.

If there ever was a form of university more suited to our genius and our ways, it is precisely that of Oxford and Cambridge, the only system known to John Harvard, Elihu Yale, Theodore Frelinghuysen, and the other promoters and founders of the early Colonial colleges, who, I feel sure, would be the first to protest against the abortive fashion in which their creations were treated towards the end of the second third of the nineteenth century. And now we see the authorities of Rutgers hesitating and groping, and perhaps about to let slip the almost unique occasion of giving us in America at least one institution of superior culture moving on the fine old English lines laid down by Oxford and Cambridge, where a group of rich and independent colleges and halls, each with its own governing body, its buildings, its library, its teachers, and its students, come together through their heads, and form the university which meets the outside world with united front, but which, within its own academic circle, never interferes with the entity of each of its component parts. How much more American is this plan than our present doubly autocratic form of university government, with its board of business men trustees and its all-powerful president, which has so often belittled and even disgraced our educational world!

THEODORE STANTON

New Brunswick, N. J., December 29, 1919

Coöperating with the Coöperatives

A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing—especially when formulating foreign policy. The truth of this must have been borne in on Mr. Lloyd George by the developments of the week following the announcement of the Supreme Council at Paris with reference to the Russian blockade. To be sure, those who are wont to attribute to the Premier a Machiavellian subtlety of design will see in these developments the working out of a deep-laid plan to manœuvre the Allies into the position of recognizing the Soviet Government, for the purpose of satisfying the desires of radical labor and of meeting the insistent demands of British commercial interests. But when one recalls his Bryanic *gaffes* in recent speeches, such as confusing Novgorod (in western Russia) and Nizhni Novgorod (on the Volga) and his allusion to General "Kharkov" (a large city in south Russia), one is forced to the conclusion that his opportunist policy is due, not to knowledge of Russia, but to the lack of it. Indeed, the latest news indicates that Alexander Berkenheim, sometime foreign representative of the Central Union of Consumers' Coöperatives, was successful in imposing on him an utterly false view of the present status of these Coöperatives in Russia, a view which he grasped as a straw when faced with the necessity of meeting the crisis at Paris presented by the Bolshevik military danger.

Mr. Lloyd George is not alone in his confusion of mind concerning the Coöperative movement in Russia. The public generally has but a vague idea of the social and economic significance of this development. The tendency indeed has been to draw unjustifiable generalizations from insufficient data.

First, it must be understood that there are three distinct kinds of Coöperative societies in Russia, each with its own origin and course of development. In recent years these have tended to draw together, and the great Coöperative congresses have brought about a certain unity and community of action, but in some vital features they remain different and separate. These three classes are the Producers' Coöperatives, the Societies of Mutual Credit, and the Consumers' Coöperatives.

The Producers' Coöperatives are a peculiarly Russian institution, having originated in the *artel*, or primitive guild, which dates back to the Middle Ages. In the *artel* a group of workmen—fishermen, woodworkers, weavers, blacksmiths, or other artisans—would band themselves together for a particular task or for a special industrial undertaking, select their own foreman, carry on their work, and then divide the proceeds of their labor. They might work for themselves or on a contract. They might even borrow capital. Naturally, under serfdom this institution did not have much opportunity to develop on a large scale; still, it persisted. But in 1865, Mr. Nicholas Vereshchagin, a brother of the famous artist, who had devoted his life to agriculture and especially to the development of the dairy industry, established on his estate a small coöperative creamery, a sort of model *artel*. This may be said to be the beginning of the modern Producers' Coöperatives. The idea did not meet with rapid success, but it was kept alive, and a generation later suddenly took a fresh start and made tremendous strides. The present century has seen it grow in the province of Vologda and in western Siberia until now it constitutes an enormous undertaking. To-day, the Union of Siberian Creamery Associations operates some 2,380 coöperative creameries, conducts more than 2,000 stores, warehouses, repair-shops, etc., produces over 50,000 tons of butter a year, and handles millions of dollars' worth of other produce for its members. These latter number over 3,000,000. Hundreds of other Producers' Coöperatives sprang up, including flax-growers, tar-producers, poultry-raisers, and numerous craftsmen's organizations. Slightly different, yet in harmony with the movement and based upon the same folk institution, were agricultural coöperative societies which started in the late sixties, and which began to receive special government encouragement at the end of the last century. The Consumers' Coöperatives had two strong points in their favor. In the first place they were not an artificial creation, but grew out of a natural Russian institution. In the second place they had in general good management, since they were usually run by men who had been developed from the ranks, and who were therefore men of practical experience. This to a large extent accounts for their stability and substantial success.

Credit Coöperation may be dealt with very briefly, despite its importance. The idea of mutual associations of small credit came from Germany, and was first introduced into Russia in the sixties. Its purpose was the encouragement of peasant agriculture, and its first task was the education of the people to an understanding of the benefits of coöperation in credit. Later the Government, which was in general suspicious of all such movements, recognized its value and issued laws establishing model charters and bringing to its assistance the support of the State Bank. Out of the mutual credit movement grew the organization in 1912 of the Moscow Narodny (People's) Bank, which became the central institution for financing all coöperative undertakings.

The Consumers' Coöperative movement followed the other two. While it was based on the principles of the Rochdale system, there were two conditions particularly favorable to its spread in Russia. The first was the tendency towards coöperation in production as mentioned above. The second was the extreme simplicity of the peasants' wants, which limited the stocks required in coöperative stores to comparatively few articles. The demand for increasing facilities for distribution, especially after the famine of 1891, gave great impetus to the expansion of the Consumers' Coöperatives, and in 1897 the Government issued a model constitution and by-laws for the organization of these coöperative societies. In 1898, as a result of the first congress of consumers' societies, held at Nizhni Novgorod, there was founded the Moscow Union of Consumers' Societies, and this in turn was, in 1916, reorganized into the Central Union of Consumers' Societies, familiarly termed the "Centrosoyuz."

Up to the time of the war, the development of these societies had been normal and steady, but with the breakdown of private means of distribution under the strain of war conditions and in the presence of the eager demand for manufactured goods of all kinds, the Consumers' Coöperatives took a sudden spurt forward and increased by thousands. This growth was abnormal, and with it came many irregularities and abuses. Two of these are noteworthy, the lack of experienced and competent management, and the use of some of these coöperative societies for purposes of speculation and profiteering by the men who gained control of them. So, for example, manufacturers who had patriotically taken measures to prevent profiteering in the products of their factories and who, for this reason, sold almost their whole output to the Coöperatives, began to find that the managers of the latter were frequently turning over invoices of goods directly to speculators at 50 per cent. to 100 per cent. profit. In the hands of clever and unscrupulous manipulators, these Coöperatives had departed far from the principles of mutual coöperation for the benefit of all their members.

When the Bolsheviki came into power, they were confronted with the fact that these Coöperatives represented a membership running into millions, and they hesitated at first to take steps, in accordance with their programme, calculated to antagonize them. It must be borne in mind that the peasant population of Russia is not at all Socialistic and that the Coöperative movement was based on a purely capitalistic foundation, its object being merely to eliminate the middleman between the producer and

consumer. After the Bolsheviki had consolidated their authority and acquired a military force to carry out their will, they attempted to put into effect their programme of the nationalization of trade. In the cities, the Soviet stores took the place of the Coöperatives, but in the country their attempted organization fell down, and they were obliged to come back to the Coöperatives. They did not do so, however, without taking steps to turn these organizations to their own purposes, or at least to exercise a careful supervision over them. In December, 1918, they seized the Moscow Narodny Bank and made it a division of their State Bank. Fresh decrees were issued with reference to membership in the Coöperatives, and gradually, although the Coöperatives in the country districts continued to do everything possible to supply local needs and keep up the past traditions of the movement, they fell more and more under the direction of Commissars, until, a couple of months ago, the official Bolshevik press announced with satisfaction that the Coöperatives were entirely in Bolshevik hands and had become a Bolshevik institution.

Considerable mystery surrounds the mission of Alexander Berkenheim, one of the officials of the Centrosoyuz, who was suddenly released from a Bolshevik prison in Moscow last year and permitted to go abroad as a representative of the Centrosoyuz. In this country he made overtures both to the Government and to business men, proposing to ship in goods to be distributed by the Coöperatives independently of the Soviet Government. He was unable to give any guarantees that such goods would not be taken over by the Soviet Government and used for its own purposes to the detriment of the civilian population, and the State Department refused to grant him permits for shipments to Bolshevik Russia. In many circles there was a strong suspicion that he had an understanding of some sort with the Soviet authorities, who saw in his proposal a strong lever with which to force the lifting of the blockade.

Later he went to England, where now he seems to have had more success. It looks as if his interviews with Mr. Lloyd George and with English business men, greedy for Russian trade, had resulted in bringing about the announcement of the Supreme Council at Paris. The most remarkable feature of this is that, within a week after this announcement was issued, Berkenheim and his assistant, Krovopuskov, were constrained to admit the falsity of their earlier claims that it was possible to do business with the Coöperatives independently of the Soviet Government. It is impossible to say what the result will be. To be sure, the final paragraph of the announcement of the Supreme Council states definitely that no change in policy towards the Soviet Government is implied, but the hopes held out for the opening of Russia to trade have so whetted the appetite of businessmen that the announcement may prove but the opening wedge to recognition of the Bolshevik régime. In this connection, it must be pointed out that the statement issued by the authorities at Moscow places the Supreme Council between the horns of a serious dilemma. To Russians, even those who are most strongly anti-Bolshevik, it displays a dignity and assurance that appeals to their national pride at a time when they are smarting under the contemptuous and even insulting treatment accorded to them by the Allies. They believe that England and France are both interested in dismembering and weakening Russia, and they see in the despatch of British war ships to the Black Sea a plan to destroy the remainder of the Russian fleet under cover of the excuse of war with the Bolshevik forces. Two years of Allied diplomatic blundering have led to a menacing *impasse*, and it would seem that only some startling change within Russia itself could serve to avert a catastrophe.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Book Reviews

Beneficent Results of a Wicked War

AFTER THE WHIRLWIND. By Charles Edward Russell. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THE behavior of the Socialists of the world during the great war was in some respects surprising and disappointing to themselves and to those who trusted in them, although it was not very different from what their wiser leaders had expected, and their keener critics had often predicted. For years they had done lip-service to internationalism, but when the storm burst this superstructure went by the board and they were carried along with their compatriots upon the tide of nationalism toward the rocks and shoals which they had detected so cleverly and charted with so much care. The German Socialists were especially disappointing, because they were so numerous —more than forty per cent. of the population, according to some estimates—and because of their loud professions of pacifism and their fervent appeals to the solidarity of the proletariat in all countries. Yet they voted for the extraordinary war credit of April, 1913; and in July and August, 1914, instead of declaring a general strike, they were almost, if not quite, as keen for war as the ignorant masses who made no pretensions to pacifism. Only a few fanatics, like Karl Liebknecht, tried to oppose the general movement and prophesied disaster, no matter whether Germany lost or won the war.

Oddly enough, socialism was taken more seriously in other countries, and it almost looks as though it had been a part of German propaganda—a disease more virulent abroad than in the country of its origin. However that may be, many Socialists in the Allied countries opposed the war, and if their advice had been taken, Germany would have dominated the world, with a faint hope of social revolution as the only consolation of those who still believed in liberty and democracy. Certainly, Socialists in Italy came near delivering that country into the hands of the Austrians; Russian Socialists dealt a staggering blow to the Allies; and if the majority of American Socialists had had their way, the United States would not have entered the war, or, after going in, would have carried it on in a half-hearted way.

Needless to say, Charles Edward Russell was not of the majority faction in the Socialist Party. Together with Charlotte Perkins Gilman, William English Walling, William L. Stoddard, Upton Sinclair, William J. Ghent, J. G. Phelps Stokes, and others, he signed a protest against the official action of the Socialist Party with respect to war and national defense, which was published in the New York *Call* on March 24, 1917. This document stated that Socialists do not condemn defensive war, but realize that, as Hillquit says, it would be foolish and futile to preach complete disarmament to any nation while its neighbors and rivals are armed, and that each nation must be prepared to defend its integrity and independence against the rest of the world. Here are a few of the sentences of this fine manifesto:

> We feel that the present opposition of the Socialist Party to national defence is contrary to the interests of democracy and contrary to the hitherto accepted views of the international Socialist movement. We are for peace, but not at any cost; and believe that the sacrifice of integrity and of general public and private self-respect is too high a price to pay for it. Although as a nation we are politically free, yet we are but a part of the social world, and as such we are glad that the isolation of our country is past. To refuse to resist international crime is to be unworthy of the name of Socialist. It is our present duty to the cause of Internationalism to support our Government in any sacrifice it requires in defence of those principles of international law and order which are essential alike to Socialism and to civilization.

Apparently, the minority Socialists of the United States and the majority of German Socialists were in the same boat

in that they temporarily abandoned their internationalism. But if, as Mr. Russell believes, the German Socialists, deluded by their masters, were waging an unrighteous war, while the Socialists of America were defending the liberties of the world, the latter were the true champions of internationalism, and the former had denied the faith. Yet Mr. Russell does not blame them very much for their betrayal of democracy; nor does he blame the German people as a whole for blindly following their unscrupulous leaders, but he does affirm that the German Government was the real culprit, and that it did not represent the German people. It is, of course, quite "unscientific" to blame anybody, but Mr. Russell does not pose as a "scientific" Socialist and does not say much about economic determinism. Yet he injects a little of that into his explanation of the war in that he mentions the enormous growth of Germany's population since 1870, her need of colonies as sources of raw materials, her desire for seaports on the Atlantic, and the tendency toward expansion of the Empire in Europe by the annexation of the small neighboring states. He ventures, too, upon a sweeping generalization in saying that the theory of German supremacy was no more than the logical ultimate of the theory of competition endorsed and practised by all nations.

There were, then, according to Mr. Russell, at least two villains in the play—the mediæval monarchy of Germany, with its aristocracy and its militarism, and the competitive economic system that served to choke the spiritual life and exalt the material—the former playing a conspicuous and magnificent rôle, the latter skulking in the background as the evil genius, suggesting, if not controlling, the whole performance. A third influence, subsidiary but not less potent, was the military success of Germany in '66 and '70, which gave the whole German people a feeling of superiority, a desire for power, and a belief in manifest destiny that could find complete satisfaction in nothing less than world dominion. The very character of the people seems to have changed; they acquiesced grimly while their Government prepared relentlessly for the Day; and when the time was ripe a pretext was found and the dance of death began.

It is not easy to follow Mr. Russell's argument because of his florid style and his frequent digressions and exhortations, but such appears to be his conception of the tangled skein of world affairs, which now, after the whirlwind, proceeds to untangle itself in miraculous fashion. Germany has been defeated, and now, chastened and subdued, her people have renounced their vain ambitions, thrown off their evil institutions, reformed their ideals, and the world has nothing more to fear from them. No republic is a menace to the world's peace, nor could be, for secret plottings are impossible when the people rule. Of course, some remnants of capitalism are still there, but these will presently pass away in Germany and in all other countries. In France, Great Britain, and the United States, the Governments took control of the railways in order to win the war, managed them with marvelous efficiency and economy, and will never restore them to private ownership. The income tax in various countries is such a heavy charge on great incomes that private enterprise is discouraged and the Governments will have to take up the burden of saving and investment which capitalists are laying down. The laborers, who have played so noble a part in the war, will not relinquish their power, nor will they patiently accept a lower standard of living. The shop-steward movement in Great Britain is an omen of a new day for labor in all countries, when labor will be consulted on all matters, and even be represented on the directorate of every industrial corporation. If the Federal Reserve Board can supply part of our banking needs, it can supply them all, and if the Government can lend to farmers, it can lend to merchants, manufacturers, and wage-earners. The remarkable success of the American Government in the conduct of the war gives reason to think that it can carry on all important industries far better than private owners, and when this is fully realized "the industrial system that has cursed mankind and blighted so many millions of lives will pass away with the other anomalies of the dead old Night."

Mr. Russell must wish that he had been more cautious in his prophecies; for already some of his predictions have been refuted by the logic of events, and others appear to have but slight foundation of fact. His thesis that most of the ills that flesh is heir to are to be attributed to capitalism must seem strange to the historian who finds evidence of human misery long before the advent of Capitalism, and knows that the most wretched people in the world to-day are not those who live in the most civilized or capitalistic countries. Similarly, Mr. Russell's glorification of governmental efficiency must surprise himself as he considers his own observation and experience of enormous waste incurred during the war—a waste which was probably justified by the absolute necessity of winning the war at any cost of life or property, but which would bring speedy ruin to industrial enterprise in time of peace. Efficiency, as has been often pointed out, is not to be defined in terms of service only, but as the rendering of a maximum of service at a minimum of cost.

J. E. Le Rossignol

Kipling—First and Last Impressions

Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1885-1919. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

About thirty years ago a young Anglo-Indian poet surprised the English-speaking world with a new brand of lyric energy. In power he had often been matched and overmatched, but in sheer *force* it was hard to name his equal. Men had to brace or arm themselves to listen; he aroused a consternation which turned into delight or recoil according to the stoutness of the temper which received the impact of his blows. That he was a poet it seemed hard to question. His subjects might disquiet; his diction might amaze; but lyricism is the heart of poetry, and speed is almost the heart of lyricism, and lyric speed was the essence and distinction of Mr. Kipling's verse. His knowledge was great, it was practical and technical to an extraordinary and disconcerting degree; and the weight of his knowledge in relation to the energy of his movement made a powerful locomotive drawing a heavy goods train seem the precise and lively image of his genius. This knowledge had its novel and special field; his filiation to England by race, to India by birth, gave him a divided loyalty which he could solidify only by making himself a citizen and votary of the British Empire.

There are several first impressions of Mr. Kipling which later experience wholly or partly confutes. First of all comes the idea that he is a poet of things. Now Mr. Kipling is the poet of humanity in the gripe of things, but the thing by itself and for itself hardly figures in his verse. At most, you will find a bell-buoy or a coastwise light taking form as an active—almost a living—part of the wardership and stewardship of the earth-belting British Empire. Go with him into the engine-room of a steamship in the famous "McAndrew's Hymn." He knows the apparatus like a mechanic, and his sole aim at first is apparently to deafen and dizzy you with the uproar of his technicalities; but this is appearance only; he is not studying that engine, he is dredging the soul of its engineer. The British Empire itself is valuable to him chiefly as a whetstone for British human nature.

The second partly misleading thing in Mr. Kipling is the seeming imperiousness which consorts so well at the first glance with the task of the lyrist of empire. The word "peremptory" comprehends much of the surface man. The call to verse was peremptory, the nature of that verse is peremptory, its themes are peremptory necessities, and the gospel it enforces is peremptory in a superlative degree. But all this is half illusion.

No man seems freer from the littleness of dictatorship. This imperiousness is sometimes associated with a high and proud humility of which the august "Recessional" is the deathless witness and example. But his disposition is evinced most clearly in his choice of a protagonist for his verse. That choice fixed itself, not on royalty or premiership or martial fame or domination in any form, but on Tommy Atkins, private, butt, drudge, and underling, shoved from land to land, till the enemy's ball and the friend's spade insure him an abiding rest. To this humility the high-mettled Kipling bows himself. Energy, in God's name, but energy in obedience—not Prometheus defying Jove, but Hercules serving Eurystheus in mighty labors—is the ideal of the singer of the "White Man's Burden."

A third possible impression—and this time an entirely mistaken impression—in regard to Mr. Kipling is that he is an egotist. The literary evidence points to the conclusion that no man living is more self-forgetful. Lyrics, among all forms of literature, are the occasion, the excuse, almost the justification, of egotism. Yet here is a man who has written seven hundred and seventy pages of lyrics in which it is actually rather difficult to find a poem which is strictly personal or individual in its theme. It is always the other man's feeling, or the feeling that he shares with the other man, that provides the inspiration and incentive for his verse. Mr. Kipling loved and married in America; we can well believe that "never man sighed truer breath." Yet who can point out the poem in which that experience has shaped or tinged the verse? At long intervals, in some literary context most commonly, a dedication or an ode "To the True Romance," an allusion to himself or a personal note sparingly reveals itself. After all, why not? In his broad outlook upon the English race throughout the "Seven Seas," even Rudyard Kipling deserves a passing glance.

The fourth possible impression in regard to Mr. Kipling is that his view of life is blithe and heartening. He writes poems of adventure, and adventure sets our hearts aglow. He writes military verse, and military verse takes its keynote from the bugle. Yet if we discriminate Mr. Kipling's words from his voice, I think we shall find that the voice alone is cheerful; the words are sad. What is the most buoyant of his volumes, the volume that one would instinctively select if one sought to enliven a programme or a party? "Barrack-Room Ballads," undoubtedly. What is the first of "Barrack-Room Ballads?" "Danny Deever"—the story of a heart-chilling hanging. What is the best of them? "Gunga Din"—the story of an Indian water-carrier, reviled by those he loyally serves, shot finally upon the battlefield. What is another of the best? "Tommy"—a picture of British ingratitude and injustice to the private soldier. The "Song of the Banjo" should be a cheerful poem; it has a line that sears itself into the memory: "And the thoughts that burn like iron if you think." In the picture of army life, the facts are black, unless you presuppose the heroic temper in the spectator. Mr. Kipling treats them with a certain blitheness only because his temper is heroic. His philosophy is supposed to be superficial. In some respects the charge is just, but it remains true that Mr. Kipling from his earliest youth had grasped a basic principle of life and conduct which many people do not learn until middle or old age and which many more die without learning. That truth may be phrased thus: Life as datum, as mere material, is hard and raw, and the only means of extracting from it such happiness as it is capable of yielding is to relate ourselves to that hardness and rawness in some efficient, counteractive way. Pessimism plus heroism equals optimism—that is the formula for Mr. Kipling, if you concede that he is optimistic at all. It is this that removes the boyishness from his notion of empire. Empire is not booty; empire is debt. Possession is the call to toil and sacrifice.

The last of the possible mistakes in relation to Mr. Kipling is a mistake that has almost ceased to be possible; I have in mind the notion that he is immoral. At first sight, the breakneck pace had every appearance of a runaway; a little time showed that the driver kept his seat and his self-possession. In "Departmental Ditties," he reveled in cynicism. In early days Mr. LeGallienne deplored his militancy. The *Nation* called his "Truce of the Bear" his "retrocessional." When his soldier in "Mandalay" cried out: "Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst," we forgot that the dropped scruples in the poem might pertain to Mr. Kipling as little as its dropped h's. The poet doubtless errs in particular moral judgments like the rest of us, but in spirit he is the most moral of beings, since the subordination of desires to necessities is not only his doctrine but his instinct. The cynicism was passing and partial; his calmness in the face of certain sexual misdemeanors was simply a part of that English good sense which views the inevitable—anywhere—with calmness. In his political opinions he may be sometimes partial and narrow, vehement and extreme; that will affect the soundness of his teaching, but will not threaten his place as the prophet and singer of responsibility. Mr. Kipling is effectually west of Suez, and the call of Mandalay finds no response in the steadfastness of his maturity.

Three things have made Mr. Kipling. The first is that simple, primal force, that Viking or Berserker energy, which made the man and all his words projectiles. The second was the consecration which this half-barbaric force received from its combination with sympathies and aspirations, which, if earthy in their content, were beautiful in their disinterestedness. The third was the circumstance—almost the accident—which supplied a novel field for the exercise of these capacities. That circumstance was Mr. Kipling's birth, the division of loyalty between England and India with its resulting concentration of loyalty on the union and conflux of these powers in the British Empire.

The collected edition of Mr. Kipling's verse will do nothing to dispel the prevalent impression that his power as poet has materially abated. After 1893, the fertility shrinks, the range contracts, and the force dwindles. The descent has almost the gradation and regularity of a terrace. I know of no body of verse in which a date comes so close to being an estimate as the poetry of Mr. Kipling after the "Seven Seas." There is tactics—possibly there is tact—in an editorial arrangement which throws poems of all dates indiscriminately into one receptacle. One is reminded of those early formations in the late war in which Americans, supposedly weak, were set side by side with tried French and British troops who might cover and sustain their inadequacy. The Americans hardly needed that defense; some protection, some convoy or escort, is undoubtedly needed for the later poems of Mr. Kipling. Of course the inferiority is only comparative. Mr. Kipling to-day does not write like a dull man; he writes like other bright men. It is so much easier to be bright than to be Kipling.

I do not understand this falling-off quite so clearly as I like to understand things, but one or two conjectures may be risked. Mr. Kipling is humanist, not materialist; yet the forms of humanity which appeal to him find their settings and promptings in a world of ardent physical endeavor. Now it is easier to write about Thor and Vulcan at twenty-five than at fifty. Again, his helplessness in the hands of Nature, which gave his earlier works almost the validity of a natural force, took from him all capacity to adapt, to modify, to re-create himself. He uttered nothing but finalities; that was his strength; but it involved the disadvantage that these finalities for other people were ultimata for himself. He had spoken out with rare freedom and abundance in his marvelous youth; and in later years, no new India, no new Tommy, appeared to replenish the declining store of his incentives. But the main point is always the sum of worth in his entire product, not the distribution of that value through the suc-

cessive periods of his life. If one feels age in the newer verses, the youth of the elder ones is unimpaired. I can not but feel that there is much in this volume which will lastingly interest our time, and that there are parts of it which the centuries will treasure.

O. W. Firkins

Folks and Folk

Dust of New York. By Konrad Bercovici. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Their Son: The Necklace. By Eduardo Zamacois. Translated by George Allan England. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Lo, and Behold Ye! By Seumas MacManus. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Seldwyla Folks: Three Singular Tales. By Gottfried Keller. Translations by Wolf Von Schierbrand, Ph.D.

In "Dust of New York," by Konrad Bercovici, we are aware of an extraordinary "saturation" in the color and atmosphere of polyglot New York. In its topography he is especially learned. "The map of Europe is reproduced in New York by the different nationalities living there; each nationality having as neighbor the same that it has in Europe. Thus, the Greeks, Turks, Syrians, and Italians are close neighbors in Europe, and also here. The same thing applies to the Russians, who are neighbors with the Rumanians, the Poles, the Austrians, and the Germans. And one must not think," pursues our commentator, "that love attracts them. They hate one another as whole-heartedly as only neighbors can hate one another. Perhaps this mutual hatred attracts them: Hatred is not as bad as we have been taught to think. One can, and generally does, love lower than himself, but no one hates lower than himself." These, after all, are surface facts, from which we pass to subtler matters of racial contact and admixture:

> Walk through Grand Street from Third Avenue to Clinton Street, which is not a long distance, and you have the types of the whole world before you. They are not in concentrated form; they are diluted. But if you analyze, even hurriedly, you will soon be able to know the components of each one of them. . . . A remote Tartar ancestor of one of the push-cart peddlers is plainly seen in the small sunken black eyes. In another the straight line of the back of the head tells you that his mother, or his grandmother, had lived once in Hungary. In another one the Slav type, the flat fleshy nose, is mixed with the Wallachian strong chin. Some Teuton blood calls out through the heavy cast of an otherwise typical Austrian Jew. A Spanish grandee, as if come out from a page of Cervantes, is selling shoe laces and cuff buttons. And a Moroccan prince, ill at ease in European garb, is offering to the passerby some new Burbankian fig-plum-orange combination.

Out of such materials the tales in this book are wrought. The striking and somewhat pathetic thing about them is that they are wrought over-cleverly according to the current fashion of the American "short story." Strange portent of that literary melting-pot, the American magazine, when names like Achmed Abdullah and Konrad Bercovici stand among the most skilful practitioners of the "O. Henry" method! Here are the snappy introductions and the punchy endings of that great original, the buttonholing manner and the sentimental-cynical philosophy. Unluckily for the present teller of tales, something in him scorns the facile "happy ending" of Anglo-American prescription; and we have the anomaly of a *Saturday Evening Post* style and a Continental preoccupation with fact and with type at the expense of situations and endings as such.

With two tales by Eduardo Zamacois, still another leader of the new Spanish literary movement is introduced to English readers, a fresh prophet of the *resurgimiento* for us to put alongside Blasco-Ibañez and Baroja and Benavente. "This man," says the translator, "is a human dynamo, a revitalizing force in Spanish life and letters, an artist who is more than a mere artist; he is a man with a message, a philosophy and a vision." Rather oddly, we hear in the next breath that to his present interpreter, "Zamacois seems a Spanish Guy de Maupassant." In these exhibits, certainly, one finds more of the detached irony of the French story-teller than of philosophy or vision. "Their Son" and "The Necklace" are vivid and sardonic studies in minor tragedy, the overthrow of simple goodness or youthful idealism by the malice of fate. That goodness and idealism may be their own ultimate justification, and reward is not, at least, denied.

We may step back with frank relief, however, into the safe and comfortable zone of the folk-tale as rendered by Mr. MacManus. The author of "Ballads of a Country Boy" has had his honorable place in the poetic renascence of Ireland. But his most distinctive work is the series of volumes of folk-stories, of which "Lo, and Behold Ye!" is the latest. There we breathe clear of the somewhat musky symbolism which has so often hung about the "Neo-Celtic" muse, and are at home with the quaint and hearty humor of the Irish peasant who lives in the present without forgetting the past. Here once more is the chronicle, Hibernically flavored, of those deathless matters with which folk-fancy has always busied itself; the triumph of cunning, the triumph of brawn, the triumph of young love and of clean blood, the overthrow of witches and dragons and giants and cruel kings; the fulfillment of prophecies and the voidance of unholy maledictions. But as the story-teller brings them to us fresh from his own sources, we forget their hoary age, or dimly welcome it as a sign of old beloved intimacy; and taste again with relish the dish with which our literary feast long since began. I have just read these tales to a boy of eight years, and don't know which of us enjoyed them most.

Something of the same quality, though in more sophisticated form, belongs to the "Seldwyla Folks" of Gottfried Keller. "The Three Decent Combmakers" may be recognized as the story of the clever apprentice who outwits his fellows and marries the heiress; and "Dietegen" as the tale of the foundling who after many vicissitudes becomes master in the strange place of his adoption. "Romeo and Juliet of the Village," with its (in the conventional sense) unhappy ending, is upon less stable ground—the least effective of the three tales, as it happens, tedious in structure and relatively crude at least in its English form. Keller's work appears belatedly in English. He was a German-Swiss poet and story-teller born in 1819 and educated in Germany; author of several didactic novels, much verse, and "Die Leute von Seldwyla," a series in two volumes of whimsical studies of Swiss life from which the three stories here translated are taken. They belong to their century. If the deliberate and demure humor of "The Three Decent Combmakers" seems vaguely familiar, it is perhaps because of a certain kinship with our own literary humor of that period—the humor, say, of the Sleepy Hollow Irving and the Tanglewood Tales Hawthorne. The translator rather goes out of his way to insist that Keller was a Swiss and not a German writer. But though we may take it on his word that there is a strong Helvetian twist to the original text, its genius is clearly Teutonic, as was the breeding of the author. He is, at all events, a writer who should be known to readers who are extending rapidly, thanks to the new enterprise of our publishers, their hitherto provincial or purely racial knowledge of the world's treasures of imaginative fiction.

H. W. Boynton

Beyond the Fields We Know

Tales of Three Hemispheres. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: John W. Luce & Company.

In the two hemispheres we know more or less about, Lord Dunsany pretends now and then to set his story. But his heart is in the Third Hemisphere—the Hemisphere at the Back of the Map, which lies beyond the Fields We Know. And, indeed, even when we think for a moment that we are in the high wolds beyond Wiltshire, or looking out on the Tuileries gardens, or checked short for a peep at the cloud-capped tower of the Woolworth Building, we are pretty sure to be in, before long, for a meeting with the Old Gods, the gods whom Time has put to sleep. It is as well for the world

to maintain an ambassador to these courts; the old gods wake up now and then.

Most assuredly Lord Dunsany gets an effect; and an effect quite different from that wrought upon us by realms longer familiar that yet seem to brighten, dim and distant, on the horizons which he casts about us. Sindibad sailed hereabouts, but did not quite venture to touch on these shores. Somewhere between here and there lies the land of the Prester John. Was it—sometimes we think it was—amid the desolate walls of Balclutha that we heard that note before? Or was it struck from the dulcimer by the narrow fingers of an Abyssinian maid, when our hearts were hungry for Mount Abora? Certainly, something very like it was a bit away to the left when we took the Thirty-Mile Ride to the brushwood pile—the time They were after us, you remember? When we ventured into the Hall of Eblis by the side of young Vathek, or were with Shibli Bagarag when he shaved Shagpat, the son of Shimpoor, the son of Shoolpi, the son of Shullum, as it is written by one who, for all he said he was making an Arabian Entertainment, had surely been aforetime a *mabinog* to one of his own Welsh bards—

But it is useless to attempt a definition of the Land of Dreams. You slip into it as into an habitual garment, or not at all. "It was evident," says Lord Dunsany, "that he had been drinking bak." Quite obvious, indeed. It could not have seemed a bit more natural if we had been assured that he had been drinking Woldery wine itself. We should have known it anyway, without being told. Drifting down the Yann, drinking on occasion the captain's yellow wine "which he kept apart among his sacred things," listening to the prayers of the sailors and to their pleasant talk about fair Belzoond and the little neighboring cities of Durl and Duz, touching at Mandaroon, Perdóndaris (here you may read, in addition, of the destruction of Perdóndaris and how it was avenged), and so to Bar-wul-Yann, the Gate of Yann, one does not need, reading this, to have drifted in the flesh down the Irrawaddy, stumbling upon jungle fowl among the ruins of Amárapura, viewing the spacious temples of Pagán and the twin towns of Minbu and Magwe, in order to cry, "Yea, even so it all is." To say that the Yann is not the Irrawaddy is to be somewhat on the way toward saying what it is.

Whoso does not already move about in this world of dreams with certain step and welcoming eye will not find his way thither for all Lord Dunsany's telling. Whoso makes too much of a little matter of allegorical grit will not rightly enjoy his dish of strawberries and cream. Of such, the cat who dwells on the other side of Go-by Street may well ask: "What does he know about anything?" and answer, after a little pause, "Nothing." Very likely the cat will say that in either case. But one who cares not at all for these things, let him go fetch down high prices, or find out the truth about Russia, or catch a falling star, as he chooses—and can.

The Run of the Shelves

THE cover of Donald Hankey's little book, the "Cross" (Dutton), is a very pretty, but a pale, almost a pallid, blue. It is sky-color attenuated. That phrase is exactly descriptive of the quality of the contents of the book. The best words it contains, the only words that come home to us, are the following on a fly-leaf: Donald Hankey, Born at Brighton, 1884, Enlisted August, 1914, Killed in Action October 12, 1916. However, let no one suppose that there is anything wrong or silly or even positively weak in the book. It is serene and humane; it is sound after a fashion; its sincerity is incontestable. But its soundness does not make it strong. Its sincerity does not make it strong. The ratification of that sincerity by its author's gallant death in battle does not make it strong. It is a book that will comfort and sustain the predisposed, but the problem of the world, which it attempts to solve, arises very largely out of the increasing rarity of the predisposition. The book which is very, very short, urges its readers to follow the self-sacrificing example of a man who, among other instances of self-forgetfulness, preached to his fellow-Galileans for nothing. The book itself costs seventy-five cents.

"The Book of a Naturalist," a pot-pourri of articles, some carefully, some casually written, and many years apart, adds little to Mr. W. H. Hudson's literary fame and detracts considerably from our estimate of him as a naturalist. The themes vary from cheap, bourgeois anecdotes, such as "The Heron as a Table-bird," to the exquisite essay on the "Serpent in Literature." We revel in the diction of his chapters on snakes, but we lament the logic of his explanation of the forked tongue, which he claims renders its owner visible to approaching enemies, and invisible to the prey which the snake is stalking.

The fifty-odd pages of uncompromising attack on the domestic dog is likely to invite attention. Hudson writes, "The dog's affection for his master . . . is in reality a very small and a very low thing," and again elsewhere, "I have a friendly feeling toward pigs generally, and consider them the most intelligent of beasts, not excepting the elephant and the anthropoid ape—the dog is not to be mentioned in this connection." Sentiment entirely aside, these are not the words of a sincere naturalist, but a statement of false psychology. Judged as an uncorrelated assemblage of various newspaper and magazine articles it is far inferior to similar volumes by Ray Lancester, Arthur Thompson, and Harting.

Hudson describes in inimitable language the museum something that was a snake; that "spiral-shaped, rigid, cylindrical piece of clay-colored gutta-percha, no longer capable of exciting strange emotions in us—the unsightly dropped coil of a spirit that was fiery and cold." And then the living serpent, "not seen distinctly as in a museum or laboratory, dead on a table, but in an atmosphere and surroundings that take something from and add something to it; seen at first as a chance disposition of dead leaves or twigs or pebbles on the ground—a handful of Nature's mottled riffraff blown or thrown fortuitously together so as to form a peculiar pattern; all at once, as by a flash, it is seen to be no dead leaves or twigs or grass, but a living, active coil, a serpent lifting its flat arrowy head, vibrating a glistening forked tongue, hissing with dangerous fury; and in another moment it has vanished into the thicket, and is nothing but a memory—merely a thread of brilliant color woven into the ever-changing varicolored embroidery of Nature's mantle, seen vividly for an instant, then changing to dull grey and fading from sight." This is magnificent, but no man has a right to belittle the plodding scientist and exalt the field naturalist who has not submitted every word to the censorship of their mutual goddess. No poetry of Maeterlinck or phrase of Fabre was ever the worse for truth.

The man who can not laugh more than once in reading Oliver Herford's "This Giddy World" (Doran), and who doesn't chuckle all the time that he isn't laughing, is fit for treason, spoils, and stratagems. He does not deserve to be reckoned a member of "the most moral and patriotic people in the world, [whose] army is second to none in bravery, and won the World War." As a work on geography it is as accurate and authentic as it is amusing. The only error we discover is a reference to Lief Ericsen. We seem to recall a verse in which that hardy navigator (Ericson, by the way) protests that he'd

Just as lief you called it Leif.

With this trifling reservation the treatise can be heartily recommended.

"The Burgess Bird Book for Children," by Thornton W. Burgess (Little, Brown), is a very clever, delicately executed book of birds. The author has encased a remarkable amount of nutritious fundamental fact in a sugar-coating of humanized wood-folk, which ought to give

pleasure to hosts of children. Brer Rabbit—here alias Peter Rabbit—is the chief character, who by his love of gossip and his friendship and interest in all the birds of the field and the woods is made to serve as a most engaging interpreter or interlocutor. One reads easily through page after page of amusing dialogue between Peter and Jennie Wren, or Winsome Bluebird, or Creaker Grackle, or Butcher Shrike, or Plunger Osprey, without realizing that there is being conveyed a host of facts which deal with migration, molt, food, nesting, song, coloring, and instincts which, if presented as bare facts, would only repel childish readers. It is certain that many an older person will read this book on the sly, for it has not a little of the charm of "The Wind in the Willows" and the "Jungle Books," and higher praise could not be paid. There is a wealth of colored illustrations by Mr. Fuertes, and a fair index with scientific names for accurate identification.

"Un Soldat de France" (Paris: Plon-Nourrit) is composed of the letters written from the front by a young French surgeon, and is interesting as another example of the intellectual superiority of the youth of France, one of the few agreeable revelations of the recent war. Most of these letters are addressed to the father of the writer and perhaps the most remarkable of them, as it is surely the most touching, is the one in which this young man, not yet twenty-three, offers his friendship to his father, a curious example of a psychological and mental state that only such a war as this last one could produce; and all this goes to prove once more that Professor Rollo Walter Brown in his "How the French Boy Learns to Write" is quite within the truth in his general conclusion that the French lad's pen is *facile princeps* when compared with that of his American comrade.

Captain Ernest Peixotto, one of the official artists of the A. E. F., was close to the fighting at Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne, and observed also our occupation of the middle Rhine. His diary and sketches constitute a sober personal record which is perpetuated in a well-made book, "At the American Front" (Scribners). There are thrilling touches, and even a thrilling chapter—that which describes the spectacular assault on the Montfaucon, but in general the narrative, and the illustrations as well, singularly repeat the quiet and not too colorful method of Mr. Peixotto's well-known sketches of travel. We have the accurate and restrained observations of a veteran traveler, and should be grateful for so much. For the romantic flavor of our military effort, one must look elsewhere.

The Society for Pure English, which was just getting under way when the war broke out, has now resumed its activities. Its membership includes some of the most distinguished British men and women of letters and students of literature. Among them are enough philologists of standing, like Henry Bradley, W. A. Craigie, Sir James Murray, H. C. K. Wyld, and Joseph Wright, to give color to the hope that the Society's tracts, which will be published by the Oxford University Press, will not be wholly dedicated to enthusiasms like those of Sir Robert Bridges or pedantries like those of the Fowlers. Indeed, the aims of the Society, as set forth in the prospectus, are modest and sensible. Such matters as the naturalization of foreign words, native word-coinage, the "regeneration" of neglected elements in the vocabulary, the protection of traditional speech-cadences from the assaults of ignorant pedantry, are among those to which it will give attention. No doubt the pamphlets issued by the Society will be of unequal value, but eventually its work, if it is carried on in the spirit suggested by the prospectus, should grow into very great usefulness. Applications for membership may be sent to the Honorary Secretary, Mr. L. Pearsall Smith, 11 St. Leonards Terrace, London, S. W. 3.

Anyone who buys for his children a copy of Jean Henri Fabre's "Field, Forest and Farm" (Century) is likely to be first disappointed and then greatly puzzled. He will be disappointed at finding its vocabulary far beyond the reading of any child to whom the form would be acceptable, and he will be puzzled to guess for whom it is intended. Like others of the series, it represents "Uncle Paul" imparting to his nephews information about nature and its processes. But of what age are the nephews to whom he delivers such observations as this on sap: . . . "It is not yet a nutritive fluid for the plant; it becomes so in the foliage by a double process. First, on being distributed to the leaves, which furnish a vast surface for evaporation, it exhales its superabundant water in the form of vapor and thus concentrates its usable ingredients?" If this represents their working vocabulary, they are too old to be lured by a form of dialogue as palpably didactic as anything in "Sandford and Merton" or the Rollo books. If in French the book is acceptable to children, as it comes to us it is only half translated, for no one could read it to a child without ransacking his mind, and his dictionaries, for intelligible circumlocutions for fully half the words and phrases in it. If he is wise he will keep it as a source of information for himself to deal out to the children in the presence of the facts and the actual questions.

The New French President

SOME twenty-five years ago, when M. Poincaré was still writing in the newspapers, besides being a lawyer and a Cabinet Minister, he said of M. Paul Deschanel that he was a man about whom one might prophesy not that he would some day become a minister, but that he surely would be elected to the French Academy. This prophecy was verified a long time ago. M. Deschanel has never been in any cabinet, but he has been a member of the French Academy for the last twenty years, and now he succeeds M. Poincaré as President of the Republic, a circumstance, by the way, that M. Poincaré did not and could not foresee.

The reason of M. Poincaré's emphasis on the French Academy is because of M. Deschanel's literary accomplishments, his singularly elegant oratory, the finish of his style and, taken all in all, the tone of distinction and refinement that characterizes all his parliamentary manifestations since the first time he entered the Chamber of Deputies, some thirty-five years since.

His political enemies used to make fun of this dandy of politics who dressed his person as well as he dressed his speeches and whose eloquence seemed to attract to the galleries of the Palais Bourbon all the pretty ladies of Paris. They called him the "Delaunay of the Chamber of Deputies," Delaunay being at that date the popular matinée idol of the Théâtre Français. They accused him of fastidiousness in the preparation of his orations, which they found a bit [illegible] polished. They prophesied that he could not keep on repeating the oratorical successes which he scored every time he took the floor. They were mistaken. M. Deschanel repeated them often, or at least as often as he chose to speak. He spoke only when he had something important to say, and that was about once or twice a year. And each one of his orations was notable for its power and literary charm. The training he received from his father, one of the distinguished writers on literature of the 19th century, his association with the *Journal des Débats*, one of the most scholarly and distinguished French newspapers, and his natural talent and taste for good style gave him immediately a prominence universally acknowledged as one of the leading men of the French Parliament.

In the early part of his career, between 1885 and the nineties, he was satisfied with discussing on the floor questions of a nature that could not rouse party passions. His maiden speech on June 28, 1886, is still remembered by old parliamentarians. It dealt with the

tariff. The farmers wanted a tax of 6 francs on wheat, and he treated this arid topic with such imagination and brilliancy that he left the Chamber both delighted and surprised. A year later we find him, with the same success, treating the Naval appropriations and the problems of France's protectorate over the Christians in Syria.

Gradually, however, he approached questions of a more contentious nature. After the moderate party had been deprived of its great leaders, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, and also M. Ribot, temporarily out of Parliament, the younger men had to take their place and carry on the fight against radicalism, which was growing stronger every day, and Socialism, which was just then making its entrance into Parliament with Paul Lafargue, Jules Guesde, and Vaillant, soon joined by Jaurès, Viviani, and Millerand. Among these young men the most prominent were Jonnart, Barthou, Poincaré, and Deschanel. While the first three accepted cabinet positions in various ministries, Deschanel, for reasons best known to himself, remained in the ranks to fight the battles of the moderate party.

He resented the injustice and the unfairness of the extreme left, led by Clemenceau and Pelletan, against the great leaders of his party; so he decided to give radicalism a little bit of its own medicine in the form of aggressive criticisms and virulent denunciations.

Three times, in November, 1895, in April, 1896, and again in November of the same year, under the Bourgeois and Méline ministries, he attacked the radical party with a sharp, incisive, and petulant oratory, very different from his earlier more academic style, and one which was quite as much of a revelation as his first manner.

His talent had matured. His knowledge of political and economic science had been increased by continuous study, wide curiosity, and even a trip to the United States, from which he brought many observations often used in his speeches. He was one of the best-equipped members of the House, and to many of his colleagues whose knowledge hardly extends beyond local issues, his orations were as good as a university course in political science. Hence when he had to carry on controversies with the Socialists, he could not be satisfied with feeble platitudes and old-fashioned arguments. He had to argue against scholarly and well-informed Marxists like Paul Lafargue and Jules Guesde, crafty parliamentarians, powerful and passionate orators like Jaurès, and clever debaters like Millerand, Viviani, and a half dozen others.

Nothing has shown more strikingly the openness of mind of that opportunist and conservative spokesman than the way in which he had not merely grasped the abstruse metaphysics of Karl Marx's "Capital" and the rest of modern Socialistic literature, but also accepted some of their legitimate claims, while fighting their doctrines in a spirit of fairness and, sometimes, of sympathy, that many of them readily acknowledged.

His colleagues had come to look upon him as a man of keen intelligence, with a broad mind and a heart open to any appeal. That is why he shared the Speakership of the House with only one man during the first years of this century. When Henry Brisson died, Deschanel was the only possible candidate. He has filled his position with tact, impartiality, and common sense. In a House that is often unruly and still oftener intolerant, he has stood for freedom of speech and for fair treatment of all. When a House has finished its career, no one knows better than Deschanel how to praise its accomplishments; and likewise when the House reconvenes, he knows, without offending his colleagues, how to give them sound advice. His very duties as a president of the House have prepared him and made him more fit for his part as President of the Republic.

The restricted body by which the President is chosen has one advantage: it knows exactly what is needed in the position to be filled and who best fits the requirements. The presidency is never given as a reward for services to a man who, whatever his other merits, has neither the temperament nor the special equipment required to perform its duties. A soldier without political experience or elementary knowledge of public affairs, a public man who has been all his life a fighter and a polemist, would be equally out of place in the presidential position.

The President in France must forget that he was once the man of a party; he must become an impartial arbiter of all parties. That will be easy for Deschanel, who was elected by men of all groups and supported especially by those men whose doctrines are furthest from his own, the Socialists and the radicals. Since the President has many social and diplomatic duties, it is as well that he should be a man of pleasing presence, of distinction and charm of manner, of impeccable speech and sound views. M. Deschanel will have the distinction of being perhaps the best-looking of the French Presidents.

Although elected as a conservative Republican, M. Deschanel is a staunch and almost fanatic Republican. He has no patience with those who speak ill of the parliamentary régime. He knows and has often said that with all its defects it is the only guarantee of popular liberties. He rebukes the idle and foolish critics who always slander the Assemblies that they elect. During the war, in particular, he has rendered frequent and just homage to the work of supervision of the committees and their delegates at the front. To this man, whose father was an exile for his republican faith, the French Republic is something more than a form of government, it is almost a religion. He worships his country and he worships the republic.

After the proclamation of the vote that made him President, some one said that this election shows the continuity of the French Republic and the continuity of the ideals for which this war was fought. No other member of either House would have been more worthy than Paul Deschanel, not only to symbolize but to assure the continuity of the best traditions of the Third Republic.

Othon Guerlac

Einstein and the Man in the Street

When I was asked to write an article explaining the principle of relativity to the man in the street I felt very much like quoting the words of Faust:

> So soll ich denn mit sauerem Schweiss
> Euch lehren was ich selbst nicht weiss?

I do not entirely understand the principle of relativity and it is impossible for the man in the street to understand it. The explanations that I have seen in the daily papers do not in the least explain why rays of light should be bent by gravitational attraction, and yet I am disposed to make the attempt to throw a little light upon it without any mathematics and even without any diagrams. This is certainly no light task.

Everybody knows that light takes a certain length of time to travel, like sound or waves on the surface of still water, and whereas sound travels only about 1,100 feet per second, light is known to travel with a velocity of about 186,000 miles per second. Thus the delay caused in the case of a luminous signal of any sort, between its time of starting from any point and of arriving at another, is noticeable only when the distances concerned are very great, such as are celestial distances. In order to explain the finite delay in the arrival of light the notion of the luminiferous ether was invented to denote the medium in which the light existed between the time of its emission at the source and its reception by the eye. The late Lord Salisbury wittily said that the noun "ether" was invented to be the subject to the verb "to undulate." If we drop a stone upon the surface of a pond we see a system of waves spreading out in the form of a circle of ever increasing diameter. If we fire a pistol we similarly have a wave of sound which spreads out

in the form of a sphere of continually increasing diameter and nobody hears the sound until this sphere has grown large enough to reach his ear. Similarly with light. The light spreads out in the form of a spherical wave and nobody sees the light until the sphere has reached the eye. The case of the wave on water is simpler insofar as a plane contains only two dimensions, length and breath, so that the position of a point is determined by giving its distances, say north and south from a given parallel and east and west from a given meridian. With the sound and light wave, however, the spreading is in three-dimensional space, and we require to fix the position of a point not two of these so-called coördinate distances but three, the third being the distance above or below some horizontal floor plane. I think it is pretty evident that if we consider a circular cone with its axis vertical and cause it to rise through the level surface of the water, if its point rises with uniform velocity it will intersect the surface of the water in a circle, the radius of which increases with a uniform velocity, thus constituting a circular wave. The height of the vertex of the cone above the floor plane of the water is then a measure of the time; so that if we were dealing with space of only two dimensions the time would be the third dimension for that space, as far as wave motions were considered. Beings living in the plane would have the same difficulty in imagining a third dimension that we do for a fourth. Now it is somewhat more difficult when we are dealing with three-dimensional space to think of time as a fourth. But by a certain extension of the imagination we are able to do it. In this sense the time is measured by the increase of radius of a spherical light or sound wave proceeding from a point. I do not say that this is all there is to the question of time as the fourth dimension, but it is sufficient for our purpose here.

Let us now come to some of the physical consequences of the notion of the ether as a substance which bears the light waves. It is, I think, very evident that if waves of sound go along with respect to the still air at a speed of 1,100 feet per second, then, if the air is moving forward in the form of a wind, the waves are carried along so much faster by the amount of the velocity of the wind. If one is in a train moving towards a sounding whistle the waves proceeding from the whistle are encountered faster than if one were standing still and the pitch of the whistle accordingly rises. The same thing would be true if we were standing still and the whistle together with the air were coming towards us with a velocity of their own. I may in this case leave the whistle out of account and simply speak of the waves that are borne along by the air.

Now the earth is going along through space at a great rate, moving in its orbit around the sun with an average velocity of about 19 miles per second, which, to be sure, is only about one ten-thousandth of the velocity of light, but still is very fast compared with ordinary speeds. If, then, ether acts like air and stands still in space, we shall have the effect of a sort of ether wind blowing against us with a speed of 19 miles per second. Such an effect was looked for about 30 years ago by the American physicists Michelson and Morley; the former, who is now Professor of Physics at the University of Chicago, has since obtained the Nobel Prize for this and his other optical researches. The result of the experiment was negative; that is to say, the ether did not appear to be in motion with respect to the earth. This was the beginning of the whole trouble and eventually led up to the invention of the principle of relativity in 1905 by Einstein, a young Swiss mathematical physicist who is now situated in Berlin, belonging to that talented race that is responsible for so much of our troubles, intellectual and other.

Suppose again that we are moving along above the surface of still water and at a certain time we drop a stone into it giving rise to a circular wave as before, only that now we move ahead. It is very obvious that at any subsequent time we are nearer to that part of the wave front that is ahead of us and which we are trying to catch up with than the part that is behind us which we are moving away from. Thus the velocity of the wave with respect to us is not the same in all directions.

The first question raised by Einstein is that of a criterion for the simultaneity of two events. If these events take place at the same place there is no difficulty. The clock must tell the same time for each of them. But suppose they take place in places a long way apart. The only way that an observer situated where one of these events takes place can tell when the other takes place is by the reception of some sort of signal, which must travel with the velocity of light. In order to set two clocks so that they shall correctly indicate the time we may suppose that a signal is given when the first clock shows twelve o'clock, and if the second clock is, we will say, 186,000 miles away, when the signal reaches there the clock must show twelve o'clock plus one second, and if the signal is then reflected back it must arrive at the first clock when that clock marks twelve o'clock and two seconds. If, then, the second clock shows a time which is halfway between those shown by the first clock on the departure of the signal and the reception of the reflected signal, the clocks are correctly set. But if the clocks are in motion, this will not be the case, because, as we have just shown, the velocity of the wave that is catching up will be different from that of the wave which is coming back. Consequently clocks in motion have a different criterion for simultaneity from what they would have if at rest.

Now, Einstein's first postulate is, saying nothing about the ether, which we need henceforth not mention, that the velocity of light is the same in all directions, irrespective of the velocity with which the source of light is moving. The principle of relativity may then be stated by saying that it is impossible by the observation of any natural phenomenon to determine anything more than the relative velocity of two points, the absolute velocity being entirely unknown. It is well known that this is true in mechanics. For instance, it is quite impossible to tell in a sleeping car which way the car is traveling as long as the velocity is unchanged, despite the fancies of particular passengers who wish their berths made up with the head facing forwards or back. This is well shown in the case of persons passing through the Broad Street station in Philadelphia in the night who come out facing the other way without any knowledge of it. It is when the speed of the train is changing or is experiencing an acceleration that we are able to tell the direction of the change by means of the pressures beween ourselves and other objects.

Now, although this dynamical principle of relativity has been known since the days of Newton, it was not supposed that phenomena such as the propagation of light or of electrical disturbances would be similarly independent of absolute velocity. Yet this is what Einstein proposes.

In order to explain the Michelson-Morley result Professor Lorentz, the celebrated Dutch physicist, following a suggestion thrown out by FitzGerald in Ireland, suggested that all bodies in motion experienced a shortening in the direction parallel to that of the motion, and thus that the light traveling in the direction of the motion of the earth in Michelson's and Morley's apparatus had a different distance to go from that going in a direction at right angles to the motion of the earth. Thus the result was satisfactorily explained. But this result was carried much farther by Einstein, who assumes that there is a fundamental relation between time and space, such that, to put it simply, no one can tell what time it is until he knows where he is and he can not tell where he is until he knows when he is. The difficulty of measuring the length of an object such as a bar in motion will be seen to arise from the fact that both ends must be compared with the ends of a fixed bar at the same time; for if we measure the coincidence of one end at one time and of the other at an-

other, obviously we do not get the same length as if both were measured at once. Consequently, the question of length is seen to be connected with the question of time.

These considerations were thus introduced by Einstein in 1905. As will be easily seen, they say nothing whatever about gravitation, and since then the whole theory has been remodeled. Einstein now introduces a new postulate having to do with accelerated motion, which I may illustrate by the motion of an elevator. If we stand in an elevator which starts up or goes upwards faster and faster, our feet press harder upon the floor and we should weigh more upon a pair of scales. It is obviously impossible to distinguish the effect of a sudden increase in the pull due to the attraction of the earth from the acceleration of the elevator, our so-called frame of reference. Einstein's new postulate, then, is that it is impossible to distinguish the effect of a gravitational field or region where attraction takes place from an acceleration of our frame of reference. But this is not all.

A set of waves possesses energy; that is, the power to do work. We know that waves of the sea may knock down a breakwater or cut away a cliff. Waves of sound may cause a phonograph needle to dig up wax. Waves of light were predicted by Maxwell fifty years ago to exert pressure, which was experimentally demonstrated in this country by Nichols and Hull and in Russia by Lebedeff. But how can transverse waves, where the motion is at right angles to the direction of propagation, as is supposed to be the case with light, exert a pressure in the direction of propagation? Lord Raylei[illegible]s this by an analogy. Suppose that we have a ring sliding on a violin string which is vibrating transversely. In order to prevent the ring from being pushed along by the vibrations it will be necessary to hold it still, so that the transverse vibrations push the ring along endwise. In order to stop a set of waves and reflect them back, then, it is necessary to oppose a force, exactly as it would be to stop a ball, or make it reflect back. The waves act, then, as if they had inertia. In other words, a beam of light acts on a mirror just as a stream of bullets from a machine gun acts on a target. We are accordingly led to the notion that a beam of light possesses mass, using that term in the sense of inertia. But all ordinary mass has weight; that is to say, is pulled by gravitational forces that have their origin in other mass.

Einstein now makes the further assumption that everything that has mass or inertia has gravitational mass, and that therefore a beam of light is acted upon by gravitation. He is thus able to show that a beam of light passing near the sun or other celestial body would be bent. This is a very extraordinary prediction. The amount of bending even in the case of such a strongly attracting body as the sun is very small. A beam of light that just grazes the sun would be bent by a very small amount, one and three-quarters seconds, of angle, and such an observation can be made only at the time of a total solar eclipse when the light of a star can be seen passing close to the edge of the sun when the sun is dark. In the eclipse that took place last spring such observations were actually made. On photographing the light of the same stars at the moment of the eclipse and at another time when the sun was not there, a displacement was observed of the order of that predicted by Einstein. This was hailed by the English astronomers and physicists, including Sir Joseph Thomson, the President of the London Royal Society, as an extraordinary confirmation of the principle of relativity. When observed, the effect is extremely small. If we look at a letter an inch in height at a distance of about three miles from our eye, it subtends an angle of one second. Obviously, a powerful telescope must be used, and when the effect is so very small one may be pardoned a certain skepticism if one refuses to overturn one's preconceived ideas of the independence of time and space. Nevertheless, other phenomena, both celestial and terrestrial, have seemed to point in the same direction. It may be asked whether the ray of light is not bent by ordinary refraction in passing through the attenuated gases of the solar corona which we know extends to several diameters beyond the sun's disk. Undoubtedly the English astronomers have taken care of this.

Whether we believe it or not, the more closely we examine the principle of relativity the more we must believe that it is a very wonderful conception, incapable of being appreciated in its consequences without profound mathematical apparatus, and involving at least four assumptions which I have in a very rough way attempted to describe: First, that of the constancy of the velocity of light with respect to all directions and to any system moving with any velocity whatever with respect to any other system; second, a relation between time and distance such that either of two bodies seems shortened in the direction of their relative motion by an observer attached to the other; third, that it is impossible to distinguish a gravitational field from the acceleration of the frame of reference; and fourth, that everything that has mass, as determined by inertia, has mass of the sort determined by weight or attractability.

This is the best that I am able to do for the man in the street.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER

Music

The New York Opera War—Hints to Librettists

AGAIN we are in the throes of an opera war. Managers are pitted against managers, millions against millions, and singers against singers. The crowd, night after night, packs two vast opera houses. The excitement of the fight is far more evident at the Lexington than at the Metropolitan, which affects unconsciousness of its Mid-Western rivals.

The more such wars we see, the more we like them. If they could last five months, and not five little weeks, we should not grumble. For, if competition is the soul of trade, in emulation lies the spur to art. The Metropolitan needs many spurs. Left to itself it sticks in ruts—and sleeps.

And while the larger houses strive and strain, the struggle at the Park goes on. The fight there is, however, strictly limited. Its aim is to build up a permanent home for opera of the light and lyric kinds, sung, not by foreigners, in foreign tongues, but by Americans in their own English idiom.

If they had done no more than that this year and last, the American singers at the Park would have accomplished a good deal for art by proving that the English tongue in opera may be plain and musical. But, incidentally, they have done something more. They have shown what good librettos mean in opera. Not in the obsolescent kind of opera, which was merely a vehicle for the display of virtuosity, but in those modern works which are really plays with music.

The demonstration I refer to has been made by the revival, at the Park, of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful comic operas. Week after week large audiences have filled the theatre, not only to hear Sullivan's airs and glees, but, just as surely, to enjoy the quips and quirks of Gilbert's text. We have been told, by those who disbelieve in English as an operatic medium, that the success of the joint authors of "The Mikado," "Patience," "The Pirates," "Pinafore," and "Ruddigore" was a phenomenon unique and unrepeatable. But, both before and since the partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan, there have been other unions, possibly as fortunate.

Of these the most remarkable was that which long linked Offenbach with Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, all three imbued with the same spirit of mad levity. In Italy, again, for years the triumphs of the operatic "Veritists" were chiefly due to the great skill of two

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librettists — the romantic dramatist, Giuseppe Giacosa, and Luigi Illica. Another even more apparent proof of what librettos mean in opera is found in what Arrigo Boïto did for Verdi. And, to come nearer to our day, I might quote Maeterlinck, who inspired Dukas and Debussy with his dream plays.

Some years ago, before the production of "Francesca da Rimini," in Paris, I asked the late Maëstro Campanini what he thought of Zandonai's latest work. "I have no opinion on the subject yet," said the conductor; "I have not read the libretto."

The success or failure of the new works now being sung at the Lexington Opera House will, to a large extent (much larger than some think), depend on whether their composers had, or had not, good librettos. If "L'Heure Espagnole," to name one work, should not be liked, Laparra, the composer of the score, will have himself to blame. For, like Charpentier, Wolf-Ferrari, and Dukas, he now insists on writing his own words in opera. The example was set long ago by Wagner. As time runs on, it may be widely followed.

For those born librettists who inspire great lyric dramas grow rarer and rarer. And in some places they are sadly scorned. I do not speak now of the Broadway hacks, who grind out dull rubbish by the yard for "comic" operas, but of the few and well-intentioned men and women who have tried their hands here at the invention of ambitious opera "books." Among them, I may mention Bryan Hooker, who devised the words for "Mona," and Percy MacKaye, who twice collaborated with Reginald de Koven. Both did their best, but from the same wrong standpoint, and in the instances of "Mona" and of "The Canterbury Pilgrims," both good reading plays, both failed, and why? Because the method each preferred was purely "literary," appealing chiefly to the brain and eye, but disdaining the much more important ear, which must be courted by the man who writes for opera.

All good—all great—librettists know that truth. Boïto, Gilbert, Meilhac, Halévy, and, to add three to the exclusive list, Barber and Carré, who assisted Gounod, and Henri Caïn, who has signed many opera books, respected it religiously. So, though at times their verses may seem trite or tame, what they invented was at least quite clear. The most absurdly intricate of Gilbert's patter songs is understandable, provided it is sung by well-trained singers. While when, forsaking light for serious art, Meilhac and Halévy made a libretto out of Mérimée's "Carmen," they gave us what still seems a little masterpiece, melodic, graceful, vivid, full of life, poetic, humorous, tragic—always singable. Boïto rivaled them in his "Falstaff" libretto, and now and then in his arrangement of "Othello." Here we have models.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

Spiritism

THE word "Spiritism" seems almost to have displaced the older one, "Spiritualism," but if it ordinarily indicates bias either towards or against the belief, it is not so used here. Persons who work in libraries and book-shops can not doubt the extraordinary interest in the subject, and the lectures of M. Maeterlinck and Sir Oliver Lodge are increasing that interest.

Books about it are mostly written by convinced believers, who seem, to skeptics or agnostics, pathetically credulous; or by disbelievers, whose skepticism appears to the convert to be a resolute refusal to open their minds to the truth. If there is in the world a person absolutely without prejudice upon this subject, he will seek long to discover any book reflecting his state of mind. The most determined opponents are those who find the belief disturbing to orthodox religion.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, a believer, says that as a course of reading "for an intelligent agnostic who knew nothing about psychic science," he would suggest the writings of J. Arthur Hill. Two of these are "Spiritualism; its History, Phenomena and Doctrine" (Doran, 1919) and "Psychical Investigations" (Cassell, 1917). Sir A. C. Doyle's own writings are: "The New Revelation" and "The Vital Message" (Doran, 1918-19). It is hardly necessary to name Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" (Doran, 1916) and "The Survival of Man" (Moffat, 1909). James H. Hyslop's "Contact with the Other World" (Century) is a compilation from his years of experience, his studies and conclusions. Hereward Carrington's "Modern Psychical Phenomena" (Dodd, 1919) is one of many books by this author; its evidence about "spirit photography" must be overwhelming if it convinces any who have known the mischances of the amateur photographer and the surprises of the developing room. Basil King's "Abolishing of Death" (Cosmopolitan Book Corp., 1919) and Sir W. T. Barrett's "On the Threshold of the Unseen" (Dutton, 1917) are friendly to the investigations.

Two important studies from, it is said, a scientific point of view, are W. J. Crawford's "The Reality of Psychic Phenomena" (Watkins, 1916) and his "Experiments in Psychical Science" (Dutton, 1919). An extensive and extremely interesting historical work is Frank Podmore's "Modern Spiritualism; a History and a Criticism" (2 vols., Scribner, 1902). Theodore Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology" (Harper, 1911), Emile Boirac's "The Psychology of the Future" (Stokes, 1918), Hamlin Garland's "The Shadow World" (Harper, 1908), and Samuel McComb's "The Future Life in the Light of Modern Inquiry" (Dodd, 1919) offer a variety of treatments of the topic.

Johan Liljencrants in "Spiritism and Religion" (Devin, 1918) and D. I. Lanslots in "Spiritism Unveiled" (Herder, 1913) pay the compliments of the Church of Rome to the whole subject, while J. G. Raupert's "The New Black Magic" (Devin), from much the same point of view, admits the manifestations and seems to class them with devil-worship.

"Some Revelations as to 'Raymond'" (Dutton, 1918), by "A Plain Citizen," is discriminating and by no means entirely hostile. It should be read with Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond." For an out-and-out opponent of spiritism, try Edward Clodd's "The Question" (Richards, 1917).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Ben Jonson's Every Man in His Humour. Edited by Percy Simpson. Oxford University Press.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Fort, Charles. The Book of the Damned. Boni & Liveright.

Living Waters or Messages of Joy. Introduction by Dwight Goddard. Brentano's. $1.50 net.

Randall, J. H. The Spirit of the New Philosophy. Brentano's. $1.75.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Beamish, R. J., and March, F. A. America's Part in the World War. Introduction by Gen. John J. Pershing. Winston. $3.00 net.

Goddard, Dwight, and Borel, Henri. Laotze's Tao and Wu Wei. Brentano's. $1.25.

Simonds, F. H. History of the World War, in five volumes. Volume IV—America and Russia. Doubleday, Page.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Bullard, Arthur. The Russian Pendulum. Macmillan. $2.00.

Cheng, Sih-Gung Modern China: A Political Study. Oxford University Press.

Drake, P. H. Democracy Made Safe. Boston: Four Seas. $1.25 net.

Gompers, Samuel. Labor and the Common Welfare. Edited by Hayes Robbins. Dutton.

Harrison, Marie. The Stolen Lands: A Study in Alsace-Lorraine. Dutton. $2.00 net.

Hillis, N. D. Rebuilding Europe in the Face of World-Wide Bolshevism. Revell. $1.50 net.

Huang, Feng-Hua. Public Debts in China. Columbia University Studies. Longmans, Green.

McKenzie, F. A. Korea's Fight for Freedom. Revell. $2.00.

Thomas, H. C. The Return of the Democratic Party to Power in 1884. Columbia University Studies. Longmans, Green.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Marcosson, I. F. Adventures in Interviewing. Lane. $4.00 net.

Mills, E. A. The Adventures of a Nature Guide. Doubleday, Page.

// THE REVIEW

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VISCOUNT GREY'S letter to the London *Times* on America's position in relation to the treaty recalls vividly to mind the impression made by the British White Book published in the opening weeks of the great war. The same lucidity, the same fairness, the same grasp of the actual needs of a crucial situation, which marked his communications and statements as Foreign Minister, characterize his analysis of the present difficulty. It is not too much to say that the convincingness of the case presented in the White Book was a decisive factor in shaping American opinion and sentiment in 1914, and was thus in a perfectly true sense one of the most powerful elements in the winning of the war against Germany. While of course no such commanding importance can be attached to this plain though most weighty utterance, it has the same kind of merit, and bids fair to produce, in its degree, an equally wholesome effect.

THE signal importance of Lord Grey's letter lies not in its arguments or explanations, admirable as these are, but in the peculiarly timely aid it brings to the prospects of ratification. It had begun to seem as though nothing could be injected into the situation which would have potency to break the spell of inaction. The time for effective argument within the Senate had passed months ago. The possibilities of negotiation based on mutual good will seemed likewise exhausted. Now comes this new force, directed not to the dicussion of minutiæ, but to the allaying of controversy and to the impressive assertion at once of the supreme need and the entire practicability of an immediate settlement. There is every reason to believe that Lord Grey's communication has the sanction of the British Government, although of course he was careful to say that it represented only his own personal opinion as a private individual. But viewed even in this latter light it would, apart from its inherent merit, carry extraordinary weight. For it must not be forgotten that Lord Grey was one of the earliest and one of the most ardent advocates of a genuine League of Nations as the only hope of the world after the close of the great war. Coming from such a source, the conviction expressed by him that without America the League would be a failure, and that with America in it, in spite of the limitations set by the reservations, it holds out the promise of achieving its great ends, must go far towards settling the doubts of fairminded men.

ILLUMINATING as Lord Grey's analysis must be to most Europeans and to many Americans, it does no more than set forth in admirable form what has long been recognized by thinking people in this country who have not been blinded by partisan prejudice, or by the intensity of their devotion to President Wilson. Some of these latter are now urging that Lord Grey was precluded from saying what he really thought about the motives that lay behind the opposition to unreserved acceptance of the Covenant, because to offend the Republican leaders would be to defeat the object of his letter. But these same people made no such allowance when they pointed the finger of scorn at every American protester as flying in the face of the laudation of President Wilson and his programme which European statesmen were uttering last Spring. Surely those men were under much heavier bonds to keep well with Mr. Wilson than Lord Grey is to keep well with Senator Lodge.

REPUBLICAN leaders must bear the responsibility for the failure of Congress to carrry out Secretary Glass's well-considered recommendation for the relief of starving populations in Austria, Armenia, Poland, and other countries. Guilt would be a better word than responsibility, for we can not regard it as other than a crime to fail in such a duty. Mr. Glass has abundantly shown that he is no sentimentalist in such matters. His recommendation, and the statement made by Assistant Secretary Davis before the House Ways and Means Committee, went carefully into particulars both as to the desperate need and as to the means by which relief could be safely and properly applied. President Wilson has written an urgent and moving letter in support of Mr. Glass's recommendation. No decent reason has been given for not providing through the United States Grain Corporation the $150,000,000 credit proposed. It now appears that $50,-000,000 is the utmost that Congress

will sanction, and the Republican Steering Committee in the House sought to prevent the giving of any aid at all. It is a spectacle of which our country, overflowing with abundance while millions in other lands are suffering the agonies of famine in the depth of winter, has reason to be profoundly ashamed.

WE can go far enough with the *New Republic* and *The Nation* to agree that the way to combat Bolshevism and other dangerous teachings is to let them say their worst, and refute it by convincing argument on the other side. Of course their statement of the method implies their own intention to use it, and we await with unbounded eagerness the forthcoming of the argument which we assume that the editors of these papers are busily preparing. If its solidity and lucidity, reach and grasp, comprehensiveness and impermeability, shall prove at all commensurate with the length of its period of incubation, it will certainly be one of the most effective logical assaults on error of all history. But life is short, and hope deferred maketh the heart sick. Feeling so sure of the effect of this impending attack, we are all the more distressed to be so unsure of the time when the signal to advance is to be sounded.

IN the dispute over the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, which has attracted nation-wide attention, it is essential to distinguish between two entirely different points. How meetings should be conducted within the walls of an Episcopal church—and, for that matter, whether meetings for controversial discussion or political propaganda should be held there at all—is a matter of church policy, of no special importance to the general public, unless the thing assumes a character that makes it something like a public scandal. This may have been true of Dr. Grant's "forum" in the Church of the Ascension at New York; at all events, the matter appears now to have been settled by an arrangement accepted by him and by his bishop. But when we referred to the case of Dr. Grant, in a recent issue, as bearing on the principle of free speech, we were not in the least referring, either expressly or by implication, to the doings in his forum, but solely to his own expression of his own opinions. We are glad to observe that nothing whatever has come of this part of the charges against him; and we trust that the reason they were not pressed is that, when time was given for sober second thought, it was recognized that to suppress the opinions of a clergyman, or to discipline him for uttering them, is utterly wrong from the standpoint of policy as well as from that of principle.

SENSATION mongers are extracting a wholly unwarranted amount of gloom out of the answers to a questionnaire recently distributed among farmers by some officer of the Post Office Department. No one will be frightened, however, who knows something of farmers and also something of the tricky habits, tendencies, and temperament of the "questionnaire," as a means of collecting misleading information. Of course the farmers are finding it hard to get laborers, and still harder to get them to labor. Of course they are dissatisfied with the gap between the selling price of their products to the city consumer and the amount that comes back to the farm. Of course it nettles them when ill-informed critics throw the blame for exorbitant food prices wholly upon them. Of course a certain proportion of them grow weary of the struggle with these difficulties and feel inclined to give it up, even though they may be making a good living. All these complaints mean something about actual conditions, for which farmers themselves, as well as others, are seeking and will continue to seek suitable remedies. But the last thing in the world that they mean is that we are suddenly to be faced with a wholesale forsaking of the soil, and a disastrous slump in food production.

PARTY leaders at Washington will make a most serious mistake if they fail to favor a fairly liberal provision for the development of the Air Service. Aviation is in its infancy, and it is intolerable that America should be hopelessly handicapped in the effort to have her share in the enormous advances which air navigation is certain to record during the next few years. Because of the delay and uncertainty in Congress, many of the very best men in the service are leaving it for other occupations, and only long training will fit others to take their places. Apparently there are too many men in Congress who have not yet learned that real economy does not consist merely in paring down the total of appropriations.

IN dealing with various revolutionary movements, the *New Republic* has frequently drawn comparisons between the "Red Terror" and the "White Terror." For the former it has great sympathy; for the latter it can find no excuse. In its own words, "revolution releases the hot passions of the young, counter-revolution the cold hatred of the old." Of course, no attention is paid to the fact that the Red Terror is the overturn of all law and order and the venting of the passions of the mob and the criminal elements; or that the so-called White Terror, however wrong and deplorable, springs primarily from the impulse to punish those guilty of the crimes.

In putting forward its emotional appeal along this line in a recent issue, the *New Republic* assumes that the "Lasko" mentioned in the press despatches as among those recently sentenced to death by the present Hungarian Government, is Latzko, the author of "Men in War," and presumes that the reason for his execution was his exposure of the rottenness of the Austrian military command and the shameless profiteering and exploitation at home by the Austrian bureaucracy. The *New Republic* asks: "Must he be slain now because certain senile Hungarian bureaucrats tremble overmuch for their privileges and property?"

As a matter of fact, the "Lasko" mentioned is almost certainly Laszlo, who, when Bolshevism broke out in Hungary, gave the order that all the

imprisoned criminals should be released. As political Commissar of all the revolutionary tribunals, he was responsible for these so-called courts of justice, and he was condemned to death for having deliberately instigated the murder of Dr. Joseph Stenczel and his companions on the ground that they were counter-revolutionists. What is interesting is the slant of mind that leads to such conclusions as the one here noted.

THE mere threat at this time of a strike by the stationary heating-plant operators is so surpassingly ghoulish (even ghouls do not themselves destroy the unfortunates on whom they fatten) that a community in which such a thing is possible can not afford to lose a day in taking stock of its resources to meet it. If it is impossible for the plain citizens of a city like New York to mine their own coal and produce their own vegetables and milk, it is not impossible for them to fire their own boilers and generate the heat without which life at this juncture would be intolerable. Modern society has been a bit heedless in allowing the specialization of industry to reach the point where the men engaged in almost any branch of it can under certain conditions presume to regard their services as indispensable. Here is an opportunity to demonstrate, by means of a little good will and a little organization on the part of the public, that there is a sharp difference between the indispensability of an industry and the indispensability of the particular individuals who engage in it. It would not be long before threats of such indescribable savagery as that which has recently been held over us would become a thing of the past. Meanwhile, the public may have been put in a position to discern a little more clearly the issues that are joined between closed shop and open shop.

FEW cities of Europe have suffered as much during the war as has the once prosperous city of Lille. Of every hundred men mobilized from Lille in 1914, only forty-three returned home to find their native place a scene of desolation. Out of 157 factories in operation in Lille in 1914, only seven or eight are now working, the plants of the other mills having either been carried off to Germany or struck down, mangled, and ruined where they stood. The agricultural districts round about have been laid waste, and will not be able, for years to come, to yield any harvest to speak of. Food and milk are, consequently, scarce in Lille. Nine out of ten children show signs of consumption, according to Colonel Mygatt of the Red Cross. The hospitals of the city are crowded with them, and the funds are lacking for proper attention to their needs. The Abbé Ernest Dimnet, a well-known French scholar and essayist, has come to this country to make an appeal on behalf of the suffering population of Lille. He asks for $100,000, necessary to help the two Children's Hospitals, Saint Antoine and Saint Anne. Five hundred dollars pays for a bed, fifty for the medicine daily required in the clinics, one dollar keeps a child in the hospital for two days. Gifts sent to the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, in care of the *Review*, will be forwarded to him.

IT is not entirely clear whether the prize of 100,000 francs is offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the best plan of communicating with another planet or for the actual achievement of inter-planetary conversation. On the latter supposition it is probable that the prize money, if put out at interest, will amount to a goodly sum before it can be awarded. Most of what we hear concerning the planet which we happen to inhabit tends to confirm a belief that any other planet that values its self-respect and peace of mind will refuse either to initiate or to respond to any efforts to establish a more intimate acquaintance with us. As a rather bright little planet with a faithful moon at heel, we dare say this world holds a respectable position among its fellows in the firmament, but for our part we love the rest of the universe too much to subject it to the disenchantment which a diminution of distance would inevitably produce.

The Issues in the Fight at Albany

NOTHING that has been disclosed, or that can be disclosed, in the hearings at Albany concerning the Socialist Assemblymen can make the proceedings against them right. If we have reached a point at which the method of procedure in such a case is a matter of indifference to us, we have already gone a long way towards the repudiation of our political institutions. The masterly presentation of the case in the brief prepared by a committee of the Bar Association of the City of New York leaves nothing to be desired in point of overwhelming convincingness. We can think of no better service to public education in the fundamentals of representative government than would be furnished by the printing of a million copies of that brief and their broadcast distribution among the people.

The central point made in that brief—and amply buttressed by arguments and citations which we can not attempt to reproduce—is that, whether or not the five Socialist Assemblymen might, upon investigation, be found to be subject to expulsion, there was absolutely no warrant for their suspension. It is a mistake, and a very grave one, to imagine that this is a mere technicality. The qualifications for membership in the Legislature are specifically laid down in the Constitution of the State, and the Assembly has no power to add to them. It is the sole judge of the question whether those Constitutional qualifications have been fulfilled, but if they have, the person elected is entitled to his seat. In spite of his having been seated, he may be expelled for cause; but when so expelled, his seat becomes vacant and his constituency thus has a fresh chance to fill it. A suspension, on the other hand, operates during the entire time of its continuance not only to deprive the member of his seat, but to deprive his constituency of representation; and in the present instance all this was done at a moment's notice and without the faintest pretense at any establishment of the

charge. The only way to undo that wrong would have been to rescind the suspension as soon as its true character had been exposed. The members of the Assembly who endeavored to accomplish this in spite of their hasty vote in the first instance are deserving of unstinted commendation.

Important as this point is, we must turn away from it and consider the issues that have actually been brought out, as though bearing on the expulsion of the Socialist members. In the confused mass of facts, assertions, and accusations that have been brought before the Judiciary Committee three distinct threads are discernible. The case against the Socialist members rests in part upon obligations alleged to have been assumed by them, as members of the Socialist party, that were inconsistent with their oath of office. It rests in part upon inferences drawn from declarations of that party and its members, and from declarations by other parties or bodies with which that party is alleged to be virtually identified. And finally it rests upon utterances of opinion or purpose by the accused members themselves.

Of these three elements, as presented, the first has most force. Yet even here the burden of proof on the prosecution to show the substantial character of the alleged obligations, and their inconsistency with the possibility of a faithful discharge of duty by the accused, is very great; and, so far as we can judge, it has not by any means been met. For instance, the mere existence in the Constitution of the Socialist party of a requirement that the members elected shall sign in advance a form of resignation of their office to be used when the party thinks fit, is certainly no ground for expulsion if the members in question have not actually signed it; and even if they have, it is very doubtful whether anything more could be required of them than a revocation of that signature. It may be very wrong —and indeed it *is* very wrong—for any man to sign such a paper; but it is not a crime, it does not argue moral turpitude, and its existence in the past can hardly be regarded as a disqualification for the future.

What on the face of it looks more serious is a clause in the Socialist party Constitution which binds all members elected to office to vote against all appropriations for military purposes. Yet upon a moment's consideration it will be clear that this, *taken in itself,* is even less a disqualification than the provision that we have just been discussing; for clearly it would be absurd to exclude from all legislative bodies any person who is on principle opposed to war, and who will accordingly vote against every appropriation designed to make war possible. Whenever a majority of the people of the country are of this mind they have a right to have their way. The one thing that does give a substantial basis to this count in the indictment is the circumstance that the State Constitution requires the State to maintain a militia of at least 10,000 men. It may fairly be argued that the anti-militarist provision in the Socialist party Constitution is thus in express conflict with the Constitution of the State; but it would surely be a grossly strained view which should regard a member of the Legislature as liable to expulsion because some one of a multitude of provisions in his party's platform or Constitution runs counter to some one point in the State Constitution. Would it not have been absurd, in the days before the Civil War, to expel from Northern Legislatures every person who was avowedly opposed to the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, or of the provision of the United States Constitution upon which it was based? Would it not be absurd to expel from every State Legislature to-day every man who might be avowedly opposed to the enactment of any State law enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution?

We come now to the general attitude of the Socialist party, and especially to its more or less direct association with the attitude of Communist parties in our own country, and of the Russian Bolshevists. Nothing is more certain than that within the Socialist party, as within every other, there exist all shades of conviction, opinion, and purpose. It is perfectly easy to point to extreme expressions in party declarations even within the Socialist party itself, and it is true that some of these imply great sympathy with the purposes of Communist parties and of the Bolshevist régime in Russia. But to hold any one individual responsible for everything even in his party's platform, not to speak of less authoritative declarations, would be monstrous. To what excess this sort of thing has gone in the line of attack pursued by the prosecution, is sufficiently shown in this deliberate statement by Mr. Stanchfield:

> My argument runs along this line: that every declaration, every speech, every statement of every man who is affiliated or belongs to that party, is bound by the speeches, the sentiments, the writings, the books, the publications of every other man affiliated with that association, whether they were present at the time when it was uttered or whether they were absent.

In its bearing on the decision of the Assembly, the third element of the case—the utterances of the accused men themselves—is likely to play less of a part than the other two; but from a broader point of view it is of the greatest interest of all. No speech or other expression of any of the five Socialist Assemblymen has been put in evidence that constitutes anything like direct advocacy of violent or lawless methods of bringing about the political and social revolution which the programme of the Socialist party undoubtedly contemplates. Stray expressions, of which the language is violent or extreme, have indeed been cited, but to these no sensible person attaches any great importance. What *is* regarded as important is the evidence of sympathy with Bolshevism, either Russian or other, and expressions of opinion to the general effect that unless a radical change is brought about peacefully it will some day or other be brought about by force. These things are very offensive to all of us who are attached to the existing institutions of the country, who take pride in its past, and who look forward to a future that shall be a worthy continuance of that past. But it is every man's right in a free country to declare that he is dissatisfied with its institutions, and that he proposes to

do his utmost by lawful means to change or even to abolish them. Nor can he, without violation of the fundamental principles of free speech, be debarred from expressing his sympathy with people in other countries who resort to lawless or bloody means to accomplish objects which, as objects, he holds to be desirable. Thousands of patriotic, loyal, and law-abiding Americans regarded assassination and bomb-throwing as justifiable means of attempting the destruction of the Czarist despotism in Russia, throughout the long period of revolutionary agitation in that country. It is true that sympathy with the Russian Bolshevists tends to encourage Bolshevist plotting in this country; but it is also true that sympathy with Russian revolutionaries in the Nineteenth Century tended to encourage such assassinations as those of President Garfield and President McKinley.

If we are to preserve freedom of opinion, we must be prepared to maintain it in spite of its drawbacks. We must not erect it into a superstition; there is an essential difference between the free utterance of opinion and two other things which are often confounded with it—freedom to incite to lawless actions, and freedom to disseminate opinions in ways that are in themselves disorderly or indecent. Nothing of this kind is even alleged against the accused Assemblymen. If they really do sympathize with Lenin and Trotsky, surely no one can feel a greater abhorrence for their position than does the *Review*. But we have not reached the point where, for the sake of preserving our traditions of freedom and law, we are prepared to sacrifice one of the greatest of those traditions themselves. Americans are familiar with the fact that the most splendid intellects in the British Parliament at the time of our Revolution were undaunted champions of the American cause; but it would be well if at this time they recalled the fact that one of the foremost of them championed also the cause of the French Revolution. His advocacy of it caused a tragic severance of friendship between him and his great intellectual leader; but history does not record that Edmund Burke's profound abhorrence of Jacobinism led him to entertain any notion that Charles James Fox ought to be expelled from the House of Commons. It would be sad indeed if the America of the Twentieth Century should show itself more intolerant than the England of George the Third.

America and the Plight of Europe

SECRETARY GLASS, like Mr. Hoover, regards the European situation from an austere and logical standpoint. In his letter of January 28 to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States he sets forth the fundamentals which must guide the world if it is to resume the paths of economic blessedness. While admitting the logic in both the Glass and the Hoover statements, the average man can not fail to have some reservation on the point of their generosity and sympathy towards Europe. A carping critic might even question the good taste involved in lecturing our Allies at a time when they are confronted by heavy responsibilities as a result of their long fight to preserve the civilization of the world. It may be true that the people of Europe are indulging in widespread extravagance; it may be that their statesmen are not imposing taxation as heavily as we think they should. But still one may be permitted to ask if it is our place to *assert* and *declare?* Would not the limit of good taste be reached were our statesmen courteously to *suggest?*

Much has been written on the present disorganization of the exchanges. It requires no reiteration to bring home the dangers of this situation: exports from the United States valued at nearly eight billion dollars during the calendar year 1919, against corresponding imports valued at just under four billion dollars, leaving a balance due us for the year of approximately four billion dollars which our debtors can not promptly pay either in gold or goods. All this is very simple. It is easy to declaim about it. But we must not forget that the unprecedented disorganization of the world's economic machinery involves readjustments which can not be made at once.

The fundamental considerations relating to the problem are absolutely simple; the trouble lies in the intricacy of the practical application of those fundamentals. There is and can be only one solution of the present international financial difficulties, namely, an increase in production and an increase in saving on the part of the people of every country of the world. This necessity can not be obviated by any economic scheme which human ingenuity can devise. In proportion as the world shall work and save, just in that proportion can budgets be equalized and inflation reduced. This remedy is simple and unspectacular; but the world will not believe in it promptly, nor set about practising it with vigor and persistence until many hard days have come upon us. Offer a man a spectacular stock and paint a picture of affluence—his face lights up and you have his attention, and perhaps his money. Tell him to tighten his belt and get down to work, ten hours, twelve hours a day for an emergency period—he will turn away from your gloomy counsel and seek pleasanter pastures.

However, it is clear that the American business public are getting much education in the more practical features of foreign finance. We are developing some real international bankers. We may still be able to take up our share of the foreign trade which we shall be so eager for in the days to come. The cost of living in America may be lowered temporarily by a decline in exports from the United States at this time; but we shall do well to look forward to the time when the foreign countries which are now calling to us because of their necessities of reconstruction will be the object of our earnest solicitation as a necessary outlet for our important exportable surplus. These markets may not always be friendly if we do not cultivate them now. There is more to foreign trade than mere facts and figures.

The letter of Secretary Glass, to-

gether with the pages on international finance in his last Annual Report, the letter of Mr. Hoover, and the memorial recently submitted to the Government and to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States suggesting an international financial conference, form part of the common law on the new international situation. Their conclusions may be overruled by later experience; they may be confirmed by subsequent developments. But the main thing required is continued clear thinking and a minimum of dogmatism. Even the greatest minds can afford to be humble in the presence of debts measured in units of scores of billions.

What the future holds no one can say. It may be that private credit resources can be mobilized to meet the needs of European reconstruction. This does not mean bank credits; for the banks must keep their assets liquid to pay their depositors on demand. Does private action involve the sale of bonds to private investors? Will they buy? Is it sound to ask them to buy? Will they come forward with sufficient funds without positive governmental sanction? Can the large investor be expected to respond under our present system of supertaxes on large incomes? Should the American people, who have a stake in the foreign situation represented by Government loans of nearly ten billion dollars, and private loans to foreign Governments and municipalities of a billion and a half, and commercial credits of two billions more, lend more to make safe the great sums already advanced? Has the Government a direct obligation of leadership in this situation?

In answering these questions, there is no room for self-assurance and finality. Admittedly, the only remedy is the remedy of work and thrift. Debts must ultimately be paid with *earned* money, not promised money. If we will have patience a little longer we may see whether or not this fundamental moral as well as economic principle is going to prevail. Such emergency measures as may be needed meanwhile can at best be but temporary. With patience and cooperation, with the return of peace and a working understanding among the great nations of the world, we shall make progress.

Meanwhile millions will starve who could be saved from starvation if the *tone* of the Treasury letter is adopted by the people of America. It is very easy to carry over an aggressively asserted policy of governmental *laissez-faire* into a do-nothing private policy. America still has a heart, despite the more preponderant mentality of some of its public men. And if there ever were human facts to touch the heart of America, they exist to-day in the starving areas of Europe. Nor is it clear that our part in the work of rescue should be confined to the alleviation of immediate suffering.

And so we come back to our starting point. A world situation of terrible complexity confronts us. The strongest men in America are studying it from day to day, here and abroad. The answer is not clear. There never will be one all-inclusive answer. Meanwhile let us keep working at this—and at other things—with a good courage; and let us beware of those who talk to us in tones of mastery and full knowledge of a problem which passes the understanding of any single human mind.

Mr. Gompers vs. the Bolshevists

BY judgment and temperament, Mr. Gompers belongs with the group of conservative labor leaders represented at its best by the late John Mitchell. At heart a good American, devoted to American institutions, he realizes that no class would lose more by their subversion than that of the man who must make his living by the work of his own hands. The men over whom he has presided as head of the American Federation of Labor have both their extremist and their conservative elements, just as have other classes. While Mr. Gompers' record is by no means perfect as to his attitude toward lawless tendencies in labor organizations, he has given ample evidence of essential soundness on questions clearly involving the fundamentals of American institutions.

Fresh proof of this is furnished by his emphatic utterances of the past week in the editorial columns of the *American Federationist.* "We know about Russia," he says. "We know about Bolshevism. We know the piteous story of cruelty and intolerance, and we know the autocratic concept that underlies the minority dictatorship which is hailed to the world by its dupes and advocates as the most perfect state of society yet devised. We know about it, and we condemn it, completely, finally, and for all time." There is no mental confusion in those words. Not often is condemnation of a great wrong more lucidly and forcibly uttered.

Mr. Gompers is aware of the propaganda streaming in from Russia, but he regards the danger from that source as comparatively limited. The greater peril is from sources not discredited by known or presumptive connection with the Russian pay-rolls. "It is doubtful," he says, "whether those publications issued more or less directly by Russian Bolshevist agents have as great an effect in America as those publications which style themselves liberal, and which like to be known as journals of opinion, such as the *Nation*, the *Dial*, and the *New Republic*. In the same class with these are a number of newspaper and magazine writers who within the last two years have become more or less known as writers on the Bolshevist question." In these journals and writers of the "parlor Bolshevist" group, men and women who habitually preface their apologies for Bolshevists with a denial of personal belief in Bolshevism, Mr. Gompers finds "an air of tolerance, under the guise of which, however, support of the Bolshevist experiment has been at least generous." He can not accept the claim of these journals of opinion that we are not yet sufficiently informed as to what is going on in Russia, and should suspend our judgment on Bolshevism for the present, awaiting further information. This plea, in his view, "is a last desperate attempt to win favor from the

American people for a system of government which, by the confession of its own advocates and defenders, is foreign to every concept of the American Republic."

Mr. Gompers is under severe pressure at the hands of revolutionary agitators who care nothing for American labor, but much for a possible opportunity to use the enormous power of the American Federation of Labor for destructive purposes. "Boring from within" has been no mere newspaper phrase for him, but a very real and painful process, not simply undermining his influence with the Federation, about which he is old enough not to feel much personal concern, but endangering the vital welfare of the American laborer. His fight against this insidious influence is no sudden impulse, but springs from a clear conception of the danger that threatens and a firm determination to meet it with all the resources and energy at his command. To free organized labor from its revolutionary parasites would be the greatest possible service that he could render.

It will be unfortunate for the employers of labor, unfortunate for the consumers of the products of labor, unfortunate for sober-minded citizens of whatever class, if they do not realize that in this struggle the enemies of Samuel Gompers are their enemies. Whether he has always been right in the past is not now an important question. His victory over the revolutionary forces seeking to work his destruction will do more than any other one thing now attainable to keep the pathway open to a sane and just settlement of labor problems. No right-minded employer of labor, at such a crisis, should put ammunition into the hands of the enemy by refusing or delaying any practicable and reasonable adjustment of grievances pending in his own portion of the labor field. The employer who in a time like this shows himself deaf or arrogant towards reasonable demands for amelioration does the one thing which is needed, in the mind of the laborer, to give the falsehoods of Bolshevism a dangerous semblance of truth.

What Are Colleges For?

THERE has been some fear lest the war should result in an unfortunate narrowing of the educational aims of our colleges and universities. The work of the scientific specialist in war service was so brilliant in itself, and lent itself so readily to newspaper publicity, that education along the lines of narrowly applied science seemed to many about the only thing worth while. The annual report of the President of Columbia, noticed in these columns a week or two ago, proved that no such idea is dominant there. And the trend of the Harvard report, by President Lowell, now before us, shows that Harvard, too, has passed the point of danger.

President Lowell takes direct issue with the view that the education of our young men should be "in the immediate problems of the day." It is not the problems of to-day, but of the future, with which the college student of to-day will have to deal, "and these are as little known and foreseen by us," he says, "as the questions now pressing were by our fathers, or theirs by an earlier generation." To give the youth of to-day the ability to deal wisely with the unforeseen problems of the future, President Lowell is not afraid to say, as Harvard presidents of generations long gone were wont to say, that "we must lay a foundation large and solid. We must train our students to think clearly." They must learn breadth and tolerance from the study of past experience, and profundity from communion with the thoughts of great men, thereby enabling themselves to distinguish the superficial or ephemeral from the fundamental and enduring. This, he holds, is the true meaning of the humanities, the study of what man has thought and done, not excluding what he is now thinking and doing, but not keeping the eye so closely upon the latter as to lose sight of the whole.

President Lowell does not regard the obligation of a college to its undergraduates as limited "to offering them an opportunity for self-improvement which they make take, neglect, or use in any way they please." The responsibility of the college is fulfilled only by positively encouraging the student to take advantage of his opportunity, and to develop his capacity for a useful and fruitful life. It is this feeling that has led to a system of distribution and concentration of studies in the student's individual course, under rules which place a very material restriction upon the freedom of "election" previously existing in Harvard. And to the same principle of college responsibility for the student's proper development, President Lowell refers the Harvard plan of requiring all freshmen to reside in the college dormitories. In this way, he thinks, can be established a consciousness among the students that they are bound together by common ties, and have common sentiments, aspirations, and interests. In the *esprit de corps* thus attained he hopes to find a line of practical approach for the moral influence which the undergraduate needs. While unwilling to make dormitory residence a positive requirement beyond the freshman year, he would be glad to see college dormitories so equipped and managed as to attract all students. Against the privately owned dormitory he raises the objection that it inevitably aims to gather those who can pay well, and thus tends to segregate the students on the basis of wealth.

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Abolishing the Political State

BOLSHEVISM, however detestable, has taught us much that it is needful to know—much that will be of incomputable value in our task of remaking the world. It has brought vividly to our forgetful minds the eternal proneness of a part of mankind, under the impulse of a fanatical creed or ideal, to inflict upon others the most savage cruelty. It has given us an illuminating example of the reflexes of that cruelty upon the minds and temperaments of other fanatics in other lands—particularly this land of ours. It has shown us again—what our optimism or our complacency has caused us to ignore—that jesuitry and hypocrisy are monopolized by no age or sect; that they flourish now and here as they did in Victorian England or mediæval Rome or ancient Egypt; and that the self-righteous may still vociferously proffer, in the name of democracy, liberty, and justice, unctuous excuses for tyranny, repression, and robbery. Its lessons are many, and all of them useful. One lesson, not the least in importance, may be drawn from the contrast between the industrial Government of revolutionary theory and the industrial Government of revolutionary fact.

The term "industrial Government" is used in two very different senses. It may mean either a Government the functions of which are predominantly industrial (if there is such a thing) or a Government which, whether predominantly industrial or political, is in the hands of the working class. It is the former meaning with which I am here concerned; and the question comes, "Is there such a thing as this industrial Government—Government which within constitutional limits is sovereign and yet which deals only or mainly with industrial questions?" The first Socialists of the Marxian school said that there would be such a thing with the triumph of Socialism. The capitalist state of a half-century ago they regarded as wholly political, even though it had already begun to enact social legislation. This state, they said, would pass away; and in its place would come something they refused to call a state, but a corporate entity concerned only with the administration of industrial affairs. Frederick Engels, the lifelong companion and disciple of Marx, in his answer to Eugen Duhring, wrote as follows: "As soon as there is no longer any class in society to be held in subjection, there is nothing more to repress, nothing requiring a special repressing power, the state." In another place he wrote to the effect that with the triumph of Socialism the government of human beings would end and the administration of things would begin.

August Bebel, in his book on "Woman," has the following:

"As the relations of master and servant disappear with the abolition of the present system of property, the political expression of the relationship ceases to have any meaning. The state expires with the expiration of the ruling class."

This concept of the disappearance of the political state and its succession by a power administering industrial affairs solely (because there would be no other affairs) was for a considerable time a commonplace in Socialist and ultra-radical thought. But it failed to convince many, even among those who accepted it. It had its origin in Germany; and it came to be regarded by the moderates as merely an expression of the bitter reaction against the Prussianism of a half-century ago. As the great nations developed their policy of social legislation the moderates came to a new concept. It was seen that the state was not necessarily wholly political, not necessarily capitalistic; that it could change with changing times, and that though it could fit itself so admirably to Prussian autocracy it might also fit itself to democracy and Socialism. As much as fifteen years ago Marxian Socialists in the United States were writing and speaking of the Socialist state. Socialists generally, both in this country and in Europe, had reached the position that the state was not to be abolished but to be transformed; and this concept steadily gained ground, at least until the Socialist party became tinctured with Bolshevism. Socialism would conquer the capitalist power at the ballot box, take over the state, continue those of its functions which were socially useful and add new functions. If by political functions are meant, in the main, those in which individuals are dealt with as citizens, and by industrial functions those in which individuals are dealt with as producers and consumers, there was nothing to show that the Socialist state would be any less political than the capitalist state. The fundamental relationship between individual and state was political, and no matter how far the state went in directing the control of industry, the primacy of the political relationship would be unaffected.

But the ultra-radicals would have none of all this. With communist anarchists, I. W. W.'s, S. L. P.'s, Bolsheviks, as well as with a strong minority of doctrinaires in the regular Socialist movement, the Engels concept and formula persisted. In the years just before the war it found expression in a rebellious movement in the American party, and in a similar movement in the German Social Democracy, led by Anton Pannekoek, which advocated direct action, and which, fashioning a phrase, "the cretinism of parliaments," rejected representative Government as useless to the working class and proposed the "industrialization of society." It has also powerfully affected the speculative divagations of an exceedingly highbrow school, copiously represented in some of our "journals of opinion," which proffers a system so far unnamed, but which may fittingly be called the "Federationism of Experimental Allegiances."

Perhaps even an I. W. W. or an F. E. A. would admit that any working-class administration supreme in authority would have to deal with such problems as sanitation, schools, parks, and playgrounds, nationalization, the franchise, elections, and relations with other nations or societies. He might also admit, especially since

Lenin has said that the main business of a proletarian régime is to crush out opposition, that such an administration would have to deal with the problems of penal codes, prisons, police, detectives, and the conscription of armies. It is hard for the ordinary person to see how the mere calling of these problems by the term "industrial" would alter their character—equally hard to see how in any order of society they would be other than the same sort of problems that they are to-day. More difficult yet is to imagine them vanishing, or settling themselves automatically, through the mere transformation of capitalism into organized coöperation.

Argument, however, is unnecessary; for in Soviet Russia we have a striking test of the theory. From the Bolsheviki one might reasonably expect some approaches to this type of Government. They have the power, backed by the bayonet and the food decree, to enforce compliance. They have formally and bitterly repudiated modern Socialism, and they claim direct inheritance from Marx and Engels, with a doctrine uncorrupted by compromises with bourgeois thought. In Sovdepia therefore, if anywhere, should the observant look for the wiping out of political Government.

But he will look in vain. Soviet Russia has become the most rigorous political Government on earth. The "administration of things" has broken down at a thousand points, but the "government of human beings" has been extended and intensified to a degree heretofore inconceivable. The latest refugees are unanimous in their testimony that not a day passes without the issue of new decrees. There must be the registration of this, the surrender of that, payments must be made so and so, information must be given at such a place, in this or that manner, and with a stated frequency. On top of the denial or manipulation of the franchise and the suppression of speech, press, and assemblage, there is thus laid on the citizen the further tyranny of guidance by decree. Every movement of the individual is under executive direction; and not to know the prohibitions, or knowing, to violate the least of them, is to land oneself in jail.

"The state expires with the expiration of the ruling class," wrote Bebel. "As soon as there is no longer any class in society to be held in subjection—there is nothing more to repress, nothing requiring a special repressing power, the state." Well, it would appear that the bourgeoisie as a ruling class has expired. But the rest of the formula does not follow. The state, instead of expiring, waxes constantly more autocratic; it represses, with a brutal hand, those who disagree with it; and this repression is not of a class, but of dissident individuals of the same class (or mixture of classes) as that of the rulers. The bourgeoisie has indeed suffered; but the greater weight of Bolshevik brutality has fallen upon the Social Democrats and the Socialist Revolutionists. The abolition of the bourgeoisie has not abolished the political state; it has resulted in a political tyranny which would be impossible under capitalism.

All dogmas are to be viewed with suspicion. This one, the dogma of the disappearance of the political state by reason of the expropriation of capital, never had the slightest logical basis; it was an assumption arising out of a hatred of Bismarckism; it was sweeping, audacious, and "revolutionary," and it captivated thousands of zealots who took it as an expression of prophetic wisdom. More reasonable beings sought to show its fallaciousness, but the zealots refused to listen. At the first touch of reality it has exploded and left not a wrack behind.

W. J. GHENT

The Human Cost of Living

OUR industries kill and maim over 1,600 persons daily—half as many as were killed on the Union side at Gettysburg. Every six months our industrial casualty list exceeds the fatalities of the United States in the Great War. In fact, it has been estimated that the hazards of modern industry are equal to those that were found in the trenches on the Western Front. The only difference lies in the manner in which we sense the carnage: bunch the list to represent the human sacrifice necessary to gain an objective in battle or to record the effect of a great catastrophe and we are horrified; scatter it among ten thousand manufacturing plants over a period of six months and it scarcely causes a ripple on the surface of one's interest.

When one thinks of an industrial hazard, it is of the engineer on the Twentieth Century Limited swaying in his engine, plowing into the night at seventy miles an hour. One doesn't think of the marble-cutter at the corner shop unromantically hammering hour by hour at the dusty stone—inhaling a powder that brings premature death.

The tremendous facts of experience are accepted and commonplace. We dress, shave, eat, walk, ride, work, play, and write checks to discharge our obligations. They are ours if we pay for them. But is there any medium of exchange and measure of value that pays for the human risks that are assumed in constructing the accepted things of our lives? Will a dollar pay for the steel of a jackknife which was forged from a heat that burned alive three laborers when the ladle tilted and spilled? The human cost of living in civilized society!

Let us follow John Brown, of Detroit, as he is about to turn in, and see what a debt to his brethren of industry he is accumulating. What is the human cost of John Brown's right to live?

John starts to go to bed at 10 P. M. He snaps out the light. John, fifty years ago, would have blown out a chimney-smoked lamp or snuffed a candle. It isn't necessary to dwell on the comparative comforts of oil lamps and a system of indirect lighting—John has never known the inconvenience of the former, neither has he realized the value of the latter; he accepts the electric light as his herit-

age, paying for it at so much per kilowatt-hour. It might interest John to know that Edison, Westinghouse, and Tesla devoted a major portion of their lives to perfecting his lights. Hundreds of experimenters and testers were killed from electric shock before the alternating current was made safe. To-day, the testing of generators, motors, transformers, and switchboards is a dangerous occupation. Central station operation takes its toll in lives every year. Even John knows of at least one lineman who has met death repairing a live wire. Electricity to-day is comparatively safe, but it has taken forty years of human sacrifice to make it safe enough so that John may snap out his light and go to bed without a twinge of conscience. Seventy per cent. of all the fatal accidents in 1917 were caused by electric shock, John.

Just a moment, John, before you go to bed! It takes coal or water power to generate electric current. Coal mining is highly dangerous. Perhaps the current you burned in the last hour was generated from coal dug from the bowels of a Pennsylvania mountain that recently caved in, burying ten miners alive. Of course, they didn't risk their lives for you—they were after the tonnage—but whether they realized it or not, they were serving you, John, as faithfully and as courageously as your brother did in the trenches.

The coal that generated the steam that turned the turbine that sped the armature that created the 1600 volts that were stepped down to 110 volts that entered your house through a safety switch and insulated wire that burned in a filament enclosed in a vacuum globe—that coal has another story. It was carried out of the mine on electric cars. Sometimes sparks from the wire ignited methane gas in the mine and blew the miner to fragments. It is loaded on cars and hauled to Detroit. Think of the men that have been killed and injured in the steam-railroad service getting coal from Pittsburgh to Detroit! Think of George Westinghouse and forty-five years of tireless devotion to the air brake that has made freight trains a mile in length safe! The coal was fed into the furnaces at the central station by automatic stokers—they are made of iron and steel. Need I tell that story? Need I tell the story of the thousands of girls that sit, day in and day out, winding the coils for the generators, or the story of the men with fingers gone and feet crushed that have built the transformers? John, you couldn't pay for one kilowatt-hour of your current even though you were the richest man in Detroit.

Go on to bed and sleep—while the globe of the electric light cools and the carbon filament becomes gray. If you thought of the hours of life that were taken from the men that blew the glass for the small bulbs of your lights—in the intense heat of the glass oven—you could not sleep.

John, when your house was built, the men who did the work assumed a risk for you. Climbing round on ladders and scaffolding isn't the safest occupation in the world. Ladder casualties cost Ohio in compensation last year $49,574. If all of the metal products that went into your house came from Pennsylvania in 1918, you can figure that you, with all other customers who bought the metal, were responsible for 6,218 burns and scalds. In fact, the total number of burns and scalds in all Pennsylvania industries in 1918 was 12,394. Burns and scalds are not confined to any particular class of accidents, but cover every phase of industrial effort.

Modern industrial practice has promoted the traveling crane to first place as a mechanical conveyor, with an increasing danger to the workingman. Parts weaken with rough usage and constant impact, gears become worn, outside cranes are subject to pressure under high winds, footwalks beneath the cranes are dangerous, flying hooks strike workingmen, chains part, castings break loose and fall, operators inadvertently throw switches and start cranes with a repairman on the track, heat from spilled metal below cooks operators, and dynamic brakes fail to function. It costs in human life, John, to move the material that goes into your house.

We have followed John Brown of Detroit from the electric-light switch to his bed. Already we find an indictment of John's indifference that is staggering. We have selected one of the simplest devices that contribute to John's comfort and find that thousands of lives have been sacrificed to achieve this sole modern convenience, the electric light. To continue to follow John on the morrow about his home, on the city street, in the office building, at the hotel, on the surface car and in the theatre, measuring the "human cost" en route would drive John mad.

The whole conception is depressing in one sense, but in another highly stimulating. For it makes one feel that the drudgery and monotony of our day's work is not in vain, that the mite that we can do before we die to pay our debt to the civilization of yesterday is all too small. It is a dominant thread in the warp and woof of industrial relationship that relieves us of the pressure of crass materialism. After all, those who have contributed most to even our material comfort and well-being are very real heroes. The service of the men who have worked in the pit and the mine, in the machine-shop and on the wharves, in our offices and places of tremendous responsibility—the captains and privates of industry—these are heroes indeed.

And yet, industries kill and maim 1,600 persons daily! In a sense one can understand why our employees are crying aloud for a new industrial relationship—this carnage must be stopped! But I doubt if it is humanly possible to do more than our great industrial organizations like the United States Steel Corporation, the General Electric Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, or any one of a hundred others are doing to-day. The fight that the National Safety Council, the National Electric Light Association, and a score of safety-device companies, like the Square D Company of Detroit, are making to protect human life is bearing fruit. They are dealing with "things as they are."

Even so, our industrial accident rate is disgraceful. Undoubtedly it provides great ammunition for the

Reds, the I. W. W.'s, and Bolsheviks, and it takes a rather comprehensive understanding of the tremendous difficulties of our accident problem to make one discount their ranting. To condemn the present economic order that has endured for centuries, and has at any rate worked, because its present complexity has so hidden the elements that we see only the driftwood of its progress, is superficial and unjust.

Theoretically, the alternative—the nightmare—the Soviet Government—is a very beautifully conceived plan. I think there are no *industrial* accidents in Soviet industry.

DAVID HAROLD COLCORD

The Lady of the Violets

AFTER all, the East Side begins at Fifth Avenue, and somewhere between the cool green-bordered spaces of the Park and the somewhat leaden waters of the East River there dwells a fair proportion of the two per cent. of the population which is said to own sixty per cent. of the country's wealth, and a rather large proportion of the remaining percentages of wealth and population. Wealth, it may be observed in passing, is somewhat more in evidence on the Avenue of Palaces, and population on the cluttered sidewalks and crowded fire-escapes nearer the river.

Eastward one goes—Madison, severely correct and a trifle depressing; Park, magnificent duplex apartments towering heavenward at dizzying rates; Lexington, a respectable shadow of former greatness. Lexington is the social Rubicon. Beyond lies the proletariat. But as the mantle of equal franchise has now fallen upon all alike, one may encounter the mistress of a palace on the Avenue presiding over a drawing-room discussion of politics, and within the hour run into a little woman on Avenue A, her big dark eyes glowing under a shawl, also discussing politics, and both are voters.

Voters both. For the Lady of the Violets has voted, many of her, and will do so again in increasing numbers in this Presidential year, quite unmindful of the threat reiterated in two exhilarating suffrage campaigns—"I don't care if you do force it on us, I will never, *never* vote," and later modified to "Oh, now I've got to vote whether I want to or not. What! Well, of course I don't have to, but you don't suppose we're going to let you run everything, do you?"

And vote they did, and not only that, but campaigned vigorously and with well-defined partisan adherence, which indicated at least certain inherited proclivities. And it is a fact that many potential executive types lurk behind the fronts of the palaces, waiting only the ignition spark to leap into new but congenial activities. No wonder that one candidate addressed his drawing-room audiences as "my only hope," and, judging by the fact that he was elected, there may have been something in it. Of course one has a suspicion—just a tiny little suspicion—that some of the Violet Lady's enthusiasm was due chiefly to the fact that certain candidates were practically "favorite sons" of the Avenue, as indicated by the fair citizen who triumphantly declared that she had voted for that dear Mr. Blank, and hadn't put another solitary mark on her ballot! But only a mere carper would carp at such a trifle; rather one notes the whirlwind of interest, the Belgian King and Queen to be entertained, a battalion of the all-important débutantes, and politics; and politics ran a dead heat with the other two and landed in front of the field on election day.

Gone indeed are the dear dead classic days of the hetaerae, whose intellectual and political companionship consoled their patrician friends beyond the narrow confines of domesticity. Politics has landed plump in the bosom of the family. Voter Père, Voter Mère, sons and daughters, and incautious males are likely to be confronted by a buxom mother, of the politically overnourished type, oozing "welfare" bills at every pore, a number of said bills being doomed to be passed at one session of the Assembly only to be repudiated by their sponsors before the next at stormy club meetings that almost wreck the organization.

Naturally, one observes a few trifling elisions amid all this fervor. For example, an examination of the primary lists with a high-powered magnifying glass reveals scarcely more than a trace of that soulful devotion known chiefly to the hard-boiled "regulars" who vote at the primaries even if they have to be carried there. Primaries are a trifle tiresome, don't you think, and, anyhow, nobody is ever really elected at them. But the onward movement now flows freely along the Avenue and its lesser satellites, and it is a matter of steadily increasing record that the Lady of the Violets, inspired perhaps by what Mrs. Siddons called a "desperate tranquillity" that always came to her before her greatest efforts, glides lightly through the ordeal, and is acclaimed to a waiting world in the morning press as having "voted like veterans."

But, with democracy itself in the melting pot, there are strange digressions beyond party lines. Take, for example, a section of a city, "communityized" beyond all resemblance to Jeffersonian democracy, and functioning as a "unit" vaguely but disturbingly suggesting certain familiar features of the Soviet, not the least insistent of which is the frank acknowledgment that the ultimate mission of the "unit" is political control. Somehow all roads seem to lead to the ballot box sooner or later. Thus it is that while all the older, well-known leaders and the great majority of the rank and file of women citizens are taking their politics straight, many others on the hither side of the Rubicon are sipping daintily, with a little near-Bolshevism on the side. Anything, so it isn't regular Plymouth-Rock-Pilgrim-Father-and-Mother stuff. For imagine the political darkness of one who has never had a block head worker—no, that should be head block worker—a head block worker call and ask more questions than the income tax commissioner and the census man put together, to the end that the Chairman of the Central Advisory Council may tell you how to do all the things you have always known how to do all your life. The most terrifying part is that you are airily informed that we know all about you anyway! A false dawn of liberty indeed, a mockery of the decent privacies that protect the initiative of individuality in the organized channels of government.

Yet the sinister propaganda goes on in myriad forms, questionable publications financed, dubious doctrines murmured softly, now and then a multi-millionaire pledging the support of his fortune to ultra-radicalism as lightly as a Roman noble flung priceless pearls into a flagon of wine—and we are only deporting aliens! Fortunately, clear voices are raised in the strident chaos. Some of them are women's voices. It seems something more than a mere chance that next June in the city of Madrid, old Madrid, erstwhile citadel of mediævalism, there will meet in conference the International Suffrage Alliance, delegates from our own seventeen millions of enfranchised women leading the representation of one hundred millions of women who are functioning politically, at least to some extent, in their respective countries. And there is an unmistakable unity of design behind it. It means that the spirit of the Middle Ages, mellowed by the intervening centuries, has met with the advancing, conquering spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, firmly establishing the rights of men and women in constitutional government. And the Lady of the Violets will be there, a champion of law and order. The Red army can not make permanent headway against the massed sanity of the world.

MARY C. FRANCIS

Correspondence

Radical or Conservative—a Perverse Dilemma

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In these days of social, economic, and political unrest, our estimate of social forces, tendencies, and aspirations readily becomes confused with extraneous and often wholly irrelevant considerations. Thus we observe that the concepts, radicalism and conservatism, are well on the way toward replacing most other concepts involving social attitudes. Now, radicalism and conservatism, when looked at from the standpoint of their relation to civilization and to society, represent two inherent and equally basic characteristics of the social organism. Conservatism, the guardian of the old and established, is of the very essence of civilization; were it not for conservatism, the fluidity of civilization would result in inevitable self-annihilation. Radicalism, on the other hand, is but the limiting concept which includes all that stands for change, for progress, for reform, for creativeness. The conservative and the radical thus representing functions inherent in the very nature of society, have both their legitimate places, but the very legitimacy of these activities imposes upon their representatives the duty and the burden of knowing whereof they speak, of a thorough and searching familiarity with that society of which they constitute themselves the guardians and the directors.

On the other hand, it is ignorance, narrow-mindedness, snobbishness, and a selfish detachment from the vital problems of the hour which transform the conservative into a reactionary, who is a menace and a nuisance, a burden and a drag upon society. The same is true of the radical. It is ignorance, crudeness of attitude, superficiality of concrete background, lack of social experience, hazy idealism, which transform him into that "red" and dangerous individual whose intentions, idealistic though they may be, are shattered on the rock of incompetence and fanaticism. Knowledge about society, saturation with the values of civilization, from which alone can spring a deep-rooted humanitarianism and an idealism steeped in the realities of life, these are the prerequisites which the conservative and radical stand equally in need of. It is, therefore, best fitting that at this time, when reconstruction of the very foundations of our civilization is at hand, a body of scholars, idealists and humanitarians, should find themselves united in the common purpose of making society and civilization the object of their study, their discussions, and their teachings. Such is the source from which springs The New School for Social Research.

From the standpoint represented at the New School, radicalism and conservatism are but two among many concepts applicable to tendencies of individuals as well as groups in society. Neither of these concepts can claim to describe in any adequate way the aims, ideals, or methods of the New School. What it aspires to is to know and understand, and to impart to others the knowledge and understanding of the static and dynamic factors which hold and move that intricate fabric of actions, motives, ideas, and emotions which is our civilization. It seems thus both inaccurate and unjust to estimate, as has often been done, the significance of this new enterprise in terms of what is but a perverse dilemma—radicalism and conservatism. The School is neither radical nor conservative; but it wants to help the radical to guide and inspire social change rather than to fulminate and destroy, and it wants to teach the conservative wisely to safeguard the stability of essential principles and basic structures rather than stubbornly to hang on to antiquated ideas and institutions whose usefulness is no longer actual.

A. A. GOLDENWEISER

The New School for Social Research, New York, January 22

"Life or Death for the Railroads?"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have been charmed by the interesting experiment Mr. Woodlock attempts in last week's *Review* in discussing the railroads. In one column, to discredit government operation, he declares that the Government took over "a solvent system in reasonably good physical condition." In the adjoining column, when another purpose was in his mind, he asserts that when the Government took over the railroads they were a "carcass," from which the Government "was gradually but surely starving the last sparks of life."

I believe the public is disposed to deal justly with the railroads, being fair-minded and having recovered from the entirely natural but disastrous reaction from the period when railroads controlled politics and grossly abused their control. But its state of mind will hardly be improved when its friends get their wires crossed so badly as Mr. Woodlock allowed his to become.

STILLMAN H. BINGHAM

Duluth, Minn., January 14

[The first of the sentences to which our correspondent refers was:

> As things stand at present it is not in the least degree an exaggeration to say that the Government, which took over at the end of 1917 a solvent system of railroads in reasonably good physical condition, is handing it back to owners in a state of physical deterioration and financial insolvency.

The second was:

> The Esch bill may be summed up in a word as the perpetuation of the miserable system of control of railroads which in 1914, when the war broke out, was gradually but surely starving the last sparks of life from the carcass.

There is no real contradiction between the two statements, though the picturesque emphasis of the language in the second may be open to objection. The "life" that Mr. Woodlock had in mind, and of which the "sparks" were being "gradually but surely" extinguished, was the life of enterprise, that kind of life which means the attraction of new capital and the continuation of progress. Such a process of injury may go on for a long time without bringing about "financial insolvency," and without reducing the "physical condition" of the roads below the point where it may still be described as "reasonably good."—Eds. THE REVIEW.]

Confiscation by Amendment

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

At a public meeting in Yonkers on the evening of January 11, Professor Scott Nearing, a well-known Socialist, who had been advocating the nationalization of private property, was asked by one of his audience: "How do you propose to take property away from its owners?" His answer was: "In the same way that the property of the brewers and distillers was taken, by constitutional amendment. The prohibitionists have shown us the way by which property can be taken for public purposes without compensation to the owners."

This frank admission that the Socialists purpose amending the Constitution of the United States so as to enable them to confiscate private property without compensation, should arouse the American people to a realization of the momentous issues involved in the question of the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment, soon to be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States. As is clearly shown in the pleadings filed in the test suit brought by us, if the Eighteenth Amendment is held to be valid it will be in the power of 180 members of Congress, 86 less than a majority of both Houses, to submit radical and revolutionary amendments to the State Legislatures. These amendments can be ratified by a bare majority of a quorum of the members of 36 Legislatures, less than 2,800 members being necessary to ratify. Thus less than 3,000 men can amend the Constitution so as to confiscate the entire property interests of the country, even though the subjects of the

amendments were never submitted to the people of the several States.

Article 5 of the Federal Constitution provides that private property shall not be taken for a public purpose without just compensation. If the Supreme Court decides that an amendment destroying property values of $1,000,000,000 is valid, an amendment confiscating the railroads or steel industries would be equally valid.

The American people should know that a decision sustaining the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment opens the way for Socialism, Communism, or Syndicalism to abolish the right to private property, the basis of all civilized society, by the action of less than 3,000 persons.

E. J. SHRIVER

Chairman Executive Committee, The Vigilance League

New York, January 19

Public Schools and the Colleges

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have read with great interest the comment in your issue of December 27 on the good showing made at the colleges by boys from the public schools as compared with boys from the private schools.

You rightly observe that this does not mean better training at public than at private schools, but it is because of the process of "sharp selection" on account of "natural ability" and "inclination to study." The boys at the private schools lack this incentive, feeling that they will get to college anyhow.

There is something fundamentally wrong with such a situation, and in order to make our colleges a more vital factor in American life, some attempt should be made to improve conditions.

Theoretically, the colleges should be a part of our system of free public education, and as it would be desirable to have only a comparatively small percentage of our youths sent to college, those who do go should be chosen by reason of their "natural ability" and "inclination to study," and not because of the financial standing of their parents.

In the words of C. R. Mann, Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Committee on Education and Special Training of the War Department, when speaking of the methods of selection being put into practice in the college S. A. T. C. units towards the close of the war, "As these methods come more and more into general use and as they are perfected, the schools will gradually achieve *a system in which ability, rather than financial competency, will be the entrance requirements for higher education.*"

Unfortunately, political conditions at present preclude the idea of having our colleges managed by the State, but still a start could be made by properly directed effort. Why not point out to public benefactors the chance to form and endow an educational foundation to assist in the matter? Such a body need not undertake to establish colleges, but having made arrangements with certain colleges in various parts of the country, it could then provide free scholarships in such colleges to those worthy of them; that is to say, to those who qualify by passing the required tests.

Here, indeed, would be real equality of opportunity in education which at the present time does not exist.

WALTER H. BUCK

Baltimore, Md., January 5

The "Cahiers de la Quinzaine"

[The author of the following letter, a young French officer, is the eldest son of the poet and essayist, Charles Péguy, who was killed at the battle of the Marne, and who edited during a long term of years what was known as "Cahiers de la Quinzaine," a series of pamphlets and volumes, which appeared from 1900 to the breaking out of the war, forming a collection of about 230 separate publications, from writers known and unknown.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have only just been discharged from the army. Demobilization has been very slow here in France on account of the bad temper shown by the Germans in carrying out the disarmament clauses of the treaty. All my spare time from military duties was devoted to trying to complete a set or two of the "Cahiers," not an easy task, as none of my father's friends are disposed to sell their sets, even at a high price. The fact is that only some of his very oldest friends really have complete sets, most of them lacking the first and second series, which appeared during 1900 and 1901, and embraced contributions from Romain Rolland, Jérome and Jean Tharaud, and other writers who have since become known. These two series were printed in a very limited edition, and it is now almost impossible to find copies of some of the issues. I have succeeded, however, in discovering isolated copies in out of the way places in France and have bought them at a high price, so that I have finally brought together two complete sets of the "Cahiers." But unless I can soon find a purchaser, I shall be obliged to sell them at a loss, the high exchange just now being the only way in which I can make any profit out of the bargain. In this affair I have used up all the money I saved on my army pay, and if I can not find a buyer in America, I shall have to sell them at a loss so as to get money to go on with my studies.

MARCEL PEGUY

18 *rue Flatters, Paris, December* 20

Book Reviews

France and Her Colonies

NOTRE FORCE FUTURE. Par Jean Dybowski, Inspecteur Général de l'Agriculture Coloniale. Paris: Payot & Cie. New York: Brentano. 1919.

FEW Americans are more than dimly aware of the fact that France controls a colonial territory of about ten times her own area, and inhabited by native races surpassing her own population by one-third. Indeed, the author of this volume insists that even Frenchmen themselves are not wide-awake to the fact and its present significance. It is the purpose of his pages to show what this significance is, and how its rich possibilities may be realized. In brief, his thesis is that the colonies of France are admirably adapted, by conditions of soil and climate, to render just the complementary aid to home production which is needed to lift the country out of the troubles brought on by the war and ensure a prosperous future. He sees, of course, that France is in no position to send out colonies *en masse*. But the native population already on the ground renders this unnecessary. France has already demonstrated her ability to get the confidence of the native, and start him on the upward path in many fields of productive efficiency. The effective presence on the battle front of hundreds of thousands of her colonial troops left no room for doubt on that point. To their successful use in the development of colonial agriculture, on a large and remunerative scale, two things are fundamentally essential, and these are simply humane treatment and intelligent direction.

For the too-well-known method of commercial exploitation of colonial territory by the virtual enslavement of the native, he has nothing but unmitigated condemnation. No possible temporary financial gain can counterbalance the probability of disaster towards which that path leads, under modern conditions of world-wide public sentiment. The native must not be forced, but must be led to labor by the assurance that he shall have his share in the fruits of that labor, and that his life shall thus be made happier and more secure. Very careful attention is given to the necessity of intelligent direction, if colonial possibilities are to be realized. Conditions in the colonies are widely different from those of France itself, and the successful farmer of the homeland is still in need of special knowledge and adaptability in order to repeat that success in Madagascar, Cambodia, or along the valley of the Niger. A system of special education for such work had already been inaugurated before the war, and M. Dybowski insists

that this must be greatly developed and strengthened as rapidly as possible. He also gives warning to the people of France that if the colonial source of aid in time of need is to be made available, it must not be hampered by home jealousy of colonial competition. If the coco palms of the provinces can make a cheap and healthful addition to the expensive and insufficient butter supply of France, her legislators must not put a handicap on it through fear of the vote of the French dairyman.

M. Dybowski writes from a point of view attained by a thorough scientific study of agriculture, in both theory and practice, and by many years of official connection with its application to the French colonies, all of which he has studied in detail on the ground. The book should have a wide and deep influence in France, and is well worth the attention of American readers especially concerned with the intelligent development of agriculture.

The Old and the New

The Life and Letters of Lady Dorothy Nevill. By her Son, Ralph Nevill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

IF you took a cross section, so to speak, of the high-stepping eighteenth century and set it down in the sober circle of the nineteenth, you would have something comparable to the life of this descendant of the Walpoles and friend of all the great Victorian families. Lady Dorothy's relations to the world were already pretty well known from her own memoirs, but this biography by her son tells things about her which naturally she herself would not say, and it adds to the piquancy of the setting by showing the social relics of a past age as they appeared to one coming upon the scene still a generation later. Mr. Nevill, we may hint, is not much of a writer: he is not always clear when it comes to tracing the vast family ramifications which no doubt seem simple enough to him but to the outside barbarian are about as complicated as Kant's categories; he has an imperfect sense of order and construction, but as a compensation he knew and understood his mother, and he is familiar with her world with all its scandals and eccentricities and humors and decorums and magnanimities and condescensions, and he makes it real and vivid to the reader—which is no small part of authorship, after all.

As for reviewing such a work, made up as it is of patches and pieces, there is nothing to do but gather together a few samples; it is a case where the house may be known from its bricks. Coming to the book as this reviewer does with a strong predilection for the oddities and originals of Horace Walpole's gallery, he confesses that he has been particularly delighted by the portrait of such a monster of egotism as the Lord Clanricarde, whom Lady Dorothy used to meet at Christie's and found highly to her taste —or to one of her tastes. In his youth this scion of the nobility had been poor, and while an attaché to Sir John Hudson at Turin saved money by arranging with the custodian of an arch to sleep in the small chamber where the pails and brooms were kept. He did his own tailoring, it was said; and still in his old age you could detect his handiwork by the rough stitching which held together a yawning coat or a battered hat. For release from poverty only left him a miser. At home his greatest gastronomic extravagance was a couple of eggs, about the size of which he was very particular, keeping in the kitchen an old hard-boiled egg to show his servant the minimum he would accept. As a smoker his habits were incredible. A cigar, he thought, was never at its best until the third time of smoking. To indulge in this refinement of luxury he would cut off the end when about an inch had gone and put the remainder away; at the second time of smoking he would cut off another inch, and keep the stump as a *bonne bouche* for some special occasion.

Yet with all his stinginess and slovenliness Clanricarde had his touches of magnificence, even of coquetry. Though his tie might be secured about his neck by a piece of old tape, you would see in it a family jewel of great price. A favorite scarf-pin was a large diamond, at the back of which he would insert bits of paper colored by himself from a child's paint-box so as to obtain various effects. Though, too, his manners in general were almost brutal—it might almost have been said of him, as it was actually said of one of his tribe, that he made it a rule to decline to be introduced to people he did not already know—yet withal he was unmistakably a gentleman by the secret signs, and could at will be very gracious. His talk was a repository of all dead and living scandals, but he spoke with the accent of a philosopher. He lives imbedded in Mr. Nevill's pages; imagine, if you dare, how he would have tricked himself out in the letters of the present biographer's ancestral cousin, Horace Walpole!

We do not forget that we are reviewing the life of Lady Dorothy Nevill, and not that of Lord Clanricarde; but such, in part, was the atmosphere in which she lived— the eighteenth century, still refusing to die, was all about her. Nor would we have it supposed that this Whiggish society was entirely eccentric or egotistic; prouder names still resound through these pages—Chesterfields and Churchills and all the rest of the clan—some of them still doing large things, some of them courtly in their lives, some of them serving the state with a true and noble devotion; better men and women than the Clanricardes, though not necessarily so amusing to read about.

And by the side of these inheritors of renown and—as some would say, but never this reviewer—of infamy, Lady Dorothy lived much in the pulsing life of her own century and its needs and achievements. The Darwins and Tennysons and Chamberlains, half the famous names in science, poetry, art, statesmanship, are sprinkled over these pages; and the bearers of them came to their hostess to consult her about the newest things that were stirring in the world. This contrast of the new and the old is one of the charms of the record, and these divided, but never conflicting, interests were what made Lady Dorothy so significant and so loved a figure in the society that has just passed away.

Mr. Nevill's work is not perfect or important; but it is entertaining, and it has some meaning for those whose outlook is wider than the circle of this weltering twentieth century.

On Our Way

Youth Goes Seeking. By Oscar Graeve. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The World of Wonderful Reality. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

A Woman's Man. By Marjorie Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

LIFE as a quest, we are always saying, is the root theme of all serious fiction; and the favorite story the world over is that of youth which goeth seeking. What it seeks, and how, remain questions which the story-tellers are free to answer in a thousand ways. Salvation, service, happiness, fame—any or all of these are among the common objects of adventure. But an adventure it must be. If we except the merely acquisitive industrious apprentices and Rockefellers of all ages and grades, youth does not choose to climb from surety to surety. Its primary impulse is less to build upon known good than to escape from known discomfort or tedium. Therefore, the romance of youth invariably begins with a violent dash of escape from dullness and smugness and routine, and fares on to the heroic-pathetic attempt at blazing an altogether new path to the stars, or at least to the given stripling's own private star. We must find the outlet first of all, whether to physical adventure, or the adventure of getting on, or the adventure of art, or the adventure of free relations, social and sexual and (as it were) intellectual.

Bohemia! However age may laugh at it, or even deny it altogether, youth knows better. A poor thing, but youth's own. Riddled with conventions and shams? They are at least the conventions and shams youth itself has chosen

for its make-believe. If liberty and license are not the same thing, we have only Age's word for it: Let's see for ourselves! . . . So reasons the Henry Baker of "Youth Goes Seeking": a complete type of the essentially decent young fellow who longs passionately to be something more than a cog in the wooden machine of respectability and success. He lives with an uncle in Brooklyn, that dull and dominating elderly codger who in current fiction still represents the "Victorian" attitude. He has a "fat sonorous voice"; he bullies and blusters; he is grossly thick of wit and sympathy. Henry's schooling means something to Henry, and he wants to go to college. Not if the uncle knows it. Henry is to come into business with him, and, if he is good, to succeed him some day. Poor Henry is not interested in the manufacture of leather belting; but he knocks under. He shows some ability in the business. Unluckily, he has brought to it certain modern notions about the relation of employer and laborer — "unsettled ideas — dangerous ideas," cries the fusty old uncle. Henry is strong enough to have some of these ideas tried out—with small success. At twenty-five he is disillusioned of his rôles as industrious apprentice and benevolent employer, and quite ready to cut loose and "see life." This means throwing up his job and flitting across the river to the purlieus of Greenwich Village. There he shares a satisfactorily shabby room with his boy-friend Bert, now a proudly Bohemian newspaperman; and is presently engaged in those seriocomic feasts and love-feasts which are known to be the staples of life in all Bohemians. Ann Corcoran, the special partner of his freedom, is a well-drawn portrait of the modern virgin who, after much display of independence, sells her cold beauty to an old rich man. Henry has not failed to make modern youth's impassioned appeal to her: "I shall not interfere with your work," he pleads. "Marry me and things will go on just as they are—just as they are. You will retain your freedom—all of it. I shall only ask that I may creep up the back stairs to you once in a great while and offer you my love, dear—my heart to do with it as you will—to send it back empty if you wish, but happy with the glimpse of you—the look of you." Now Ann is properly touched by this wormlike devotion, but foresees that his view of the future is probably not so clear as it might be: he will be asking something more of her some day. There ensue certain emotional incidents which, apparently, reveal to Ann that she loves Henry and to Henry that he does not love Ann; and Ann goes off with her old rich man, leaving Henry to marry the Sadie whom he has taken off the streets, and whom in due season the now chastened and enlightened uncle and aunt are to take to their bosoms and their Brooklyn mansion as Henry's fitting mate! Thus confusedly and ardently youth in the person of the author interprets or reflects the muddle of youth.

"The World of Wonderful Reality" culminates in an analogous situation—the hero being disillusioned of his sentiment for the damsel of higher degree who, for her part, is revolted by the actualities of his Bohemian existence and not unwillingly obeys the mandate of her father. (The father is a close running-mate for Henry's uncle in his unregenerate state.) And we leave him, our more or less hero, on the way to a permanent and satisfactory relation with a former mistress—a virtuous semi-professional pretty lady whom we are by no means to look down on because she chances to have served her fellow-men somewhat indiscriminately before "the right man" turned up. Far from us are the days when women might conveniently be classified as the good and the bad, the upright and the fallen. Now that we recognize them as the bond and the free or, in our weaker moments, as the adorable and the tiresome, there is no marvel in our cheerful acceptance of heroines from all regions of the half-world and the nether world, ranging from the professionally expert pretty ladies of Messrs. Bennett and Cannan to the Sadies and Ambers and Sylvia Scarletts who are capable of deviating into virtue on occasion for the sake of the "right man. . . ." "The World of Wonderful Reality" is a sort of sequel to that "City of Beautiful Nonsense" which won a large sentimental public some ten years ago. Perhaps Mr. Thurston has been clever in estimating the swift change that has come about since then in sentimental fashions; so that the Ambers may now safely be set in the foreground at the expense of the too-virtuous Jills whom, a decade since, we adored without shame.

"A Woman's Man" may therefore be held a reactionary document since, though the good woman of the tale remains throughout her life the victim of the "fallen" or semi-professional one, virtue does in the end receive its posthumous reward. Mr. Thurston's Jill is made morally shabby and even ridiculous, with all her technical purity; while the socially frail Amber triumphs through her essential virtue, in the larger sense of the word. But the "woman's man" who has spent so many of his years philandering and worse, casting away his work and his true love and his peace of mind for a Parisian vampire, does come at last to realize that all that has been good in his work as well as in his life, has sprung from the quiet unfelt influence of the wife who is now dead. This is a novel of much higher type and quality than the two with which it is here rather ineptly bracketed. Upon a theme which might be rated as among the most hackneyed in fiction, and which is certainly among the most precarious, the author has built a story of surprising dignity, both in substance and in form.

H. W. Boynton

New Psychic Faculties

The Mystery of Space. By Robert T. Browne. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The sub-title of this book informs the reader that: "It is a study of the hyper-space movement in the light of the evolution of new psychic faculties and an inquiry into the genesis and essential nature of space." This is a large programme and, because of the widespread interest in psychic phenomena and the endeavor to materialize the spirit by giving it a domicile in a hyper-space of four dimensions, it is expedient to examine the author's thesis with some care.

It is excessively irritating that writers on this subject either choose or are forced to employ a vocabulary and a style which are repellent to the reader, and to mix the significant and insignificant into an almost inextricable tangle. Careful and prolonged searching brings forth the fact that Mr. Browne has a definite and interesting thesis. The guiding forces of man are the intellect and the intuition, which correspond to the mind and the spirit. The intellect receives its information from the senses and is cognizant of space phenomena in three dimensions; in this realm of the tangible there is "but one true divining rod and that is mathematics. By day and by night it points unerringly, so long as it leads through materiality; but falteringly, blindly, fatally, when that way veers into the territory of vitality and spirituality." Because the Euclidean geometry of three dimensions is not comprehensive enough to include the territory of the spirit, it must be incomplete, and so there has slowly and gropingly grown up the geometry of hyper-space, which has no counterpart in reality and can not be appreciated by the senses.

The writer first reviews the growth of non-Euclidean geometry and concludes truly that attempts to connect it with reality are impossible and even absurd. But, because we can develop logically unreal conclusions from unreal postulates, Mr. Browne assumes that there is a supersensible faculty dormant in man which can appreciate new kinds of phenomena that require hyper-space for their setting. This faculty is the intuition of the spirit, and mathematics will not answer the needs of its expression.

We must, of course, next bring in evolution. During the long ages of the

past the soul of man became entangled in corporeality; so far as spirituality is concerned, this process was an involution; the spirit became progressively enwrapped in layers of thought until it was almost smothered by the evolution of the material world. We have now reached the state of evolution of materiality when the spirit, guided by intuition, is slowly evolving and shedding its wrappings. The historical record of this process began with Geminos of Rhodes (B. C. 70), who first expressed a doubt as to the finality of Euclid. And the history of the evolution of the spirit coincides with the development of the non-Euclidean geometry of hyper-space. Mr. Browne, in this review, is quite sane and evidently agrees with Carus, whom he quotes as saying: "Metageometricians are a hot-headed race and display sometimes all the characteristics of sectarian fanatics." But, although mathematics fails when it attempts to express the intangible, the fact that mathematics can develop logically dream-universes which exist only in the mind of the mathematician, induces the author to agree with Professor Keyser, the high priest of the worship of Mathesis, who says: "Certainly there is naught of absurdity in supposing that under suitable stimulation the human mind may, in the course of time, speedily develop a spatial intuition of four or more dimensions."

This stimulation of the human mind is to come from the clairvoyant, and Mr. Browne has himself been able to range pretty freely in this spirit world of hyper-space. He surmises that, as the heart dominates the body, so the pineal gland and the pituitary body are the seat of the spirit: "Those gifted with the inner vision can observe the 'pulsating aura' in each [of these bodies], a movement which is not unlike the pulsations of the heart and which never ceases throughout life. In the development of clairvoyance it is known that this motion becomes intensified, the auric vibrations becoming stronger and more pronounced." As this supposed excitation of the pituitary body is accompanied by deep breathing, the simple-minded may suppose that this psychic and pulsating aura is merely the sensation of floating produced by super-oxydation of the blood. Thus, deep breathing will evolve a new and a better man and as a consequence "a new heaven and a new earth."

So much for the argument. But why should an author go out of his way to fill a book with barbarous words, unnatural derivations, and hyper-logomania? As an example, consider this statement (p. 213): "Monopyknons are the quiescent, unawakened, though potential and archetypal principles peculiar to the monopyknotic period of space-genesis, which are ultimately to become, on the physical plane, singularities of life of whatsoever kind." It is some drain on the intellectual mind to go through a long book bristling with the following diet, however nutritive it may be to the intuitional spirit: "As soon as he can resolve the nebulosity of his consciousness into the conceptual 'star-forms' of definite ideas and notions, he sits down to the feast which he finds provided by super-foetated hypotheses fabricated in the deeps of mind and logical actualities unperturbed and unmindful of the weal of perceptual space in its homogeneity of form and dimensionality." Apparently these choice spirits, accustomed to the psychical, expand and revel in such mistiness that it fills them with lovely illusions; but there are other simple souls who surmise that if there were any real message from the psychic world, they could ascertain it without descending, on the one hand, to crude rappings and infantile babblings, and without soaring, on the other, into regions of esoteric verbalism.

LOUIS T. MORE

The Run of the Shelves

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, in the "Vital Message" (Doran), makes much of the "etheric body." A second body is clearly a first need of spiritualism. The hardship of that cult has been the reconciling of its own craving for manifestations with the unruly fact that the source of those manifestations, the body, had been sealed up in a coffer underground or turned to ash and vapor in a crematory. Body was out of reach, and soul, however willing to speak, was a Helen Kellar before education. A secondary body is remedial on both points. It allows the grave or the urn its vails, yet it leaves an invaluable bodily residue which can be seen, heard, and even—so cunning is our epoch—photographed. What is this second body? Ether pervades the primary body much as, we may suppose, air pervades water. The second body, apparently, is a print of the normal body in ether. Inside a body, ether is known as "bound ether." One might surmise that on its release from the human frame at death this ether would disperse, like the unbound copy of Sir Arthur's book, already disintegrating, which his publishers have forwarded to the *Review*. One might go on, and paraphrase the "Merchant of Venice" in a tiny catechism for Sir Arthur. Hath an etheric body eyes? Hath it "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" To these questions Sir Arthur's answers are inadequate and curious. In the "Coming World" there are games and sports, which point to active, not merely phantasmic, muscles; there is no birth, but growth to maturity; there are no acts of sex, but there is sublimated marriage; there is no food and drink "in the grosser sense," but there "seem to be pleasures of taste" (page 96); there is even a very meagre supply of inoffensive alcohol and tobacco (page 91). Indeed the whole future world is singularly inoffensive; it is Paradise for the maiden aunt.

Many men in our time believe that Christ raised Lazarus from the dead; many men believe that Christianity has "broken down": the man who believes in both these propositions is a rarity, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is that man. The reason is that both beliefs are profitable to spiritualism in a way, the one by confirming its possibility, the other by enduing it with a vocation, the curing of a stricken world, which grows worse and worse, as he thinks, under the senile leechcraft of institutional Christianity. His book is very curious in another point. In his spiritualism the "ism" seems often to have expelled the "spirit," as if the etheric body had made superfluities of the old body and the old soul alike. Yet in his first chapter on the "Two Needful Readjustments," he writes of the present world with a moral incisiveness and courageous fervor which make us tolerate even his tolerance for "exudations," and forgive him a picture of the blessed dead which seems almost modeled on the order, the quietness, and the tameness of a cemetery.

The new "Memoirs of the American Academy at Rome" (New York: University Press Association) should be welcomed by many who will never rise to the height of reading these erudite disquisitions. The fine folios are made by the Instituto Grafico, at Bergamo, and compare advantageously in appearance with the Prussian and Austrian *Jahrbücher*. It is possible really to study from such large cuts as these. The publication marks a step forward in American scholarship. Libraries must, of course, have it, and bibliophiles who are innocent of archæology ought to welcome it to their shelves. It will help give character to any lbrary. The first volume, though bearing the imprint 1918, is issued as of 1915-1916. The leading paper is a most ingenious, but not wholly convincing reconstruction of the Reorganization of the Roman Priesthoods, by late Director Carter. He endeavors to unravel the odd discrepancies between prestige and actual power as possessed by the Roman magistracy and priesthood. E. K. Rand and George Howe make a most exhaustive study of the Vatican Livy and the Script of Tours. The Livy was a hurry-up job and well organized,

the folios being distributed to many scribes whose names are endorsed on the sheets. The peculiarities of these scriveners are carefully analyzed, and beautiful sheets of their handwriting are reproduced. Handwriting has sadly run down since the ninth century. To study the Aqua Triana and the Mills on the Janiculum, Messrs. A. W. van Buren and G. K. Stevens had merely to go down in the cellar in the Villa Aurelia, the Academy's home. The aqueduct of Trajan passes through the site, and the mill emplacements and sluices were uncovered during building. G. Dinsmore Curtis makes a very minute study of Ancient Granulated Jewelry of the VII Century and Earlier—naturally B.C. The method of applying small granules of gold remains a bit mysterious, but the results are charming, and are illustrated by rare pieces chosen from many museums. Bartolomeo Caporali, a Perugian painter of the end of the 15th century, is the theme of Mr. Stanley Lothrop, who has just been translated to the directorship of the Louis Tiffany Art Foundation. The article is cautious and clean cut. The plates, many of slightly known pictures, are welcome to investigators in the Umbrian field.

Capita Desecta and Marble Coiffures is a topic that might interest both the great Casaubon and Mme. de Pompadour. Mr. John R. Crawford treats it discretely and with great thoroughness. Heads in two sections, generally with a removable crown, have been explained by Gauckler as signifying a Syrian rite of internal anointment. Headachy people might wish such salving the brain possible. Mr. Crawford, for excellent reasons, rejects the religious explanation and finds that a sectioned head is merely one started on too small a block and finished from another piece. Thus American commonsense rebuts German mysticism. Marble coiffures explain themselves, at least, to any woman archæologist. It is an obvious means of keeping a portrait statue up to date. No Flavian lady could bear to have her bust behind the times. The concluding article, and one of the most generally interesting, is by Eugene S. McCartney on The Military Indebtedness of Early Rome to Etruria. He finds that all the effective weapons of offense and defense, even the famous short-sword, were taken from the Etruscans, has observations on Roman mounted infantry which are novel, and substantiates his case with many cuts. Not merely a classicist but any fighting man with a lingering memory of his school Latin could page over the article with pleasure. These papers by the American School of Classical Studies, for some years federated with the Academy, are the work of professors and fellows who plainly are making good use of their exceptional opportunities.

Mr. Oliver M. Sayler went to Russia in the fall of 1917 to study the latest developments in the Russian theatre and found himself in the midst of the larger drama of Revolution. He spent some four months in Moscow, paid a short visit to Petrograd, and returned via Siberia. On his return he has proceeded to waste some three hundred pages of print on a banal account of his personal experiences, "Russia White or Red," (Little, Brown), varied by political observations that are not only superficial but often viciously misleading and false. He came into close contact with the Czecho-slovaks as they were making their way across Siberia, and had every opportunity to learn the details of the agreement between Masaryk and Trotsky whereby they were guaranteed a safe and unmolested passage. Yet he repeats the Bolshevik slander against them that they allowed themselves to be used for the purpose of bringing about intervention, the slander which is employed in the attempt to justify Trotsky's treachery in attacking them unawares. Similarly, he circulates the lies about Kolchak that at one time were current among the Bolshevik sympathizers in Vladivostok and which were used in this country to undermine the Russian national movement in Siberia. In the chaos in Russia he sees only a struggle between Capitalism and Socialism. Some at least of his ideas he seems to have picked up from association with the I. W. W., Wilfrid Humphries, a Y. M. C. A. man in Russia who afterwards came to America to carry on Bolshevik propaganda.

There is something piquant, tantalizing, fetching, in the thought of a great dog, with vagrant habits and very masculine tastes, made free of the society of a girls' college; and of this Miss Katharine Lee Bates has taken advantage in her story of "Sigurd, our Golden Collie" (Dutton). The author is a professor at Wellesley, a scholar, a poet of parts (all which we knew before), and a lover of dogs (which we did not know). And there is this mingling of traits in her present book: you never can tell when some waggish drollery or some naughty escapade of her four-footed friend will set her off in search of quaint literary allusions or cause her to protest from the sedate stronghold of her profession. And indeed we like her writing best when it is most bookish. That is its note. We have other books on our shelves aplenty in which the canine hero plays a more tragic or pathetic or even humorous rôle, but none in which he is more humanly literate than Miss Bates's Sigurd of the golden fleece. And this pleases us; for we know, as only a reviewer can know, the capacity of the animal for letters. Once we ourselves owned a young collie who was not only learned but critical. This is our secret never before divulged. If a parcel of books sent for review was left overnight on the floor, this discerning friend would infallibly rend and gnaw the worthless volumes and leave the worthy untouched for our consideration, thereby saving us much labor of reading. We wish Sigurd might have been tried by such a test.

Mr. Isaac M. Marcosson's "Adventures in Interviewing" (John Lane) is a book of many limitations. This sentence begins a chapter: "The great war, which was invested with an unparalleled inhuman interest by the enemy, was at the same time rich with an almost incomparable human interest." The sinking of the Lusitania lies outside of human interest. He has this to say about silent generals: "Their silence is in strange contrast with the mighty din of battle they let loose." Generals are illogical in not roaring with their own cannon. Mr. Marcosson would clearly be surprised to discover a fisherman whose wit was dry, an aviator whose manner was not fluttered, and a vagabond whose conversation was not rambling.

Mr. Marcosson has evolved a substitute for English with which his own satisfaction appears to be complete. His mixture of metaphors surprises people who thought that the sins of their contemporaries in that particular had hardened them against surprise. The mind of David Graham Phillips was an "unplumbed field." To "launch his flow of talk" is another phrase, a feat before which literature and seamanship stand agape. Mr. Marcosson is not even an observer, he sees only the most obvious features in a man's face and the most conspicuous qualities in his mind. His acquaintance with great men is unlimited, and his knowledge of them straightened to the last degree.

Nevertheless Mr. Marcosson's book is interesting, and the fact that a book so reduced and mulcted should be interesting is more interesting than its contents. He sees little, but he sees clearly; and, again, he writes barbarously, but he writes clearly. His self-confidence is unconquerable, and there is a youthful happiness in his work and himself which mollifies the justly discontented reader. Little as he gets from the conferences, he feels and conveys the dramatic excitement of wresting the interview from its protesting and retreating subject. Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson, Sir Douglas Haig, Marshal Foch, Lord Northcliffe, General Pershing, Sir James Barrie, the list expands indefinitely. He has outmanœuvred all the statesmen; he has outgeneraled all the commanders-in-chief. Where the great men have all succumbed, the reader is hardly proof against the subtle self-flattery of including himself in the general capitulation.

Music

Four Operas New to New York

IT would be very hard, if not impossible, to find a precedent for last week's wild activities in our rival opera houses. Within six days we heard four works, unknown here. Nor was this all. For of the works performed, two were by Americans.

The offerings of the visiting Chicago Company at the Lexington were widely varied, including as they did the "Madame Chrysanthème" of André Messager, the "Rip Van Winkle" of Reginald de Koven, and the "L'Heure Espagnole" of Maurice Ravel (of which last week, by a slip of mine, the invention was attributed to Laparra).

At the Metropolitan we had one novelty, an important one, the "Cleopatra's Night" of Henry Hadley.

Before going into all these works in detail, let me record the brilliant opening of the Chicago artists' season—not with the promised "Norma" revival, which was postponed in consequence of Rosa Raisa's illness, but with a really wonderful and memorable performance of "L'Amore dei Tre Re." The work of Montemezzi has been heard often at the Metropolitan, where the four most prominent figures in the poignant story of Sem Benelli were originally interpreted by Lucrezia Bori (Fiora), Amato (Manfredo), Ferrari-Fontana (Avito), and Didur (Archibaldo). At the Lexington the Fiora was Mary Garden, who gave us a new reading of the part—not quite in keeping, if you will, with the intentions of Sem Benelli, who had conceived his heroine as a girl wife, racked with passion, but far more tragical, and (with submission to some oversensitive critics) neither outrageous and indecent, nor "impossible." Once only in her long and bright career, when she "created" Mélisande (for she really aided Maeterlinck theatrically in the creation of that character), had Miss Garden reached such heights as in the second act of Montemezzi's opera. Her struggle with her husband's blind old father, as he strangles her, her dying spasms, the limp swaying of her arms as Archibaldo bore her away filled one with terror, but they, quite as much, amazed by their stark realism.

Almost as fine in their contrasted styles were the Avito of the new American tenor, Edward Johnson, a singing-actor with a good lyric voice and romantic qualities; the Manfredo of Baklanoff, picturesque and histrionically admirable; and the Archibaldo of Lazzari, which did justice to a grim and psychologically enigmatical character. Of equal if not even more importance was the successful first appearance, as conductor, of Maestro Marinuzzi, who, though handicapped by a too strident orchestra in the second act—with its Wagnerian sweep and breadth and tonal eloquence — deserved all the applause with which the audience saw fit to honor him.

"Madame Chrysanthème" (which antedates "Madama Butterfly") is an operatic setting of Pierre Loti's cruel tale. If, like the book, it lacks dramatic force, the fault is due rather to the librettist than to the composer. The story could (and should) have been compressed into three acts. As it stands, it is in four acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. Much time is spent on suggesting local "atmosphere," on the portrayal of quaint Nippon types and customs. Pierre Loti deals more lightly than the librettists of Puccini's opera with the marriage of a beguiling little Geisha and her desertion later on by her sailor "husband." And, in his treatment of the tale, the composer rarely hints at deeper things than pathos. The heroine doubtless knew that, though a bride, she was so only in a vague, Pickwickian sense. Her anguish when her lieutenant sails away, while touching, is not tragical. Her emotions, like the love of her French husband, seem somewhat shallow.

To illustrate the plot and express the characters in this frankly cynical romance of life in Nippon, André Messager has invented gracious music. He has a dainty touch, which suits his fragile theme. He has charm and sentiment. And while, at times, he reminds one slightly of Massenet, he does not plagiarize.

Three episodes in "Madame Chrysanthème" delighted me: the long narrative, or soliloquy, of the lieutenant ("Oui, c'est bien lui, c'est bien le pays"), and the Breton Serenade in honor of the bride (both in the second act), and the enchanting ballet in the following act, a ballet planned as the chief feature of a festival, which seems informed with genuine Oriental poetry. The score, from end to end, is very delicate. And if it now and then does grow a bit monotonous, blame the librettist. Tamaki Miura's thin and brittle voice failed to express the varied music of Chrysanthème. But, on the other hand, the tenor, Charles Fontaine, and the baritone, our old favorite, Hector Dufranne, were wholly satisfying.

From this ruthless idyl, with its tender glow and charm, we passed next day to that brilliant epigram in music, "L'Heure Espagnole," an ironic comment by a most gifted artist on the old theme of what, in some countries, is called love. Technically, there is no parallel to Ravel's score. But "L'Heure Espagnole," despite its sparkle and its wit—yes, musical wit—will probably be caviare to the general run of operagoers.

I should be glad if I could say that in "Rip Van Winkle" the late Reginald de Koven and his librettist, Percy MacKaye, had turned out an effective lyric opera. It may seem ungracious, and it is surely unpleasant to have to speak rather unkindly of this work. But truth is truth, and it would do no good to pretend that, in this "American folk opera" (so called), Reginald de Koven and his associate had done good service to their respective arts. The libretto is far-fetched beyond belief, though the story as related is sweet and pretty. The addition of the village maiden, Peterkee, to the characters we had met already in the legend has its dramatic value. But the words which Mr. MacKaye has given his characters are for singing purposes so preposterous that they provoke one to derision. To express the fancies and emotions of Dutch rustics in the Catskills the librettist employs jargon of his own. He takes liberties with common sense and English. His choruses and songs are sometimes unsingable. It would be easy, even if it might be tedious, to sustain these statements by voluminous quotation. I will content myself with two extracts. Imagine, if you can, a group of Dutchmen, smoking and drinking, as they sing such stuff as this:

> Puff of cloud from pipe of clay,
> Drone of song from drowsy fountain,
> All we dream on fades away
> Far upon the summer mountain.

Imagine this, sung by a group of villagers:

> Up spoke Nancy, spanking Nancy,
> Says, "My feet are far too dancy,
> Dancy, O!"

Imagine, if you please, old Hendrik's crew employing the slang of Broadway. And this at the instigation of an "intellectual." There are passages, a few, in which the librettist more or less redeems himself, as, for example, in the closing chorus and, chiefly, in a romantic ballad sung by Peterkee ("Wait, wait, my own, till our ship comes in"). But, good or bad—and some were pathetically bad—not fifty of the words at most were heard. The composer, though for years he had been an advocate of the use of English speech in opera, had seen to that. He had killed his own melodies, which, when not "reminiscent," were curiously uninspired, and he had drowned the voices in orchestration of the most turbulent kind. What he had not done to destroy his songs was supplied by the conductor, Mr. Smallens. And even had the composer shown more discretion in his accompaniments to the trite choruses and airs and dances which succeeded one another with inadequate pauses, the singers in the cast, with the exceptions of Hector Dufranne (the

Hendrik Hudson) and, at moments, Baklanoff (the Rip Van Winkle), both foreigners, would have been unintelligible. For they had not been taught the art of enunciation. The repeated waltz-rhythms in "Rip Van Winkle" seemed rather incongruous. The music here and there recalled Puccini. The most tuneful songs (there were some in the third act) harked back to "Robin Hood," by which, I think, Reginald de Koven will be best remembered.

In the "Cleopatra's Night," of Henry Hadley, inspired by a libretto of Alice Leal Pollock (founded, of course, on Théophile Gautier's admirable short story, "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre"), the Metropolitan last week produced what I believe to be the most nearly successful, the most workmanlike, the most technically skillful effort by an American to create a real "grand" opera. The work is in two long and dramatic scenes, or acts, abounding in interest, well put together, and uncommonly effective. The first act shows how the bold hunter, Meïamoun, courts Cleopatra, and, as the Queen of Egypt waits for Antony, makes offer of his life for one night of love. In the second act, which is innocuous, we get hints—no more than hints—of what came later. The opera ends with Meïamoun's suicide, and, as the curtain falls, Cleopatra halts awhile to take leave of her dead lover, ere she moves on to meet her living Roman lover.

Here we have all the required elements of a short, striking, and impressive lyric drama. Miss Pollock's words are, in the main, well chosen; while in setting them to music Mr. Hadley has convinced us that he knows everything his forerunners had invented. The one thing he has not shown is his ability to create new music. For, though technically excellent at most points, neither in his melody nor in his harmony is he original. There are episodes in this opera which Saint-Saëns might not disown. There are others of which Richard Strauss might be the author. There are more, again, for which Wagner might stand godfather. And once, at least, we are reminded of a lighter work.

But, as a whole, this opera charms and holds the attention. It is an opera, though so sadly unoriginal. Mr. Hadley has now proved that it is possible for an American to master the secrets of the art of composing operas. He was greatly helped in the interpretation of his work by Orville Harrold's clear, dramatic, and flawless rendering of Miss Pollock's words. Frances Alda also sang her part clearly and, if not quite Egyptian, was alluring. The stage settings of the work, by the young American, Norman Bel-Geddes, were distractingly beautiful, even if they were not wholly plausible.

Charles Henry Meltzer

Drama

The "Power of Darkness" at the Garrick

THE "Power of Darkness," that scourge which the later and harsher Tolstoi devised for humanity, is offered to New York by the Theatre Guild. The acting was competent, but generally featureless, and of the excellent settings I have only one thing to say, that they showed a skill which the actors, and the author himself, if alive, might have copied with profit, in conveying the effect of the intolerable or the repulsive by symbols which were themselves tolerable or attractive. One of the great secrets of art in this kind is to enlighten and to lighten simultaneously.

From this chronicle of blood and lusts among Russian peasants I select two points which may exemplify its quality. A wife poisons her husband that she may enjoy his property with the companion of her adulterous love. This lover, who becomes her husband, strangles and buries in the cellar the new-born child of his unhallowed commerce with a second woman. The blackness of these crimes of passion and interest looks white beside the dispassionate—and in a sense disinterested—savagery of the mature woman who is the prompter of the first crime and the abettor, if not the inspirer, of the second. To this moral abasement Toltoi has added the brutish in intellect, the raw in manners. It was curious that a theme which was the almost unexampled combination of the low in morals, in brains, and in manners should have found in its author an almost unexampled combination of the highest things in conscience, in intellect, and in social station. Let us be clear on two points. To that power of brain, that depth of conscience, which called itself Tolstoi, no latitude of theme must be denied. But the obligation is equally clear; the pain which he bids us suffer must be instrumental to our pleasure or our good.

In the "Power of Darkness," is the darkness powerful? Is the crime impressive? There is crime enough, the spectator may observe. Precisely: there is more than enough. Art has two ways of handling crime: it may magnify or multiply. Shakespeare has tried both methods in "Macbeth," with the instructive result that our horror of crime is much more vivid in the second act after the enlargement of the Duncan case than at the conclusion of the play when, by an accumulation of horrors, our possets have been drugged. Crime is powerful in the unit: to augment cases is to reduce the unit and to acknowledge its inadequacy. In the "Power of Darkness," the effect of massing crimes and loosely grouping them with less important things is to diminish, to confound, to slur.

There is another infirmity in the Tolstoian portrayal. We, the spectators, might possibly succeed in imagining ourselves as bad as the people on the stage, possibly as imbecile, possibly as coarse; but to do what Tolstoi asks, to imagine ourselves to be all three at once, is to overtax our imagination and our humility. What follows? The thing is not *taken in;* it remains foreign, aloof, spectacular—true perhaps in Mars, in Saturn, in Russia, that nearing and receding Russia, of our time always closer in its impact and remoter in its quality. To us the life is strange, and it is a life so limited, so abject, that every occurrence, birth, death, betrothal, marriage, combat, loses stature and meaning in its narrowing vicinity. Crime shrinks with the rest. The horror of murder is proportioned to the largeness and the dignity of human life, and a social condition which is destructive of that largeness and inimical to that dignity must result in the diminution of the horror. The less there is to ravage, the less terror in devastation. The "Power of Darkness" is so far from erring on the side of poignancy that it errs on the opposite side. I felt no laceration; my mind was divided between two quite different feelings, wrath at the attempted butchery of my feelings, and shame at my own callousness. It was wicked, it was impious, to sit before those horrors and to be conscious mainly of a mild weariness to which the high points of atrocity supplied a mild relief. To all appearances, the audience felt as I did.

So much for the appeal of the "Power of Darkness" to the imagination. What is its appeal to the reason? Every crime has a place in an individual experience and a place in a social order. A drama may instruct us by showing either its fitness in that individual experience or its dependence on that social order. The success of the "Power of Darkness" in the first of these tasks is respectable without being in the least distinguished. Nothing happens in the play that we peremptorily decline to believe. The downward limit for human possibility is very low and very dim, and we see nothing that absolutely contravenes our notion of this limit. Still, as a justification of conduct by motive, it is not comparable with other products of the same hand, with "Anna Karenina," for example. Take the last great fact of Nikita's remorse and confession, which comes to auditors of this drama like the sight of day to imprisoned miners. Our faith in this change is simply part of our vague general faith in the possibility of moral overturn; it is independent of anything that Tolstoi has told us of Nikita.

The truth is that a profound and minute psychologist like Tolstoi puts himself under a grave twofold disadvantage, when, in choosing a form like drama where speech is omnipotent, he chooses at the same time characters that are semi-articulate.

Let us turn to the second possibility. Tolstoi might have performed a high social service by showing in a debased society conditions not themselves criminal which are procreative of crime. In this point the "Power of Darkness" is a blank. Not the slightest attempt is made to explain why this particular community, to which labor, religion, and marriage have supplied the normal defenses, should have left the normal community far behind in the rankness of its butchery and fornication. With somewhat different tasks, Hauptmann did far better in the "Weavers," Brieux far better in the "Red Robe." In one place, indeed, an allusion is made by Mitritch (successfully acted by Mr. Erskine Sanford) to the failure to provide education for women. But the allusion is pointless on the side of women, since the chief active malefactor in the play is a man, Nikita, and pointless on the side of education, since the embodiment of moral perfection in the drama, the peasant, Akim, is a person so unschooled that even when he talks wisdom he talks drivel.

I regard the "Power of Darkness" as a weak play and a weak tract. With a series of events with which even incompetence could have done something, genius has failed to do much. I have strong doubts whether the exposition of the cloaca in human nature is justifiable except in so far as it fortifies the individual conscience or arms society with prophylactics. The "Power of Darkness" accomplishes neither of these ends. For the redemption of human nature, if redemption be practicable, two things are necessary, faith and knowledge; and the thing that prevents, or postpones, that deliverance is the separation of these two requirements, a separation that keeps faith ignorant and knowledge cynical. Books that sap our faith more effectually than they recruit our knowledge destroy faster than they upbuild. I do not forget Akim or Nikita's final conversion when I say that if the representations in the "Power of Darkness" are truths, they are truths which it is recreancy to believe and treason to utter.

O. W. Firkins

Books and the News

Boys' Books

WILL the boys of to-day read the books which their fathers and uncles read, twenty-five, thirty, or forty years ago? Some of the publishers believe they will—as when Scribners issue "The Last of the Mohicans," with its fine colored illustrations by Mr. Wyeth. If they will read that, they will read others of a later epoch: the books themselves will please the boys, and the pursuit of them will bring joy to the fathers and uncles. Recently I delighted in arousing envy in a group of venerable persons (forty years old, plus or minus), by producing a "Tom Sawyer," with the old illustrations, which I had just bought.

"That's the very blue cover that mine had! Say, where did you get it?"

So when you introduce the Boy Scout of 1920 to "Tom Sawyer," to "Huckleberry Finn," and to that dramatic and thrilling story, "The Prince and the Pauper," try to get copies with the old pictures. You must haunt second-hand dealers a little; but do not insist on first editions, unless you wish to pay fancy prices. With these goes Aldrich's "The Story of a Bad Boy," and this has been adorned by A. B. Frost's drawings. Another writer who entertained boys when Grover Cleveland was in his first term, is Frank Stockton. I know a senile gentleman—about the age of the group mentioned above—who chuckled all day, recently, when he picked up a copy of "The Floating Prince," by Stockton. "There's the picture," said he, "of the Reformed Pirate knitting tidies that I used to see in *St. Nicholas*, or somewhere." But "The Floating Prince" is for boys under ten—or over thirty-nine—the ones in between may not like it. "A Jolly Fellowship" is another of Stockton's inimitable books.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and its sister-volume, "Through the Looking-Glass," go without saying; but not as many as should, know Charles E. Carryl's "Davy and the Goblin," despite a few of its persistent advocates. Jules Verne's "The Mysterious Island" has also been illustrated by Mr. Wyeth; a boy will enjoy it more if he has already read "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." My impression that Louisa Alcott's "Jack and Jill" is an amusing tale, which a boy will not scorn, is based upon a recollection which has not been refreshed for at least twenty-five years.

"If this don't fetch the kids," wrote Stevenson of "Treasure Island," "why, they have gone rotten since my day." And his remark I would echo about Mayne Reid's "Rifle Rangers" and "Scalp Hunters"—but they may not be easy to find. However, this article is intended to furnish good sport for book-hunting elders. They certainly can find J. T. Trowbridge's two Civil War stories: "The Three Scouts" and "Cudjo's Cave." As for Stevenson himself, I would pass over the ones so often recommended, and suggest "St. Ives" and "The Wrecker"—even if a boy has to skip all chapters of the latter to Chapter XXII.

We grown-ups are apt to insist upon a literary finish, to which boys are usually insensible. So we smugly inform them that they *must* like "Kim" and "The Jungle Book," when, perhaps, the straight adventure of Kipling's "The Naulahka" will please them better. My enjoyment of Dickens was deferred for five years, because it was proclaimed to me that I must begin with "Oliver Twist." Now, I would experiment with "A Tale of Two Cities" and see how it worked. If the boy seemed bored, there are the two excellent historical novels by Conan Doyle: "Micah Clarke" and "The White Company." If he remained torpid, I would administer "King Solomon's Mines," and see him wake up, or myself give up. How I hated the superior persons who said that Rider Haggard had "no literary merit"—how I still hate them! For two other stories of adventure, Janvier's "In the Sargasso Sea" and Clark Russell's "List, Ye Landsmen!" For humor, Lucretia Hale's "Peterkin Papers." For American history, Roosevelt and Lodge's "Hero Tales From American History." For a book telling how to make a hundred un-useful and delightful things: "The American Boy's Handy Book," by Dan Beard. I sometimes see the author on the street, and long to stop him and tell him how much string, and gunpowder, and glue, and buckshot, and how many fishhooks and eels' ears and other things I employed in trying to follow his recipes—and what a good time I had.

Edmund Lester Pearson

Books Received

FICTION

Dillon, Mary. The Farmer of Roaring Run. Century.

Greenberg, D. S. The Cockpit of Santiago Key. Boni and Liveright. $1.50 net.

Kelland, C. B. Catty Atkins. Harper. $1.60 net.

La Varre, W. J. Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds. Marshall, Jones. $1.50 net.

Locke, Wm. J. The House of Baltazar. Lane. $1.90 net.

Oldmeadow, Ernest. Coggin. Century.

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ART

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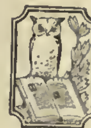

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I AM willing to be a candidate, provided I can do so honestly—this sums up the spirit of Mr. Hoover's statement. But it contains other matter, and very pertinent matter. It disposes unmistakably of the idea of an independent candidacy. It takes ground clearly against "any form of socialism, whether it be nationalization of industry or other destruction of individual initiative." The meaning of its protest against any endeavor "to set aside our Constitutional guarantees for free speech or free representation" must be plain to the most careless of wayfaring men in these days of Speaker Sweet at Albany and wild sedition bills at Washington. It does not define "those constructive economic policies that will get us down from the unsound economic practices which of necessity grew out of the war," but Mr. Hoover's record is ample guarantee that in making reference to them he pledges himself, far more distinctly than most men could by elaborately specific promises, to substantial achievement in case he gets the chance for it. To our mind, the statement is far from colorless. It does not go into details, but it furnishes just that assurance as to fundamentals which liberal conservatives in either party require.

DISAPPOINTMENT has been expressed in some quarters over Mr. Hoover's failure to lay out a definite programme—to write, so to say, the platform upon which he is willing to stand. At the bottom of this disappointment lies the feeling that if Mr. Hoover is to be regarded as a Presidential possibility, he ought to supply the leadership which, it must be admitted, is at present painfully lacking in both parties. But that is not at all Mr. Hoover's rôle. He shows eminent good sense in standing aside until the issues develop themselves, within the recognized party councils, to a far greater extent than they have done as yet. To attempt to lay them down, of his own motion, would be to overstep the bounds of his claim, great as it is, upon public attention and regard. The consequence of this restraint may be either to help or to hurt his chances of nomination, but that is not his primary concern. Let him be himself—neither more nor less—and let the situation develop. In any case, the chance of his nomination by the Democrats rests on the slimness of *their* chances with any other candidate. And the chance of his nomination by the Republicans—pretty near zero at present, owing to the advanced state of organization of some other booms—seems to rest entirely on its affording the best solution of a quite possible deadlock at the Republican Convention.

THE Legal Adviser of the American Peace Commission, Mr. David Hunter Miller, has made a charge against Mr. John Maynard Keynes's discussion of the Treaty of Versailles which, if well founded, would go far to destroy its standing. The charge is nothing less than that "in Mr. Keynes's chief point of attack he has completely misinterpreted the terms of the treaty." Specifically, what Mr. Miller asserts is

> that instead of an indemnity of $40,000,000,000 laid upon Germany, as claimed by Mr. Keynes, with annual payments of nearly $4,000,000,000, the indemnity of the treaty amounts to approximately $14,000,000,000; that this sum *cannot be added to* except by a *unanimous* determination of the Reparation Commission (composed of representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium), that Germany is in equity able to pay more, and that *before any such determination, evidence and argument on behalf of Germany must be heard.* (The italics are Mr. Miller's.)

But Mr. Miller goes on to explain that he means by "the indemnity" not the total obligation assessed against Germany for reparations, but only so much of that obligation as is covered by payments specifically called for in the treaty. In other words, Mr. Miller does not deny that the big indebtedness spoken of by Mr. Keynes will actually hang over Germany until such time as it is either paid, or remitted by the Reparation Commission; he only points out that actual payment of that full amount, or of anything beyond the smaller figure he mentions, can not be demanded except by unanimous action of the Reparation Commission. Such action Mr. Miller regards as so unlikely that he declares again and again, in one form of words and another, that "the debt, so far as it is not to be paid, either principal or interest, is a figment of the imagination; it is the *payment* that matters, and nothing else." But whether this be a correct opinion or not, it is, after all, nothing but an opinion; and to charge Mr. Keynes with having "completely mis-

interpreted the terms of the treaty" because he does not share Mr. Miller's opinion as to the unimportance of one of the most conspicuous of those terms is a flagrant injustice.

WE ourselves are far from sharing Mr. Keynes's view of the enormities of the treaty. His book bears many marks of extreme bias, and of being the work of a brilliant and not too scrupulous special pleader. But he commits neither the error charged by Mr. Miller, nor, so far as we have been able to discover, is he guilty of misstatements of such gross character upon any point. As to the particular point in question, he recognizes quite as clearly as Mr. Miller the distinction between the theoretical indebtedness and the actual payments. The difference between Mr. Miller's view and Mr. Keynes's is that, while Miller regards the theoretical indebtedness as virtually non-existent because payment will not be demanded, Keynes regards it as an incubus upon Germany because payment *may* be demanded. It is all a question of opinion, or rather of emphasis. The one thing certain, to our mind, is that, whether the incubus be real or imaginary, it is a thing which the people upon whom it presses can not fail to regard as a terrible grievance, and therefore that the sooner it is removed the better.

THE oft-repeated conflict between mob violence and law broke out again the other day, at Lexington, Kentucky, and the law won. A negro had already been tried for murder and found guilty, within less than a week after commission of the crime. Almost at the moment when sentence of death was being pronounced, a mob assailed the Court House and attempted to wrest the prisoner from the hands of the law. In contempt of due warning the mob pressed on, and a moment later four of its members lay dead before the Court House door, with seventeen others wounded. Lawless violence had had its fitting answer. The mob fell back, aware for once that the majesty of the law had the facilities and the spirit necessary to defend itself. There were threats of a larger mob from surrounding districts, but Governor Morrow promptly called for troops from Camp Taylor in sufficient numbers to repel any possible assault. In thus protecting a man already sentenced to death, the Kentucky authorities were protecting law itself, a cause far more vital to progress in civilization than the life of any man. There will be not merely fewer lynchings in Kentucky because of Monday's lesson at Lexington, but less indulgence in all forms of lawless violence. It is not likely that any other community in Kentucky will soon feel disposed to invite a repetition of the lesson. The men who make up a mob may have no regard for the life of a mere prisoner, but they do have some concern for their own.

MR. MUNSEY had an opportunity to make the *Herald* a recorder of all currents of opinion, to build up a great clientèle by an unassailable reputation for scrupulous accuracy and fair-play, by presenting the liberal and radical point of view as well as the conservative, by printing *sober facts in clear-cut, honest, and intelligent fashion.—The Nation,* Feb. 7, 1920, p. 166.

The arbitrary arrests of individuals on trumped-up charges, the breaking up or surveillance of public meetings, the censorship of mail and of the press, the maintenance of an army of Government spies and secret agents, the ousting from office of persons duly elected according to law because of membership in a political party which the Government has put under the ban, the torturing of prisoners, and the wresting of justice by administrative officials and the courts, *have reached a point where little more is needed to precipitate a revolution.—The Nation,* Feb. 7, 1920, p. 164.

The italics are ours; beyond this, we refrain from painting the lily.

PREMIER NITTI, in addressing the Chamber of Deputies on Saturday, declared that if Italy is to emerge successfully from her present troubles her press and politicians must assume a more friendly and respectful attitude towards the outside world, and must not leave the interests of international peace out of consideration in their eagerness for the realization of Italian aspirations. He challenged the position of "nationalists" who insist that Italy has gained nothing from the war unless its entire later Adriatic programme is conceded. "We must remember," he said, "that almost all Italians who desired war asked only for Trent and Trieste. It is therefore a mistake to say that nothing was obtained, when these terms are more than satisfied." The Premier pointed out clearly that the financial aid which Italy so sorely needs from without will not come unless her people assume a friendly attitude, give up the things that militate against peace and a broader humanity in foreign relations, and convince possible investors that the money desired is to be spent in reconstruction.

IN case the Adriatic settlement should revert to the terms of the Compact of London, which would require the abandonment of the Italian claim to Fiume, he made it plain that he would consider himself in honor bound to secure the evacuation of the city by d'Annunzio, "even by force if necessary." He emphasized, however, his earnest desire to come to a friendly agreement with the Jugoslavs, and rebuked as criminal those who arouse antagonism by referring to the Adriatic as "an Italian lake." Press reports indicate that Premier Nitti had been subjected to a severe fire of newspaper criticism for some days before this speech, and that his enemies were rather gleefully expecting to demand a vote on his foreign policy and secure his downfall. His plea for an attitude of moderation, however, in the interest of peace and material reconstruction, had so visibly favorable an effect on the Chamber that no opponent dared to risk defeat by asking a vote.

THE fact that the Central Union of Coöperatives of Russia has come entirely under control of the Soviet Government and is now but a branch of their system of nationalized distribution, was made clear in the columns of the *Review* a fortnight ago. The Supreme Council of Paris has just ascertained this with apparent surprise, and finds that the proposal contained in its earlier announcement concerning the blockade is nullified by the necessity of dealing with the Soviet Government. This raises the question whether, in ignorance of what was patent to other observers, they were taken in by Alexander Berkenheim and his associates, claim-

ing to represent the Coöperatives, or whether the policy that was recently announced had a less ingenuous origin and motive.

SIR VINCENT MEREDITH, BART., President of the Bank of Montreal, advised a liberal immigration policy in his recent address at the annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank. He has no fear of another war in this generation, and therefore sees no necessity that the combing of applicants be made too fine. With a good influx of farmers, domestic servants, artisans, and laborers he foresees substantial improvement in economic conditions as affected by the war. The western provinces, he thinks, will draw many farmers from the United States, "attracted by the superior productivity of the soil and its comparative cheapness." The Allied nations of Europe, and the Scandinavian countries, will add materially to the number. But to immigration must be added harder work, greater efficiency, increased production and thrift, if the desired results are to come. He gives emphatic warning that unless Canada shall speedily reduce or abandon penalizing taxes on what are called excess business profits, she will not be able to meet trade competition not similarly encumbered. He favors government assistance in arranging long-term credits for export sales, but would not throw the whole burden upon the public. The exporters who reap the profits must as a matter of course assume a due proportion of the risks.

SIR VINCENT closed his address with a handsome tribute to the Prince of Wales, whose visit to Canada had "rendered a great and memorable service to the Empire in strengthening the Throne in the affection and confidence of the people, and by drawing still closer the ties which bind the commonwealth of nations over which he is destined to reign." There is food in this sentence for a class of Americans who can not understand why the British people do not cast royalty out of their Constitution altogether and substitute an executive head elected by the people. The fact that any close approximation to democratic freedom is now secure anywhere is largely due to those ties of affection and confidence which bind together the "commonwealth of nations" (note carefully Sir Vincent's term) over which the Prince of Wales is destined one day to "reign," not as a monarch, with vast powers of possible oppression in his hand, but more than anything else as just that connecting tie which made the great "commonwealth of nations" called the British Empire a whole-hearted unit against German ambitions inimical to world freedom.

CRAWLING about among drifts that leave the snows of yesteryear simply nowhere, one must perforce content oneself by scanning the papers for what assurances there may be that spring is not far behind. In the vocal forests of newsprint—haunt, once, of the breezes and the nesting bird—is there no stir, no hint of promise? Yes, here it is. "Baseball practice at Columbia begins this week." All this, and even more: "Baseball magnates assemble at Chicago." But what is there that overcasts the fair face of hope? More repression? More prohibition? "Freak pitching must go. The spitball, the emery ball, the shine ball, the licorice ball—pitchers who are addicted to their use must be registered and may be granted a year to taper off—no longer—while those who are not officially recognized 'addicts' will be subjected to a thumping penalty for the first offense." Must it always be so? Has the pitcher always "got" a little something more than the batter can manage? Our throwers of the intellectual spitball, our heavers of the economic emery ball, our tossers of the artistic shine ball, isn't the poor old world at bat capable of knocking them over the fence and out of the box? A plague on these harnessing restraints, imposed with a view to fattening the poor old world's intellectual batting average! What the world needs is better batting *ability* at the intellectual plate. When that comes about it will be spring indeed.

Article X

THE question of Article X has been central throughout all these months of dreary controversy. Many weeks ago it seemed as though nothing further that could be said about it was capable of being either interesting or instructive to the public. But within the last week or two, as the struggle over the Treaty has seemed again to be approaching a possible decision, the subject has acquired renewed interest for a peculiar reason. The merits of the various proposed reservations relating to Article X have all along turned partly on the question of language and tone, and partly on the question of substance; the new development has been a tendency on the part of the President's supporters to take the view that language and tone are the only thing involved, the substance being practically negligible. Nothing could be more gratifying than this to the *Review*, in so far as it indicates willingness to come to a practicable agreement; nevertheless, in the interest of truth and clear thinking, it seems desirable at this juncture to point out the degree in which such a view is true and in which it is false.

The view we refer to may be found stated in its most extreme form in the New York *Evening Post* of February 7:

> We have read the article and the Lodge reservation and the numerous proposed substitutes, and the differences between the original text and all the proposed modifications are differences in language and manners, and not in the essential meaning. The Lodge reservation cannot knife the heart of Article X. Under the League of Nations this country is bound to be interested in territorial changes in Europe. When such changes shock the conscience of this country it will take the matter under advisement. When Congress finds there is sufficient cause for active intervention, it will so vote. President Wilson meant this in the original article, and Lodge means this in his reservation, and the substitute proposals mean this. The difference is that Mr. Wilson phrased his meaning generously and Lodge prefers to be surly and spiteful.

If this were a correct statement of the case, it would be even more shocking than it is to think of the prolonged delay which has kept the settlement in abeyance while all the world has been suffering for want of it. But the difference between the unreserved acceptance of Article X and its ac-

ceptance with the Lodge reservation is much more than a difference "in language and manners." Between the Lodge reservation and that proposed many months ago by the Republican "mild reservationists" the difference is indeed only one "in language and manners." Even this difference, to be sure, is important. It is a thousand pities that that reservation was not accepted at the time by the President and his party, for there is good reason to believe that such acceptance would have resulted, while the interest of the public was fresh, in speedy ratification. There was nothing bad about the "language and manners" of that proposed reservation; and if no question of substance enters into the matter at all, it is difficult to see any respectable excuse for the Democrats' failure to agree to it. But there *is* a question of substance; whichever side was right or wrong, it is at least true of both parties to the contest that they were fighting over something and not over nothing.

In point of fact, there are two quite distinct purposes served by the reservation relating to Article X, whether worded in the objectionable way which Senator Lodge has preferred, or in the excellent form proposed by the mild reservationists. It has become fashionable of late to speak of it as merely drawing pointed attention to the dual character of our Government, the separation of legislative and executive powers. This in itself is a substantial thing; for, though it might be said to be what everyone might easily infer for himself from a knowledge of the United States Constitution, the express statement of it constitutes a *caveat* which our associates in the treaty could not be expected to take into adequate account by such mere inference. But there is much more to the matter than this.

What the reservation does, above all else, is to place the moral obligation of the engagement in Article X upon a different footing. When Mr. Wilson declared that the reservation "cut the heart out of the Covenant" he doubtless meant that it destroyed the moral obligation of Article X. In his colloquy at the White House with the Foreign Relations Committee, he endeavored to make the most of the difference between a legal obligation and a moral obligation, but he did not attempt to deny the binding force of the obligation as a moral one. Now the very thing which honest advocates of the reservation, of all shades, sincerely desire is to lessen the force of the moral obligation. They believe that the duty which Article X in its terms imposes upon the country is one that ought not to be accepted without qualification. They want to make it impossible for our country to be charged with bad faith in case it refuses to do, in any given instance, what Article X contemplates shall be done for the preservation of the "territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." So far from making no substantial difference, it transforms what on its face is an unqualified obligation into what on its face is no obligation; for an engagement which does not come into force in any given case until, or unless, Congress decides that it is one that the country desires to assume is not, in any ordinary sense of the word, an engagement at all.

In spite of all this, however, the reservation is not to be regarded as wiping out the moral obligation altogether. If we wished to do that, the only honest course would be to reject Article X outright, or at least that part of it which involves the possibility of war. What remains of the obligation, under the reservation, is difficult to define; but something does remain. We continue to be a party to the arrangement, and therefore may justly be regarded as intending to carry out its essential purpose. In any case which may arise, there will be a strong presumption that we ought to do our share with the rest. The burden of proof will be upon those who oppose such action. If the League of Nations becomes an effective reality, our membership in it will come to imply more and more strongly the assuming of any duties or burdens it calls for, unless fair and convincing reasons can be adduced against our doing so. In a word, Article X, as qualified by the reservation, will leave Congress a free agent—that is, not only free to exercise its Constitutional powers, which is a matter of course, but free in a moral sense—and yet will commit the nation to the carrying out of the Article's purpose unless a sound case to the contrary can be established.

The nature of this effect of the reservation may perhaps be best brought out by a comparison with the situation of other Governments. In regard to the character of an obligation like that of Article X, no such absolute difference exists between our country and others as is frequently asserted. Whatever may be true in regard to a *declaration* of war, the power to *carry on* war is dependent in any parliamentary country upon the voting of supplies by the parliament. But if the British House of Commons, for example, were to refuse to vote supplies in pursuance of the obligation of a treaty, it would be guilty of a breach of faith and a violation of the national honor. If Britain desired to retain the same degree of freedom in regard to Article X as the reservation contemplates for this country, she would have to make a reservation of similar character. America, in making it, differentiates herself from the other countries not merely to the extent necessary under her Constitution, but to the extent she thinks justified by her wholly different position in the world—her wholly different relation to European complexities—and by the character of her national tradition. We believe that it is wise for her to do so. The most weighty consideration which in the early days of the controversy was urged against such a course has been removed. There is no longer any practical doubt that our ratification of the treaty, with the reservation, will be accepted without remonstrance by the other Powers. To accomplish that ratification speedily—with the language of the reservation improved if possible, but with its substance preserved—is now more clearly than ever the thing supremely to be desired.

A B C of the Exchange Question

THE violent fall in sterling exchange has not only produced a profound effect in Wall Street but has intensely stirred the interest of the public at large. The question of why this particular fall took place and why it took place at this particular time involves a thousand complexities and doubts. But on the essential character of the situation there is no reason why the general public should not have a fairly clear understanding, and indeed it is of great importance that the vital elements of it be clearly grasped by all intelligent persons.

The first thing to be apprehended is that there is not in the nature of things any reason why, under existing conditions, the value of the pound sterling—what may be called its normal value, the value it may be expected to have in the absence of any particular condition as regards exports and imports, debits and credits—should be anything like the par value of the pound as it stood before the war. The name pound sterling means to-day a totally different thing from what it did then. It then signified either a gold coin containing 4.86 times as much gold as is contained in a United States gold dollar, or paper currency exchangeable on demand at London for that amount of gold. It now means simply paper money to which the old name continues to be attached, but which has no present relation to any specified quantity of gold. If the inflation of the British currency, and of banking credits which serve to swell the British monetary medium, had gone to a sufficiently high point, the command which a unit of that currency possessed over gold, or over any commodity, would have gone down to as low a point as you may choose to name. The difference between the depreciation of the pound sterling and the depreciation of the mark is a difference only in degree, not in kind.

Obvious as this is, it is necessary to insist upon it in order to clear up misapprehensions which are widely current, even in some very important quarters. That an increase of exports from, or a diminution of imports into, a country against which exchange is far below what is called par has a tendency to raise that exchange is true enough; but it is a mistake to suppose that this process has any power to restore that so-called par, when the currency in question is paper not redeemable in gold. There is not in any true sense any assignable par of exchange between the present so-called pound sterling and the United States dollar. When the pound and the dollar each meant a certain definite amount of gold, the ratio between these two amounts was a true par of exchange between them. Fluctuations in the rate of exchange on the market were caused by the immediate demand for the one or the other being greater or less than the immediate supply on the market. If payments due from New York to London exceeded those due from London to New York, the pound stood above par; in the reverse case it stood below par. The reason for this was that these opposing credits and debits could be exchanged against each other here in New York so far as the lesser of the two quantities went, but to cover the remainder an actual shipment of gold was, on the face of things, required, and this involved an appreciable amount of expense and delay. The difference necessary, however, to cover this disadvantage was small, and accordingly the deviation from par never went beyond a small margin one way or the other. The extreme quotations thus normally possible were known as the gold-export and gold-import points. When, either through the transfer of gold or through the export or import of commodities or securities, a sufficient readjustment had taken place, exchange was restored to par.

In existing conditions it continues true that an increase of current obligations due from America to England, or a diminution of current obligations due from England to America, tends to raise sterling exchange, and vice versa. But the point of equilibrium is no longer 4.86. There is no reason why it should be. Nor is there any definite figure that takes the place of the old par. There is, however, a ratio between the paper pound and the dollar which, although it can not be definitely evaluated, should be regarded as representing in fact a point of equilibrium or parity. The simplicity of the old comparison—so many grains of gold in the pound, so many grains of gold in the dollar—is gone; but comparisons of a substantial, though irregular, nature are still possible. The index-number, recording as it does the average price-level of a large number of representative commodities, might be supposed to be a satisfactory way of making this comparison. If it were, something like the old simplicity would be reintroduced into the question. But unfortunately it is not.

Apart from any question of the trustworthiness of the index-number as a measure of the general purchasing power of the currency unit in a given country, another consideration, far more important, interferes with its application to the present purpose. It is only those commodities which are capable of playing an important part in international trade that enter effectively into the determination of the relative values of the monetary unit of two different countries. Iron, or copper, or zinc, or wool, or cotton, and manufactures of many kinds can play a part in that determination roughly similar to that which gold itself plays when both the countries are on the gold standard. Obviously, however, no clear rule can be given for merging the prices of these things into a single figure which would take the place of the gold unit. Some kind of index-number might be constructed out of them, but in doing so account would have to be taken of highly complex considerations in regard to freights, tariffs, and other circumstances; and at best it would be a very uncertain guide.

In spite of all this, however, the currency units of any two countries, for example the pound and the dollar, do each of them represent a certain amount of purchasing power over commodities that can be exported and imported on a large scale. And the ratio of these two amounts of pur-

chasing power (allowance made for freights, tariffs, etc.) should be regarded as constituting a theoretical par of exchange between them. The figure is indeterminable, and, indeed, in a great measure indefinite. Yet in a substantial sense it exists; and it tends to be realized in practice in the same manner, though infinitely less accurately and effectively, as does the regular par of exchange between currencies both embodying the gold standard. Deviations from it tend to be corrected by exports and imports of commodities—much more slowly and irregularly and uncertainly, yet in principle after the same fashion as deviations from the regular par of exchange are corrected by the export or import of gold. It is possible, for example, that the pound sterling to-day has, roughly speaking, in this way the same purchasing power as three and a half dollars; if so, 3.50 should be regarded as the theoretical par of exchange to-day, and any deviation from it, up or down, as a fluctuation, though the fluctuations may be very wide and be a long time in getting corrected. In a word, and waiving all complexities, the point is that if the fall in sterling exchange is greater than is justified by the fall in the purchasing power of the pound, as compared with that of the dollar, over commodities of international importance, this will stimulate exports from England, or restrict exports from the United States, and thus tend to restore equilibrium at the theoretical ratio. Anybody can see that if pig-iron could be bought in England at a price which, with freight and tariff added, would make it cost here five pounds sterling a ton, and if the American price was twenty-five dollars a ton, this state of things could not long continue with sterling exchange at 3.30.

In a country in which there is an open market for gold, as there is now at London, one might be tempted to dispose of the question by referring simply to the premium on gold —or, what is the same thing, the discount on paper—as the true determinant of the par of exchange. But this would be, essentially, to mistake effect for cause. The premium on gold, though to some extent affected by other factors, is in the main determined by the state of foreign exchange, and not vice versa. Obviously, it would be impossible, except by way of temporary fluctuation, that a paper pound should be worth much more or much less gold in London than in New York at any given time, provided there is a free market for gold at London; and the gold it is worth in New York is only another name for the rate of exchange.

We must content ourselves with just one more remark on these elementary matters. Nothing is more common than to hear it said that a low rate of exchange on a given country stimulates exports. Understood as it usually is, the statement is extremely misleading. It is not the absolute level of exchange, but its relative level as compared with the effective level of prices (of which we have been speaking above) that operates upon exports either as a stimulus or as a check. Exchange on Germany, for example, is depressed far more than prices in Germany have risen; and so long as this continues to be the case, it operates as a great stimulus to exports. But the mere fact that mark exchange is vastly below what mark exchange used to be when the mark meant a certain amount of gold has nothing whatever to do with the case. In that sense, mark exchange might continue low for a hundred years without affecting exports or imports in the slightest degree. If the level of prices in Germany were as high as the rate of exchange was low, her international trade would go on exactly the same as though there had never been any monetary disturbance—exactly the same, that is, except for the damaging effect that uncertainty and fluctuations always exert upon trade, which effect, however, is just as likely to cut one way as the other.

We have made no attempt to touch upon the question of remedies, a question which will long exercise the highest powers of the best minds in this country and in Europe. The one remark upon which we shall venture in this direction is that, while every possible stress should be laid upon the need of increased production and frugality, it would be mere blindness to imagine that these, of themselves, are capable of restoring normal conditions in the currencies of the world. The gold standard has ceased to exist in all the leading countries of Europe. In some of them—most important of all, Germany—the departure has been so great that return by any normal process is impossible. But even in the countries whose condition in this regard is best, restoration will be possible only through the firm and consistent direction of governmental and banking policy toward that end. Deflation is not only a painful, but unfortunately also a dangerous process. But it has to be effected; perhaps very slowly, yet certainly through the pursuance of a definite public policy, over and above any efforts that may be made by individuals. That this fact is becoming more and more thoroughly recognized is the one encouraging feature of the situation.

Labor in Politics

THE policy of organized labor in the United States has hitherto been steadily opposed to the formation of a distinct labor party. In this it has stood in sharp contrast with that of organized labor in England. For this difference thoughtful Americans have generally felt that there was a fundamental reason. The American workingman, the typical American workingman, does not habitually think of himself as a member of a distinctly separate class in the community. That there are class distinctions in our country, it would be idle to deny; but the psychology of them is radically different from that of class distinctions in the Old World. Not only has democracy been so real and pervasive an element in American life and American ways of thinking as to preclude a deep-rooted class feeling, but the actual advance of thousands from the ranks of the manual toilers to positions of importance or affluence has been so familiar a phenomenon as to make the possibility a real thing in every man's

thoughts. Accordingly, it has not been merely a calculation of expediency, but the operation of instinctive and habitual feelings, that has militated against the segregation of American workingmen into a class party.

The proclamation issued this week by the American Federation of Labor does not ostensibly abandon this position. It does not abandon it at all so far as the form of organization is concerned. Not only does it not propose the formation of a labor party, or the adhesion of the Federation to any labor party already formed, but it maps out a course irreconcilable with any such programme. Nevertheless, if the proclamation means all that it seems to portend, it marks a departure in the direction of class segregation quite as radical, and quite as momentous, as would be the creation of a new party. If the programme it lays down is to be systematically and consistently carried out, that great body of workingmen which constitutes the Federation of Labor will henceforth play, in American politics, the part not of individual American citizens, but of a consolidated class.

That programme is tersely summed up in this sentence in the proclamation:

> The American Federation of Labor announces its determination to apply every legitimate means and all of the power at its command to accomplish the defeat of labor's enemies who aspire for public office, whether they be candidates for President, for Congress, for State Legislatures or any other office.

"Every legitimate means" may, to be sure, signify little or much; but, interpreted in the light of other statements in the proclamation, it has an ominous sound. It is at least conceivable that what the Federation leaders have in mind is to take a leaf out of the Anti-Saloon League's book. The systematic blacklisting which was the heart of that organization's activities sufficed to give the League the balance of power in a sufficient number of Legislative and Congressional districts to bring about its astonishing and revolutionary victory. And it is to balance of power that the Federation's proclamation explicitly points. Whether it will be able, or even whether it desires, to wield the possible voting power of the Federation's members in the ruthless and effective way which the Anti-Saloon League found so successful, it may be premature to discuss. But that this possibility has to be considered is evident. The absence of any such determined effort in the past, and the failure of such efforts as have been made in this direction, throw little light upon the possibilities that lie before us now.

It is none too early to warn both the public and the labor people of the profound and far-reaching consequences which the adoption of such a policy would entail. It would mean a class situation not less serious, but far more serious, than that which would be brought about by the marshaling of organized labor into a separate political party. With a separate party, unfortunate as might be its identification with a class, the other parties could reckon on fair and manly terms. It would be a question of matching one set of forces, one aggregation of citizens, against another. But the balance-of-power programme, in its fulness, means systematic intimidation. It means, unless counteracted by a corresponding combination of opposing purpose, that no man in either of the great parties could call his soul his own except at the risk of political annihilation.

This condition of things would be intolerable; and although it would undoubtedly lead to the adoption of a remedy, the remedy would be almost as bad as the disease. If the Federation's announcement means the worst that it is apparently capable of meaning, we are about to enter upon one of the most sinister chapters of our political history. Let us hope that, whatever may be at present in the minds of the Federation's officers, the true significance of any programme of organized intimidation by a class—the disaster which it portends, in the first instance to us all, but finally and most heavily to the very class that undertakes it—will be brought home to the labor leaders in time to prevent the launching of any such rash and ill-omened enterprise.

America and the English Tradition

THE recently established chair in the history, literature, and institutions of the United States which is to be shared among the several universities of Great Britain, is quite different from the exchange professorships of sometimes unhappy memory. It is not at all the idea to carry over one of our professors each year and indoctrinate him with the true culture at its source. The occupant of the chair will be, if the announced intention is carried out, quite as often British as American, and quite as likely a public man as a professor. The chief object is to bring to England a better knowledge of the United States, and a purpose more laudable can scarcely be imagined. Peace and prosperity will endure in the world in some very precise relation to the extent to which England succeeds in understanding us.

It is not an illusion to suppose that our understanding of the British is on the whole better than theirs of us. The British Empire is a large and comparatively simple fact, now conspicuously before the world for a long time. The United States was, in British eyes, until recently, a comparatively insignificant fact, yet vastly more complicated than they imagined. Each, of course, perfectly knew the faults of the other, assessed with an unerring cousinly eye. The American bragged in a nasal whine, the Briton patronized in a throaty burble. Whoever among the struggling nations of the world might win, England saw to it that she never lost; your Yankee was content with the more ignoble triumphs of merchandising, willing to cheapen life if he could only add to his dollars. But the excellence of English political institutions and methods, the charm of English life, the tremendous power of the Empire for promoting freedom and civilization in the world, these are things which Americans have long recognized and in a way understood. Anything like an equivalent British appreciation of America in the large seems confined to a very

few honorable exceptions among them. Admiration for Niagara, which is half British anyway, or enthusiasm for the "Wild West"—your better-class Englishman always thrills to the frontier—is no step at all toward rightly appreciating America.

To no inconsiderable extent this is America's own fault. She does not present to the world a record that is easily read. It is obvious, for instance—and so obvious that it is not often enough stated—that America has and will continue to have a fundamentally English civilization. English law is the basis of her law. English speech is her speech, and if with a difference, it is a difference that the philologist, all things considered, finds amazingly small. English literature is her literature—Chaucer and Shakespeare hers because her blood then coursed indistinguishably through the English heart they knew so well; Milton, Dryden, and the Queen Anne men hers, because she was still a part of England; the later men hers by virtue of affectionate acquaintanceship and a generous and not inconsiderable rivalry. English history, in short, is her history. The struggles of the thirteenth century through which law and parliament came into being, the struggles of the seventeenth century through which law and parliament came to rule, are America's struggles upon which she can look back with the satisfaction that some things that have been done in the world need never be undone or done over again, whatever the room for improvement may still be. Americans, no less than British, recognize that independence was largely an accidental result of a war which sprang out of a false theory of economics, but whose conclusion carried with it a lesson in the management of empire which subsequent history shows the British to have learned thoroughly and for the benefit of all concerned. American independence, however, once established, pointed a way to democratic freedom which England hastened to follow. This we know. And yet—

And yet we allow these obvious and fundamental considerations to become marvellously obscured. We allow England's failure to solve an insoluble Irish problem to arouse in us an attitude of mind possibly excusable in some Irishmen, but wholly inexcusable in any American. We allow a sentimental regard for some immigrant from Eastern Europe, who comes to us with a philosophy born of conditions that in English-speaking lands ceased to be centuries ago, to make us pretend to see in him the true expression of America's traditional ideals. We allow ourselves to be far too easy with the phrase, "He is not pro-German, he is merely anti-British." Why are they anti-British? Why should they be permitted to make it falsely appear that recognition of the English basis of America involves approval of everything that England in her long history may or may not have done? Why should they be allowed to pretend that disapproval of some particular act of England justifies repudiation of most of the things by virtue of which we are what we are? America from the first has been part of the great English experiment—great because it is capable of learning from experience.

The world has put a big investment in blood and treasure, and all that they imply, into the education of England. It is satisfied—the world's response to Germany's insolent challenge is the proof of it—that its pains have been well bestowed. England is more nearly fit than any other nation to wield the power that is hers. That is not to deny the peculiar virtues of other nations; indeed, these virtues have largely contributed to the result. Italy has educated her; France has educated her; we have done something; and Germany. In result, she is not perfect—the English would perhaps least of all assert that—but she has learned a great deal and held herself steady while she learned it. It is a bigger job than the world cares to undertake to teach any other nation so much. Nor would it be at all likely to succeed so well. For what England has to offer the world in return is not simply her institutions; it is not merely a formula for the effective discharge of police duty throughout the world; it is the English freeman, whether he hail from Canada, Australia, Africa, or the uttermost isles of the sea.

A most adaptable fellow, this freeman, doing all sorts of work everywhere, and with tremendous powers of assimilation. Consider him in his origins. He began by assimilating fully his own weight in Danes, while remaining an English freeman. He then perforce accepted a Norman king, as he had accepted a Danish one, hoping, as always, that the king would not trouble him too much. But when Norman William, who was very ill-informed about the breed, killed off most of his natural leaders and harried the rest into villeiny, how did he manage in a small matter of two hundred years or so to make an English gentleman not only of himself but of all the rag-tag of adventurers who had come over with William and since? How did he contrive, out of a band of exiles fleeing from an Egypt of ecclesiastical tyranny, broken younger sons, artisans out of a job, speculators, bondmen, Swedes, Dutchmen, and what not, to make America? Is he one likely to lose his bearings when in his America the age-old problem again heaves in view? This is a job he has been working at pretty successfully for more than a thousand years. Grant him a moment to realize himself afresh in the face of it. Don't expect him to stop and give a coherent explanation of what he is doing. He wouldn't be the true son of the English tradition that he is if he could do that. Perhaps the occupants of the new chair can do something of the sort for him.

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President Wilson's Japan

JAPANESE statesmen, on the many occasions when the purpose of the Mikado's land is under scrutiny, are fond of declaring: *"So desu ka!"*—to the accompaniment of that succulent intake of the breath we all know—"Our country is so misunderstood."

With Mr. Wilson's *pax Japonica* now well under way, one can not but wonder what President Wilson's Japan really was when the triumvirate at Paris underwrote a Japanese primacy in the East. Mr. Wilson would, doubtless, agree with me that, now that he is finally grappling with the situation in the Pacific, the State Department, his Minister at Peking, even the Ambassador in Tokio, are showing an irritating blindness to the picture he has so carefully drawn for himself.

His decision at Paris was not at bottom dictated by those disconcerting secret agreements made between Japan and the Allies in 1917 for the purpose, as the President remarked several times, of bringing that Eastern Power into the European struggle—Japan having as a matter of fact quite voluntarily declared war on Germany August 23, 1914. It was not prompted by a desire to abet an injustice to China. Even the pressure of Fiume was but a contributing incident. If the President had not visualized a Japan through the kindly light furnished by the suave Marquis Saionji, the candid Viscount Chinda, and colored by the pleasant memories at Washington of Ambassador Ishii, the thing could not possibly have happened. In the settlement of the Far Eastern imbroglio, he moved with a sureness which so baffled many of us that we never grasped the main consideration in the case: just what kind of Japan President Wilson's was.

Behind all President Wilson's idealism lies a curtain of Calvinistic doctrine against which he projects his every act. To international relations he brings the relentless austerity of the Covenanter. For him the state is an aggregation of individuals actuated by a sifting of good and evil, and predestined to be convinced in the end by an appeal to their virtuous instincts. The President sought in the legalities of the Covenant a deity who should hold up before the nations a vivid picture of the Judgment Day. And, as a picture, it is not without inspiration for the high-minded. Practical European statesmen, however, looked to the League of Nations mainly for a way in which to settle in chancery international difficulties; and it was they who really held the scales.

During President Wilson's first administration, I had a long, frank talk with his newly appointed Ambassador to Japan, in which I seemed to be hearing the President himself lay down the why and the wherefore of his Far Eastern purposes. Ambassador Morris, like the President, knew little about the intricacies of the situation; but that seemed of slight importance. The Ambassador was a personal emissary of the White House, one felt, a missionary of the new diplomacy. He was the exponent of a formula which would resolve the tangled skein of Sino-Japanese relations just as readily as harmonize our purposes on the Pacific, or open the closing door in China, or settle difficulties with Mexico. It had the fascination which benevolent intentions in foreign fields always possess for Americans. On our side, it was a plan of action which eschewed suspicion of the other party. It freely imputed to all sincerity of purpose. It reflected an abiding faith in the necessity of demonstrating our own disinterestedness at any cost. Japan—if she had ever infringed our interests, or contemplated such a thing—would turn over a new leaf if we took no stand which could alienate her friendship.

Many things have happened since then. Ambassador Morris, one takes it after seeing him in Tokio, is no longer under any illusions as to the prevailing tendency of the real Japan in China or in Siberia. But the force of these initial convictions remains with the White House. The President's Japan is a nation whose eyes have been opened to the futility of military challenge and which therefore has magnanimously abandoned a vision of empire in the East; not a Japan reaching for the trappings of world-power on the continent of East Asia by devious roads, covering, under their properly worded phrases, the same old rail-and-iron policies. Yet there was that Paul Page Whitham report on the neutralization of China's railways—I was in Peking when it was being prepared—which the Senate Foreign Relations Committee could not see, showing another Japan; a Japan which needed only "the economic rights" in Shantung awarded her at the Peace Conference to menace the security of China, as this expert survey pointed out. It must also have pointed out to the President, by word, by picture, and by maps, that his Consortium scheme should include the communications Japan held so jealously in North China if this great plan of coöperative action to eliminate international competition and preserve China's integrity is to have a chance of success.

Then, there was a masterly memorandum of the American Minister to China, remarkable for its lucid brevity, the most penetrating exposition of the Far Eastern crisis which has been written. With great skill, it is understood, President Wilson's own spokesman in China bared for him the structure of Japan's purposes, laid down the lines of effective settlement, and measured the danger impending from the wrong solution of the difficulties. Yet another report which the President ought to have seen was an intimate investigation of Japan as she really conducted herself from the beginning of her occupation of Shantung. From an unimpeachable source, it, too, was a picture not appropriate to the President's Japan; hence it fared badly in the Presidential councils when in due time it came against the phantasmagoric Japan with which the White House preferred to deal. These are over and above the deluge of illuminating dispatches and reports of the same

tenor coming in as department routine—from our shrewd representative at Tsingtao, the Peking Legation, our intelligence services. Indeed, one wonders if there does not exist a kind of censorship among the officials closest to the President, whose concern it is to see that he is not antagonized by the obtruding realities so counter to his own views of the situation.

In any case, Viscount Ishii's statements of what his Government hoped to do impressed the President more than the State Department reports of what Japan was doing. He preferred to build up his policy on the Hara Ministry's professions of liberalism rather than confront Japan's actual government of minority rule and star-chamber politics—attempts to enfranchise more than 5 per cent. of the population thwarted by the political interests; the popular house of the Diet a chamber of protest having no effectual control over the purse; the House of Peers packed in the interest of the old régime; the mainspring of administration vested in an irresponsible Cabinet designated by the Mikado, behind which stands an extra-legal council of advisors holding the final decisions of Japan and really exercising the imperial prerogatives. Admittedly, in Japan there is the fabric of a true liberalism, as Premier Hara and his fellow Ministers have taken care to impress upon President Wilson, but events have shown that the White House has come face to face with only the vested interests which are dictating Japan's moves.

It was President Wilson's misfortune to come to the Paris Conference with his own Japan in mind. It was by such a picture that he was actuated when he talked over Japan's terms of settlement with Saionji and his associates; and, for reasons which need not be gone into here, the Japanese delegation did not disillusion him. Even the Consortium so ably broached in Peking by the American Minister—at the time of the armistice Japan was quite willing to come in—was already settled as to principle in those May days of last year. But, to-day, the White House policy has failed—failed because President Wilson's Japan was a wraith. The Consortium, which was to have pooled the international danger points in China's development, equitably protecting the legitimate interests of every Power, has been deadlocked by the firm hand of the controlling elements in Japan; it has been vetoed by the forces that brought Japan the prestige of the Chinese War in 1894, the diplomatic assaults on China since 1915, the undermining of her allies in Siberia to-day. The real Japan has contemptuously called a halt to the merry game its marionettes played at the Peace Conference when they assented to the Consortium scheme to facilitate the President's approval of the Shantung settlement.

The test of President Wilson's Japan was not the Peace Conference, but the aftermath. The actual makers of Japan's master-policy are far-sighted military leaders who see things as they are, calculating statesmen of the old order, and the heads of the great business enterprises which came to have a vested interest in the governance of Japan since the Meiji restoration. There is nothing visionary about them; they have merely weighed the new diplomacy of President Wilson and found it wanting. The rejection of the Consortium was the first manifestation of their conviction that the old diplomacy might still dominate the world—at all events in the East.

CHARLES HODGES

The "New Republic's" Exhilaration

THE *New Republic* feels that the announcement of the Supreme Economic Council concerning the blockade of Soviet Russia is the most exhilarating piece of news which has come out of Europe since the signing of the armistice. Judging by the article in its columns inspired by this news, it may be conceded that the degree of exhilaration was unlimited. Exhilaration indeed has carried the *New Republic* far beyond the bounds of reality and fact.

So, for example, under the influence of this exhilaration, the *New Republic* considers the blockade an atrocity, "the last abominable remnant of the policy of economic terrorism, with which the Allied Governments have made the peoples of Eastern Europe pay in hunger, sickness, depression, and actual starvation for the sins of their rulers." According to the pious hope of the *New Republic*, the distracted souls of the democratic nations can now "resume contact with the spiritual impulses of genuine democracy."

One need not be a defender of the expediency or effectiveness of the Russian blockade as a military measure of defense, at a time when the German-led hordes of the Red armies threatened to engulf the new states of Eastern Europe, in order to point out that the blockade did not starve Russia. Russia is one of the greatest food-producing countries in the world, and its isolation during the war tended to accumulate rather than disperse food supplies. Furthermore, the blockade in reality affected only a small corner of Russia, namely, the region of Petrograd.

In order to reveal the entire falsity of the assumption made above, it is worth while to reiterate the causes of the starvation which is decimating the larger Russian cities and industrial centres. The main and all-inclusive cause is the incompetence of the Bolshevik authorities — their stupidly impractical programme, their terrorism and graft, and their inability to organize production. In the first place, as a political dodge, they told the peasants to seize the land. Next, they proceeded to socialize the land and attempted to tell the peasant that he was merely a tenant of the state, and that anything he produced above a limited amount for his own consumption belonged to the state. In this way, they successfully alienated the peasant population and cut down food production. Then, they attempted to make the peasant accept worthless paper money in payment for food, and this failed. Had they been able to produce any of the simple articles of which the peasant stood in need, he would have gladly furnished food in exchange, but instead they sent detachments of Red Guards into the country districts to requisition grain by force. This not only did not succeed, but it aroused a hatred so great that to-day a Commissar or a Red Guard dare not go among the peasants without military protection. Transportation was, of course, in a bad state as a result of war conditions, but instead of improving it and making the necessary repairs, the Bolsheviks completed its disorganization and ruin. The life of the cities depends upon transportation, and they could not be supplied even if food were forthcoming from the country districts. All this is not due to the blockade. To be sure, the Bolsheviks, in return for stolen gold and confiscated property, might have obtained a certain amount of machinery,

tools, and manufactured goods if there had been no blockade; but these would have been of little use, as they were unable to employ what they already had or to utilize their own abundant resources for repairing or creating equipment.

Thus, the charge that the blockade was an atrocity whereby the Russian people were starved falls to the ground as the baseless falsehood of Bolshevist sympathizers. The real blockade of Petrograd was Bolshevik incompetence, Bolshevik food control, and Bolshevik graft.

When the *New Republic* turns to a consideration of the political aspects of the Russian Revolution, it proceeds on still weaker hypotheses. It parades before us again the old theory that all would have been well if the Allies had satisfied the "Revolutionary democracy" by a joint definition of war aims as a necessary preliminary condition of a general settlement. There is no question that the Russian people were terribly war-weary, and above all things wished peace. It was the promise of making peace, more than anything else, that gave the Bolsheviks their victory. But to talk about the interest of the Russians in "war aims" is the merest drivel. A few thousand of the revolutionary *intelligentsia* in Petrograd and Moscow talked about war aims and split into a dozen parties in their discussion. But 99 per cent. of the Russian people knew nothing whatever of the subject. To the few of them that caught up the slogan "no annexations and no indemnities," its words signified *anneksia i kontributsia*, which they believed to be two provinces that France and Germany were fighting over. When the agitators told the crowds that Miliukov was striving for the Straits (*Prolivi*), they were led to believe that this was a demand to pour out (*prolivat*) their blood! The idea that the failure of the Allies to announce their war aims had any effect on Russian public opinion and its support of the war, assumes that the inchoate millions of Russian peasants had a public opinion or that it could be informed on these points.

The article in question is so replete with misstatements and false insinuations that space does not suffice to take them up in detail, but some of them are so glaring that they ought not to be overlooked even in this period of loose assertion and glib generalization. Here is an example: "As a consequence of their [the Allies'] persistent hostility to the needs, the scruples, the interests and the feelings of the Russian people, they finally convinced the Revolutionary democracy that its safety depended on the seizure of all power by the Soviets." We have heard many explanations of the Bolsheviks' rise to power, and we know something of the methods employed by Lenin and Trotsky and their collaborators, but this is a new one. Considering the struggle which the Mensheviks and the Socialist Revolutionaries carried on, and are still carrying on, against the Bolshevik autocracy, this explanation seems far-fetched, even for the Revolutionary democracy of the *New Republic.*

The *New Republic* is surprised that, because the Soviet Government signed the peace of Brest-Litovsk, the Allies subsequently treated Soviet Russia as the military associate of Germany. Apparently, the fact that from this time von Mirbach played a predominant part in the Bolshevik policies, and that German officers organized and led the Red forces, is overlooked as of no importance. Cunningly devised is the following distortion of seeming fact: "They continued to propagate the myth that the vast mass of the Russian people were opposed to peace, and would welcome the intervention of a rescuing Japanese or American army." Of course, the vast mass of the Russian people were not opposed to peace, but on the other hand the abortive risings against the Bolshevik tyranny, and the piteous calls for help, showed clearly enough how welcome active assistance would have been in their struggle against their oppressors. When that help did not come, or came only in driblets, the people lost faith in the promises of their rescuers. The terrible fate of Yaroslavl, whose inhabitants, having trusted in promises, rose *en masse* when they heard of the landing at Archangel, was enough to blast the hopes which the Russian people placed in their allies.

Here is another gem of sinuous misstatement: "The Omsk Government was established under protection of the Czecho-Slovaks and the Allied army, and in the south of Russia Denikin organized with a larger measure of native Russian assistance another center of anti-Bolshevist military and political power." The Omsk Government under Admiral Kolchak was established, not under the protection of the Czecho-Slovaks, but as a means of saving Siberia from the Bolsheviks at the very moment when the Czecho-Slovaks, learning of the armistice, decided to withdraw. This is merely another of the persistent lies concerning the Czecho-Slovaks which have from time to time received publicity. As a matter of fact, the revolution which placed Kolchak in power took place on November 18, 1918, and from the 1st of December, no Czecho-Slovaks took part in the fighting against the Bolsheviks. As for Denikin, his organization of the Volunteer Army in South Russia took place entirely without Allied aid, and assistance was given him only after he had won through to the Black Sea subsequent to the armistice. In neither case was there the slightest basis for the assertion made by the *New Republic* that these movements implied the "dictatorship of their former rulers." But if the *New Republic* really believed this, how could it view with approval the proposal that would have permitted these anti-Bolshevik factions to keep control of "practically the whole of Siberia and a large part of Southern Russia?" The fact is that no proposal of any kind could be so hateful to the Russian people as one that would mean the dismemberment of Russia in this way. The slanders against Kolchak and Denikin would seem to have been sufficiently exposed already to prevent, at this late date, such a statement as that "they were unable with the weapons of terrorism and starvation to crush out the invincible refusal of the Russian people to take back their former rulers at the bidding of foreign statesmen." The real tragedy of all this mass of falsehood and twaddle is that self-styled "liberals" should have exerted their great efforts, in the name of self-determination, in behalf of a system that is crushing all democracy out of the Russian people and which they are helpless to resist, and that these "liberals" are thereby promoting reaction in its most tyrannical form.

JEROME LANDFIELD

Correspondence

Government by Subterfuge

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Occasionally a Federal judge speaks the truth in such direct and forcible language that it ought to reach others than those who read the reports. An instance in point is the opinion of Judge George M. Bourquin (United States District Judge, District of Montana) in *United States* v. *Parsons*, 261 Fed. 223, a decision rendered on October 16, 1919. Referring to the "Harrison Drug Act" (38 *Stat.*, 785) he said:

> The act is ostensibly a revenue measure, and within limits the courts must recognize it as such. At the same time any one with sense enough to be at large without a keeper knows the revenue feature, which possibly returns cents for dollars spent in administration, is but a fiction and device to enable Congress, otherwise disabled, to suppress opium traffic and use, to hinder and obstruct such traffic and use so far as may be done incidental to exercise of revenue power. It is one of many like and regrettable devices to evade constitutional limitations, to impose duties of the States upon the United States, and to vest the latter with non-delegated and reserved police power of the former.

To the writer, the foregoing seems sound and encouraging. Either the people desire that the police power shall be exercised by the Federal Government or they do not; if they do, there should be no difficulty in obtaining a Constitutional amendment to that effect.

H. T. NEWCOMB

New York, February 3

Freedom of Opinion

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am glad that you will not let the *New Republic* have the last word on Freedom of Opinion. But I regret that the fashion in journals of opinion seems to encourage length rather than conciseness in discussing such a capital matter. Yet on such a topic, a careful summary worthy of good old-fashioned italics might be worth more, possibly, than even your brilliant lengthiness. I modestly propose this:

Expression of opinion in America is and should be free in criticism and suggestion up to the point of remarks (which includes propaganda) subversive of our national idea of government and our constituted form of government.

Americans have always recognized that our Government is an experiment. We are dedicated to an idea, which is hedged about with the majesty of the law and the courts, and articulated by the machinery of a truly representative government. Opinions amounting to destructive criticism of evils grown up within it, or to constructive fashioning of it to meet new conditions, are wanted; they are a sign of health in the body politic. Mr. Palmer, at one extreme, devises poorly when he would legislate to ostracize the critic of a law; without criticism how can laws be bettered? The *New Republic* and the *Nation* at the other extreme seem to divorce a man, while expressing opinion, from any sense of loyalty to the Government, or even to its fundamental idea. They may be dedicated solely to the truth, and very good if they are, but being by the Government protected physically, mentally, and *morally* (I can hear them hoot at that) they ought to see that loyalty, not to every detail but to the fundamentals of our Government must be preliminary to expressing their free opinion. That is all we ask of the citizen who earns his living in business. A devoted follower of their pages recently told me that nothing in our form of government was worth preserving. I do not blame either journal for that opinion. But to my mind that is treasonable utterance—am I benighted to think so? And that is just where, in any social organism, opinion need not expect freedom to circulate in print or get a license to hold meetings.

MERRILL F. CLARKE

New York City, January 9

More and Better Reading

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have just been informed by a representative of the *Review* of the publisher's campaign to encourage, through their "Mid-Winter Book Season," more and better reading. May I express my hearty approval?

Never has our country more needed to remember the warning of the Chinese sage that to read without thinking is futile, but to think without reading is dangerous. To encourage reading and thinking is a task in which editors, publishers, and librarians may well work together, and the American Library Association, at present engaged in a campaign to promote the use of libraries and to encourage thoughtful reading, is delighted that you, too, are contributing to the same end.

CARL H. MILAM

Director American Library Association

New York, December 26, 1919

Germans in Disguise

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

We see much in certain publications in reference to the alleged growth of "liberal sentiment" in this country. The reëlection of Victor Berger, after his conviction for violation of our sedition laws, is often spoken of as showing the growth of "liberal" views. It does not seem to be generally known that the district that cast 24,000 votes for Berger is largely German in its population, and that rampant pro-Germanism was only held in check there during the war by the well-known determination of both State and National authorities to suppress treason at all costs.

James Mann, who appears to be Berger's best friend in the House, also comes from a district where the Germans are very numerous. Nearly every member of the House that voted to seat Berger comes from a district where Germans, still unreconciled to the participation of this country in the war, are numerous.

I am fully aware that a large proportion of the German population of the United States was loyal during the war, and many of them active in war work. These proved themselves real Americans, and to them is due our heartiest approval for the manner in which they stood by their adopted country. But, in certain sections, there were and are large numbers of Germans who have used every means possible (without endangering their carcasses) to work against American institutions, since the country failed to respond to the German demand for an embargo on arms and munitions to the Allies. To this origin may be traced their support of any and all sorts of radical and socialistic movements, and activities of other sorts.

Men who were known to have not the smallest sympathy for socialistic ideas until this country seemed likely to war with Germany, have lately supported the Socialist and Communist parties. It was the same way with the growth of the pacifist movement. The most active and aggressive pacifists the writer came in contact with during the war were men who had no leaning toward such ideas prior to the talk of America going into the war. Not a few of them have quickly forgotten their abhorrence of all war within the last fifteen months, and would willingly have this country go to war with Japan or England over some technicality that could be handled much better by diplomatic negotiations. Were they pacifists, or unprincipled fakers?

Where do our so-called intellectual publications, which are now so violently condemning every effort to rid our country of radical plotters and alleged workers who never work, get their supporters? One can now see them at newsstands in certain North Chicago districts where hardly a copy was displayed prior to about three years ago. Wherever you see them you may look for numerous German patrons. I have been observing this for more than a year. Many of the buyers are among the wealthy classes who have no sympathy with socialism or radicalism, except as they may serve the purpose of trouble-makers for the country of their adoption.

EDW. CORMAN

Secretary St. Paul Typothetae

St. Paul, Minn., January 31

Intangible Advantages

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your "Defense of Property" in the issue of January 3 is a fine statement of truth, and an aid to clear thinking. The intangible advantages of various arrangements are often too little considered. I hope you will continue the discussion of such, and carry it into somewhat narrower fields, also. To cite but one instance, you might discuss the intangible advantages, if there be any, of public or private ownership and operation of road services, including those of pipes and wires. It seems certain that continued competition is impracticable there—in gas and telephones to say the least. Maybe we should obtain a greater aggregate of adventure, of responsibility, of self-reliance, and of education by the consequences of our own mistakes, by conducting telephones and gas plants through our Governments than by having regulated corporations as scapegoats for real or imaginary faults. Maybe the election of governments to conduct these services is the nearest available counterpart, in the field of monopoly, of the citizen's private choice in the field of competition—his choice of his own carpenter, grocer, and shoe manufacturer. I am not arguing for immediate, or even ultimate, public ownership and operation, I am only suggesting a question for your able pen.

J. DE L. VERPLANCK

Walbrook, Md., January 23

How the Soviet Came to a Russian Village

ALTHOUGH the story of the origin of the Soviet in Russia as a governmental institution has been frequently set forth, there still remains considerable confusion in America in regard to it. In some quarters, especially in those which have swallowed without question the tales of Col. Raymond Robins and other purveyors of misinformation, there still persists the false idea that the Soviet is a natural Russian political institution that had its origin in the peasant commune. Upon this baseless assumption there has been built up the whole fiction of the Soviet system as a democratic representative form of government, for the time being in possession of the Bolsheviki, a political party.

So many false conclusions with reference to the Russian problems have been drawn from this erroneous assumption that it is important to make clear, first, that the Soviet, in the present use of the term, originated in 1905 in the self-appointed workingmen's committees that ran the affairs of Petrograd and Moscow during the short period of proletariat control; secondly, that following this example, in the Revolution of March, 1917, Soviets were again instituted by the workingmen and similarly by the soldiers, but that these were not regarded at that time as governing bodies but as councils to protect the interests of their clients before the Provisional Government; and thirdly, that the Soviets were later extended to the peasants, who had never before known of such an institution.

Kerensky and his Government fostered this extension of the Soviet system among the peasants to a certain extent as a means of "deepening the Revolution," that is, with the idea of preventing counter-revolution, and also for the purpose of creating through the peasants a counterpoise to the workingmen's and soldiers' Soviets. But the manner in which the Bolsheviks completed this work of bringing the Soviets to the peasant villages throws still greater light upon the character of this institution and its relation to Russian life. A view of this is sufficient to show how unjustifiable is the assumption that the Soviet is a natural democratic peasant institution, the assumption from which so many false conclusions have been drawn. An eyewitness account of a typical example of the institution of a Soviet in a Russian village will give a clearer picture of conditions in Russia than volumes of discussion based upon the so-called Soviet Constitution and the tales of Bolshevist apologists. The following is such an authentic description with reference to a village in the Province of Perm:

The village of Karagai is situated in the Okhansk district of the Province of Perm. Like most North Russian villages, Karagai consists of a few very wide streets, unpaved, and never cleaned, frightfully muddy in wet weather and horribly dusty in dry weather. It consists of 140 such homesteads, besides a few shops, a smithy, a carpenter's workshop, a church, a school, and a little hospital that served a tract of country nearly as big as Wales.

In the middle of June, 1918, a company of about 150 of the Workmen's and Peasants' Red Army came to this village. The company was composed of Russians, Moldavians, Austrians, and Chinamen; in its ranks were sailors and soldiers who, after attempting to "fraternize" with the Germans, had sought safety in flight; prisoners-of-war who did not wish to return to their native countries; workingmen who had found looting more to their taste than working, and foreign adventurers who had joined in hopes of getting something for nothing. Every man was armed with rifle, bayonet, revolver, and bombs; some carried swords in addition, and the company possessed a machine-gun.

This motley company streamed into the village in requisitioned country carts or mounted upon requisitioned peasants' horses, and billeted themselves upon the inhabitants.

They then sent out into all the neighboring hamlets a verbal notice to all adult males to attend a mass-meeting at Karagai on the following day, after which they ate and drank—especially the latter—most liberally at the expense of the villagers; and, having posted sentries, went to sleep.

Early the next morning they set up their machine-gun on a bit of rising ground that dominated the village green, and posted themselves round the green, in the middle of which was a modest little monument commemorating the liberation of the serfs by the Emperor Alexander II. This they demolished. When the men of the village and surrounding hamlets had assembled to the number of 1,000 or perhaps 1,500, the meeting was opened. The three Commissars, who were the leaders of this company of the Workmen's and Peasants' Red Army, made speeches. These were followed by others of the company, each of whom repeated what his predecessor had said, though he used the high-sounding and stereotyped phrases in a different order, or laid more emphasis than another had done upon some particular catchword. If any of the peasants attempted to speak, he was promptly cautioned to hold his tongue, to listen and learn.

As soon as these speeches were ended, voting was ordered. Every free citizen of the "Russian Federated Soviet Republic" was to record his vote. whether he wished to or not. A line of soldiers was formed across the village green. The peasants were told that to go to this side of the line was to vote for Bolshevism, while to go to that side of it was to vote against Bolshevism.

Two peasants promptly moved to that side of the line, declaring they would not vote for those who denied them the right of expressing their opinions.

At this a halt was called, and these two men were at once arrested as enemies of the People and shot. Their yet quivering bodies were tumbled into a hastily-dug shallow hole, and then "voting" was resumed, with the result that the whole adult male population of the district recorded a unanimous vote for the Bolshevists, as was some time later duly made known in Bolshevist newspapers, both in the capital of that province and in Petrograd.

Bolshevist rule and authority having been established at Karagai in such tragic manner, the now thoroughly cowed peasants were ordered to elect certain committees for the proper control of all local affairs. The elections took place under the supervision of the Provincial Committee, as the three Commissars called themselves, and under the rifles of the rabble that supported it. There was no pretense of anything like free expression of opinion nor of ballot.

In moody silence the peasants cast their votes for whoever seemed to find most favor in the eyes of the gang of armed ruffians who stood around them on the village green, where the two luckless anti-Bolshevists had been so summarily shot and buried.

If the Bolshevists disapproved of a candidate they simply disallowed his candidature. If any elected man failed to meet with their approbation they cancelled his return and ordered a new "election." In this way was secured a return of the most disreputable and unprincipled men of the neighborhood.

The committees thus elected were many in number and various in function. There was the Committee of War, the Committee of Public Education, the Committee of Sanitation and Public Health, the Committee of the Poor, the Committee of Land, the Committee of Forests and Natural Resources, and many others. Their name was legion, so to speak, and wherever one turned or whatever one wished to do one was confronted by some committee.

Supreme power was vested in the Executive Committee, or "Ispolkom," whose business it was to examine the decisions of all other committees and to allow or disallow their measures. The "Ispolkom" was vested with the power of life and death over all persons residing within, or traveling through, its district. Its powers were boundless within its district, and, as the result showed, were most arbitrarily wielded. Its members always went about armed.

If at any time a committeeman became obnoxious to the "Ispolkom," he was at once removed and another man was appointed in his place. Thus in the course of a few weeks all these committees became highly paid tools in the hands of the "Ispolkom." The money for the salaries was raised by "contributions."

Committeemen, who were perfectly illiterate, received 250 and 300 rubles a month. The village postmaster, who had formerly been an elementary school teacher, became president and secretary of several committees and drew no less than 3,000 rubles per month. The president of the Committee of Public Education was utterly illiterate, unacquainted even with the letters of the alphabet. Committeemen received, in addition to salary, a monthly allowance for traveling expenses. This allowance they pocketed, with the knowledge and approval of the "Ispolkom," and compelled those of their fellow-villagers who were not members of the committee to drive them about the country free of charge.

As soon as all these committees had been elected and their powers and duties explained to them a local Soviet, consisting of representatives of all the committees, was formed.

From this it will be readily seen why the mass of the Russian peasants hate and detest Bolshevik rule, while at the same time they are unable to throw it off. Hundreds of insurrections have taken place all over Russia, only to end in ruthless repression and fearful torture and bloodshed. It is under this tyranny that the Russian people are still crouching and it is no wonder that there has resulted an animosity between the country districts and cities.

The Unreconstructed Professor

A GREAT deal has been said and written of late on the professor, not a little of it professor-contributed. We read of his meagre salary in these days of luxurious spenders, of labor barons, and factory *ritters*. We read of ice-wagon drivers in Chicago who purchase sables and diamonds, and contrast with them the sad fate of those whose sole traffic is in learning. So far has this plea for financial justice to the professor gone that many who once gloried in the robe of dignity of the learned profession which sent out no monthly statements now feel that it is no more than a shred upon which the veriest of muckraking journalists may wipe their pens.

And not a little, too, has been said and written concerning the duty of the professor in the present crisis to inculcate in his classes the proper tenets of "Americanism," whatever that term may denote; to promote "patriotism," though it would be difficult to find fifty senators who could give fewer than fifty answers as to the demands patriotism now makes upon us; and to combat the threatened orgies of militant soviets, though, here again, just what form this danger is now assuming is not a little matter of doubt—at least to some college professors.

Indeed and of a truth the college professor, like the dog, has his day; and it has come to him in the press, in the forum, and even on the street. He is pitied for his unpretentious income, he is exhorted to play the man right valiantly, for upon him, he is assured, rests the future of the country. But all this unaccustomed publicity has made him nervous and self-conscious; for the first time in his life he is playing in the spotlight, and like an unschooled girl he shrinks from the glare.

There is something paradoxical in the position of the average college professor. The new position in which he is finding himself causes not a little searching of soul. He envies his colleague in the technical and professional schools, whose work is so clearly cut out for him that a wayfaring man, though a fool, can not err therein. The efficiency of a professor of surgery may be gauged to a nicety by even a layman by the skill with which his students amputate a limb or perform a delicate laparotomy; the professor of engineering can be judged at a glance by the bridges or aqueducts of his classes; even a professor of law may be seen winning immortality for himself by the successful pleading of his horde of young lawyers. "By their fruits shall ye know them," for here the sequence of seed and fruit is close and unmistakable. But how shall we judge the efficiency of a professor of Ancient Languages or of History? People are demanding that the graduates of our colleges be trained for their less easily gauged efficiency as citizens; and the professor of Latin and the public, too, are asking, What connection is there between a mastery of the classics and "one hundred per cent. Americanism," or how can a careful study of Mediæval History so bulwark the country that in these days of peace and during the next war the eyes of the Government will not need the club of the act restraining malcontents and Red Radicals or the spectacles of an Espionage Act? There is a pertinency in these questions; but this very pertinency does not make the college professor any the more confident or his state of mind any less paradoxical.

Nor is his confidence in himself or his profession restored by the blare of drums and trumpets now accompanying the "drives" the country over to raise millions of dollars to cushion the hard academic chairs. The fact that the public is gladly contributing to the cause is to him an argument, either that people still blindly trust in the efficacy of an academic training to citizenship, or that they have so acquired the "drive" habit that they would pour out their money for any cause from simplified spelling to starched linen for the South Sea Islanders. While on general principles he believes that his salary should enable him to buy an automobile, like his brick-laying or coal-mining neighbor, he yet wonders if, like his neighbor, he has an adequate and tangible *quid pro quo* to offer in exchange.

Nor is he helped in the hours of his agonized musings by the attitude of his classes toward him or toward his work. It might have been expected, after the nervous tension of the war and the cry of increasing efficiency, that young collegians would take up the cry and apply their hearts with more energy to acquiring wisdom. Even the professor of Greek would not have been disappointed if his class had at least discovered a positive content in Xenophon or Plato and have agonized a little over the Greek aorist. But as a whole the collegian still remains much as he was before war was declared. There is the same whole-souled abandon to athletics and the social amenities of "college life," and a tacit understanding, in which the professor has almost come to participate, that studies, at least of an untechnical kind, are more or less an irrelevant reason for bringing so many congenial young souls together. They take up some time, are a source of occasional annoyances, to be sure, but parents and public must be propitiated by a small sacrifice on the altar of learning.

For the young of our colleges are only to the slightest degree moved by the forces that are aroused to-day. It is a curious phenomenon that in democratic America the young men and young women of our colleges and universities should be the last to feel the potency of the influences that so charge our social and political atmosphere. Though in Europe the ideas that are threatening a general revolution, that have accomplished more than one revolution, originated with the youth of the universities; here it is the very youth of the universities who are practically immune to the contagion. They at least accept life as it was, or as it is, confident and unthinking, optimists without a philosophical creed. How can a college professor take his work seriously when even his classes can not regard his work except as an irrelevant eddy on life's swiftly moving stream?

It might seem to serve to restore the slipping confidence of college professors, to quote for them Milton's famous sonnet, "They also serve who only stand and wait." But it is a little paradoxical to be told to wait, and in the same breath to have added that the nation looks to these same professors for a new race of citizens "one hundred per cent. American."

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The old ideals of learning perhaps were never more succinctly worded than by Ben Jonson—"learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, and no less persuade and lead men." And this he wrote in times not so different from our own, a day of reconstruction, when political and religious radicalism and anarchy were threatening the foundations of established society. Then, as now, there was alternate trust in and revolt from the established universities; witness Milton's effort to start a practical school wherein everything was to be taught from Syriac to horsemanship and farming, in order that all graduates might have "an universal insight into things." It is curious that then, as now, the chief emphasis was laid upon a study of political institutions, "to know the beginning, end, and reasons of political societies, that they may not, in a dangerous fit of the commonwealth, be such poor, shaken, uncertain reeds, of such a tottering conscience as many of our great councillors have lately shown themselves, but steadfast pillars of the state." This was not written of our Senate after the political fiascos of 1919, but in 1644; and it is in the same pamphlet that Milton describes the usual curriculum for students in even universities as an "asinine feast of sow-thistles and brambles which is commonly set before them as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age."

The truth is that the state of mind of the average college professor to-day has

abundant analogies in the history of every social and political crisis. The moment men's minds are brought sharply against serious problems of reconstruction, with the threat of possible revolution in the offing, they turn at once to education as the sovereign remedy or inoculation against disaster. And it is because he feels the insistent demand of the many that such liberal education as is saved to-day be turned to the practical uses of citizenship and "Americanization," that the professor's heart is heavy with misgiving; for his realm is all knowledge, and his heart recoils at the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of turning the imparting of knowledge, the instruction to good life, and the enforcing of manners, into a propaganda.

Not that the college professor, in his desire to distinguish between the service of God and the service of Mammon, would classify the attempt to twist courses in History or Political Science into courses in Patriotism as a species of devil worship—far from it; but any such attempt at best would perform only a left-hand service to truth. Scientific accuracy, truth, right, and logical judgments based upon correctly drawn inferences, these are the goals of all real scholarship. If in the study of history and political institutions there comes to the student a pride in the stability, the justice, the adaptability of the American Constitution and the American people, it is well and good, and a certain rational basis for a scholarly patriotism has been soundly laid. And it is undoubtedly true that many instructors have, by thoroughly scientific approaches, drawn classes to appreciate to the utmost the virtues and responsibilities of American citizenship. But the results have been achieved as a by-product. One is not inspired to patriotism merely by studying constitutional law or the economics of American industry, though both are essential to a scholarly appreciation of the duties of American citizenship. The truth is that patriotism, Americanization, citizenship, are delicate terms with a thousand of emotional connotations. Though potent, they are as undefinable as the laws of filial affection and filial dutifulness. And it is precisely because into the rational process of imparting knowledge and grounding judgment there have been thrust these emotional and poetic aims that the average professor stands before his task amazed and mightily perplexed.

The easiest and, perhaps, after all, the most logical way out of the difficulty is to "saw wood," to keep the old and traditional ideals of a liberal culture well to the front. For even the Greek aorist, though now sadly neglected, has its use in unlocking the human nature in Sophocles and Plato; and this, rightly handled, will throw floods of light upon our problems of political and social unrest to-day. It will be folly in these treacherous times to forget that the study of the past is significant only as a light for the study of the present—to this extent all liberal culture in the humanities is essentially of the utmost practical value. And if the college professor, through his liberal studies, can see and understand the present, the problem of reconstruction in education ought once for all to be solved; or perhaps, better, there would be no problem of reconstruction in education to solve. Perhaps in this last sentence lies the hint for the solution of all the college professors' perplexities. Perhaps by this hint we may come to that education which is "complete and generous," and will "fit a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war." We have been tested successfully in war—the harder test is now upon us.

PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Book Reviews

A Carthaginian Peace?

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE. By J. M. Keynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

NO book since the armistice has produced an effect comparable to that which has resulted from the publication of Mr. Keynes's volume. Many, and among them persons high in authority in the political and economic world, regard it as dealing a staggering blow to the Treaty of Versailles, and confidently predict that the author's searching analysis and clear-cut deductions will force a thorough and basic revision of that all-important document.

The experience and position of Mr. Keynes give weight to his analysis and deductions. He is a comparatively young man, only thirty-seven years of age. He is a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and a C. B. For the past fourteen years he has been connected with the British civil service, first in the India Office and later in the Treasury. During the war he was in charge of the British financial relations with the Allied Powers, and in this connection accompanied Lord Reading to Washington in 1917 as financial adviser. At the Peace Conference, he was the chief representative of the British Treasury and a member of the Supreme Economic Council. While his name has not hitherto been well known to the general public, he is not a stranger to the leading financiers, nor to those who follow current writings on economic subjects.

In estimating the value of the present sensational arraignment of the work of the Peace Council, it must be borne in mind that Mr. Keynes is a left-wing Liberal, and by nature has a little of that slant of mind which we are accustomed in America to associate with the theoretical humanitarianism and internationalism of the *New Republic* school. It is not to be inferred that this influences the technical accuracy of his expert work in the field of economics. Here he has his feet firmly on the ground, even though the conclusions he draws from the figures that he presents may be questionable. On the other hand, when he deals with political and social problems, he is less certain of his ground and displays an attitude of mind indicative of the slant above referred to.

By way of introduction he makes a rapid survey of the general economic situation of Europe before the war, and lays especial emphasis upon the delicate balancing of the economic interdependence upon which the existence of Europe's millions depended. In most of this he travels well-beaten paths, for few people have failed to realize the significance of the industrial development that changed whole peoples from self-contained units, able to feed themselves from their own agricultural production, into cogs in a complicated machine that absorbed imported raw materials and in turn distributed manufactured articles at a margin that provided foodstuffs from abroad. To this he adds some interesting comments as to the relation of the psychology of society to the accumulation of immense amounts of fixed capital, that capital which played a predominant part in the organization and operation of the economic machine itself. He is not alone in calling attention to the fact that it was the inequality of the distribution of wealth and the tendency of the rich to save the acquisitions of their new wealth, instead of spending them on their own enjoyments, that made possible the building up of the great accumulations of capital which distinguish our present age. It is his conclusion, however, that the war has disclosed to all the possibility of consumption and to many the vanity of abstinence. From this he deduces further the inevitability of revolutionary changes in the capitalistic system and that the war settlement must take these into account if civilization is to preserve its gains. From this standpoint he finds that the Treaty of Versailles is not only immoral, in that it violated the conditions upon which the armistice was entered into, but destructive, in that its execution would preclude the restoration of healthy economic life.

Mr. Keynes's account of the interplay of ideas and personalities in the Peace Conference is full of interest, and, on the whole it only tends to confirm judgments already formed on this side of the Atlantic. He pictures M. Clemenceau as the disillusioned and even cynical realist

who devoted all the force of his strong personality to safeguarding the future of France by the crippling of her perennial adversary. Bismarckian in his estimate of men and national interests, he had no faith in the possibility of the moral reformation of the Germans or in a new and altruistic world order. Even on this basis, however, his vision was limited by his ignorance of European affairs outside his own country. A similar ignorance handicapped Lloyd George, who furthermore placed the exigencies of domestic politics ahead of considerations of international welfare. Indeed, the author attributes what he terms the unjustifiable reparation exactions, as well as the demands for the punishment of those responsible for atrocities, to the necessity of putting more "ginger" into Lloyd George's Parliamentary campaign in December, 1918. Unwarranted promises had to be made to stimulate support for the Coalition party.

The author's estimate of President Wilson and his part in the Peace Conference is an illuminating feature of the book. To begin with, he lays emphasis upon the prestige of moral leadership with which the President came to Europe, a leadership, however, concerning which Mr. Keynes was somewhat disillusioned after coming into personal contact with Mr. Wilson. He sized up the President as a man who was not a hero or a prophet, not even a philosopher, but generously intentioned, with many of the weaknesses of human beings, and lacking that dominating intellectual equipment which would have been necessary to cope with the subtle and strong personalities that he had to face in the Council. He analyzed him at first glance as a man whose temperament was not that of the student or the scholar and who had not much even of that culture of the world which marked Clemenceau and Balfour. He found the President insensitive to his surroundings even in the external sense; incapable of judging character, motive, and subconscious impulse in the men with whom he was dealing. The clue to his character Mr. Keynes discovered in a temperament and habit of thought which were theological rather than intellectual, and which were further handicapped by a surprising lack of information in regard to European conditions, and in a mind that was slow and unadaptable. His adversaries, on the other hand, realized that their chief problem was to convince the President that all the settlements they desired, no matter how selfish and brutal, were in accord with the President's sentimental and moral concepts as expressed in his Fourteen Points and his subsequent addresses. How well they succeeded in this was shown by the difficulty which they found in changing the President on some of the points on which they had previously convinced him. As Mr. Keynes expresses it:

> To his horror, Mr. Lloyd George, desiring at the last moment all the moderation he dared, discovered that he could not in five days persuade the President in error in what it had taken five months to prove to him to be just and right. After all, it was harder to de-bamboozle this old Presbyterian than it had been to bamboozle him; for the former involved his belief in and respect for himself. Thus, in the last act the President stood for stubbornness and a refusal of conciliations.

The author feels that the Treaty of Versailles in its exactions is dishonorable in that it fails to conform with the conditions undertaken with Germany at the signing of the Armistice, namely, that it should be based upon the Fourteen Points and the subsequent addresses of the President. For this point of view Mr. Keynes has much to justify him, though it should also be pointed out that he fails to take account of the vagueness and the manifest inapplicability of the code embodied in Mr. Wilson's generalizations. After all, no statesman versed in the practical affairs concerned in a general European settlement could take these sweeping enouncements of purpose as a definitive practical formula.

The heaviest artillery of the book bears on the subject of reparations. This is discussed in almost every possible aspect, and the presentation is undeniably powerful. Upon one point, which involves no intricacy, the author's emphasis, however great, is no greater than the case demands. He brings out with startling impressiveness what every man of sense must recognize, even without the aid of the specific arguments he marshals, the absolute necessity of giving Germany a genuine chance to restore her producing power and her commercial activity. It is preposterous to ask her to pay heavy indemnities, in addition to shouldering the inevitably heavy burden of recreating normal conditions, and at the same time cut her off from the requisite access to raw materials and to the opportunities of international trade. On this point at least, all reasonable men should be in agreement.

It is on the subject of the amount of the reparations that there is grave reason to doubt the soundness of Mr. Keynes's view. The subject naturally raises three questions. The first of these is, What is the total amount of Germany's obligation under the terms of the Treaty, (*a*) as actually drawn, (*b*) as it should have been drawn according to the armistice agreement? In Mr. Keynes's judgment the amount assessed against Germany in the actual Treaty will prove to be about 40 billions of dollars, while the extreme limit of what a proper interpretation of the armistice agreement would have allowed is 15 billions, 10 billions being his own estimate for the latter sum. The basis of his computation is, of course, too complex to enter into here; and the point is not of the first importance for practical purposes. The second question is whether a definite sum, and this a sum not greater than what Germany might reasonably be expected to pay, should not have been fixed in the Treaty as the limit of her obligation. On this point we are emphatically in agreement with Mr. Keynes's opinion. It is, however, to the third question that Mr. Keynes devotes the most elaborate and searching inquiry—the question how much Germany will find herself able to pay; and it is upon this question that, in spite of his impressive marshaling of facts and figures, we see very strong reason to doubt the correctness of his conclusion.

To justify this doubt it is not necessary to pick flaws in Mr. Keynes's figures or statements of fact, although many detailed criticisms might be advanced. The objection we have chiefly in mind is a very simple one. However great the force of the particular items adduced by Mr. Keynes—the apparent limitations of Germany's producing power, the gravity of the new difficulties under which she labors, the diminution of her man-power through the casualties of the war, the obstacles which her rivals are likely to put in the way of the extension of her trade, etc.—however impressive these items are, the sharpest test of his argument relates to what he says about the limits of Germany's "surplus productivity"; which he estimates on the basis of what it was before the war, and brings down to the small sum of $500,000,000 by various considerations into whose validity we need not inquire. In regard to those other items, shrewd men will recognize that there are all sorts of unknown possibilities of development in a great number of particular industries which may upset the figures; but most men feel that there is a kind of fatal finality about "surplus productivity." But by "surplus productivity" is meant the annual excess of production over consumption; and this can be increased by reduction in the amount consumed as well as by increase in the amount produced. Mr. Keynes does not overlook this point altogether; but he gives it merely a sidelong glance, and the few words he devotes to it involve a fundamental error. He assumes that any encroachment beyond the line of "surplus productivity" would necessarily mean a "lowering of the standard of life and comfort." But in normal times this is by no means the case. The surplus productivity of Germany before the war, estimated at upwards of two billions of dollars, was a surplus of production over an amount of consumption which included a vast quantity of luxuries; and the surplus could have been increased

very much by diminishing the consumption of those luxuries. The same thing will presumably be true in Germany again, not many years hence. And under present-day practice in taxation, hundreds of millions of dollars might annually be taken for the payment of indemnities with no other effect than the cutting down of expenditure on luxuries, and, therefore, with no appreciable lowering of the standard of living for the masses. In fact, the "surplus productivity" argument, when examined, has very little force. Accordingly, while Mr. Keynes is unquestionably right in saying that the 30 or 40 billion dollars which constitutes the total of Germany's obligations contemplated in the treaty is beyond her ability to pay, we do not find that he has made out a case as to her inability to meet the requirements of interest and sinking fund on the 15 billion dollars which is all that is definitely imposed upon her.

Before leaving this part of the book, we can not forbear to draw attention to a point which seems to us to have an important bearing upon the trustworthiness of Mr. Keynes as a guide in these high matters. The settlement which he thinks ought to have been made, and which he formally proposes as a substitute for the actual one is as follows (p. 260):

(1) The amount of the payment to be made by Germany in respect of reparation and the cost of the armies of occupation might be fixed at $10,000,000,000.

(2) The surrender of merchant ships and submarine cables under the Treaty, of war material under the armistice, of State property in ceded territory, of claims against such territory in respect of public debt, and of Germany's claims against her former Allies should be reckoned as worth the lump sum of $2,500,000,000 without any attempt being made to evaluate them item by item.

(3) The balance of $7,500,000,000 should not carry interest pending its payment, and should be paid by Germany in thirty annual instalments of $250,000,000, beginning in 1923.

We have no quarrel with Mr. Keynes for thinking—whether he be right or wrong—that this would, for one reason or another, be a wise settlement. But we do not see how it is possible for any man of training, not to speak of an expert economist such as he is, to represent $2,500,000,000 in ships, etc., plus thirty annual payments of $250,000,000 each, as constituting a total of $10,000,000,000. This is not the first place where he mentions this total. At page 135, for example, he says that "it would have been a wise and just act to have asked the German Government at the peace negotiations to agree to a sum of $10,000,000,000 in final settlement without further examination of particulars." Thirty annual payments of $250,000,000 have a present value, not of $7,500,000,000, but of $3,850,000,000 (interest being reckoned at five per cent.). If it is legitimate to spread the total over thirty years, it is legitimate to spread it over a hundred; but the present value of those hundred payments would be only a shade more than $1,500,000,000. Of course no one knows this better than Mr. Keynes; and only an extreme bias in favor of the result he desired could possibly have led him to make a statement which, while misleading no competent person, was calculated to make a superficial impression that the figure he was proposing ran high into the billions.

When Mr. Keynes concludes his arraignment of the injustice and impracticability of the Treaty in its reparation exactions, and his warning as to the menace which it presents for the future of European civilization, he turns in a final chapter to the subject of remedies. His suggestions are four: The revision of the Treaty; the cancellation of inter-Ally indebtedness; an international loan and the reform of the currency; and the opening of new relations with Russia. There can be little doubt that changes and revisions in the Treaty will be necessary and that they will be made with greater ease as war passions are mollified by time, and the desperate economic situation in Central Europe insistently demands treatment. The proposal to cancel inter-Allied war indebtedness, desirable as that might be, seems scarcely within the bounds of practical politics in this imperfect world of ours. One can scarcely see members of Congress in Washington proposing to abrogate ten billions of war loans. A great international loan will probably be found necessary, and may be engineered if the leading financiers and statesmen of the world can agree upon the conditions of making it and of utilizing it. The manner in which he proposes the fourth of his remedies, the opening of Russia, shows again the slant of mind earlier referred to. That the resources in food and raw materials which Russia can furnish to Europe are indispensable to European reconstruction is too well known to require discussion. But such production and exportation, in the presence of the existing Bolshevik régime in Russia, are not within the bounds of possibility. Forces are working within Russia towards the overthrow of this impossible system. How soon they will achieve success we do not know, but it is out of the question to base any hopes upon the solution of the difficulties of Europe from the direction of Russia until this eventuates. That Germans must have an opportunity to participate in the development of Russian resources goes without saying. This is a matter which is beyond the control of the Allied Powers or the Reparation Commission. In fact, the restoration of normal conditions in Europe waits on the solution of the Russian problem, and Mr. Keynes's inclusion of this in his list of remedies is based on fact, even though his interpretation may be subject to serious criticism.

Education in a Democracy

A Lover of the Chair. By Sherlock Bronson Gass. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

MR. GASS turns over from many angles the leading problems of education in a democracy, and the wider problem of democracy itself. The matter is generally cast in dialogues, with the disillusioned scholar described in the title as arbitrator. Despite a certain crabbedness and inflexibility of literary form, the book is a notable one. It is thought through, and has flights of grave eloquence. As a survey and estimate of modern society, as offering a tenacious criticism which is ever tinged with human sympathy, the book is a true landmark. On the side of education the author has no difficulty in showing that the present lurch towards vocational training in the public schools is really not democratic at all. It assumes that a child is to be fitted for a place in which he shall stay—an aristocratic assumption. Democratic training would look towards stimulating the individual to wisdom and magnanimity, and thus towards producing an ever more enlightened and generous majority opinion. Democracy can remain valid only on condition of an unsparing criticism of its ideas and processes, and withal on condition that something of private convenience and prosperity shall be sacrificed to the right conduct of public interests. Without willingness to forego obvious utilities, democracy perishes, for "Democracy is at bottom only a faith in the nobility of the people."

At this point enter the economic humanitarian. Mr. Gass hits him off in his numerous species with telling humor. Your humanitarian preaches not sacrifice, but material prosperity for the unfortunate. The common denominator is social sympathy. Assure people that they are abused, impute merit to them for this cause, promise them what they want—such is the nearest approach to a programme. This sort of socialism is merely an inverted form of aristocracy. There is no faith in the people, and no method of training them politically. Somebody is to know what is good for them, and these somebodies, having no common idea, all differ. Moreover, social compunction is often really a tribute to Mammon.

Every age has its own way of feeling the raw edge of life, and this is our way. It's a matter of reactions. When tyranny's the thing the poets climb down and are shocked and join the revolution. There's the Eighteenth Century in France. When it's hardened tradition and sophistication, when convention, title, and rank are in the saddle, it's neglected

individuality and merit that cry out: "There's the Eighteenth Century in England." And now wealth's the thing, and poverty fills us with horror.

The book closes with an autobiographical fragment which is its best literary feature and has the advantage of bringing the various problems involved to a moral focus. We recall nothing that reveals so fully the aimlessness of the modern college, caught between vocationalism and fading ideals of humane education, as the record of the author's college days. His life, ironically that of a college professor, soon resolves itself into the old but ever urgent dilemma between the active and contemplative life. He gives the former a fair trial in settlement work, and nearly succumbs to its warm appeal. Finally, he withdraws to his chair, at last without irony. Humanitarian activity has built up no standards and furnished no ideas. He will henceforth devote himself to the great intangibles upon which, after all, civilization rests.

> For in realizing that the spiritual structure, the humanizing product of men's thought and wisdom, kept its tenuous life so precariously, and had its life at all only in men's minds, he saw how supreme was the value of those men who shut themselves—perforce, to-day, alas—aloof from the world, mastered the records of the past, wrote their new volumes, taught, or perhaps merely preserved by their example the tradition of the love of learning.

Amid a thousand hustling and professionally hopeful books on education and politics this one, with its quiet and whimsical seriousness, is rather likely to be overlooked. To overlook it, however, is a serious reader's loss.

Between Worlds

Michael Forth. By Mary Johnston. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Outland. By Mary Austin. New York: Boni and Liveright.

WHAT is "the truth about" Miss Johnston? Is she too deep for us, or has she a showy opalescence of surface that baffles the eye? Her work appears to have three chief phases. There were her early costume romances, "To Have and To Hold," "Audrey," and so on which launched her on the way to what looked like a safe popularity. They had the right blend of colorful phrase, hectic emotion, and red-blooded action (perhaps that label was still to appear); and their none too unconscious "literary" touch of style did them no harm with the audience of that day, which had not yet learned on the highest authority, as we have, to despise style. Miss Johnston seemed to have a sure thing, and perhaps some critics, after the notorious habit of their envious tribe, twitted her on the fact. At all events, she soon withdrew from it into regions where she was safe enough from the approval of the vulgar populace. Her second phase was the heavy-historical, in which she entreated with indubitable zeal and ingenuity, but quite dubitable effect, certain dramatic world-episodes. Why, when they were so earnestly conceived and zealously executed, did not these books get hold of us more? Why, especially, did the two Civil War novels, "The Long Roll" and "Cease Firing," fall so dull and flat upon our consciousness? Here, surely, in these responsible and dignified efforts to interpret the unforgotten tragedy, the writer's serious and somewhat portentous manner might justify itself. A Southerner, the kinswoman of a great Southern general, she might reveal the 'sixties as they had not been revealed before. But these books were heavy, turgid, overstrained—dull. One wearied of their insistent pressure upon the nerves and the emotions. At best, one "waded" through these carefully, even prayerfully written records. There was no pleasure in them to atone for their interminable high flown yet melancholy drone.

The third phase set in some years since, and is still "on": a mystical rhapsodic phase which interprets the world in terms of some circumambient and fluid superworld which knows not time or space or stability, but unites all men and all things in a kind of golden sempiternal flux. Life is continuous; the soul of our grandam has more or less its will of us. We live many lives in the flesh; we toddle, in each new existence, down a predestined and vaguely familiar path. If the hopeful reader delve patiently enough in "Michael Forth" he may unearth the not very satisfactory love-story of two young Southerners of our own day, a Michael and his Miriam. They are ancient mates, we gather, and seem a good deal more excited in chasing back their intimations of a joint immortality than in living and loving through the incidental present. We savor a sort of psychical joke when Miriam dies—it matters so little to their real union. A joke on death or, perhaps, on the misguided myriads who are so dull as to be depressed by death. Michael does admit that her departure has done something to him: "The 'I' posited itself in a realm somewhat nearer to the all. It tented there." The old campground! . . . "Miriam was there, profoundly, deeply, truly there." Not only profoundly, but deeply. . . . I have no wish to mock at this evidently earnest dreamer. But it is fair and friendly to caution her that there is an accent of psychic hysteria about all of her recent work. Perhaps the only safe way to be a Swami is to keep one's tongue firmly in one's cheek, or at least to be able to laugh at those who overdo the ecstatic. If Miss Johnston is capable of laughter, there is nothing in her books to show it: the utmost one might postulate would be a pale and trembling smile, directed patiently yet encouragingly towards the eternal heavens. Page after page here, chapter after chapter of supra-liminal prophecy, dim and continuous: yes, a word of warning is in order that this way lies, if not madness, at least a form of mental disintegration. One paragraph may be quoted as a fair sample of the oracle's utterance:

> The sea ran round the world. The fluid air was not here nor there, it flowed far and near. . . . I sat upon the deck of the *Zeus* and listened to Ransome the traveler—but also I was away from this—all around and all through. . . . Flowing mind that was also Ransome's mind, as it was Miriam's mind, and others and others in incalculable numbers—the host of mind. . . . Strong was the rapture! Thought there had great voice—God voice. It sank away, but its shadow, its echo, lingering, clothed itself in words from an ancient dialogue between man and man—between the individual and the Generic Consciousness.

One may confess an unregenerate impulse, when people talk or write like this, to make the specification "the Virginian" did on a famous occasion:

"When you say that, *smile!*"

Mrs. Austin's "Outland" is a less pretentious and more intelligible adventure between worlds: a fantasy vividly conceived and gracefully and consistently developed. The idea seems familiar enough, yet we are able to recall nothing quite like it. Algernon Blackwood and others have told tales of contact between modern men and the living gods of nature, Pan or some lesser one. Another British novelist (John Buchan, was it?) has recently told a striking story of the survival of a mysterious race among the far mountains of Scotland who are supposed to be a remnant of the ancient Picts, living in remote fastnesses of the hills and now and then wreaking their malice upon the luckless shepherds or travelers through that ill-omened region. This is in a way analogous to Mrs. Austin's idea, since her "Outliers" also represent the survival of a primitive race; but in her narrative the element of horror, usually dominant in this general order of fiction, has almost no place. And her primal folk are given no historic name or habitat. The scene happens to be California, in a stretch of wooded country, not many hours' journey from city or sea or fashionable resort. The man is a literal-minded professor in a nearby university; the woman a teacher who has retired to her lodge in the chosen (and accessible) wilderness in order to be an author at leisure. The man is the woman's staid and unimpassioned suitor. He thinks they ought to marry because they are good companions and because they are *not* in love. She can not marry him on those terms; nor can she be happy without him. She can not write, he will not woo, and matters are at a deadlock when a dim trail into

the wood leads the woman among a strange, though not unfriendly, folk. The man blunders after her, and the rest of the story, which shall not be butchered in any sentence or two of abstract, deals with their adventures among this people of primitive and endearing character; and with what they learn of themselves through that experience. It is the kind of story which can not be told with any amount of merely mechanical ingenuity and be anything less than offensive; Mrs. Austin has felt and conveyed the charm of a delicate and original fancy.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Art of the Greek Ceramists

A HANDBOOK OF GREEK VASE PAINTING. By Mary A. B. Herford. Manchester University Press. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

MISS HERFORD tells us that in this brief account of the Greek ceramists and their art she aimed to produce a book primarily for "non-specialist" readers, and also one that might prove useful to students as an introduction to more technical works or to the study of other branches of Greek art. A double purpose of this kind is admittedly difficult to carry out. There is always danger of falling between two stools and satisfying neither group of readers; and this danger Miss Herford has not entirely escaped. Her earlier chapters, on the potter and his craft, the shapes and the uses of Greek vases, will hardly make a strong appeal to the general reader, especially the decidedly technical distinctions between the different varieties of amphoræ, hydriæ, and other forms. The "non-specialist" is likely to be somewhat upset when, after working through this dry material, he finds in later pages references to a number of less common shapes which are not included in the chapter on forms, and are either not described at all or only inadequately described in the connections in which they appear. One wonders, too, whether the general reader will readily catch the meaning of various undefined technical terms, such as "Kleinmeister," "matt" colors, and "Phaleron ware," and whether it would not be well to explain, when the word first appears (p. 14), that the "Karameikos" was the potters' quarter in ancient Athens, rather than on its second appearance (p. 18). It is true that the definition is given in the Index, but as the Index, in general, is not treated as a glossary, the reader can hardly be blamed if he fails to find this means of answering his question.

On the other hand, the student of art and archæology, trained, presumably, to demand exactness in the use of terms, may well be puzzled to find the aryballos described as similar to "small pear-shaped vases without foot" (p. 41), after it has been described and pictured (pp. 30 and 31) as a sub-class of the lekythos, with a "low ring-foot." It may irritate him, after he has been told that vases with the name Leagros should be assigned to the decade beginning about 510 (p. 78), to read three pages later that Leagros is "the hero of the last decade of the *fifth* century"; and if he is familiar with his classics, the numerous small errors in the accentuation of Greek words may weaken his confidence in the writer's accuracy in other matters.

In this respect, our assumed student reader would do Miss Herford an injustice. In general, her statements of fact are accurate, and show, especially in the second, or historical, part of the book, that she is conversant with recent discussions and theories. She writes pleasantly and vividly of the vase-painter's craft, and enlivens her text with frequent and appropriate references to Greek literature and to ancient and modern works of art. Some of these allusions, such as the comparison of the work of Assteas to that of Blake, are decidedly original and interesting. The illustrations—made, for the most part, from photographs—are well chosen and excellently reproduced. The book, therefore, may confidently be expected to make the Greek vases more generally appreciated than they now are. But one leaves it with the feeling that a better popular account *could* be written, that the writing of such *livres de vulgarisation* is still among the things which "they order better in France."

The Run of the Shelves

THE claims of James Whitcomb Riley are recalled to mind by Mr. Marcus Dickey's new book, the "Youth of James Whitcomb Riley" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), in which four hundred pages of record and rhapsody are lavished on the poet's youth alone. The *Review* will not re-try the case. At most, it may venture a word on the principles that should govern the award. In the homeliness of Riley's dialect there is neither accusation nor amnesty. It fixes nothing. So far as the court of criticism goes, the dispensation from standard English, which is cheerfully granted in the Riley case, is not a dispensation from literature; it is not a dispensation from sense or art or style. There are various ways of being rough as of being smooth, and literature in both forms recognizes only the best ways. What posterity may wish in regard to Riley, if it makes him the subject of a wish, is not that he had been less of a ploughman and more of a cavalier, but that he had been more of a ploughman and less of a loafer. Even in his own furrow Riley is an uneven workman, an inconstant toiler. In the very same poem, between firmnesses he is flabby; between tensions he is nerveless. He was doubtless zealous in his art after a fashion, but it is easier to be zealous than to be steady. It is easier in a way to give one's life to art than to give half-an-hour to the subjugation of a rebellious line. Riley's half-hours were too precious to be thrown away upon niceties; he had six volumes to write.

Men are sometimes vindicated by the quality of their detractors; they are sometimes arraigned by the nature of their eulogists. Mr. Dickey's book is a sincere, generous, loyal book; its good-nature is so sunny, and so unlike in its comprehensiveness, that it exhorts a sort of unwilling return from the doubting or contentious reader. Nevertheless, it is little short of a menace to Riley's fame. It is prolix and vacuous; in nature, by the by, the greatest amplitudes are voids. It is gushing and florid; around *springs* one expects to find *blossoms.* Mr. Dickey quotes very freely from Riley. He quotes indiscriminately, or rather he seems to be guided by a perverse dexterity to the wrong quotation. If he quotes from Longfellow's "Morituri Salutamus," for example, he is guided past the imaginative line, "So many ghosts are in the wooded plain," past the glowing metaphor,

> How far the gulf-stream of our youth may flow
> Into the arctic regions of our lives,

to settle down upon perhaps the two most arid and lustreless lines in the whole poem,

> Study yourself; and most of all note well
> Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.

The effect of the application of a talent so fatally inspired as this to a faculty so portentously unsure as Riley's may readily be guessed.

This is not all. The havoc which Mr. Dickey's adoration is to work in the reputation of his idol is still incomplete. This book is curious, and in its way valuable, in its picture of a bygone literary taste, a taste juvenile from the outset and juvenile to-day in its very senility, like Mrs. Skewton in "Dombey and Son." The cult was showy, facile, smartish, not so bad in its avowedly ornamental and sentimental passages, though these were bad enough, as in the plasters of ornament and sentiment which it was pleased to apply to passages which were in substance plain and practical. Riley undoubtedly had close affiliations with this cult, and the unwilling and unconscious wrong which this book does to its idolized subject is to present Riley almost exclusively in the clutch of these affiliations. If a man is half, and only

half, a fop, he is lost if he allows himself to be decoyed into a group-picture in which the other participants are fops. Riley was half a twaddler; the neighborhood of twaddlers is his bane. Mr. Dickey's book scarcely permits him a moment's release from that compromising fellowship. A manlier taste in his biographer would have acted as summons and incentive to the manlier Riley to emerge from his retirement. Riley found his vocation in the portrayal of humble life in his native Indiana. One can not help fancying that part of the virtue of this step lay in the fact that the return to his people was the exodus from his class. That exodus is in a sense revoked in Mr. Dickey.

Dr. Trevor H. Davies' "Spiritual Voices in Modern Literature" (George H. Doran Company) is a book the contents of which transpire in the very title. The reader infers that Dr. Davies is a clergyman of the English Church in Canada; that the point remains to the last an inference is a just indication of some breadth in his theology. He is a well-bred and (comparatively speaking) well-read clergyman, writing a colorless, but limpid and fluid English, not a close reasoner, but so partial to order and classification that his book is almost tiled with subdivisions. He wishes to find in modern literature a reënforcement to modern Christianity, and the original feature in an unoriginal book is his addition of the names of John Masefield and of Ibsen (in "Peer Gynt") to a list in which the appearance of Tennyson, Browning, Wordsworth, Ruskin, and James Smetham, is entirely normal and intelligible. The appropriation of Mr. Masefield by the church is hardly spoliation, though it is interesting as a mark of the effacement of the last echo of the hue and cry which greeted the appearance of the "Everlasting Mercy" not so very many years ago. That poem was essentially Christian, and if its blasphemies and ribaldries were meant to ward off the pietists, it is interesting to note that the period of their efficiency is past. The case of Ibsen is very different. It is undoubtedly true that "Peer Gynt" is a condemnation of half-heartedness, and that half-heartedness is the bane of modern Christianity. But it must be remembered that Ibsen, through the mouth of Brand, represented the God of orthodox Norway as a bald old man with skullcap and glasses, and it is unlikely that he would have been cordially responsive to the distinction that Dr. Davies might draw, possibly with justice, between orthodox Canada and orthodox Norway. Dr. Davies, at variance with Ibsen on the main point, desires to profit by Ibsen's authority on a secondary question on which their agreement is decided. Of course, any side is quite right in availing itself of a friendly particular in the testimony of a generally unfriendly witness. But in the special case where that witness is cited as an authority, a distinct problem arises. His general unfriendliness becomes a fact which it is unfair to withhold and impolitic to confess.

The Harvard art department have put their heads together and produced an admirable catalogue raisonné entitled "Collection of Mediæval and Renaissance Paintings," and the Harvard University Press has given the handsome quarto every advantage of fine presswork and illustration. Over sixty pictures are reproduced, most of them being of the primitive Italian schools. These pictures have been collected with the end of illustrating the courses in the history of art. The pictures are so representative that the editors have been able to build a succinct history of primitive European painting around the nucleus afforded by the Fogg Art Museum. The brief chapters on the several schools are competently done. That on Byzantine painting is the best short account available in English. Especially good also are the color descriptions, which are clear without tediousness or over-elaboration. The editors record such pictures by artists represented in this catalogue as are in other American collections. Bibliographical features are pretty full and sensibly presented. Where the editors deserve high praise is in their correct and scrupulous conception of their task. The business of a catalogue is to present the actual state of knowledge about the objects catalogued, and not the floating mass of conjecture. A cataloguer should not make new attributions for disputed pictures, but arbitrate existing attributions, and he should accept none that can not measurably be proved. So evident a counsel of probity should not need to be urged, but when one recalls such wild work as was made in the official catalogue of the Jarves Collection at Yale, the scholarly conservatism of the Harvard editors appears in a very favorable light. They know how to reject flattering attributions even when offered by incautious distinguished experts, they query attributions which most gallery officials would welcome with open arms. In short, the catalogue is a remarkable exhibit of the New England conscience, and withal taste, as applied to the often charlatanistic field of connoisseurship. Such a work will not soon go out of date. This catalogue should be immensely valuable as an adjunct to instruction at Harvard, and it should serve widely as an example. It is a fitting crown to the remarkable work of building the Fogg Museum up from almost nothing—and in only about fifteen years—to its present estate of importance. The interest of the collection may be judged from a mere enumeration of some of the Sienese masters on the walls. There are fine and certain examples of Simone Martini, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, Andrea Vanni, Taddeo Bartoli, Sassetta, Matteo di Giovanni, Benvenuto da Siena, and Girolamo di Benvenuto. These may not be on household lists of the world's ten greatest painters, but they offer so many pure delights to such as know how to love aright the pictorial poetry of the City of the Virgin.

"Father Duffy's Story" (Doran) is the regimental history of the 69th New York Regiment, which bore its official designation, the 165th Infantry, impatiently as an alias. The book begins with the return of the regiment from the Mexican Border, and ends with its return after service overseas with the Rainbow Division bearing nine new furls on the regimental flagstaff for actions from Lunéville to the Argonne, followed by a period of comparative rest with the Army of Occupation on the Rhine. It follows one thread faithfully through the intricate pattern of the war. It is not so much history as one of the sources of history, a first-hand document by one who had and used well every opportunity to see and know what was going on not only in trenches and dugouts, but at headquarters, and in the minds of the men. Father Duffy is priest, soldier, scholar, man of the world, and man of action; he is quite as at home in French city, French village, front line trench, headquarters mess, or observation post as in his own parish in the Bronx. Indeed, wherever he is he is in his own parish; colonels came and went, but Father Duffy took his parish to war and brought it back. He is always in the very heart of it, and to every man in the regiment he is father, mentor, and friend —we see it half the time as a militarized parish, and half as parochial regiment. We see it, its members, and all its actions, in all human and all humorous aspects no less than heroic and historical. The regiment stands out as against a white screen, without background of the war as a whole, and without visualization of scene. But the tale does not profess to be a work of art. A glimpse of what we might have had if Joyce Kilmer had written it we get in the appendix. Father Duffy wisely did not attempt to continue Kilmer's narrative; his work stands sturdily on its own feet, and deeply as we may regret Kilmer's relinquishment of the task, we may be grateful for Father Duffy's assumption of it. The book holds interest in every page; even those which in the author's phrase "bristle with names" have the same interest that every town and camp in France had a few months ago; you are likely to come upon someone you know in any one of them.

Drama

Jacinto Benavente: Theatre and Library

BENAVENTE'S "La Malquerida," or the "Passion Flower," as it is ornamentally and inexactly named in the current presentation at the Greenwich Village Theatre, is a play which bears perusal with difficulty and reperusal even less. Dramas abound in disguises; in the "Passion Flower," we have drama itself in disguise, one play masking as another. The result is unlucky in two ways; the initial, or covering play has no room to culminate; the final and actual play has no time to unfold. The first play is the tale of a young man, shot on the eve of his marriage, and of a former rival who is accused of the crime, acquitted, and pursued after his acquittal by the unslaked vengeance of the victim's fiery kinsfolk. This drama, exciting, traditional, and superficial, is drawn aside like an Elizabethan traverse to reveal a drama of quite another kind, brooding, internal, sinister, deadly. Its persons are three, stepfather, stepdaughter, and mother, and the element which makes this simple grouping dynamic—I had almost written dynamitic—is the reciprocal, though up to the last moment unconfessed, passion, of stepfather and stepdaughter for each other. The link between the nominal and the actual play is simple; the stepfather in the second is, through jealousy of the girl's betrothed, the prompter of the assassination in the first.

Let us turn now to the conduct of the major play. I will dwell no more on the fact that this play spends an act and a half in haunting its own outskirts. Nor will I enlarge on the uncomeliness of the theme. Tragedy is tragedy; no one expects an earthquake to be polite. What is Benavente's handling of these materials? My answer is emphatic. I can scarcely name another play by a tried and deft hand in which the disposition of the materials is so inept. The situation is not developed; it is scarcely even revealed. I might almost say that the real drama is compressed—not to say crushed—into five terminal minutes. The march of events in these minutes is of a dizzying, a blinding, rapidity. A drama's business is to make us see. "Why did the man (the stepfather) kill his wife?," I was asked by my companion in the theatre. I had read the play not ten hours before; I had seen the act not ten minutes before; yet the question halted, almost thwarted, me. The last few minutes are revolutionary, but to make the confusion still worse—the last few seconds undo the work of the last few minutes.

The fault lies largely in the nullity of the characters. The girl Acacia, hating her mother because she loves her stepfather, and at the same time hating her stepfather because she loves her mother, is a conception astonishing enough; but in the execution she dwindles into little more than an average rebel and vixen. With the stepfather the failure is no less clear. He is a good man who commits a murder. In our country this would call for explanations; Benavente offers none. For him, apparently, a little murder now and then is only human; Americans are too inquisitive. The mother, though fairly comprehensible, is unindividual and uninteresting. The trouble with all three persons is that they are half-savages; yet, since they are likewise half-commonplace, their interest as savages is incomplete.

These objections occurred to me in the reading of the play. My experience at the Greenwich Village Theatre the other night was a very curious mixture of indorsement and refutation of these views. Nearly every objection was confirmed by the testimony of the boards, yet the despair of the play which those objections had bred was almost entirely reversed. The play itself as a work of art, as the rationalization of a train of events, was utterly defenseless; it was blind and lurching; it reeled from point to point. Yet the play held the audience; it held the critics; and the final curtain fell upon the vivid general sense that the night was memorable in the present theatrical season in New York. This was partly due to the unusual merit of the acting, but it sprang likewise from the atmosphere of tense expectation—the atmosphere of a powder-mill—which was generated by the play itself.

Miss Nance O'Neil seems predestined to parts in which something passionate and savage finds sudden issue through a rift in the ordered circumstance of a subdued and peaceful life. Her Raimunda is a sister of her Odette in the "Lily," of her penetrating and unforgettable Monna Vanna. Raimunda as an individual is far less salient than Monna Vanna, and it is partly for this reason that Miss O'Neil's acting of the part, fine as it is, may be classified as superb melodrama. Her voice alone is an endowment. There is a brocade in its texture which can give distinction to commonplaces, can exalt them without inflating them. But its efficacy goes much further. Its depth and gravity supplies to those moments of passionate abandonment in which she delights precisely the chastening and corrective background which midnight furnishes to conflagration. The part is extensive and exacting, but it leaves no dent or mark on the amplitude of her resources. Her Raimunda is something of a wilderness, but a wilderness is the place for novelty and fascination.

Mr. Charles Waldron as Esteban, while rather too human and manly for his part, gave a clear and touching picture of the man whose nature has been cleft in twain and of the effort of the broken pieces to rejoin and re-annex each other. Mr. Robert Fischer's Tio Eusebio was perhaps the most finely imagined of all the parts, and Mr. Edwin Beryl fitted snugly into the tiny part of Faustino. The Angelus was tolled in Act I, and in Acts II and III there was a lovely and benign setting that impressed me like an unceasing tolling of the Angelus.

I take this opportunity to say a word or two on a recent translation of four of Benavente's plays by Mr. John Garrett Underhill (Charles Scribner's Sons). "No Smoking" is a one-act play, in which moderation is apparent in the merit of the anecdote and the skill of the telling. "Autumnal Roses" is a loosely woven story of family and fashionable life in which the autumnal roses represent the belated domestic peace which unlimited patience and forgiveness secure to exemplary wives. The trouble with these roses is that they are stemless, the play offers them neither root nor stalk. The "Governor's Wife," in three acts, is a comprehensive and particolored satire on town life in a Spanish province. Its detail and its changefulness give one the sense of running up and down any number of twisting lanes and alleys in some unswept Spanish town in the distant hope of final emergence into a spacious and practicable thoroughfare. The only play in the volume that interests me is "Princess Bébé," a study of the errant and peccant offshoots of modern royalty in that stringency of conditions which makes life vacuous within the palace and desolate without. The psychic insight and the force of the reasoning in this work are truly remarkable, but the drama slumbers while the characters talk, and auditors might slumber with the drama.

Mr. Underhill is bent on clarity and disapproves the "interlinear" translation. He usually understands the text, but in the interest of an imaginary clearness, he abounds in verbal alterations, which, to say the least, are fussy and meddlesome. I refer the curious reader to the comparison of Princess Helena's last speech on page 119, and the whole dialogue between Gonzalo and Isabel, on pages 221-229, with their respective originals in the "Teatro" (v. 10, p. 165; v. 11, pp. 9-23). Mr. Underhill wants to write between the lines; the reader would be grateful for the opportunity to *read* between them.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music

Mary Garden and "Louise" —The Concert Season

I WONDER who conceived that "Music Week." The same bright mind, perhaps, which devised the "Blue Bird Week." The ideà, in each case, seemed so "pretty, pretty," that we must surely have owed it to a woman's brain. But did we need to intensify our music production? It pleased some thousands to get opera gratis, just for a change, at the Manhattan. It might have delighted more to have Caruso sing to them, on the same terms. Apart from that one free performance at the Manhattan, though, what good came of the "Music Week" campaign? The dealers may have sold a few more pianos, or pianolas, and gramophones. And then? What then?

The critics (who are in a class apart) have long been praying for less music, not for more. And they are doing the same thing, I read, in London. They have found it hard to cope with two big opera houses, three symphony orchestras, and recitals beyond counting. They did not clamor for more shows and concerts, even heralded by silvery carillons. If we could weed out half the recitals of each season, the higher cause of music might not suffer.

For art, you see, implies a wise selection. And art is poorly served by poor recitals, nor is it greatly helped by spurts of interest. If the dear people who conceived that "Music Week" had been really in earnest, they would have turned their attention to more permanent things. They would have joined the ranks of those who for years past have tried to induce Congress to give us a National Conservatory, and, as a corollary, at least one National opera house. Without them, we shall never build up music. Without them, we shall concontinue to be what we are—vassals of foreigners in music, in our concert rooms, and especially in our opera houses.

We should have music in our homes and public schools. We should eventually have not only a great National Conservatory (preferably in New York or Chicago, not in Washington) but also allied State conservatories. As an example, we should have a National opera house. But this should be but one of fifty houses for the production of American lyric drama, in which the operas of the world, including our world, should be interpreted in English, by Americans.

The reception given to "Cleopatra's Night," at the Metropolitan, proves, if we needed proof, that operatically we are moving, slowly but surely. The performance of Frederick Converse's First Symphony, by the Boston orchestra, gave hope, and more than hope, in other ways. And now I hear that the First Symphony of Louis Gruenberg—an American, like Mr. Converse and Mr. Hadley—has been accepted by three symphony societies. A few more facts like these might turn our composers from the "comic" opera field, and prompt them to create good, honest music.

There is a tendency to sneer at our composers, to discourage their young gropings after art. And against this tendency it is high time to fight. French opera was not made in a day, nor was the Wagnerian form of art named music-drama invented without many searchings. Our composers are just shaking cff their swaddling clothes. They should be encouraged in their struggles, not discouraged. Some day we shall yet have good American operas, American symphonies, and American tone-poems. But not unless we stimulate their creation.

La critique est facile, et l'art est difficile. It is very easy to point out the plagiarisms of Mr. Hadley. We might do better to extol the ingenuity, of which, in his "Cleopatra's Night" and other works, he has given evidence, the intelligence with which he has mastered the principles of opera, the art with which he has, to be sure, not invented a new orchestration, but assimilated and at times developed the inventions of his forerunners.

Some day we may have an equivalent, not merely imitative, of the "Louise" which was revived, to our great joy, last week at the Lexington. It is quite possible to find a theme on our East Side no less dramatic in its way, and no less poignant, than the one used by Charpentier. New York is full of "heroines" like Louise—weak, wayward girls, rebellious against fathers, scornful of mothers and intent on pleasure. The voice of our great city calls to them as beguilingly as that of Paris called to Louise. The end is often here as in Montmartre, a domestic tragedy. We have not, heaven be praised, such men as Julien. But we have Bolshevists and other kinds of rebels, as potent in their appeal to the young Grand Street dressmakers as that French phrase-monger and fifth-rate poet.

In the character of Louise, Mary Garden, who is nothing if not "personal," again fascinated us by the intensity, even if she grieved the sensitive by the perversity, of her interpretation of Charpentier's work girl. Miss Garden sang the only air (*"Depuis le jour"*) allowed her by the composer, with a beauty of expression, a flawlessness of intonation, and a warmth of feeling, which should have dismayed those critics who persist in telling us that "she can not sing." Her rendering of that song was full of ecstasy, the outpouring of a woman drunk with love. The episode at the opening of Charpentier's third act in "Louise," beginning with that wonderful air and continued in the later scene for Louise and Julien, to my mind at least is the most untrammeled, the most masterly, the most beautiful love rhapsody since "Tristan and Isolde."

But why, when from that scene, as in the first act of Charpentier's love romance, we learn that Louise was intended by the composer-librettists to be an echo, not an inspirer, of her lover, does Miss Garden more or less distort the significance of the character by making it so dominant? The centre of the opera is the father of Louise and not the daughter, a father modelled on Charpentier's father. Perhaps because she can not help herself. She is swayed and run away with by her temperament.

The Mother in "Louise" of Maria Claessens restored the right meaning of that part. You must know France and the traditions of the French to understand (as few here do) that, in this mother, we should not seek a virago, or an unfeeling woman, but a good, honest, although rather narrow soul, hampered by conventions if you will, yet really striving to protect a willful child against a lover whom she believes to be a peril to her. Mme. Claessens sang her music with fine taste and, at the close of the third act, was most pathetic. The Father of that excellent bass-baritone, Hector Dufranne, was, as it has always been, impeccable in its sincerity. And the orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Charlier, almost redeemed itself from the distressing faults which shamed it when it attempted Verdi's "Falstaff."

It was a mistake for the Chicago Opera Company to revive that masterpiece with a baritone so utterly unsuited to the title-part as Giacomo Rimini, a soprano—an admirable soprano—like Rosa Raisa, barely recovered from an illness, as Mrs. Ford, and inadequate artists in some other rôles. Above all, it was wrong to expose so fine and eloquent a work to absolute shipwreck by performing it without long and close rehearsal. The one singer in the cast who achieved success was Désiré Defrêre, whose interpretation of the part of Ford surprised the disheartened audience by its artistry. What Mr. Rimini did not know of the fat Knight would have filled volumes.

The reappearance of that master of the sweet art of song, Alessandro Bonci, gave joy to thousands who attended the revivals of "Un Ballo in Maschera" and even more antiquated works at the Lexington. There is still room here for the old "hurdy gurdy" operas when they are dignified by singers such as Bonci.

(*Continued on page* 164)

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(*Continued from page* 162)

And now a word about the concert season, with its three local and its visiting symphony orchestras, its countless recitals and its choral societies. It has been crowded—far too crowded for the critics, who have had on many days to attend a recital and a concert in one afternoon, and round out their day by listening to two operas.

The New York Symphony, the Philharmonic, and the New Symphony Societies have, in the main. kept very closely to safe lines. The "Eroica" and the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven have had due honor. The admired "Unfinished" of Schubert, the "Pathétique" of Tschaikowsky, and other stand-bys have not been neglected. One work of promise, a symphony by John Alden Carpenter, of Chicago, has had a hearing. The "Pagan Poem" of Charles Martin Loeffler (by adoption a New Englander, though born an Alsatian) has been revised, besides the "Salome" of that versatile New Yorker, Henry Hadley, and other efforts by less-known Americans.

Of the last three works I have named, "Pagan Poem" seems by far the best. If the composer of that beautiful tone poem had checked himself when he had told his tale, he would have given us an uncommonly fine example of orchestral music; not possibly at all points quite original (for Loeffler is impressed by French and German influences, and more especially by the Debussy spell), but really vital and informed with poetry. It is amazing that the imaginative works of Loeffler are so seldom played here by the societies of which Mr. Walter Damrosch, W. Stransky, and Mr. Bodanzky are the directing minds. In France and elsewhere they are valued highly.

At the first concert of the well-drilled Schola Cantorum, under the conductorship of that industrious student of the old and new in art, W. Kurt Schindler, Mozart's "Requiem" and Handel's "Ode to St. Cecilia" were, sometime ago, at last restored to us. They had been slighted, as they never should have been, in favor of "The Messiah" and "Elijah," which even those to whom they seem most precious would not much miss, for at least a year or so.

Of recitals there has been no end. Violinists, pianists, 'cellists, singers, harpists, of all merits and demerits, have insisted on their right to self-possession. They have sung to us and played and gone their ways. And some, not many, have left memories in their trail, enchanting memories. For example, Kreisler, who to-day stands at the head of the great fiddlers of the world, the worthy successor of Ysaye and Wilhelmj, unequaled as to the purity of his tone, his breadth and feeling by anyone just now before the public. His performance of the Beethoven concerts a few weeks ago gave the full measure of his satisfying artistry. His rendering of one marvelous cadenza almost won pardon from the despisers of cadenzas, among whom I count myself.

Then came the pianist, Guiomar Novaes, who, by the beauty of her art, her romantic fervor, and her impeccable technique, reminds one strangely of that flaming light of music, the once, to some of us, incomparable Carreño.

We have heard other gifted pianists this season—Gabrilowitch, Profiew, Moiseiwitch, Rachmaninoff, and more. We have heard violinists of unquestioned gifts. But, of them all, two have shone as the stars: Fritz Kreisler and that siren, Guiomar Novaes.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

Health

The books written for laymen on the subject of health are of two kinds: handbooks of specific information, and the more general discussions which include such allied subjects as the mental attitude towards bodily welfare.

Among the former, the "American Red Cross Textbook on Elementary Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick" (Blakiston, 1917), by Jane N. Delano, is brief and gives references to further reading; "How to Live; Rules for Healthful Living" (Funk, 1916), by Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., is a publication of the Life Extension Institute; "Good Health; How to Get it and How to Keep it" (Appleton, 1917), by Alvah H. Doty, is another brief book; there is also "How to Prevent Sickness" (Harper, 1918), by G. L. Howe. More specific in their subjects are "The Cause and Cure of Colds" (McClurg, 1910), by W. S. Sadler; "Mrs. Rorer's Diet for the Sick" (Arnold, 1914), by Sarah T. Rorer; and Dudley A. Sargent's "Health, Strength and Power" (Caldwell, 1904), which is about gymnasium exercises.

Annie Payson Call's "Nerves and Common Sense" (Little, 1916) is one of a number of books by this writer. E. M. Bishop's "Daily Ways to Health" (Huebsch, 1912) is well recommended; and so is Henry D. Chapin's "Health First" (Century, 1917). Hollis Godfrey's "The Health of the City" (Houghton, 1910) contains ten chapters on conditions which make for health or disease in the city; it is an important and interesting work, but is a study of the community rather than a manual to be used as a guide to personal health. It has references to further reading.

Woods Hutchinson's writings are so readable that he has suffered the penalty of popularity, and been suspected (unfairly, I believe) of superficiality by those who believe that only bitter medicine is valuable. His "Handbook of Health" (Houghton, 1911), "Exercise and Health" (Outing, 1911), "Instinct and Health" (Dodd, 1908) (also published as "Health and Common Sense"), and "Civilization and Health" (Houghton, 1914), contain chapters upon many topics of interest. Of those books which treat the topic generally, Luther H. Gulick's "The Efficient Life" (Doubleday, 1913) is good, and Richard C. Cabot's "What Men Live By" (Houghton, 1914) has always been in high favor.

Many experts will doubtless recall the man in Jerome's story, who reading too much on the subject, concluded that he had every disease from ague to zymosis (except housemaid's knee), and they will endorse the prescription given by his medical friend, which is still (with certain reservations in accord with our new purity) sound advice for most men: "1 lb. beefsteak with 1 pt. bitter beer every 6 hours; 1 ten-mile walk every morning; 1 bed at 11 sharp every night; and don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Baxter, Arthur Beverly. The Blower of Bubbles. Appleton. $1.75 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Wyndham's Pal. Stokes, $1.75 net.

Cournos, John. The Mask. Doran.

Holdsworth, Ethel. The Taming of Nan. Dutton. $1.90 net.

Howard, Keble. The Peculiar Major. Doran.

Merrick, Leonard. The Worldlings. Dutton. $1.75 net.

Oppenheim, E. P. The Great Impersonation. Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Hornblow, Arthur. A History of the Theatre in America. 2 volumes. Lippincott. $10.00 net.

Tassin, Algernon. The Craft of the Tortoise. Boni & Liveright. $1.50 net.

POETRY

Allen, W. F. Monographs. Boston: Four Seas. $1.25 net.

Roth, Samuel. Europe: A Book for America. Boni & Liveright. $1.25.

Whitin, C. B. Wounded Words. Boston: Four Seas. $1.00 net.

SCIENCE

Bishop, E. S. The Narcotic Drug Problem. Macmillan. $1.50.

Hill, H. W. Sanitation for Public Health Nurses. Macmillan. $1.35.

Hopkins, U. M. The Outlook for Research and Invention. D. Van Nostrand Co.

Walsh, James J. Health Through Will Power. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

Wood, Frederic J. The Turnpikes of New England. Marshall Jones.

LITERATURE

Foster, B. O. Livy, 13 volumes: Books 1 and 2. Loeb Classical Library. Putnams.

Ker, Walter C. A. Martial's Epigrams. Two volumes. Book 1. Loeb Classical Library. Putnams.

THE REVIEW

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MR. LANSING might, and probably would, have done well to resign long ago. Mr. Wilson might, and probably would, have done well to request his resignation long ago. The relation between the President and his Secretary of State was abnormal. Mr. Lansing submerged his individuality, and yet on some vital matters avowedly differed radically in opinion from his chief. That he acted, however, with scrupulous loyalty, both before and during the President's illness, is too clear for dispute. The very conduct for which the President so harshly, so unreasonably, and so ungenerously censures him—the calling of the Cabinet conferences—was evidently inspired by the desire to make possible the continuance of the President's hold on authority during an interval in which his inability actually to fulfill its responsibilities was manifest. The country has shown straight common sense in resting its rebuke of the President upon the manner of his dismissal of the Secretary, and not at all upon the mere fact of parting with him. For this last the simple fact of want of harmony would have furnished an all-sufficient reason.

LIKE the jaded epicure who finds in the long-forgotten savor of a dish of pork and beans a zest which the high-flown arts of French chefs had long ceased to purvey, the country, surfeited with idealism soufflé, listens to the old-fashioned Democrat talk of Vice President Marshall with a good deal of relish. His letter is not a masterpiece, but neither does it pretend to be a masterpiece. It has some of the customary faults of the old-time party pronouncements, but it has some virtues of its own. It winds up with an honest expression of Mr. Marshall's state of mind, which belongs to this particular time and no other, for at no previous time has there been occasion for just such an expression:

> If a faith of this kind appeals to the Democrats of Indiana, I desire to go as a delegate at large to the convention at San Francisco to advocate this kind of a platform, and to ascertain whether everything that made the Republic great was right or wrong.

SOME of the points made by Mr. Marshall are worthy of special note. In the first place, he comes out as emphatically as did Mr. Hoover the other day against the submergence of the individual—the substitution of all sorts of schemes of socialization for that self-reliance which has been the very foundation-stone of American character. "Legislative efforts," he says, "to produce justice and good order in society by listening and acceding to the demands of persons and classes will, in the hour of peace, produce failure." Secondly, he declares that "this is still a federation of States, demanding that the States discharge the duties of local self-government"; and, although the historical accuracy of this statement may be challenged, now that the Eighteenth Amendment has been sand-blasted into the Constitution, it is sound in spirit and purpose. A less fundamental but not less urgent issue is touched upon when Mr. Marshall includes in his programme the election of

> an executive pledged to discharge the countless officials and innumerable agents made necessary by the war and to administer public affairs along economic lines even to the point of the veto of every bill carrying not only unnecessary and ill-advised appropriations, but appropriations for the benefit of a few citizens rather than for the common good.

All in all, though the letter is marred by some see-sawing and some padding, it bears out the idea, so well expressed at its close, that the biggest issue to-day is "whether everything that made the Republic great was right or wrong."

IN two respects the demand for the surrender of the German war criminals differed distinctly from that for the extradition of Wilhelm von Hohenzollern. It was based on an accusation of specific crimes, and the Entente's right to enforce its execution results from the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles by the German National Assembly. The legal grounds on which Queen Wilhelmina based her negative reply to the note of the Allied Powers offered, consequently, no support to the German Government for its refusal.

Nevertheless, the Allied Powers have acted with wisdom and dignity in acceding to that refusal. The concession is coupled with the requirement that the German Government shall carry out in good faith its declaration of readiness to bring to trial the men accused of high crimes against the laws of war and the established usages of civilized nations.

The difficulty is by no means at an end; it will be no easy matter to procure a genuine trial of high German officers by their own countrymen, and a judgment in accordance with the evidence. The Allied Powers distinctly reserve the right to enforce the terms of the treaty in the event of the trials proving to be a mere pretence. But it was evident that insistence on the surrender of hundreds of leading German military men, to be tried by enemy judges in an enemy country, would have meant a convulsion whose consequences threatened to be ruinous to the whole world. The solution arrived at represents the nearest approach which was possible to the reconcilement of justice with necessity.

FOUR weeks ago, when Secretary Glass, Mr. Hoover, the President, and others were urging upon Congress the provision of $150,000,000 for immediate use in rescuing the starving populations of Armenia, Austria, and other countries, the *Review* said: "To hesitate or delay, in the face of such harrowing need and such clear opportunity, would be a criminal failure of duty." The House Committee to which the matter was referred haggled over it a while and then cut down the proposed amount to $50,000,000. And now Washington press reports tell us that it is doubtful whether the measure thus crippled will be passed at all. We can only add that what we formerly stated *would be* a criminal failure of duty has now become a criminal failure of duty. The leaders of the majority in Congress should take warning in time that the next election will not turn wholly upon the political crimes and blunders of their opponents. The utter callousness of Congress to the terrible conditions which this measure aims to relieve misrepresents both the humane feeling and the sound judgment of the American people.

IF the American Legion is to become an instrument for extorting money from Congress—and the sad thing is that Congress is only too willing to be bludgeoned in this way—then it would have been better if the Legion had never come into being. The men charged with the responsibility of its organization must have been perfectly aware of how things were going. It can not be supposed that they liked the prospect. But they chose to sponsor an organization which they hoped in part to control to good ends, rather than that there should be no organization at all, or one which was openly and shamelessly devoted to the raiding of the Treasury. It is by no means certain that their choice was a wise one. Having made it, the leaders should throw all the influence they possess, as they did very effectively when the question was one of mob violence, to the diversion of the Legion's energies into other channels. If the Legion wants something to do, let it concern itself with the scandalously lagging business of re-educating disabled soldiers. Within the Legion itself there should be a fight to the finish on this question of "bonuses," and it should be made now. Not until such a fight has been made, no matter what its outcome, can the public see plainly where the Legion stands, and effectively reckon with its power both for good and evil.

OFFICIAL warning has been given that Canada takes very serious exception to the Lenroot reservation. N. W. Rowell, Acting Secretary of State for External Affairs and President of the Privy Council, states explicitly that Canada can not and will not give her assent to any impairment of her status and voting rights under the Treaty. He calls attention to the fact that Canada's contribution to the common cause in the war was not levied upon her from across the Atlantic but was the voluntary action of a self-governing Commonwealth. A due regard for the sacrifice of lives and substance thus willingly and independently made renders it inconceivable, he thinks, that any Government in Canada could be so false to both living and dead as to consent to her elimination as a voting member in the League Assembly. The clause in the League covenant which provides for such membership was, of course, a recognition of the large measure of independent self-government which has been so widely given to the outlying parts of the British Empire as rapidly as they have seemed equal to the responsibility. This privilege of independent representation in the League Assembly, as distinguished from the Council, involves no danger to the interests of the United States, as has been amply shown since the subject has been under public discussion. The Senate will make a very serious mistake if it gives just offense to Canadian self-respect and national feeling by insisting upon a reservation which is not required by any legitimate American interest.

MR. WILSON'S memorandum on the Dalmatian question chiefly raised the thought—Why of all outstanding issues is Italy's claim unfit to be compromised? The very terms of the peace treaty are constantly being readjusted. Compromise is possible with Germany—nay, with the unspeakable Turk. Why should self-determination with all its "i"s dotted and "t"s crossed be reserved for Italy? Against Mr. Wilson's oddly inflexible devotion to that principle of self-determination which elsewhere he has yielded, we have to se[illegible] certain common-sense facts. Italy has suffered frightfully through the war. Her deaths and casualties were proportionately as great as England's, her financial sacrifice fa[illegible] greater. She sees England an[illegible] France dividing Arabia and Afric[illegible] under mandates. She receives onl[illegible] what would have been allotted he[illegible] had she preserved neutrality. Perhap[illegible] Italy ought to be satisfied with th[illegible] sense of duty done, but so long a[illegible] France, England, Japan, and recent[illegible] hostile Croatia and Dalmatia, g[illegible] every hearing and every concessio[illegible] from the Supreme Council, while sh[illegible] gets none, Italy is going to be di[illegible] contented. And an alienated Ita[illegible] means a crippled League of Natio[illegible] These are facts that should ma[illegible] Italy's claim seem negotiable. Th[illegible] look more impressive than a tar[illegible] and vehement assertion of the pu[illegible] dogma of self-determination.

A STRANGE rumor has come out of Moscow concerning the death of Kalinin, one of the Bolshevik Commissars, which was reported by the Soviet wireless a fortnight ago. According to this unconfirmed rumor, Kalinin, who was considered a very energetic and capable man, and not a Bolshevik by tradition, was elected President of the Council of People's Commissars in place of Lenin, who was chosen Vice President, and thereupon the Lenin faction put Kalinin out of the way by poisoning him.

Wild as this rumor is, it can not fail to draw attention to certain almost inevitable developments within the Soviet policy. In revolutionary times, strong and vigorous men spring from obscurity to positions of responsibility and power. It is natural that these new men, conscious of their ability to administer large affairs and direct men, should become impatient of the authority of the doctrinaires in whose hands power has remained since the November Revolution. To these newly emerging men of affairs, Lenin, Bukharin, Chicherin, and the rest must seem like old fogies and doctrinaires, tied to an unworkable programme. It would not be strange, therefore, if, in view of the numerical inferiority of the convinced Communists, and the growth of new classes within the Soviet organization, there were taking place to-day a struggle the outcome of which will be great changes in the structure and principles of the Russian Government.

A SPECIFIC knowledge of the American form of Government as a requirement for a college degree is the aim of a nation-wide campaign just announced by the National Security League. Instruction in American history, including drill in the Constitution, used to be a part of the curriculum of most colleges, and if it has recently been slighted, it ought certainly to be jacked up. Method is everything in these matters. We want no more, for example, of the partisan teaching of history which for so long fostered anti-British feeling. True, American youths should still glow with pride when they read how our forefathers rebuffed a tyrannical old English king, but it is not sportsmanlike to keep picking on a bully whom you have trounced and who has made amends. Our schools and colleges ought normally to engender patriotism, but only as a by-product. Any tendency in peace times to shout "America first" would be not so different from that strident chorus, "Deutschland über Alles."

A SIR OLIVER for a "Pussyfoot" Johnson—which country is the gainer by this exchange of professors? The one peddles a substitute for what the other takes away from us. England is fortunate in having tasted of the substitute before there was nothing else to taste, and is not likely to put herself in a position to get a craving for it.

LAW as a shackle on the progress of justice, powerless or unwilling to correct its own anachronisms and inequities, is a favorite theme with the type of mind which imagines that the first condition of progress for the train of civilization is to tear up the track. Organizations of lawyers themselves, however, are busily at work trying to bring law and legal procedure into harmony with improved conceptions of human justice. The New York State Bar Association has just issued a pamphlet of extracts from the Annual Report of its Committee on Law Reform, suggesting various changes either in legislation or in rules of procedure, all intended to bring legal relief more simply, speedily, and cheaply within the reach of the citizen. As the recommendations adopted are all clearly of this beneficent type, and were made without serious opposition, one must certainly acquit the New York State Bar Association of any disposition to maintain traditional injustice merely because it is traditional, or because the shrewd lawyer can use it for his own gain. The type of lawyer who to-day dominates such organizations is neither the Bourbon nor the shyster.

IN addition to various specific reforms suggested, which we need not stop to enumerate here, the Association passed a general resolution, urging all bar associations, State or local, to exert themselves systematically to procure the elimination from the law in their respective States of any anachronistic features impeding the proper administration of justice and thwarting those rights in which the citizen should be secure. It was further recommended to all bar associations to take steps for a systematic study of actual conditions in the administration of justice, as affected by anachronistic legal institutions, rules and documents. And the New York Association set the example by immediately providing for a committee of its own membership to take up this task. The Association appeals to the press for aid in calling attention to this sensible step towards legal progress. It is a matter of vital interest to every citizen, and it is to be hoped that this interest will find such clear and general expression as to insure reasonably prompt and thorough action.

THE professors in the University of Washington have taken the trouble to prepare their case in detail. The substance of the pamphlet embodying the report of the Association of Instructors is familiar enough, but the figures are presented in a form which should command wide attention. Briefly, living costs have increased about 100 per cent., while the average increase in salaries, arriving from ordinary promotions on grounds of seniority, is less during the last five years, and less by a good deal, than the normal increase during the years preceding the war. According to the family budgets of teachers of all ranks not a single faculty family is operating without a serious deficit. If increases to the teaching staff were to be made equal to the advanced wage scales in other occupations, something like 100 per cent. would be necessary. The professors are content to ask for a modest 50 per cent. The State Legislature, when it meets in 1921, can hardly fail to see the force of the figures here presented. The average of salaries in the University of Washington is 43 per cent. below the aver-

age for 28 other institutions, and a full 30 per cent. below the average for the same institutions in 1912-13. Until the Legislature takes action, however, the Washington professors will presumably live as they can—on their expectations.

The President

IN his letters of dismissal to Mr. Lansing, President Wilson has made a glaring exhibition of the worst qualities of his mind and character. For imperious arrogance and for intellectual irresponsibility alike, they represent an attitude to which it would be difficult to find anything like a parallel in our political annals. Mr. Wilson rarely condescends to justify by specific argument any position that he chooses to take; in this instance he has assigned for his course a reason which nothing but contempt for the opinions of his fellow-citizens could possibly have led any normal man to put forward. In the painful situation which has thus arisen, there is some comfort in the thought that the country has unanimously dismissed as absurd his charge that the informal Cabinet meetings which were held during his illness constituted a usurpation of power or a violation of the spirit of our Constitutional Government. His right to call for the Secretary's resignation on general grounds is undisputed, and no fault would have been found if he had done so. As it is, a wave of indignation has swept the country with little distinction of party. The one thing lacking has been the assertion by the other members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Lane, of the position which the clear requirements of manhood and self-respect called upon them to assume.

That the President's real reason for dismissing his Secretary of State was not the one which he assigns as the determining cause of his action is doubtless true enough. Other causes are mentioned in the correspondence itself; and moreover they have been perfectly well known to the public for many months. Rumors abound also of special causes for the President's displeasure which have not come to the knowledge of the public. But to delve seriously into these things would be a process not only futile but humiliating. We have not yet reached the point where it should be regarded as incumbent upon American citizens to endeavor, like the subjects of some Oriental despot, to surmise the secret thoughts that inspire the conduct of their ruler.

It would be an injustice to Mr. Wilson to treat this particular performance as a fair example of his usual conduct. His physical condition, together with the terrible disappointments which during the past half-year he has suffered, is unquestionably responsible for the utter lack of judgment and restraint which he has in this instance exhibited. But it would be an injustice to the truth not to recognize that his attitude in this matter is merely an exaggeration of that which he has repeatedly and persistently manifested in the past. His attitude toward the United States Senate in the matter of the Treaty has shown in only less extreme form the same spirit. Had it not actually happened, it would seem incredible that any man with the clear necessity before him of gaining the good will of a body without which he was powerless to effect his great purpose, could have used the language he did in his speech of March 4, 1919, on the eve of his return to France. "Gentlemen on this side," he said, "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." Thus to add contemptuous defiance to persistent ignoring of his associates in the treaty-making power was to flaunt in their faces the kind of arrogance to which it is not in human nature to submit, and which has had consequences tragic to himself, to his country, and to the world.

In saying all this, we are proceeding on the assumption that the President's mind, however disturbed by his illness and by the terrific strain under which he had so long labored, is not in any definite sense impaired. This latter possibility can not, indeed, be ignored. Recent assurances of the most emphatic kind from physicians in close attendance upon the President are to the effect that his mind is absolutely sound. Opinions of the opposite kind are expressed by some others. But the country must act on the one assumption or the other. For five months, in the face of almost impenetrable secrecy as to the facts in the case, newspapers and public men of both parties have forborne to press the question. They have acted on the supposition that Mr. Wilson is still clothed with all the powers and responsibilities of his great office. Whatever was necessary to be done in order that the Government should function during his partial or complete inability to attend to the business of the Presidency has been done, and no more. If this state of things is to come to an end, well and good. But there is at present no sign of the relinquishment by Mr. Wilson of any portion of his authority. On the contrary, he has never asserted it more aggressively or more dictatorially than within the last week. No consideration for his personal feelings, or for lamentable developments which may yet take place, but which at present can be only matters of conjecture, can be allowed to stand in the way of that truthful criticism to which the acts of the head of a republic must be subjected in a time like this if the republic is to be safe.

So far as the *Review* is concerned, its readers need hardly be told that it has studiously refrained from all avoidable fault-finding. Not only during Mr. Wilson's illness, but in the preceding months, its anxiety to promote the possibility of a conciliatory settlement between the President and the Senate had caused it to put as little stress as possible upon the faults of either side. It has never aspersed the motives either of the President or of the great bulk of the Republican opposition. But a time comes when there must be plain speaking. In the temper and method now displayed by Mr. Wilson there is the greatest possible danger to our domestic welfare and to our international relations. If that temper and method are the manifestation of a mind in sound condition, they call for

stern and unsparing rebuke; if the mind is not in sound condition, the country has a right to know it and to be relieved of the danger which it implies. The former must be assumed to be the fact until the contrary is established; and however disagreeable the necessity under all the circumstances, it is the duty of the press to speak the words which the situation demands.

Prices and the Gold Standard

DURING the campaign of 1896 advocates of the gold standard, though absolutely right in their stand for sound money, were frequently very far from right in the reasons they assigned for it. Nothing was more common than for them to attempt to settle the whole question by referring to the gold dollar as an absolute standard of value. You might as well, they said, have two different yardsticks to measure length as have two different dollars to measure value. The gold dollar was a fixed and unvarying measure of value; the silver dollar was just whatever it might happen to be, and at the time was about half of the real thing. If the price of wheat had been cut in two, that showed nothing whatever about a change of value in the gold dollar—it only showed that the value of wheat had fallen; and so on all round.

For this view there was not the slightest countenance in any accredited doctrine of political economy. The great majority of competent economists were, to be sure, opposed to bimetallism; and almost without exception they were opposed to the Bryan programme. But in neither position did they rest the case on any assumed perfection of the gold unit as an unvarying standard of value. They were opposed to international bimetallism because they did not think it would work out practically to maintain the parity of gold with silver at a fixed ratio; and they were opposed to Bryan's programme of "16 to 1 without asking the aid or consent of any foreign nation," because this would mean a debasement of the actual currency of our country—the currency upon which all business transactions, all contracts and debts, had been based for many years. But Mr. Bryan was entirely right in asserting that the value of that currency—the value of the gold dollar—had greatly risen in the course of those years, and that this rise of value had, in large part at least, been caused by the demonetization of silver in this and other countries, since that demonetization had greatly lessened the aggregate volume of the monetary medium in the chief commercial nations of the world.

We are now in precisely the opposite condition, and are accordingly witnessing precisely the opposite phenomenon. The high purchasing power of gold, a quarter of a century ago, was due to the fact that the volume of the monetary medium—the effective monetary medium, comprising gold, circulating substitutes (whether silver or paper) kept on a par with gold, and bank credits—had not kept pace with the volume of business, as measured in commodities and services; and in the same way the low purchasing power of gold in this country to-day is due to the fact that the volume of the effective monetary medium has increased vastly more than the volume of business, as measured in commodities and services. If, comparing with five years ago, twice as many dollars are available to-day to pay for other things—for wool and cotton and iron, for bread and meat and candy, for clothing and furniture and gimcracks, for skilled and unskilled labor, and professional services—and if the quantity of those things available for purchase has not increased, then on the average twice as many dollars will be paid for each of these various things; though of course, for a multitude of special reasons, there will be great deviations (up and down) from this average ratio.

A word as to the way in which this is brought about may be helpful, for some very intelligent persons experience a certain difficulty in seeing it. Merely because I have more dollars, they ask, why should I pay a higher price for what I want? But the reason is very plain. Anybody who has more dollars than he had before wishes to do something with the extra dollars; he wishes either to spend them or to save them. Now if the things to be bought for the dollars are no more abundant than they were before, then, at the old scale of prices, he would be getting more of the things than he got before, and somebody else would have to go without. Accordingly somebody—either he or somebody else—will pay a higher price rather than forgo the satisfaction of his desires; and in this competition of purchasers prices are raised. Nor is the case different if he prefers to save instead of spending. People do not in our time put their extra money into a stocking. They invest it so as to draw interest. But to invest means, directly or indirectly, to engage in some form of production or trade; and this, in turn, means to buy either commodities or labor needed for the carrying on of that production or trade. Thus the extra money is put to just the same kind of use as the old money—the purchase of commodities or services. And if the aggregate quantity of those commodities and services remains the same while the number of dollars available for the purchase of them is doubled, the average price of them will be doubled also.

But, although theory plainly indicates that this will happen, and although the fact that it has happened is not the basis of the theory but only a fresh confirmation of it, there exists in some quarters a curious disposition to deny that the high prices are caused by the superabundance of dollars. It is difficult to account for this state of mind; but we have little doubt that it is partly to be accounted for by a persistence of the delusion—not clearly acknowledged indeed, and in large part altogether unrecognized, yet operating by a sort of subconscious habit—the delusion we referred to at the beginning of this article, that gold is a fixed standard of value. These opponents of the quantity theory of money are apt to devote a great deal of energy to proving what nobody denies—that the currency of the United States to-day

is, all of it, as good as gold; that, measured in gold, the dollar has not depreciated. They are quite in the right, too, in pointing out the difference—which, however, is also one that nobody denies—between our currency and that of England, or France, or Italy, where the current money is not exchangeable at its face value for gold. But after all this is admitted, we still have the fact that the monetary medium of this country is vastly greater in volume than it was before the war, and that the volume of business to be done with it—as measured in commodities and services—is but little greater than it was then; and that in this state of things the purchasing power of the dollar must of necessity go down just as it has done. And we have yet to see any argument advanced to show how any other result could follow from these data.

It may be instructive to take a glance at two recent illustrations of this attitude toward the quantity theory of money. In an article in *Scribner's Magazine*, Mr. A. D. Noyes says:

> Economically speaking, there is no other way to measure depreciation of a currency except by ascertaining whether and how nearly it can be exchanged, dollar for dollar, for gold coin. People who say (and one hears it said pretty frequently) that the currency is depreciated in relation to commodities, are merely juggling with words. If the simple fact of the recent advance in prices is to be accepted as meaning that our currency is depreciated, then, in case of a world-wide harvest failure in an ordinary year—a failure which had put up prices on the average, say, 5 or 10 per cent—one would be driven to the inference that the currency had even then depreciated by that percentage. The conclusion could not be escaped on such a line of reasoning, even if that currency consisted of nothing but gold coin. But this is to involve the whole discussion in meaningless absurdities. It is the kind of reasoning which would first say that prices have risen because the purchasing power of money is less, and would then turn about and say that the purchasing power of money is less because prices have risen.

But the quantity theory of money perfectly recognizes that high prices are quite as capable of being brought about by diminution of productivity (failure of a harvest, for example) as by increase of the monetary medium. In so far as productivity has diminished in these last years, it accounts for the rise of prices. How serious that diminution has been, nobody knows. But everybody knows that there has been enormous increase in the monetary medium; and all that the quantity theory says is that this increase has caused a corresponding rise of prices. As for the "meaningless absurdities," however, of which Mr. Noyes gives so curious an illustration, they exist only in his own mind. If anybody says "that prices have risen because the purchasing power of money is less" and also "that the purchasing power of money is less because prices have risen" he is not in either case speaking of causation at all. The two things are simply referred to (assuming that the volume of commodities, etc., has not changed) as different names for the same thing. It is a matter of definition, not of causation. One may, we fancy, say that strychnine is a deadly poison because swallowing a small amount of strychnine will kill a man, and also that swallowing a small amount of strychnine will kill a man because strychnine is a deadly poison, without being accused of dealing in meaningless absurdities. Neither statement, to be sure, explains anything. But neither of the statements cited by Mr. Noyes professes to explain anything. The cause of high prices, as stated by the quantity theory, is not that "the purchasing power of money is less" (which is only another name for high prices) but that the quantity of money is greater.

The other illustration we have in mind is an interview with Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, prominently featured on the first page of a New York newspaper. "Production Costs Make H. C. of L.," says the big headline; and the article bears out the headline. Mr. Laughlin's idea is that the prices of commodities are high because, under the pressure of war need, high wages were paid to workingmen both in manufactures and agriculture in order to stimulate production, and that this had the effect of raising the prices of all commodities. But this is only another way of saying that the first thing that rose in price was labor, and that other things followed suit—which may be perfectly true, but has absolutely nothing to do with the question of the relation between prices and the supply of money. If commodities had risen first, and wages had risen afterwards in order to meet the increased cost of living, the thing that made the rise possible all round would still have been the same—the increased supply of money. As a matter of fact—and indeed of notorious fact—the events have taken place sometimes in one order and sometimes in the other. The new supply of money may flow in the first instance to any one of a hundred different points; but to insist that because it flowed first to one point rather than another, therefore the flow of money had nothing to do with the case, is suggestive of the logic of Alice in Wonderland rather than of the reasoning of political economy.

All this may sound somewhat like a kindergarten lesson in economics; but unfortunately great errors in national policy on the subject of money have again and again, in our own country and in others, been caused by failure clearly to grasp the simplest teachings of economic logic.

Limitation of the Right to Strike

A CONFERENCE of representatives of four large farmers' organizations, in session at Washington the other day, declared against the tying up of the country's transportation service by a railway strike, in the following terms:

> Those who believe that labor has an inherent right to organize a strike believe that such organizations have a right to starve the people of the cities to death, on the one hand, and to destroy the property of the farmers on the other. No such right has ever existed, and no such right exists now.

These men were dealing with a concrete situation. Their judgment, however, rests upon the belief, if they were to put it abstractly, that a possible action, not wrong in itself, may involve the probability of such disastrous results that organized society can not grant the existence of an unqualified right to commit that action. The bitter suffering caused in Kansas by the coal strike of last November led the Legislature of that State to embody such a belief in an Industrial

Court law, which went into effect about three weeks ago. This law compels no man to labor against his will, but does forbid the organization and calling of strikes in industries necessary to the production and distribution of the primal requisites of life—food, fuel, and clothing. It equally forbids the arbitrary closing of such industries by the employers, as a means of enforcing their point of view in labor disputes. The court which it establishes has large power to deal with any real injustice which can be shown, either in wages or in the conditions of health, comfort, etc., under which labor must be performed. The law thus recognizes that in putting a curb upon the right to strike, the State assumes the obligation to protect labor against any harm to its legitimate interests which this curb might entail.

The incident of the Boston policemen brought home to the public mind the fact that to certain classes of public employees the right to strike can not be granted with safety to the vital interests of the people. But the multiplicity of strikes during the past year, and the circumstances surrounding some of the more conspicuous of them, have suggested to many the need of limitations in a wider field. The coal strike was called at a time when every day it lasted struck at the life of helpless thousands of invalids, aged people, women, and children, besides paralyzing industries in all parts of the land. New York City has been threatened with a strike of engineers and firemen which would have shut off the heat supply from hotels and apartment houses at the height of an epidemic of influenza and pneumonia, at the risk of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of human lives. This peculiarly brutal threat ended with the granting of the increase of wages asked. But it has had the effect of spreading and deepening the conviction that civilized society must find some way to save itself from facing the possibility, every now and then, of a slaughter of helpless citizens by wholesale as a mere incident of a difference of opinion between laborers and their employers. In other words, there must be some limitation of the right to strike, in any case where the exercise of that right recklessly endangers the life and health of the community.

There are but three possible sources of limitation to the right. The first is spontaneous self-restraint, on the part of labor leaders and the organizations which so generally follow their direction. The second is an enlightened public opinion so deeply felt and emphatically expressed that labor leaders and organizations tempted to reckless action will see at once a force against which they can not struggle with hope of success. Finally, there is the possible limitation of statute law, executed through special industrial courts or the ordinary tribunals and duly fortified with penalties.

Unquestionably the restraint springing from good sense and right feeling on the part of labor leaders themselves is the most desirable. And the conduct of the great railway Brotherhoods, through a considerable portion of their history, shows that such restraint is not an impossibility. It can be a reasonably safe reliance, however, only so far as organized labor keeps itself free from control by the lawless, destructive, and wholly un-American influences which have recently been trying to master it, and which are as regardless of the life of the innocent citizen as of the real interests of the genuine laborer himself. Of course, successful restraint along this line requires an equal display of good sense and right feeling on the part of employers too, and not of labor leaders alone.

In the absence of a positive will on the part of labor leaders to reduce strikes to the minimum, and especially a will to avoid any strike which ruthlessly endangers the life and health of innocent parties, public opinion may enforce a substantial limitation, but only if it is clear and unified in its convictions, if it makes itself audible and intelligible, and is persistent in its purpose. Both in the coal strike and the steel strike public opinion was the decisive factor in bringing them to a fairly speedy end; and if the heating strike in New York City had been allowed to get under way there is no doubt that the wrath of the suffering community would have been manifested in a sufficiently impressive way. On the whole, there is evidence that public opinion is becoming so generally enlightened and aroused that it may soon be in position, if wisely concentrated and led, to enforce a very real restraint upon the present tendency to reckless, and we may seriously add murderous, abuse of the right to strike. But to be permanently effective, it must of course be equally severe towards offenses from either side.

It will be well for society, and especially for the cause of labor, if from these voluntary sources shall come the moral restraint, rather than legal, that is needed to prevent the recurrence of such intolerable perils as have threatened the American people now several times within the past six months. The mass of the American people naturally sympathize with the laborer in his desire for an adequate wage and for proper working conditions; but with the spirit which would recklessly endanger the life and health of untold thousands, merely in order to hasten some step in this direction, no American worthy the name can have any sympathy whatsoever. Every recurrence of this peril makes the demand for effective limitation of such abuses more general and more insistent. And the demand will not finally accept denial. If reasonable limitation can not come from labor itself, either through the spontaneous stirring of humane and manly feeling in the hearts of labor leaders, or through a common-sense appreciation of the wisdom of yielding to public opinion, then the third source of relief, to which Kansas has already resorted, alone remains. Public opinion, thwarted in its desire for milder means, will at last feel obliged to put itself into the form of statute law, and to insist upon the enforcement of that law. For it has reached the point where it can no longer tolerate wholesale intimidation of the community by threats against its very life, as a mere corollary of the right of labor to accelerate the betterment of its condition.

The Church and the World's Need

THE church has been very much under fire since 1914. From the moment it acquiesced in war, even a defensive war, it was to our sentimental radicals but a broken reed. What must it do to be saved? It must use its organization to enforce a new order of humanity based on the principle, "love thy neighbor as thyself." Of any other spirituality, of the worship of God, they have nothing to say. Such mystic elements as their religion contains are to be found in the new relation which they would establish of man to man. The brotherhood of man is the heart of their desire. By means of it, not only will the less fortunately placed members of society be guaranteed equal sympathy, equal opportunity with others, but there will be a new heaven and a new earth. For this ideal they are showing a fervor, it must be admitted, not unlike that displayed by the early Christians. But how can the church help to realize it?

The church, it seems, has without protest permitted all life outside its walls to become secularized. It has withheld its authority when confronted by the authority of the vested interests, whether governmental or civil. The moral order has none of the efficiency which characterizes the physical order under the State. The church is now urged to have its say as to the status, for example, of property, which should be administered solely in the interest of society. They also urge the church to interest itself in "industrial democracy." If they meant by it only an improved relation between capital and labor, both as to the working conditions and the control of industry, the appeal would be strong to the right-minded. Unfortunately, the proponents of industrial democracy are much in the company of radical Socialists, and in the minds of these the industrial democracy hoped for is to replace our political democracy. As Mr. W. J. Ghent, one of the ablest of non-revolutionary Socialists, has recently pointed out in the *Review*, the Bolsheviks have had the best chance in the world to substitute industrial for political control, and yet politics is about the whole thing in the Russian régime.

The radicals of this school are careful to point out that their friendliness towards the plain people of all nations is prompted only by the Christian spirit, and that in labor unionism, Socialism, and Bolshevism it is not political creeds which interest them, but the fine democratic fellowship that has been instituted by these systems. They do not definitely say that they wish to overthrow capitalism, even though to them capitalism is not a pretty thing. They are merely suggesting apparently innocent ways by which the church can more and more put its finger on the pulse of humanity.

But the church may well hesitate when it is asked to preach, not merely principles and attitudes of mind and spirit, but a definite scheme of economic policy. It is true that the Catholic church has set up elaborate industrial bureaus, but that church has fortified itself against the danger of being swamped by too much of this activity, by means of compulsory attendance at church service, as well as by a body of doctrine utterly opposed to Socialism. For the Protestant church the risk will be much greater. The recent history of education in this country should furnish an instructive analogy. American colleges, not so long ago, used to think it proper to train the mind in channels which did not lead directly to useful pursuits in life outside. They were great intellectual reservoirs upon which we drew in preparation for little in particular but much in general. And it was supposed that this general knowledge, and the habits of thought set up, would give one a real advantage in the struggle of life. Then came the demand for the practical, by means of very special courses preparing for this, that, and the other occupation. That this system is without beneficial results, no one would say; but that it made dangerous inroads upon the essential culture of the college is evident from the sudden halt called by certain institutions. Will not the church be in similar danger if it hearkens too much to anybody who asks it to arbitrate the quarrels of industrial life and to agitate for a definite platform of public policy?

In social-welfare work most churches have all along engaged, and there is no reason why that should not be extended to meet the needs of these troublous days. But the main function of the church still remains what it has been in the past—to serve as a rallying-place and guide of the spirit. Its opportunities as such were never greater. The presence of a heightened religious feeling as an aftermath of the war is abundant the world over. It is merely waiting to be organized and directed. Let the church beware of adopting the layman's methods of molding and transmuting it. For the present danger to civilization would only be augmented by the kind of coöperation by the clergy which radical spokesmen are bidding them undertake. The clergy would be flirting with revolution in spite of themselves, and if it came, politics would, as in Russia, swallow up both industry and religion.

The problem of the clergy is that of all liberals to-day—to discover foundation-stones upon which to build up the progress of the present. And one of the solidest of these is the tradition of the church as a house of worship and of spiritual refreshment. Christ drove the money-changers out of the Temple, not because they were money-changers, but because the Temple was profaned by their transactions.

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The Problem of Fiume

FEW other cities on the shores of the Mediterranean occupy so strategic a position as Fiume. The possessor of this port holds the key to the economic and political development of a vast hinterland lying to the north and east, and in case of war would exercise a military control no less far reaching and effective. That this must be the case will become readily apparent if we examine the topographic features of the Adriatic coast.

Between the interior valleys of the Balkan peninsula and the Adriatic shore stand the Dinaric Alps, a broad belt of wild, mountainous land. To bring to the reader a mental picture of this region and a vivid conception of its significance in the present crisis, I can not do better than quote a description of these mountains which appeared in a book on military geography published before the Fiume controversy began to trouble Europe:

> The broad belt of mountains lying between the Morava-Vardar depression and the Adriatic shore is one of the most imposing topographic barriers in Europe. . . .
> . . . Included in the mountainous belt are ranges high enough to carry snow caps until the month of August, and the name "Albania" is believed by some to have its origin in the snowy appearance of that wild region. It is said that the "Accursed Mountains" of northern Albania and eastern Montenegro include some of the least explored lands of all of Europe. . . . Among the rocks involved in the mountain building, limestone is a conspicuous element, and its soluble nature has imposed a peculiarly forbidding aspect on the topography. Most of the rainfall passes underground through sinkholes and smaller solution cavities and then finds its way through subterranean channels to a few principal rivers, lakes, or the sea. As a consequence much of the mountain country is dry and barren, springs are far apart, and the open water courses difficult of access because deeply intrenched in rock-walled gorges. The "gaunt, naked rocks of the cruel karst country" are not only themselves of little value to mankind, but they render inaccessible and, therefore, comparatively useless, many excellent harbors on the east coast of the Adriatic.

A map representing the topography of this region shows that the mountainous belt is narrowest opposite Fiume, and broadens rapidly to the southward. This broader and more inaccessible part of the barrier, from the head of the Adriatic near Fiume to its mouth at Valona, is crossed by but two (or possibly now by three) lines of rail, all of them narrow gauge, two of them in part cogwheel mountain-climbing tracks, only one connecting directly with the central valley of Serbia, and none of them capable of serving the commercial needs of the interior. It is no mere accident that the first standard gauge railway to cross the barrier does so at the point where the mountain belt is narrowest, opposite Fiume.

The conditions which make rail traffic across the mountain barrier difficult and expensive are unchanging conditions. No standard gauge railway can ever be constructed in this region without involving steep gradients, much tunneling, great initial outlay and heavy continuing overhead expense. If constructed, every car of freight which crosses by it must pay a heavy charge, not only because of the high cost of transportation under the conditions just described, but also because there will be little local freight to help pay that cost, given the sparsely inhabited and unproductive character of the barren karst. Geographic conditions have made Fiume, situated at the head of a sea which brings cheap water transportation into the very heart of Europe and opposite the narrowest part of the mountain barrier, the inevitable economic outlet for all the northern portion of the Balkan peninsula.

If the reader will examine a map showing the railway situation, he will observe another very striking and significant fact. Almost the entire standard gauge railway system of the new Jugoslav State is concentrated in its northern part, in the latitude of Fiume. This is because the broad, fertile, and productive river plains of the country are largely limited to that region, because nearly two-thirds of the population dwells on those plains or in valleys tributary to them, and because railway construction and operation are comparatively easy and cheap, and there is a volume of both local and long distance traffic large enough easily to pay haulage costs. Thus it comes to pass that the economic life of the Jugoslav nation is in a peculiar degree concentrated in the north of the country, and that the great system of standard gauge railways upon which that economic life depends has its one and only feasible outlet to the sea at Fiume. The power which holds Fiume holds the life of a whole nation at its mercy.

But it is not only Jugoslavia which has a vital interest in the fate of Fiume. A whole vast hinterland to the north and east, including Austria and Hungary, and to some extent Czechoslovakia and parts of the newly enlarged Rumania, finds in this port a most important outlet to the sea. And all the outside world which desires to trade with central and southeastern Europe via the Mediterranean route is vitally concerned in the solution of the Fiume dispute. If the frontier between Italy and Jugoslavia be drawn as described in the President's famous public statement of last April, the two great Adriatic ports are assigned one to Italy and one to Jugoslavia. The Italian port, Trieste, could then supply the hinterland (Austria, Southern Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary) by a line of rail which does not have to cross the territory of Jugoslavia; and the Jugoslav port, Fiume, could supply that same great hinterland by a line of rail which does not touch on Italian territory. In other words, there would be absolute freedom of commerce resulting naturally from a choice of ports served by a choice of routes, both ports and routes being secure from possible interference or the annoying restrictions of a jealous neighbor. It would be to the interest of each country to improve its port and railway facilities, to establish the most convenient train service, and to charge the lowest tariffs compatible with a reasonable profit, in order to attract to its port the largest possible volume of business. Not only Europe, but all the world would profit enormously from such an equitable distribution of economic advantages. Conversely, not only Europe, but all the world must suffer enormously if the Adri-

atic settlement leaves both these ports in the hands of a single power, or establishes conditions which must ultimately result in such one-power control, or gives to a single power the control of both railways leading northward from the two ports.

What economic interest has Italy in Fiume? Even if one granted Italy's demand that a solid block of more than half a million Jugoslavs be placed under her rule in order to carry her frontier far enough eastward to take in the few thousand Italians of Fiume, who form a tiny racial island isolated in the midst of a Slavic sea, the port would remain at the most remote corner of Italian territory. Nearer the Italian peninsula would be the port of Trieste, which Italian commerce certainly would not pass by in order to reach a more remote and less serviceable port. Italy's economic interest in the trade of Fiume is negligible, whereas that of Jugoslavia and the rest of the hinterland is tremendous in quantity and vital in character.

Let us next look at the problem from the standpoint of the welfare of Fiume itself and its inhabitants. There was no natural harbor at Fiume, for the city lies at the base of a steep and straight mountain wall, and the shore slopes off rapidly to deep water. Consequently, an artificial harbor had to be constructed by building moles in water over 100 feet deep, and sometimes reaching depths of 140 feet or more. For such a costly enterprise Government support was essential, and it is estimated that between 1871 and 1913 the Hungarian Government spent 75,000,000 kr. in port improvements. Before the war the quay length was already insufficient for the actual traffic, and future plans provided for the building of a great mole farther out to sea in still deeper water. To pay for such a gigantic undertaking out of port charges would be impracticable; and the attempt to do so would raise charges so high as to drive trade to Trieste and elsewhere. More than ever must Government support be forthcoming.

What Government will furnish the capital? Will Italy, in her difficult financial situation, expend huge sums to develop an artificial port to compete with her better favored and more accessible port of Trieste? The inhabitants of Fiume know full well that Italy can not, even if she would, afford the luxury of two peripheral ports where one will serve. They know that, after struggling for months at the Peace Conference to gain additional hinterland for Trieste on the ground that it was impossible to have one of her chief ports within 12 or 15 miles of an alien frontier, Italy will not commit the folly of expending her millions in developing a port through one of the very basins of which (Port Baross) would pass, according to the Italian proposal, the selfsame alien frontier, and where an advance of a few thousand yards, instead of twelve or fifteen miles, might deliver the entire port into enemy hands. They know, further, that neither Jugoslavia nor any other hinterland country can be expected to provide capital for developing an Italian port.

One may ask: "Can not some other port serve the needs of Jugoslavia equally well?" Sebenico and Spalato have natural advantages superior to those with which Fiume was originally endowed, and are situated near the centre of the Jugoslav coast. But immediately behind these two ports lies the great mountain barrier described in the first part of this article, and presenting, as we have seen, an unchanging obstacle in the way of free commercial intercourse. The economic life of the Jugoslav people can never find an effective outlet through any of the ports south of the latitude of Fiume; for there alone is the barrier narrow and the economic life of Jugoslavia concentrated.

But there is a landlocked bay at Buccari, only a few miles from Fiume. Periodically Buccari is presented to the world as an excellent substitute for Fiume. Thus, when the American press on November 25 reported that President Wilson had rejected Italy's latest demands regarding Fiume and published at the same time an appeal from the Italian Premier urging the American people to support Italy in its controversy with the American Government, there appeared on the same day, "from a trustworthy official source," a well-timed and adroit statement to the effect that the communication presented to the American Department of State by the Italian Ambassador at Washington contained among other things, the following observation and proposal:

> As the President has shown a disposition toward the outlet to the Adriatic for Jugoslavia and desired Fiume to go to it in order to procure such an outlet for the Jugoslavs, the Italian Government proposed the following concession on its part:
>
> Italy would build a port at Buccari for Jugoslavia; while the port was being constructed and until its completion the Jugoslavs would receive special privileges and guarantees at Fiume.

Now it is difficult to believe that the terms submitted by the Italian Government contained any such proposition. The Italian Government is well aware that it could not build a port at Buccari. The bay of Buccari is admirably landlocked, but it is completely surrounded by high cliffs which descend abruptly into the water. There is no room at the shore for port installations. Road and trails must zigzag up the steep slopes to reach the outside world, and the railroad is inaccessible on the heights above. The entrance to the bay is rather dangerous, and sailing directions warn against trying to enter when the strong wind known as the Bora is blowing. In the bay itself the Bora descends from the heights with such fury that the anchorage is not considered a desirable one. The bay is entirely too small to serve the suggested purpose. The present port works at Fiume are longer and the proposed improvements are broader than the maximum length and breadth of the bay of Buccari. When Italian sources launched the Buccari propaganda at Paris, it was effectively exploded by the eminent French geographer, Emmanuel de Martonne of the Sorbonne. Cholnoky, the leading Hungarian geographer, in a scientific description of the Croatian region written before the present dispute, says: "On the coast no bays suitable for modern shipping are open. The bay of Buccari is closed like a lake, but it is very small, and it has no shores suitable for com-

merce. The steep cliffs descend abruptly into the green water of the little bay." If any further demonstration of the absurd character of the Buccari proposal is required, it is found in the fact that notwithstanding the location of the landlocked bay at the very doors of Fiume, and the passage of the railway within less than a mile of its shores, the Hungarian Government spent many millions in constructing a purely artificial harbor on the open coast close by.

There is no escape from the conclusion that Nature has made of Fiume the only practicable outlet for the economic life of an entire nation. If Italy can not afford to have one (Trieste) of her several important ports located within 12 or 15 miles of her frontier even when there is a mountain barrier between port and potential enemy, certainly Jugoslavia can not afford to have her one and only important port located practically within Italian territory, with only the breadth of a city street between port works and an alien neighbor. Even if open hostilities could be avoided, endless friction would be inevitable; and neither private nor Government capital could ever be induced to expend the millions necessary to develop a port so absurdly and so dangerously circumstanced.

It is clear that America, in association with France and Great Britain, has made the most sweeping concessions to Italian demands. All of the proposed new Italian boundaries lie in regions peopled by alien races. Both the natural geographic frontier and the strategic frontier have been passed in order to assure to Italy special advantages upon which she insisted. On the north a solid block of over two hundred thousand Tyrolese patriots and on the east another solid block of between three and four hundred thousand Jugoslavs have been placed under Italian rule, for reasons in which neither the principle of nationality nor the right of self-determination could play any part. Italy is assured such absolute strategic control of the Adriatic Sea that not a ship can move in its waters without her consent, for she has been offered the three keys to the naval domination of that nearly closed sea: Pola, Valona, and possession of some central group of the Dalmatian islands. Whereas the Treaty of London assigned her but a part of Albania, and that only in certain eventualities, she has now been offered a mandate over all Albania.

If, in addition to all these concessions, the American Government has been unable to concede Italy's demands concerning Fiume, it is probably because of a fear that the terms of the settlement upon which Italy insists would imperil the security of the only port of a new nation, and hence impose upon that nation a measure of economic subjection the ultimate political consequences of which would prove disastrous.

A GEOGRAPHER

Aliens and the Political Party System

[While we are happy to give to Mr. Spargo the use of our columns to make a point by which he sets much store, we do not think that the point affects the validity of the charge preferred at Albany that the present organization of the Socialist party makes possible the dictation of its policy by its alien membership.]

AMONG the several important issues raised by the trial of the Socialist legislators in Albany, none is of greater interest or importance, perhaps, than that of the relation of aliens to our political party system. It will be recalled that witnesses for the prosecution brought out the fact that the Socialist party of America, a dues-paying organization, admitted into its membership the following classes of non-citizens: (1) minors, the age qualification being set at eighteen years; (2) women, regardless of the suffrage laws; (3) aliens of every kind.

The representatives of the Socialist party made no attempt to disprove this charge; indeed, they could not do so had they so desired. Evidence was adduced to show that the local and State organizations composed, in part at least, of these three classes of non-citizens, are by party constitution given the right to control the actions of the party's elected representatives and that in practice they do so. It was clearly shown that it was entirely possible for a representative of the party in public office to be subject to the control of a majority composed in large part, or even exclusively, of non-citizens. It is possible for such control to be exercised by aliens entirely unfamiliar with the language of the country, or with its political and social institutions.

Of course, this opens up a very serious matter. Truly it is an astonishing condition that in a country based upon representative democratic government it is possible for public officials who have been elected by the votes of their fellow citizens to be subject to direction by a relatively small number of persons, a majority of whom are not themselves qualified to vote. It would be difficult to conceive of anything more anomalous than this: On the one hand, we say to certain people, "You are not qualified to share in the selection of our public officials," while on the other hand we say to them, "You are competent to share in the direction and instruction of our public officials."

As a result of the manner in which this anomalous condition has been brought to the attention of the public during the trial, a great many newspapers throughout the country have made the very natural suggestion that it should be made unlawful for a political party organization to include in its membership any class of people not entitled under our laws to exercise all the rights and prerogatives of citizenship. Various legislators have intimated their intention of introducing legislative measures to this effect, and there is undoubtedly a very large public sentiment in favor of such a proceeding. At first blush, there would seem to be no worthy objection to such a proposal. We shall do well, however, to proceed with very great caution in dealing with a problem which is far from being as simple as its first appearance indicates.

I am assuming for the purpose of this discussion that our immigration

policy is to continue without any very serious fundamental change; that we shall continue to receive large masses of immigrant workers from various European countries. As in the past, these foreign workers and their families will come to us speaking languages other than our own, quite unfamiliar with our political history and institutions, each racial and national group bringing its own peculiar psychology and experience. Among those who come, there will be, as there have been in the past, aggressive, alert, and capable minorities—those who in the countries from which they come have taken part in political and economic movements. Among these will be many Socialists and labor unionists. A very serious question immediately presents itself to the thoughtful student of American problems, namely, whether such a law or rule as that contemplated would have the effect of retarding the Americanization of these groups; whether it would tend to prevent their rapid assimilation into our American political life and to prolong the period during which they remain aliens, unnaturalized and unassimilated. In other words, it is worth while asking whether the practice of the Socialist party, which is admittedly illogical and apparently indefensible, is not, pragmatically considered, really calculated to hasten the Americanization of the discontented alien worker, whose discontent may so easily prove a danger to our free institutions.

I do not want to dogmatize upon this important question in order to express a thoughtful judgment concerning it, but from my observation during many years' activity in the Socialist party I am quite certain that we must be careful to avoid hasty action along the lines now suggested in so many quarters. During the next couple of decades, tremendous issues will have to be solved in the various countries from which the bulk of our immigration comes. The strife will be very bitter and very keen, and it is quite unthinkable that the masses of immigrants coming to this country will be wholly immune and unaffected, or that they will leave behind them all their interests and feelings upon the great issues involved when they enter the United States.

I can imagine nothing more undesirable than that Socialists coming from Russia, Poland, Italy, or Hungary, for example, should be encouraged to form in this country branches of the Socialist party of the European countries from which they come. Yet that would be the almost inevitable result, I fear, of any change in our laws which forbade their admission into the organized Socialist movement of this country. They would be almost certain, I think, to continue to be members of the parties in the various countries of their origin, and would give their allegiance and their moral and material support to those parties.

From this would result evils which are by no means to be lightly set aside: In the first place, they would form, either openly or secretly, branches of parties in Russia, Poland, Italy, Hungary, and so on. Every disturbance in any one of those countries would be reflected in the organizations of that nationality here, and, as a result, our working class would be subject to unrest, having little or nothing to do with our own political and industrial conditions. Thus, in every industrial centre in the United States where there were large Polish organizations in 1915 we found the bitter controversy in the workingmen's movement of Poland seriously disturbing the Polish workingmen's organizations here.

Secondly, these organized groups of *émigrés* might very easily involve the nation in embarrassing difficulties with the Governments of foreign nations.

In the third place, the mere fact that they preserved organic connection with the movements abroad would form a strong bond of continued allegiance to the mother countries and would tend to defer their assimilation as Americans. Their financial support would give the officials and agents a vested interest in keeping them attached to foreign branches of the party and preventing them from turning that support to a purely American party.

In suggesting these rather serious objections, I am not guided by *a priori* reasoning, but by very definite and concrete facts. It is not as well known as it ought to be that the Socialist party by its free admission of aliens to membership has done much to break up just such organizations as I have described, with all their dangerous entanglements. Much has been said concerning the presence in the Socialist party of federations of foreign-speaking branches, very largely composed of aliens. There are, or were, in the party Polish, Russian, Jewish, Scandinavian, Finnish, South Slavic (Jugoslav), and Czecho-slovak federations. That some of these federations have exercised a dangerous influence on the Socialist party has been generally recognized. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether it was anything like as great as the evil influence they would have exerted outside of the party, as component parts of European movements.

I am inclined to think that the Socialist party has, in this way, rendered the nation a very great service. It has required a long struggle, and I recall the great satisfaction with which it was accomplished in the case of Polish Socialists in America, for example. In a long conversation with Daszynski, the brilliant leader of the Socialist party of Poland, during his visit to this country a few years ago, I went over this whole matter, and found him in entire agreement. Certain Russian Socialist groups have created a similar problem.

I submit that the questions here raised are of very fundamental importance and must be seriously considered before any legislation is passed bearing upon the subject of the right of aliens to membership in a political party. Because it is a political party, and as such is under the necessity of getting votes, the Socialist party naturally uses every possible effort to compel its members to become citizens. This statement is based, not upon hearsay, but upon definite personal knowledge. The alien who is admitted to membership is urged to become naturalized as soon as possible. It is a common occurrence for applications to be rejected because the applicants have

lived for a considerable time in this country without taking out "first papers." In most large cities naturalization classes have been held to prepare applicants for citizenship. It is only just and fair, when the Socialist party is being so critically examined, that the truth upon a matter of such fundamental importance should be made widely known.

JOHN SPARGO

Poetry

"Louvain Is a Dull, Uninteresting Town. . ."

"Louvain is a dull, uninteresting town . . ."
Thus Baedeker, before the War. Ay, dull!
Dull flames from burning manuscripts annul
The Past; and dull gray smoke drifts slowly down
The broad main street; and dull fat Prussians scowl
At hearing the dull moans of burghers shot,
At seeing the dull eyes of corpses, not
A moment dead . . . There, like a stupid owl,
A mother, quick with child, looks dazed about,
Nor sees the soldiers—Swaggering, rough of speech,
They spike her on their knives (one way to teach!)
And, laughing, jerk the jagged saw-teeth out,
To her dull wonder . . . Here, gray *Landsturm* slouch
Against the station, guarding a dull herd
Of citizens, who stare, without a word,
Agape at hell, and listen, as they crouch
In the great square—a huddled, wildered crowd—
To fire, and guns, and shrieks . . . and see their shroud.

Long since have the ashes whitened,
And the dead have long been at peace,
And the town which bore up, unfrightened,
Has witnessed the Great Release.
But the scar of her sorrow is tender,
And the light in her eyes is veiled,
Though with courage bred of the blood she shed,
And of men who never quailed,
She faces the future serenely,
No coward, and not cowed—

This "dull, uninteresting town"
Has made a nation proud!

ROBERT WITHINGTON

The President's Secretary

WHEN President Wilson fell ill, and all the news from his bedside, which had become the seat of government, had to be screened through Mr. Joseph Patrick Tumulty, the importance of the office of secretary to the President was thrown into high relief. It is a matter of public concern who fills the job. Mr. Wilson has altered during his tenure of the White House many Washington values that had come to be accepted as permanent. He has pared down the stature of many public and official figures. No figure or personality of consequence in the Washington scheme of things as it existed prior to Mr. Wilson's arrival has been so obliterated, blurred in outline, reduced in value, and decreased in functioning capacity as that of secretary to the President. No picture in the Washington gallery has offered less resistance to the effacing sponge than Mr. Tumulty. He and the President between them have made the secretaryship conform to the geometrical definition of a point: occupying a position in space but without dimensions.

At the present juncture this is an unrelieved misfortune. It has given rise to many honest apprehensions and much concern. There have been persons at Washington in office and authority, including many Senators, who have been quick to cast doubt and suspicion upon every statement or utterance or paper that has come from the White House in Mr. Wilson's name since he became ill. The personality and authority of the secretary to the President and the impression he had made upon Washington have not been such as to still these tales.

Colonel House has been the chief personal agent of the President for the past seven years. He has been entrusted with more important tasks and missions by Mr. Wilson than any other man in the United States. Now it is currently believed in Washington, and has been asserted as a fact in newspapers, champions of the administration, that Mr. Wilson does not know that Colonel House has returned from Europe and from his activities and duties on the Supreme War Council at Paris. If that important and essential piece of news has not reached the President, his secretary must take the responsibility.

Since Mr. Wilson was unable to transact public business in his office, it follows that his only channel of news of what was going on in the world that affected his responsibilities and his duties as President was through his secretary. It is equally true that the only source of news Congress, the executive officials of the Government, and the public had of Mr. Wilson's condition, his decisions, his desires, and his attitude of mind on the several immediate, pressing public problems that came to a head since last September was through Mr. Tumulty.

When Mr. Wilson collapsed on his return to Washington after his breakdown on his Western trip, the whole world was concerned and alarmed. The President had in his hands the strings of control of events in the making that affected the destinies and literally the lives of millions of people at home and abroad. It was not curiosity about an eminent figure but sheer, vital, absorbing self-interest that made a startled and apprehensive world turn to the White House for exact, truthful, trustworthy news of the patient, what ailed him, how sick he really was, and whether he would get well again.

There are officials of the Government at Washington, the Vice-President, the members of the Cabinet, who would have been charged with new and complex and difficult duties in the event of Mr. Wilson's incapacity, and who were not told in the beginning anything beyond the bulletins given out for publication in the newspapers. And these bulletins were written in such language as to give rise to the gravest forebodings. Their tone and their phraseology were such as are always reserved to give warning that hope has been given up.

A clumsy, forbidding mystery was made out of the President's illness, in which sinister rumors bred like maggots. There was lacking an articulate voice at the White House, a spokesman with enough vision and understanding to perceive his obligations, not only to the President, but to the whole people, and to tell the whole truth simply and sincerely in a way that would command respect and instant acceptance. There should be no more question about the authenticity, validity, and scrupulous accuracy of a "White House statement" than there is about a Supreme Court decision.

One great burden Mr. Wilson long ago took off Mr. Tumulty. The secretary no longer has to winnow out of an eager, pressing horde the few persons whose business is of sufficient importance to merit a personal interview with the Executive. When Mr. Wilson came to Washington, he declared that he intended to keep his office door wide open and see everybody. After a brief trial this procedure was abandoned. The office door was closed, and Mr. Wilson began to see nobody except such few persons as he sent for. It used to be that a secretary was largely measured by his tact and skill and intuition in letting in to the President only those persons whose affairs justified invasion

of the Executive's time. Men have sought an appointment with the President to ask if he would allow them to test a toy motor-boat in the basin of the fountain at the rear of the White House.

One fine spring morning two Congressmen asked Mr. Taft's Secretary for an appointment to present a delegation to the President. The request was granted. On the day appointed, the two Congressmen appeared with more than two thousand men and women. They simply overran the White House offices and grounds. Mr. Taft, with great good nature, shook hands with about five hundred before giving up the job. His whole schedule of appointments for the day was hopelessly disarranged. A great many other persons suffered inconveniences. The two Congressmen could not be made to see that they had imposed upon the President or upon those others who had engagements with Mr. Taft. Of course, Mr. Tumulty never has that problem to face. There are no more White House visitors in the old sense.

The Secretary to the President can not bluff his way through. He, like the President, soon comes to be known for what he is. His value, his fibre, his quality are searchingly appraised. His relations with his chief quickly emerge. If the President trusts him, relies upon him, gives him responsibilities, or is guided by him in any degree, a good many people soon come to know it. I think a summary of the Washington verdict on the relations between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Tumulty would be, "The President is fond of Joe." But that Mr. Tumulty has ever been a counsellor, or even a trusted confidant, there is nothing to show. The relation between the two men had become fixed at Trenton, before Mr. Wilson came to Washington, and neither was prepared to make the change when it became necessary greatly to enlarge and radically increase the power and discretion enjoyed by the Secretary.

The job of secretary to the President has been made, and should be, as important as that of a Cabinet officer. A present-day secretary should be more than a mere sublimated stenographer. The office has no statutory definition. One secretary may be a good stenographer, another a politician, another a social leader, another a nonentity, another a chump. All these different varieties have flourished their brief day in Washington. The office has greatly and visibly increased in power, prestige, and importance in recent years—until the present administration—as new burdens have been thrown upon the President and as the conception of the powers of the office of the President itself has been enlarged.

There have been twenty-seven different Presidents of the United States, and all of them had one or more private secretaries, but the list of men to whom the office has proved a "stepping-stone" to further honors and an enlarged sphere of life is a short one. John Hay, John G. Nicolay, Horace Porter, Daniel Lamont, George Bruce Cortelyou, and William Loeb, Jr., are names that stand out from the list of those who have held the office. The others fell back into oblivion, or never emerged from it, even while they were in the White House, and their subsequent activities and exploits are unrecorded.

The enlarged dimensions of the office of secretary to the President were marked out by Daniel Lamont when he came to Washington as the President's secretary in the first Cleveland administration. He had been Governor Cleveland's secretary at Albany, just as Mr. Tumulty had been Governor Wilson's secretary at Trenton. Here the parallel abruptly ends. In Mr. Cleveland's second administration Mr. Lamont was Secretary of War. During his tenure of office as Secretary to the President, Mr. Lamont to some extent made it an added Cabinet position. His personal influence with Mr. Cleveland was on a par with that of any one of the seven counsellors provided by law.

After Lamont comes Cortelyou, who was confidential stenographer to Grover Cleveland, secretary to McKinley and to Roosevelt, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Postmaster General, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and Secretary of the Treasury in the Roosevelt Cabinet. Mr. Cortelyou was very nearly the ideal secretary to the President. He had political sagacity and experience. He knew public men, he was a competent executive, and could dispose of an enormous amount of routine business without hitch or flurry. He had an intimate and detailed knowledge of the processes of government, was careful and cautious to a degree, had a manner that inspired confidence, and was always the master of himself and of circumstances. There were never "unfortunate slips" when Mr. Cortelyou was in the White House executive offices. Everything ran as smoothly as an eight-day clock.

Loeb, who succeeded Cortelyou when that efficient private secretary went into the Cabinet, left a mixed impression in Washington. While he was secretary to Roosevelt, the newspapers continually blossomed with the headlines "Loeb Takes the Blame." It would have been the same had an archangel held the post. One of the chief duties of a secretary to the President is to take the blame when the President does anything rash or unpopular. When the secretary does anything clever, he must be equally quick in seeing that the full popular credit falls to his chief. No man had a more faithful and devoted servant, or a more loyal and untiring assistant than Roosevelt had in Loeb. Though Loeb customarily figured in the newspapers as a sacrificial goat, he was a competent man in the post and did not allow the dimensions of the office to shrink during his incumbency. He had many and curious adventures.

The line of Presidential secretaries begins with Tobias Lear and Lawrence Lewis, who served under Washington. In the beginning and even down to Garfield's time, our Presidents seem to have had a fondness for bestowing the secretaryship upon young kinsmen. Lawrence Lewis was Washington's "sister Betty's son." The letter is preserved in which the young man accepted the post; it runs in quaintly formal terms:

Fauquier Co.,
July 24, 1797.

My dear Sir:

I return you my sincere thanks for the kind invitation I received when last at Mount Vernon to make it my home, and that whilst there my services would be acceptable. This invitation was the more pleasing to me from a desire of being serviceable to you and from a hope in fulfilling those duties assigned me I should derive some improvement by them.

Untutored in almost every branch of business, I can only promise a ready and willing obedience to any instruction or command you may please to give. I should have been with you ere this, but for the unavoidable detention by my servant's running away, and that at a time when I was nearly ready for my departure. I have been ever since in pursuit of him without success. The uncertainty of getting a servant or my runaway will probably detain me until 25th of August, but not a moment longer than is unavoidable.

With sincere regard for my Aunt, and family

I remain, your affectionate Nephew,
LAWRENCE LEWIS.

Gen. George Washington.

Presidents from Washington to McKinley had private secretaries. When John Addison Porter came to Washington in 1897 to serve William McKinley in that capacity, he assumed the title of secretary to the President. The next year Congress dropped the old title and appropriated money to pay the salary of a secretary to the President. The job sadly needs to be restored to its old dimensions and authority. Its rehabilitation should be one of the pleasantest tasks that will confront Mr. Wilson's successor.

But Mr. Tumulty is not to blame. He has been cast for a rôle he was not qualified to play. His previous experience had not given him the outlook or developed the capacities that a secretary to the President must have. Mr. Wilson has got along without a Cabinet, but he should have permitted himself a secretary. A really good one can do so very much indeed to make the home bright and happy.

SPECTATOR

Correspondence

Amending the Amendments

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The legislatures of many States West and North, with apparently no more consideration than they gave to the Prohibition Amendment, have been voting to ratify the Woman Suffrage Amendment, even including States like Maine and Ohio where the voters rejected State suffrage on referendum, and other as yet non-suffrage States like Massachusetts, Kentucky, and New Hampshire.

But in the South the States of the black belt, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana, have all either negatively or affirmatively lined squarely up against the Suffrage Amendment evidently through fear that its enforcement would involve the enforcement of the Fifteenth Amendment and the return of reconstruction conditions and negro domination in the South, while Maryland, a ninth State, seems about to vote against the Suffrage Amendment in a resolution attacking its validity on States' Rights grounds similar to those alleged by Rhode Island against Constitutional Prohibition.

Among the States unrecorded, in none of which (except Tennessee where Presidential suffrage was granted) the women now vote, and which may be considered as possible negatives, are Connecticut, Vermont, Delaware, West Virginia, and Tennessee. Four of these (or three of these, plus a negative referendum in Ohio) would defeat the Amendment.

This leaves out of account Oklahoma, a suffrage State but with strong Southern connections, and Washington, a suffrage State, where the Governer refuses to call a special session and where, if he did, a referendum could be invoked under the precedent set by the State Supreme Court when they sustained the referendum there on Constitutional Prohibition. It does not necessarily follow that the electorate of a suffrage State where the women are enfranchised would certainly vote to force the people of unwilling States to do likewise. The Ohio vote by referendum on Prohibition indicated such a possibility. The principle of Home Rule under our Constitutional form of government seems to appeal more strongly to the electors than it does to the members of the State Legislatures.

In view of the above, there seems no likelihood of the Amendment's passage before the Presidential election. A working arrangement between Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Jersey, on the one hand, and Maryland, Louisiana, and, say, Virginia, on the other hand, might yet bring the defeat of both Amendments and save the Constitution and Home Rule. Stranger things have happened in politics before this.

Incidentally the people of Ohio invoked the referendum on Constitutional Suffrage as they did on Prohibition. The case involving the legality of their action in so doing is set for argument before the Supreme Court on March 1. This case may incidentally determine the legal effect of the other nine or ten referendums invoked on Constitutional Prohibition, and the question whether, until these referendums are held, the Prohibition Amendment has in fact been ratified by the required thirty-six States. If the referendums are sustained, rescissions in Maryland, New York, Massachusetts, and other States on Constitutional Prohibition will clearly be in order.

OPTIMIST

New York, February 11

The Russian Problem

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

You may be right about the world's Russian problem, but there are two important questions about it you have not discussed:

1. If foreign nations had given substantial aid to Kolchak, would not Lenin and Trotsky have turned "patriots" and have succeeded in rousing the fury of the peasants against him as an alleged "traitor to his country," a "tool of the foreigner," a man "bought by foreign capitalists" and the like?

2. Is it not expedient for the world to let the Bolsheviki somewhere work out their system to ruin, to a reductio ad absurdum so plain that even the fools of the world will understand its folly?

J. DE LANCEY VERPLANCK

Walbrook, Md., February 5

The Noise of Worms

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Sometimes the occupants of the back seat now reserved for the humble Hellenist are forced to sit up and take notice of what goes on upon the stage. Possibly it is difficult to imagine that an ultra-modern poem, appallingly free and new as the newest convention in auction bridge, would strike a responsive chord, but such is the case; and yet—well, I'm not very clear on the matter, at that. Perhaps I am not, after all, vibrating in exact assonance with the author.

However, to come to the point. The poem is the seventh (mystic number! sacred to the Maiden Athena, unbegotten and herself the mother of none) and last of a group contributed by Mr. E. E. Cummings to the January *Dial*, beginning with the address:

> O distinct
> Lady of my unkempt adoration

two lines I greatly admire; they slip so easily from the tongue. The poet implores the aforesaid Distinct Lady, in verses wholly innocent of punctuation, to accept his fragile certain song, which has the virtue of concerning itself with the "Nothing and which lives" rather than with the "many things and which die"; the song being "taken," after taking, the Distinct Lady and her unkempt adorer are to amuse themselves observing together the perfect gesticulation of the "accurate strenuous lips of incorruptible Nothing" behind the carnival of life

> where to a normal
> melody of probable violins dance
> the square virtues with the oblong sins

This latter is what struck my eye, for to the Neo-Pythagoreans the virtues were square and the sins oblong. Does not Nicomachus of Gerasa tell us that "the ancients of Pythagoras' group and his successors saw the Other and Otherness fundamentally in the Dyad, and the Same and Sameness in the Monad?" And, of course, the universe has a numerical pattern, with virtue falling in the same line as Sameness, and vice on the side of Otherness, Infinity, and Infiniteness (that is why it is so attractive). Now out of the Monad come the squares and out of the Dyad the oblongs; so there you have it, square virtues and oblong sins. Unfortunately, there is no mention of probable violins in any of the Pythagorean sources; the nearest thing is Pythagoras' monochord, on which he used to practise the section of the canon, but it is not related that he played jazz for the oblong sins thereon. We shall, for the present at any rate, have to waive the probable violins.

One other matter. The poet admits that he has

> been true
> only to the noise of worms
> in the eligible day
> under the unaccountable sun

This is a serious indictment. But would a true Pythagorean call the sun unaccountable? They had some reverence for Heraclitus, and he remarked that "the sun will not exceed his measures; if he does, the Erinyes, the auxiliaries of Justice, will find him out." No; the sun was held strictly accountable, and it was no small matter to be pursued by the heavenly Department of Justice.

And the "the noise of worms." Homer, Sophocles, Plato, and the rest tell me nothing about this important matter. May they be forgiven. Moreover, a biologist friend tells me worms don't make any noise. A chemist, however, thinks it may be a reference to the common herd. Maybe so. But since it may be presumptuous in me to turn to these high matters, I will sign myself

A NOISY WORM

Ann Arbor, Mich., February 7

Book Reviews

An American Inquiry into British Labor Conditions

The Labor Situation in Great Britain and France. The Commission on Foreign Inquiry of the National Civic Federation. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE labor situation in the United States, though far from ideal, is probably more nearly so than that of any other country, yet we are continually looking abroad for light to shine upon our dark places. It is not our fault, surely, if we find foreigners groping in obscurity as dense as our own, with little illumination to spare, and that of a kind that loses its potency when transmitted. The light of reason, evidently, is best generated at home and reveals most when shining upon familiar objects. Of course, if Great Britain, France, and other countries are industrially in advance of the United States, and we are traveling the same road, their experience may be of great value by way of warning and example; but if their conditions are different and their path of progress diverges from ours, the best we can do is to compare notes and consider suggestions, while working out our problems in our own way.

Such is, in effect, the conclusion reached by the commissioners of the National Civic Federation after spending four months—February to June, 1919—in Great Britain, with a side trip of three weeks to France, during which they interviewed innumerable people. They read diligently in publications of every kind, and did their best to get, not a mass of undigested facts, but general impressions of conditions and such an insight into the trend of events as might suggest measures for the direction and control of affairs on this side of the Atlantic. The Commission was composed of representative citizens, including Charles Mayer (shipping), chairman; Charles S. Barrett (farmer); Albert F. Bemis (textile manufacturer); J. Grant Forbes (contracting engineer); James W. Sullivan (typographical trade unionist); Andrew Parker Nevin (attorney-at-law); E. A. Quarles, secretary. The report is in three parts: the first, by Mr. Nevin, from the point of view of the public; the second, by Mr. Sullivan, as a representative of the American Federation of Labor; the third, by Mr. Bemis, from an employer's point of view.

Mr. Nevin, who sketches the situation in broad lines, is much impressed by the complex network of labor organizations in Great Britain, the difficulty of ascertaining the character, scope, and purpose of the various groupings, and the elusive reactions of public opinion to their proposals and activities. Yet it is possible to distinguish two main groups: Those who favor maintaining the existing system with a minimum of state intervention, and those who would gradually substitute national control and administration of industry in place of the present capitalistic system. Although Bolshevism scarcely exists in Great Britain, and Socialism of the school of Webb, McDonald, and Snowden is at a discount, labor demands a new status, not merely improvement in regard to wages and conditions, but recognition such as it received during the war, when the "classes" felt their dependence upon the "masses" and it was generally understood that Britons of every rank and station must stand or fall together. Yet the employers point out the fact that every right involves a correlative obligation, and they insist that labor must set its face against ca'canny, sabotage, and every other restriction of production, and work for the speedy rehabilitation of industry. In this attitude they are strongly supported by the Government, and when, in last summer's coal troubles, the more radical labor leaders struck at the foundation of the nation's prosperity, they found the public dead against them, and even the "Triple Alliance," on which they had counted, could not be brought into action.

Thus radicalism induces reaction, even as reaction causes radicalism, and in trying to avoid both extremes the British are taking their usual middle ground, the Government with the Whitley Councils, and the more progressive employers with proposals for practical coöperation in industry and a new morale based upon mutuality of effort and reciprocity of benefits. Lord Leverhulme says:

> To-day's programme must go deeper than mere attempt to prevent strikes and disputes; it must include the placing of employer and employee on the footing of equal opportunities, and of sharing the profits of trade and commerce between all the three elements necessary for production, viz., Capital, Management, and Labor. The tool-user must become joint owner of the tools he wields.

Mr. Bemis, in presenting an employer's impressions, says that British employers find it hard to take the ideal middle ground because the workers frequently break their agreements and because of the tendency of the unions to fall under the leadership of men of glib tongue and extreme views. Then, too, various economic fallacies have been imposed upon society through the joint efforts of labor monopoly and idealists who have had no experience in practical affairs. Among these are the minimum wage, the eight-hour day, the limitation of profiteering to capital, and the idea that industry can dispense with the accumulation of capital. In view of such ignorance there is urgent need of the education of all classes in the principles of economics. Certainly, this is a most promising field for economists to cultivate, and their association with hard-headed business men and hard-handed laborers should be most beneficial to all concerned.

While economists and business men are getting into closer touch with the wage-earners, a number of labor leaders, like Mr. Sullivan, have acquired a considerable knowledge of economic theory and the principles of business management, and a *rapprochement* is taking place between the several points of view, which augurs well for the industrial relations of the future. Mr. Sullivan thinks that British trade unionism is distinctly inferior to the American system, because of the multiplicity of organizations and the lack of centralized authority. Sectionalism prevails; the unions are not coextensive with the crafts; there is little union shop solidarity, and no complete national jurisdiction. The local unions represent living districts rather than working districts, and for general proposals or appeals there is no straight line, as in the United States, from every member on through his local and national union to the supreme court—the American Federation of Labor. Great Britain has not one but four separate major organizations, differing in type and purpose: The Trade Union Congress, the General Federation of Trade Unions, the Coöperative Union, and the British Labor Party.

This lack of unity and control has given rise to certain phases of the British labor movement which some American observers have hailed as precursors of a new social order, but which Mr. Sullivan regards as symptoms of weakness that are likely to be less prominent as the British system conforms more closely to the American model. Among these are the shop-steward movement, the Whitley councils, and the leadership of politicians and Socialists. The shop stewards became prominent during the war because of the lack of shop unity of organization and the difficulty of obtaining speedy decisions through branch unions organized by living areas. These shop stewards, many of them youthful agitators imbued with Socialistic theories, drifted away from union control, but as soon as the armistice came the regular officials asserted their authority, which was confirmed by a formal agreement on May 20, 1919. Thus, the mass of the workers in the engineering trades have repudiated both their irregular leaders and their insurrectional tactics. Similarly, the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress has declared that it can not accept the Whitley Councils as a substitute for trade union organization; and in the Parliamentary elections of December, 1918, the Socialist

leaders were defeated—all of which shows, as Mr. Sullivan believes, the growing power of regular conservative unionism, and the decline of syndicalism, Socialism, and excessive governmental intervention.

The distinguished commissioners of the National Civic Federation are evidently well pleased with their investigations in Great Britain and France, inasmuch as they have confirmed the opinion with which they probably set out, to-wit, that labor conditions in the United States are comparatively satisfactory, that our country has little to learn from foreign experience, and might have something of our own to communicate, if foreigners would seek it in a humble and teachable spirit. In this respect they present a strong contrast to another group of investigators, who have painted the British labor landscape *couleur de rose* as they see it in the dawn of a better and brighter day. Both groups of observers are good men and true, but it is strange to find them differing so widely in regard to the facts which they select and the conclusions which they draw. Perhaps they should have a consultation, to which they might invite one or more professional economists.

J. E. Le Rossignol

Blake Outdone

William Blake, the Man. By Charles Gardner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

Since Swinburne set the pace with his high-stepping, fire-snorting, apocalyptic eulogy of Blake, there has been a kind of fury among our critical folk to imitate or surpass him. It can not be said that the latest comer is entirely free from this vacuous enthusiasm; but in general his Pegasus is under some restraint; his style at least is always definite, and his reflections are sometimes wise; above all he does more than any of his predecessors, we think, to set forth the intellectual milieu in which Blake thought his thoughts and saw his visions, and this must be reckoned the peculiar merit, no small merit indeed, of the book.

This historic sense is particularly noticeable in Mr. Gardner's association of Blake with Wesley and Whitefield and the Methodist movement generally. Like those religious revivalists, Blake was seeking an escape into the sort of enthusiasm which to Paley and the typical Anglican seemed fraught with danger; as the Methodists demanded a mysterious conversion which should put the soul into immediate contact with things divine, clothing it with the garment of Christ's righteousness in place of the "filthy rags" of its own morality, so Blake desired a sudden and overwhelming illumination which should burn away the formal conventions of poetry. As Whitefield had pungent things to say of worldly respectability, so Blake thundered in the index against all those who took reason and habit for their law. It is quite in character that he should have been indignant when Samuel Foote applied the customary epithet "hypocrite" to Whitefield. Blake, of course, did not follow the doctrine of the new birth as bound up with the revivalists' peculiar theological tenets, but in a way it is true that he was, and is, the Methodist of verse, and that his special appeal is to what may be called the Methodistic state of imaginative culture—though Mr. Gardner, who starts the comparison, would revolt from its logical conclusion.

Still more clarifying is Mr. Gardner's analysis of the relation of Blake to Swedenborg. After several pages in which the influence of the Lutheran mystic on the English visionary is discussed, the point of divergence, from which proceeded the body of Blake's symbolical writings, is thus stated:

> Now Blake, being a visionary, knew that vision depended on will, and he learnt further from Swedenborg that it depended also on state, and so, as a man's state changed, his vision changed also. Blake's state was the imagination of the poetic genius (Los), Swedenborg's the dry logical faculty of the unassisted reason (Urizen), and as Blake looked at Swedenborg's heaven and hell, he saw them approaching one to the other and finally with an impetuous rush locked in a marital embrace.
>
> This is the most significant vision of modern times, after which it is easy to judge Swedenborg. He had given for life, theology; for beauty, ashes; and instead of emancipating the modern world he condemned it to the appalling tedium of an everlasting Sunday School. The doctrine of the New Jerusalem was not half so beautiful as that of the Old Jerusalem. Christ come again in Glory was stripped of that beauty that men had perceived in His first lowly coming. Blake's indictment of Swedenborg was severe. It was also an indictment of the whole of protestant theology. The magnificent fruit of Swedenborg's action and reaction, attraction and repulsion for Blake was "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell." . . .
>
> Heaven, then, consists of the passive obeyers of reason, the religious, the good; hell of the active obeyers of Energy, the irreligious, the evil. Here let it be well marked and remembered that by the religious Blake always meant those who repress their energies or passions until they become passive enough for them to obey reason.

Blake henceforth belonged definitely to the band of rebels who were bringing in a transvaluation of all values, wherein the old hell was to be converted into the new heaven. But here again Mr. Gardner keeps an eye on the differences as well as on the resemblances. "Blake," he says, "sympathized with all these rebels in their political aspirations; but whereas their watchword was reason, and their revolt was in the name of reason, he believed that reason carried one very little way, and that the elemental deeps of life and passion that lie far under reason must be stirred and aroused if the work of rebellion was to bring forth lasting fruit." For the Age of Reason, then, which was the ideal of Godwin and Paine and Holcroft and Mary Wollstonecraft, he would introduce the age of the spontaneous imagination, and for the rights of political "liberty" he would demand freedom of the passions. "What was left for Blake? The sex question had never been dragged out into the light. The subject was unclean. Sexual morality consisted in repression. Nowhere as here does repression breed such poisonous fruits. Was not sex a part of that vital fire and passion in which Blake believed with his whole heart? Was it not true that whatsoever lives is holy? Must not there be liberty for the sexual instinct if it was to be kept clean? For the next ten years Blake became the advocate of bodily liberty, indistinguishable from free-love."

Mr. Gardner deserves full credit for his skill in showing Blake's place in the currents of his age, but when it comes to Mr. Gardner's own place the account is rather mixed; in fact, a more amazingly confused thinker you will scarcely meet outside of Alice's Wonderland. Though in a perfunctory way he calls attention to Blake's surrender of free-love theories for a humdrum loyalty to his wife, as on the whole rather the decent thing as the world goes, yet it must be clear enough that the critic's keener sympathy is with the insurgence against "repression" formulated in the "Heaven and Hell," as indeed there is the true and dynamic Blake. So it was that the English visionary "anticipated much of the better side of Nietzsche's teaching"; and, although Mr. Gardner does not emit the ominous name, he presents Blake as a pretty thorough Freudian in doctrine, and exults in him as such. We let that pass; this is not the place to show that the evil consequences of the so-called Freudian "repression" are not at all the results of restraint, or repression if you choose, but of lack of restraint in the imagination, where character really begins. The astonishing thing about Mr. Gardner is not that he should have been gulled by the current theories of self-control, but that he should have fathered these upon what he regards as Catholic Christianity. He seems to see no incompatibility between the doctrines of Freud and of Jesus Christ. For him Christ is chiefly notable as a law-breaker, and the story of the woman taken in adultery is a lesson in free-love. He reads the Gospel as Blake read it, and thinks he reads it as a good Catholic. We should like to hear Cardinal Gibbons' opinion of a Freudian Savior of mankind.

But the confusion does not end here. Our reader will gasp, but it must out.

Having combined Freud and Christ, the critic proceeds to complete his trinity by adding the name of Samuel Johnson. Oh yes, he sees the differences between Johnson and Blake:

> The truth is that Blake was not a great thinker, still less a system-builder. He ought to have found the best Christian system while young and kept to it. Then he could have lived his life of vision within coherent bounds. Clear, sharp dogma, like outline in art, would have given rest to his mind, substance to his visions, and saved him from the waste of pouring out a torrent of incoherent sayings containing scraps of gnosticism, theosophy, rosicrucianism, and almost every heresy under the sun. The master-mind in his youth who could have given him a sound system was Dr. Johnson, and he would not listen to him. How should the arch-rebel pay any attention to the arch-conservator? Dr. Johnson said many foolish things about things of no great importance: he was wise in great matters.

You will say that our critic is talking very good sense. He is, and he says other very sensible things—which is another element of his strange confusedness—and then, having said them, he adds: "Eventually Blake subscribed to the same creed as Dr. Johnson!" And so we have, as the ideal which Mr. Gardner brings to his criticism of Blake, a trinity of Freud and the Christ of Rome and Dr. Johnson; "that surely is a marvelous unanimity for such diverse minds."

"Appassionata"

Impressions That Remained. Memoirs by Ethel Smyth. 2 Vols. Longmans, Green & Co.

MUSIC-LOVERS may recall the performance of "Der Wald" in the Metropolitan Opera House in March, 1903. It was the work of an Englishwoman who is recognized on the Continent, and even in her own country, as a remarkable composer of virile and imaginative music. Durham University has conferred on her the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causâ*, a most unusual mark of distinction. Her three-act opera, "The Wreckers," has met with great success at Prague, and elsewhere. Specht, the Viennese critic, ranks her as easily first among all women composers. She has been the Tyrtæus of the feminist movement in England, and has fought in the foremost ranks of the combatants for the vote.

Now she has published her memoirs, which give the key to the woman behind these activities. They read like a first-class novel in the first person singular. The setting is familiar. The heroine is one of an old-fashioned English family of eight. Her father is a typical British officer, handsome, limited, conservative, doing his "dooty" consistently in whatever state of life into which it pleased God to call him. Her mother is half French, clever, musical, temperamental. There is a strong Irish strain in the blood. The other children find their natural spheres, the girls in marriage, the boys in the army; but Ethel develops a talent for music. Her unusual gifts are recognized by a friend of the family, Colonel Ewing, composer of "Jerusalem the Golden." At the age of twelve, she makes up her mind to follow music as a career. Here she encounters the John Bull conservatism of her father, who would almost as soon see a daughter of his go on the streets as start off by herself to study her chosen profession in foreign parts. But Ethel has a will of her own; she bides her time, and in the end, by dint of suffragette tactics, she overcomes the paternal opposition to her long-cherished plan. Full of joy, hope, and youthful enthusiasm, she sets out for Leipzig in the summer of 1877.

The Germany she soon learned to know and love was the old Fatherland of little States and little cities, simple, old-fashioned, provincial in life and standards. At once she made friends with the most desirable members of an intensely musical set. Here was the atmosphere for which she pined in England. Music was the element she lived in, the air she breathed, her daily food. Her musical friends, Livia Frege, Lili Wach (Mendelssohn's youngest daughter), and Elisabeth von Herzogenberg were certainly women of unusual talent, character and charm; their portraits attest the truth of their English friend's descriptions; and they all returned her adoring devotion. For there is nothing tepid about Dr. Ethel Smyth or her memoirs, nor will they be understood by tepid people. As a child she made a list of a hundred "passions"—girls and women to whom she would have proposed had she been a man. So it was throughout her life. Extremes rule her. To her everyone is angel or devil. When her dearest woman friend, "Lisl," refuses to write to her any more, she wonders that she did not go mad. Later she hates her. She "swarms" for her friends; she blackens the character of her enemies. Now she is a "freethinker;" now she is "High Church;" now she can listen for an hour and a half to a Scottish sermon. Her physical organization corresponds to this temperament. She is the athlete of the family, a dancer, a tennis-player, a bold rider. Her German friends call her *Lebensteufel;* her family, "Stormy Petrel." The doctor gives her up, more than once, and she "makes one of her usual lightning recoveries."

The crisis to which this temperament works up seems borrowed from "Die Wahlverwandtschaften." Her greatest friend, "Lisl," as she calls Elisabeth von Herzogenberg, a childless woman, becomes her second mother, writes the tenderest letters, nurses her with almost more than maternal solicitude during a severe illness. For seven years the Herzogenbergs' house is practically her home. But "Lisl" has a sister, Julia, almost as beautiful in person, but very different in character. She is as "modern" and "advanced" as "Lisl" is traditional and conservative. Julia is married to Henry Brewster, who is half French, half American, handsome, attractive, a genius, "one of the Wise Men of the World," as Miss Smyth describes him, and—eleven years younger than his wife. For them "marriage is but a ceremonial toy," a superstitious performance in a church which they comply with humorously for the sake of their friends. They regard their relation as a "friendship," dissoluble by consent at any time, when either partner meets a more magnetic affinity. Ethel visits the pair in their "ivory tower" in Florence, and proves to be the foreordained mate of "H. B." The conventional triangle is now complete. On discovering their feelings, these three remarkable persons face the situation frankly and discuss the relations involved. The wife believes the feelings of the other two to be imaginary; the man in the case remains neutral, apparently; but Ethel cuts the knot by going away. Then, although she confides the whole story to "Lisl" at once, and is not blamed by her bosom friend for her part in the tangled relations, "Lisl" soon ceases to write. When Ethel implores her to give the reasons for her silence, she gives them plainly. "The scales fell from my eyes and I suddenly saw myself not as coadjutator (*sic!*) in a noble reading of Destiny, but simply as the thief of some one else's goods." These two friends never saw each other again. The silence remained unbroken. No jilted lover could suffer more than this woman because another woman broke off intercourse with her. She names the period of their estrangement "In the Desert."

These confessions, put forth without the usual canting excuses, will be very differently judged by different natures. Mrs. Candid, Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, Sir Benjamin Backbite will do after their kind. Lovers of gossip and scandal will fasten on the indiscretions of the book. Readers of finer mould, while regretting the cruel necessity which drove the writer to do public penance in the market place, will believe and condone. No one can fail to be drawn by the record of that vanished Germany, the writer's spiritual home, and the unconscious delineation of her own character by a woman of genius. The psychologist will study these fascinating pages for data of the artistic temperament, its force, its egotism, its limitations, of which it is not itself aware. But no one who begins the book can lay it aside until he reaches the end.

Doubles and Such

THE WORLDLINGS. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
THE CARRINGTON'S OF HIGH HILL. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE writer of the introduction of this newest volume in the limited edition of Merrick's works does his best not to be left altogether behind by his distinguished colleagues in the rather odd business of introducing one of *their* most distinguished colleagues to the world. Mr. Neil Munro has done his best, one may be sure, to persuade himself that "The Worldings" is a fine sample of Merrick. "It has in it," he says, "almost every element of Merrick's attractiveness as a tale-teller, save perhaps his humour, here kept severely in restraint as a quality out of key in a story founded on 'one of the passionate cruces of life, where duty and inclination come nobly to the grapple.'" But the truth is, a Merrick without his humor would be like a colorless sunset or an odorless onion—you might as well call it something else. Merrick may have taken demure satisfaction in turning out a romantic shocker without betraying by the quiver of an eyelid that the author was conscious of its limitations. But for a few opening bits of description of life at the South African diamond fields, which are said to be remarkably realistic, the story is melodramatic stuff and nonsense.

But this is to say that it deals in the less perishable materials of deliberate make-believe. The pauper suddenly enriched, the peasant whose physical double is a prince and who is destined to play the princely part, the long-lost son, the criminal nobly (if vainly) offering himself to justice—what older or better matter for romance can be found—romance, at least, of the mechanical sort? Our hero-villain's second intention, of course, is sufficient. It proves him to be the fine fellow he has seemed, and altogether worthy of the heroine (he has already married her, to be sure, in this instance) —the heroine who doesn't care whether his name is Philip or Maurice so long as He remains Him. . . . "The Worldlings" was written, it appears, soon after "Cynthia" and "The Actor-Manager," wherein Merrick kept as close to reality as might be without imperiling his status as a story-teller—which, unlike many of his contemporaries, he never permits himself to forget. Mechanical romance offered a restful field for the moment. His own romantic field he was to discover later on, in company with the questing Conrad and the sportive Tricotrin. On the whole, we miss the feeling that most of these collected volumes have given us —of having been in contact with something very nearly perfect in its kind. The mechanism is not sufficiently concealed; and the suspicion persists that for once this skillful and little rewarded artist may have let himself down to a pot-boiler and have put no more effort into it than he felt such work demanded. The Maurice-Philip person is a good enough puppet, the action is strung upon a good enough plot. It is all good enough, and barely good enough, for its purpose.

To the better sort of mechanical romance belongs also "The Carrington's of High Hill." As a tale of the South of Mrs. Terhune's own girlhood, it is full of what may as well be called realism, the honest portrayal, however colored by memory and temperament, of a vanished social and political estate. The author retains an inherited reverence for the "old-school" manners and standards with whose outward appearance, fiction, and the stage have made us overfamiliar as with something quaint, that is, both lovable and more or less absurd. Therefore her types have life, recognizable as they are; the Southern aristocrat in his stately home; the great lady of the old régime who is absolute ruler of her little world; the faithful retainers, and so on. And therefore her plot, with all its elaboration, stands up as well as a plot may which is so patently worked out according to formula. The pride of the Carrington's gives a certain plausibility to the mystery which surrounds the family skeleton in its closet. Its existence is denied and its whereabouts known only to one person; but its bones may be heard faintly rattling, almost from the first moment of our setting foot on High Hill. Paul Carrington, twenty years since, has brought to his Virginian home a beautiful bride from New Orleans. She is a belle and a flirt and worse. She sets the neighborhood by the ears, openly antagonizes Madam Carrington, and flaunts off to New Orleans, where she presently dies. So, at least, it is understood at High Hill, as well it may be, since her body is supposed to have been brought back and buried there. But she has really eloped with another man. For many years Paul Carrington carries the burden of the secret: not even his lady mother knows. A perfectly fitting mate for him is at hand; but of course he cannot think of her. Then comes private news of the runaway wife's death, and the way seems smoothed for happiness and peace at High Hill, after all. But this is not to be too readily permitted by the plot-maker. With the aid of a confusion of identities (turning partly upon physical likeness increased by, as it were, a forged strawberry-mark), a tense situation is brought about. Of course it is the wicked wife herself who has turned up, intending malice. But after two false alarms, death does really take her in time to prevent the worst. And now the tables are turned, for it is Madam Carrington who holds the key to the real skeleton-closet, and it is her son whose later happiness she resolves, must and shall be founded in a way, on false premises. Neither he nor his second bride nor the daughter of the guilty woman may ever know the depths into which she would have plunged them. "No other excepting ourselves," cries Madam Carrington, "must ever know this story. It is as unbelievable as it is monstrous and revolting. If known it would take rank with county legends for a century to come. I will not have my son's name blackened by the tale. . . ." So in a fine flurry of family pride, triumphant virtue, and impeccable manners the tale comes properly to a close.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

THE results of forty years of immersion in all branches of occult research have been given to the world by Mrs. Violet Tweedale in "Ghosts I Have Seen" (Frederick A. Stokes Company). According to the paper jacket, Mrs. Tweedale "vouches for the truth of whatever she narrates." We had long waited for the disappearance of uncertainty from this troubled theme. The evidence is plentiful almost to satiety, and Mrs. Tweedale's security and content are so inflectious that the book affects one like a picnic in the unseen world. The style, even in horrors, is cosy; Mrs. Tweedale is perhaps the first writer on record to handle themes of this kind purringly. Hers is a mind which colloquies with Browning, the production of several novels, acquaintance with countesses and duchesses by the score, war-work, arrest in Austria have left engagingly, or—if one's temper be morose—enragingly infantine. Spiritualism is a field in which, ordinarily, the believer's faith is hateful to the skeptic and the skeptic's unfaith provoking to the believer. Mrs. Tweedale's faith can smile at the adversary.

Mrs. Tweedale has met scores of spirits, but the motives which give rationality to the meetings of living men, the exchange of services, of news, of sympathy, are practically never found in these encounters. The evident fondness of spirits for Mrs. Tweedale's company has not smoothed the way for even two minutes of rational intercourse. If communications be genuine, they are almost certainly fifty years old, and when we reflect that both the dead man and the living often belong to a race which has perfected in the interval the ocean-cable, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy, the backwardness in the psychic field remains remarkable. Moreover, we may suppose that a ghost, like a man, may be gauged by his power to contribute to our prosperity or pleasure, and

the failure of Mrs. Tweedale's ghosts to do anything that would make a human being in their place attractive or useful is conspicuous. Indeed, a human being, behaving as they do, would be subject to arrest for trespass or vagrancy at the hands of the nearest constable. They may have reserves of rationality which differ totally from ours, and so may lunatics—a possibility which has not prevented the erection of asylums. The notion of playfulness which obtains among ghosts may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Tweedale attributes the mysterious appearance of a swarm of gray moths on her bed to a practical joke carried out by a magician in the spirit world.

Mr. Charles Fort has, after twelve years of patient research, finished his "Book of the Damned" and Messrs. Boni and Liveright have published it. With enormous industry the author has collected accounts from newspapers, scientific reviews, books, personal statements, gossip, and traditions of all the things, commonplace or weird, which have fallen on the earth. "Things that, without the formidable mass of evidence adduced, would be incredible, support the author's argument"; thus, the publishers. Apparently there is a persistent and tremendous dropping from the sky of all sorts of animal, mineral, and vegetable things. It is Mr. Fort's purpose to prove that these missiles are hurled at us by the inhabitants of other planets who take this method of letting us know of their existence. The reader will probably suppose that the "Damned" is Mr. Fort. The "Damned," however, prove to be this "procession of data" and the author's ingenious hypothesis which Dogmatic Science has excluded from the kingdom of heaven. It is a curious collection which may tend to increase the placidity of a scholar's postprandial pipe.

It is a cosmopolitan group of artists that Martin Birnbaum passes in review in "Introductions" (Frederic Fairchild Sherman). Aubrey Beardsley, Charles Conder, Charles Ricketts, Charles H. Shannon, and John Flaxman are British, as is by recent adoption Edmund Dulac. Paul Manship, Albert Sterner, and Robert Blum are Americans. Léon Bakst and Maurice Sterne are born Russians. Jules Pascin is a Bulgarian, Kay Nielsen a Dane, Elfe Nadleman a Pole, and Alfred Stevens by birth a Belgian. These essays were originally written as leaflets for so many exhibitions conducted by Mr. Birnbaum. The task was that of æsthetic toastmastership. To be graceful, informing, and readily understood was the problem. The author has solved it with sure literary tact and offers as well a fine criticism which was not in the bond. With a few exceptions he deals with eccentric forms of art. Generally he has kept his perspective in a criticism that readily leads to loose superlatives. It seems to us that he gives Bakst, Dulac, and Pascin more than their due of praise. But in the main he keeps his proportions, writing in a valediction which is in itself a criticism of the most comprehensive kind, "We need something to liberate us from the tyranny of our more or less ugly mode in art." Perhaps the best of the brief essays is the Conder. It has the daintiness of its subject. Of most importance is the elaborate essay on John Flaxman's classical drawings. It reveals noble and very able qualities of draughtsmanship which are obscured in the familiar engravings. The essay is so good that one could wish that Mr. Birnbaum might oftener let himself out. It is a pleasure to come in touch with the newer movements under a guide who eschews jargon and keeps his head. The book is beautifully printed in a limited edition, fully illustrated, and bound in neat cartridge boards.

"Près des Combattants" (Paris: Hachette) would be an interesting war book whether or no, because of its author, M. André Chevrillon, who always adorns whatever he touches. The fact that it has to do with the western front even before we came into the struggle may militate against it at this rather late day. We refer to it mainly on account of its dedication, which runs as follows:

En pieux souvenir de l'ami qui conçut tout le sacrifice et qui l'accomplit, Raymond Aynard, engagé volontaire, tué à l'ennemi, à Renneville près Verdun, Mars, 1916.

The following extract from a private letter throws more light on the calvary of Raymond Aynard and offers another example of the greatness of soul of so many of the élite in the recent war:

My friend was a French diplomat who held an important post in Egypt, where he was Commissaire Français de la Dette Egyptienne. He was fifty years old, a married man, the father of four young children, and though the authorities at our Foreign Office insisted on his staying at his post where he was useful even in time of war, he thought that he could be easily replaced there and was not satified till he was allowed to come to France and enlist. On account of his age, he was set to the teaching and preparation of young recruits somewhere near Lyons. (He had reached a certain rank—sergeant, I believe—thirty years before when doing his military service.) This did not satisfy him, and he had no rest till he succeeded in being sent to the front as lieutenant attached to a divisionary staff. But even this was not enough for him, and finally he managed to be sent nearer Verdun at the head of a company. This was in February or March, 1916, a few days after the terrible German push, which, at first successful, had begun. He now saw what was coming for him, and on the morning of the day of his death he said to another officer who miraculously escaped the same fate: "Les Boches ne m'auront pas vivant." His idea of military duty was very stern and he didn't believe in allowing oneself to be made a prisoner. His body remained some time in "no man's land." Finally he was found by a German officer, who sent to Mme. Aynard a beautiful poem that he had found in my poor friend's pocket-book—a poem which expressed his idea of duty and his acceptance of sacrifice.

For children up to fourteen years the staff of life is not bread, but milk. Even adults can get along better without bread—especially white bread—than without milk and the other dairy products, butter and cheese. It is therefore a matter of extreme importance to check the tendency to use substitutes for milk which prevails because of its high price. High price or low, the consumption of milk should not be cut down. Mr. Frederikson, who is a graduate of the Royal Danish Agricultural College, and has had forty years of experience, frankly declares, in his Story of Milk (Macmillan), that, compared with the cost of other food, milk has remained remarkably cheap. "Milk and its products should be used to a much greater extent than heretofore," he says, "not only as a drink, but in the daily cookery," where it partly takes the place of meat, and thus justifies our outlay for it.

While the amount of milk for various uses produced in the United States in 1917 was over 84,000,000,000 pounds, this is only a fraction of what it should be. Increasing the number of cows is one way, but a better way is to improve the cows. A good Holstein yields 7,000 to 10,000 pounds of milk a year, but the best Holstein yields up to 30,000—nearly 46,000 pounds. A Jersey has been known to yield her own weight of butter—900 pounds in one year!

In less than two hundred pages Mr Frederikson tells all about dairy cattle, composition of milk, control of bacteria, pasteurization, cream and ice-cream, butter and buttermilk, condensed and evaporated milk. Fifty pages are devoted to American and European cheese-making.

Sales management, as distinct from salesmanship, is now being taught at a dozen colleges and universities, notably Dartmouth, which has a "professor of marketing," and New York University. The curricula of many high schools include the subject. For this specialized subject a text-book has just appeared under the title "Modern Salesmanship" (Appleton) by J. George Frederick, President of the Business Bourse and a Governor of the New York Sales Managers Club. The book, with its thirty-four chapters and 382 pages, is the first of its kind to appear with the imprint of a book publisher, and is already in use as a college text-book. The treatment of the subject is complete and competent and based on a wide experience of actual conditions.

Old King's

CAN New York have any concern in hearing that a little college was burnt to the ground the other day in Nova Scotia? If New York ever thinks of its past, the news should recall a vivid page in its history.

Seventeen-eighty-three was a great year for the Thirteen Colonies. The long, dragging, uncertain war for independence was won. Peace had come at last, with honor. The treaty was signed. It only remained to sweep out the odds and ends of the long campaigning from the country. King George's redcoats were gathered together in New York, and, with them, thousands of native Americans, who had fought on the losing side, or sympathized with it, undesirable citizens awaiting deportation. These were the hated Tories.

All that year the little eighteenth-century town at the foot of Manhattan island was busy despatching transports, slow, comfortless sailing vessels, loaded to the gunwale with homeless refugees. Some went to Britain, some to the West Indies, but most were bound for the nearest colony which had not joined the Thirteen in throwing off the yoke—Nova Scotia. That year, twenty-five thousand men, women, and children, whose fault was loyalty to their king, were dumped in the northern wilderness, which the jeering whig journalists nicknamed with justice "Nova Scarcity." At once those exiled Americans manifested the national energy. They split the old province in two, and carved out a separate Government of their own. They built their capital at the mouth of a great river, and organized it on the model of the city which had cast them out, as it is this day. They built another city—since vanished—of ten thousand inhabitants, wherein, on election day, King Street was so crowded that one might have walked on the heads of the multitude. They founded soon after a monthly magazine, a college, and a bishop's see. The college is the subject of my story.

On the frieze of Columbia's cathedral-like library a stately inscription proclaims *orbi et urbi*, that the metropolitan university springs from King's College founded "when loyalty no harm meant," in the reign of King George the Second, otherwise Dapper George, the fat little fighting German monarch (he could swear fluently in English) who charged on foot with his troops at Dettingen. The visitor to Columbia will also note the *motif* of the king's crown appearing frequently in the decoration of that republican seat of learning, and will not be surprised to learn that the oldest society in the university perpetuates in its name the same reminiscence of its monarchical past.

In "Nova Scarcity" those exiled New York Tories founded a second King's College, and fortified it with a royal charter under the sign manual of George the Third. They would not plant their seminary for ingenuous youth in the wicked capital, where the business of half of the town was to make rum, and the business of the other half was to drink it, where a full brigade of troops always lay in garrison, where a squadron of the King's ships was always stationed, where soldiers and sailors spent their pay and prize-money in the fearless old fashion, and Princes of the Blood led the dance. They pitched on a beautiful site in the innocent country some forty miles away, outside the pretty hamlet of Windsor. Every visitor to-day approves the wisdom of their choice. The rolling country has the look of an English shire. Here two tidal rivers join their waters; and twice a day they fill with "Fundy's orange tide." A fort stood on Blockhouse Hill, and was still a military post. About were several gentlemen's estates with their tenantry. It was a most desirable spot for a college; and there, on a hill facing south, the Tories built their Tory college, the first planted outside the British Isles in what is to-day the British Empire. That is its pride. For a century or more, it stood on the hill with its "bays" and its central pillared portico amid its tall guardian elms, in simple dignity.

As far as possible the founders made a little Oxford of it. Residence, chapel, subscription to the Thirty-Nine Articles were compulsory. The Archbishop of Canterbury was Visitor. Though it is not recorded that he ever discharged his function, Tom Moore visited it in 1804, and left a memento of his visit, a Lucian with an inscription. Kingsmen were forbidden to frequent the mass, or any dissenting meeting-house, or conventicle, lest they should imbibe irreligious or republican principles. William Cochran, who had been professor of Latin and Greek at King's College, New York, could not be made president; he was but a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and the Governors desired an Oxford man. Thus "old King's" came into being, the child of a still older American "King's" in order to promote "classical learning, divinity, and *belles lettres*." For a century and more it has kept its antique standard flying valiantly, despite many a storm.

Time enriched the little college. It educated the scions of provincial gentry. Here Haliburton studied, the creator of "Sam Slick," and Colonel Jack Inglis of the Rifles, who held Lucknow through the Great Mutiny, and Fenwick Williams, whose defense of Kars in the Crimean War was the admiration of all professional soldiers. A Gothic library was built, which also served as a hall for Convocation—Encaenia, with the proceedings in Latin. A picturesque little chapel was erected in memory of a beloved teacher. A library was gathered; and it is a library which might make the wealthiest biblomaniac's mouth water for its *incunabula*. Aldines and Elzevirs, examples from the presses of Plantin, Fraben, Etienne, *editiones principes* of Plato and Aristotle, the "Speculum Vitæ Humanæ" of 1471, the Jenson Bible of 1476 are among the treasures of "old King's."

Thus was an institution of learning planted, and thus did it grow, fulfilling into destiny as an oasis in the desert, a light in darkness. As the years passed, memory and association endeared it to many men. Its housing became sacred and venerable. The time-honored walls were a landmark on which all eyes rested with pleasure.

Now calamity has befallen "old King's"; the main building is a pile of ashes. Only the tall old chimneys remain standing.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Drama

Eugene O'Neill—The Théâtre Parisien

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL achieved a measure of reputation some months ago by a volume of rude seafaring, one-act plays in which grimness was qualified by literature. In "Beyond the Horizon," now shown to the public at the Morosco in the diffidence of special matinees, Mr. O'Neill has essayed a three-act play. The step from one act to three in playmaking is a long one, and Mr. O'Neill has slipped—has even fallen—in the undertaking. It is not merely that he views the three acts as a sum in addition, though that error would be grave enough, but that he does not tax himself to make the items in the sum dramatic. He has not only failed to give us a three-act play or three one-act plays; he has failed to give us even a one-act play with excess baggage. The main situation is time-worn, but still vigorous—two brothers and a woman. Will it be believed that from the first word of the play to the last there is not a vestige of conflict between the two brothers, and that the passion of the younger brother is completely and finally cured in the interval between the first and second acts? This removal of the combustibles at the very moment when we are prepared to kindle the fire is an act of self-denial hardly matchable in drama. Indeed, the characteristic of Mr. O'Neill's play, which does no justice to his faculty, seems less the mere absence of drama than a fear of drama, a hostility to drama, a vigilance and persist-

ence in the closure of every loophole by which that disturbing and incendiary force might creep into his play.

It is time to be a little more particular. Of two farmer's boys, Robert and Andrew Mayo, Andrew has been destined to husbandry and to Ruth Atkins, Robert to poetry and the sea. Ruth finally chooses Robert, and a reversal of the old assignment sends Andrew to the mast and Robert to the furrows. Furrows to dreamers are but ruts, and, like ruts, they are unproductive. Labors and losses multiply. Nothing encourages love for a man of affairs like marriage with a dreamer. Ruth tells her husband that she loves Andrew. A response on Andrew's part would create a dramatic situation; Mr. O'Neill has carefully averted that response. The disclosure of Ruth's passion to Andrew would be in itself dramatic; Mr. O'Neill is vigilant to prevent that disclosure. Andrew returns in the middle of Act II to do—exactly nothing. He returns in the middle of Act III to repeat the achievement. A fortune which he has promptly and pointlessly accumulated in the interval has been promptly and pointlessly lost. Meanwhile Robert and the farm have laid each other waste. His child and his mother die; he dies himself after a long detail of symptoms, corporal and mental, in the third act, which might have instruction for an audience of medical students or nerve specialists.

It will be seen that some of this material is touching. It would have moved me strongly in a real play; even in "Beyond the Horizon" it did not leave me quite unmoved. The public, as "John Ferguson" showed, is keenly sensitive to domesticity in strong, primitive situations, defecated of the odor of flannels and of cookery. Mr. O'Neill's attitude, however, is ambiguous, or, perhaps, twofold. It is difficult to pardon the sentimental and the brutal in the same person; Mr. O'Neill subjects me to that difficulty. I call him sentimental in the old-fashioned prettiness of the relation between brother and brother and father and child, though I personally enjoyed both those relations, and I call him brutal when he allows a generous man, on almost no discoverable ground, to say "God damn you" to a widow beside her husband's body not two minutes after his death. One should be north wind and zephyr at the same time.

The actors were drawn from the casts of the "Storm" and "For the Defense," and the performance gained vastly by their evident, and to my mind, rather astonishing, sympathy with their parts. Mr. Edward Arnold won our affection as Andrew Mayo. The hesitating vacancy of Mr. Richard Bennett's smile as Robert Mayo sometimes nearly undid for me the influence of his finely sympathetic voice. He flattened Robert Mayo too much, yet the picture as a whole was not unmoving, and the pathology in Act III was adroit. Miss Helen MacKellar's Ruth Atkins impresses me more and more as sound, sound in the featheriness of Act I, sound, again, in the second act, in the small raspingness which makes frail women deadly, soundest of all in the apathy of Act III with its alternate stripes of petulance and compassion. Miss Louise Closser Hale's portrayal of the termagant was brilliant; in this subdued play its brilliancy was almost glaring. Miss Mary Jeffery as Mrs. Mayo had supernal moments in Act I.

I was actually disappointed to read the words "Farewell Week" on the programme of the Théâtre Parisien for Tuesday night, February 10. I have a pleasure in French plays and French actors which is almost independent of their merit; in being French, they have obliged the world. Not that merit has been lacking in the Théâtre Parisien. The acting, in particular, has impressed me as supple, swift, and joyous; I could hardly have asked for anything better than the rendering of "Le Coeur a ses Raisons," a one-act comedy by de Flers and Cailavet, on Tuesday night. The concurrence, or consentience, of their acting is a pleasure to Americans. Possibly the American spectator feels it even more than the French; it is the foreigner who sees a race as an ensemble.

The managers of the Théâtre Parisien should be conversant with the taste of their public. The public, however, is largely feminine in its quality as in its make-up, and remains in a fashion a mystery to the managers as a woman remains a mystery to her husband. This remark is incidental; what I am trying to say is that, if the taste of the Théâtre Parisien's public has been correctly divined by its servants, that taste is very narrow and somewhat trivial. I say nothing of tragedy or the classics, but a public for whom "Le Demi-monde" and "L'Aventurière," and "Le Flibustier," "La Princesse Lointaine" are too substantial is not a public to which we shall feel obliged to explain our own indifference to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker. The Théâtre Parisien presents only love-comedies in that lightest and gayest form in which love is reduced to bagatelle, almost to gimcrack.

The plays are literary in a sense, but they cling to the border of literature; they are the fringe on its skirt, not always undefiled by the dust of the pavement. Even on literary grounds some of the selections are doubtful. Is French workmanship in operettas so un-French that one must really accept, in "Le Poilu," a two-act piece in which the tie between the acts is weak by comparison with like ties in "Buddies" or "My Golden Girl"? A comedy of intrigue lives and moves in the suppleness of its articulations. What shall we say of the maladresse of M. Paul Gavault, who in "Ma Tante d'Honfleur," allows a visitor at a country house to describe herself falsely as the wife of another visitor without securing in advance either his absence or his complicity? The comedy is doubtless amusing enough, and for every kind of dramatic offense a laugh is amnesty on Broadway. We looked to the French colony in our midst to teach us something better than the power of our own example.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music

At the Lexington—"The Blue Bird"—Caruso's Indisposition

WITH Titta Ruffo, Bonci, Galeffi, Raisa, and Galli-Curci in the casts of the Chicago Opera Company, great singing has been heard lately at the Lexington. At times the singers have excelled themselves and stirred audiences as they are very rarely stirred here.

Titta Ruffo, with the "Drinking Song" in Ambroise Thomas's highly un-Shakespearean "Hamlet," amazed them by his vocal virtuosity. His power, his tones, and, more than all, his breath control—which allows him to hold notes almost indefinitely—were, in their way, as remarkable as Bonci's more delicate graces. Rosa Raisa, though less finished in her art, thrilled all who heard her.

The only novelty (or, rather, seminovelty), with the exception of a ballet by Felix Borowski, the Chicago critic, which has been added to the repertory at the Lexington, is "Hamlet," a work on which I do not care to linger. It is a futile effort to achieve the impossible and, but for the "Drinking Song" (a gross offense to Shakespeare and Ophelia's "Mad Scene") it would long years ago have been lost in forgetfulness.

Before these lines get into print, the English version of Wagner's "consecrational festival play," the revived "Parsifal," will have been presented at the Metropolitan, where, let us hope, with the new words of Mr. Krehbiel, it will have reconquered the high place to which the sublimity of its theme and the beauty of the music entitle it.

Meanwhile, may I, though late, say a word about Albert Wolff and his arrangement of "The Blue Bird"?

Of all the dramas which we owe to Maurice Maeterlinck, this "L'Oiseau Bleu" to me seems the least surely suited to the opera stage. Unless you know the work by heart (as many do), and can follow all the ins and out of Maeter-

(*Continued on page* 188)

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linck's dialogue in the French original, it is bewildering to the listener and spectator. The eternal wanderings of the characters in pursuit of happiness are undramatic. There are few climaxes of interest in the story. As for the somewhat childish dialogue of the Belgian, it loses its effect when poorly sung. And of the artists who take part in the performance, only six—Flora Perini (Light), Florence Eastman (Mother Love), Léon Rothier (Father Time and Gaffer Tyl), Louise Bérat (Granny Tyl), Raymonde Delaunois (Tyltyl), and Paolo Ananian (Daddy Tyl), are clearly audible.

As for the music, although not a great achievement—for only at moments has it real originality—it gives much promise and is distinguished by unusually true scholarship. The disjointed words and vagaries of the libretto do not allow the composer honest opportunities for music—except at one point, in the "Farewell," in the last act. Mr. Wolff, who was quite conscious of this fact, has done his utmost to atone for what is lacking in the play itself by means of connecting intermezzos and introductions, of which two are masterly. But the chief beauty of his work—and the one episode which, I believe, will live long after the Bachian interlude and other passages in this "Blue Bird" have been forgotten—is the composer's setting of that "Farewell" scene. It has a poetic glow, a charm and grace which haunt me still. And, with submission to some critics who have whistled Mr. Wolff's score down the wind, it seems quite original. The man who could invent the exquisite music which accompanies that scene should have a future.

"Owing to a slight cold, Enrico Caruso was unable to appear last night at the Metropolitan."

This brief announcement in the daily newspapers set many thinking. The Italian tenor means so much to the Metropolitan that, if (which heaven forbid) he vanished even for a month or two from that institution, its prestige might (and would) be gravely compromised.

We know, of course, that, once in the history of the Metropolitan, Caruso had to take a lengthy rest. We know that, notwithstanding that sad fact, the opera house kept open. But the announcement I have quoted, none the less, meant more to some—and particularly to the rich backers of the Metropolitan—than a temporary embarrassment.

Suppose (for, after all, such things may happen) the chief "star," the very pivot of the great opera house, dropped out some day? His health is marvelous. His vitality is exceptional. But other tenors in the past have failed quite suddenly, Duprez, for instance. Could Martinelli or our own Orville Harrold step like a god from the machine to replace the "star of stars"? Would spoilt subscribers, used to hearing Caruso twice each week, accept either of those artists as permanent substitutes? And even if they did, what would it prove?

There are some of us who think, and very rightly, that a great institution like the Metropolitan should not depend too much upon one singer. They hold that there should always be another "star," of equal magnitude, as an alternative. They go so far, indeed, as to pretend that the most wealthy lyric theatre in the world should have alternatives for every "star"—that it should not be necessary to postpone a performance of "Samson et Dalila" because Caruso was ill, or to deprive us of "Carmen" because Geraldine Farrar had the "flu."

But where, you ask, shall we find the alternatives? Well, there are more than three or four who could replace Miss Farrar easily at a pinch. In Caruso's case, I admit, the case seems harder. No singer in the world has quite Caruso's voice just now. But there are singers no less fine and even finer. For example, Bonci. And there are artists vastly greater.

To name one, off-hand, there is Lucien Muratore, who has had many triumphs with the Chicago company. Though he has not Caruso's round and luscious voice, he has far more than the Italian's art and style. He is romantic to a fault, and creates illusions in such characters as Samson, Prinzevalle, Faust, and des Grieux. His merit is, some say, the only explanation of his strange ostracism by the Metropolitan. But this, of course may not be wholly true.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

Education

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that education is always a timely subject, and that there are many parents to whom it suddenly becomes a practical problem. They care nothing about the fads nor the quarrels of the schoolmen; they do wish to formulate some ideas about the theories and practice of education. What does it mean to be educated? What should the young get from school and college? What are the soundest ideas about educational methods to-day?

The books, pamphlets, and articles upon the subject are endless in number; the disagreements of its doctors acrimonious. Here are a few titles of books.

Upon the theory of education: Herbert Spencer's "Education: Intellectual, Moral and Physical" (Appleton, 1900), which, together with John Dewey's "Democracy and Education" (Macmillan, 1916) and Nicholas Murray Butler's "Meaning of Education" (Scribner, 1915), offer the

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reader general comment upon the philosophy of the subject. There should also be mentioned Charles Hanford Henderson's "What is it to be Educated?" (Houghton, 1914). A recent book, Ellwood P. Cubberley's "Public Education in the United States" (Houghton, 1919), is a text-book upon present problems, but is also partly historical. For a brief history of education, Paul Monroe's "Brief Course in the History of Education" (Macmillan, 1907).

For an explanation of modern methods in elementary schools, John and Evelyn Dewey's "Schools of To-morrow" (Dutton, 1916), Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher describes the Montessori methods in "A Montessori Mother" (Holt, 1912), and these methods are subjected to examination in William H. Kilpatrick's "The Montessori System Explained" (Houghton, 1914). On the subject of the kindergarten, see Susan E. Blow's "Letters to a Mother on the Philosophy of Froebel" (Appleton, 1899). Ella F. Lynch's "Educating the Child at Home" (Harper, 1914) relates to the same period in life. So do Henry S. Curtis's "Educating through Play" (Macmillan, 1915) and Barbara S. Morgan's "The Backward Child" (Putnam, 1914).

For two books about vocational education, there are Joseph S. Taylor's "Handbook of Vocational Education" (Macmillan, 1914) and J. A. Lapp and C. H. Mote's "Learning to Earn" (Bobbs, 1915). For commercial education, Joseph Kahn and J. J. Klein's "Principles and Methods in Commercial Education" (Macmillan, 1914). Of the numerous books upon health in relation to the schools, Francis W. and Jesse D. Burks have written "Health and the School" (Appleton, 1913). Upon the public schools, consult S. T. Dutton and David Snedden's "Administration of Public Education in the United States" (Macmillan, 1912). For the high school, Irving King's "High School Age" (Bobbs, 1914). For the country school, J. D. Eggleston and R. W. Bruère's "The Work of the Rural School" (Harper, 1913). For the college—for those about to go to college, Frederick P. Keppel's "The Undergraduate and his College" (Houghton, 1917) and Charles F. Thwing's "The American College" (Platt, 1914). Many of these books contain references to further reading in their special fields.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

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Nathan, Robert. Peter Kindred. Duffield. $2.00 net.

Newton, Alma. A Jewel in the Sand. Duffield. $1.35.

Wade, Horace Atkisson. In the Shadow of Great Peril. Chicago: Reilly & Lee.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Howe, M. A. DeWolfe. George von Lengerke Meyer: His Life and Public Services. Dodd, Mead.

Webster, Nesta H. The French Revolution. Dutton. $8.00 net.

EDUCATION

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Studenskey, Paul. Teachers' Pension Systems in the United States. Appleton. $3.00 net.

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Gerould, K. F. Modes and Morals. Scribner. $1.75 net.

LITERATURE

Bazalgette, Leon. Walt Whitman. Doubleday, Page.

Hamilton, Ernest. Elizabethan Ulster. Dutton. $6.00 net.

MUSIC

Bispham, David. A Quaker Singer's Recollections. Macmillan. $4.00.

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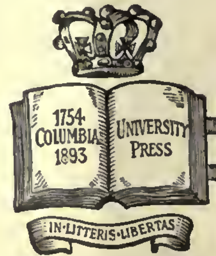
Colophons of American Publishers

(*Continued from February 14*)

In an edition of Horace printed in Milan by Zarotto in 1474, there is a printer's note or colophon which rather quaintly approximates the use of the modern colophon as a guarantee of high purpose and quality. "All the works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, carefully corrected, and by Antonio Zarotto elegantly and faithfully imprinted, March 16, 1474; whoever buys this will never be sorry."

In a much wider sense, the university presses of the country were founded for the purpose of publishing the kind of books whose readers would "never be sorry" for having acquired them. Most of these presses have adopted as colophons the devices and mottoes of the universities with which they are connected.

The University of Chicago Press has used since 1912 the coat of arms and the motto of the University, designed by Pierre de Chaignon la Rose. The phoenix rising from the flames is significant of the rise of Chicago from the ashes of 1871. At the time of the World's Fair it was used on banner, cornice, and tower, and the "I Will" figure of the city bears it as a crown. Above this symbol of immortality, youth, vigor, and aspiration is the Latin inscription *"Crescat scientia; vita excolatur"*—"Let human knowledge grow from more to more; and so be human life enriched."



The imprint used on the publications of the Columbia University Press consists of a crown, representing the crown of King's College, above an open book bearing upon its pages "Columbia University Press" and the dates "1754-1893," the dates respectively of the original charter of King's College and of the incorporation of the Press, with the motto *"In litteris libertas."* This imprint has been used in the books of the Press since the beginning of its activities in 1893.

A variation of the imprint is used on magazines published by the Press but with the same details.

The official seal of Harvard University with its courageous one-word motto —VERITAS—is found on the books issued by the Harvard University Press. No apology, no boasting: a simple promise, "Truth." None of the hesitancy of one old Italian printer who published an edition of Virgil containing some poems later found to be spurious works. "You ask why these poems, though obscene, are printed? Excuse them: they were writ by Virgil."

The University of Illinois Press uses an (*Continued on page* IV)

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THE REVIEW

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THE Esch-Cummins railroad bill reported out of Conference Committee has passed both Houses by substantial majorities, and was put through the Senate with extraordinary promptness. In the all-important matter of rate-making it is not so good a bill as the Cummins bill, but in the matter of labor disputes it is an improvement upon the latter. The much-debated Section 6 of the Cummins bill has been modified so as to widen the field within which the Interstate Commerce Commission may exercise its discretion. The return of 5½ per cent. upon aggregate property value is made contingent upon "efficient and economical" management by the companies—of which the Commission is presumably to be the judge. Thus an ample opportunity is reserved for Mr. Clifford Thorne's ingenious sophistries and for a new series of "happy thoughts" similar to those advanced in the 1913 Eastern rate case by Mr. Brandeis. Nevertheless, Senator Cummins is to be congratulated upon a notable victory in that the bill clearly recognizes the only correct principle of rate-making, namely, that based on the "regional tariff" as applied to the "regional group." This is the greatest single forward step in the history of American railroad legislation, and it is of immense value. It may indeed be considered as cheaply purchased at the cost of partial confiscation of the profits of individual railroads, indefensible as such confiscation is upon any grounds other than those of pure expediency. Let us hope that the Interstate Commerce Commission will make good use of the shelter that it affords them against popular resentment when they are obliged to do the unpopular thing.

THE provisions of the bill which deal with labor disputes in the railroad industry are not, at first sight, very imposing. Yet, whether by accident or design, they follow a principle which is perhaps the soundest and most effective that can be applied in matters of this kind. That principle is—publicity. Elaborate machinery is provided for inquiry into the facts, when disputes arise between managements and employees, and for decision by a tripartite board upon the facts. Enforcement of the decision is left to public opinion. There is no interference whatever with the right to strike, much less the right to organize, but means are provided whereby the public is informed as to the facts. Nearly thirty years ago Charles Francis Adams proposed a similar plan of dealing with all industrial disputes which were of sufficient importance to affect the public convenience or safety. He suggested that in all such cases there should be appointed by the Governor a commission of inquiry with full power to secure evidence and that a report on the facts of the case should be made as promptly as possible to the Governor, who should make it public. No more thoroughly democratic principle could be imagined, nor one more directly effective in its results, and the Esch-Cummins bill is in accord with it. It is perhaps not surprising that the representatives of organized labor do not like it, for it threatens the very foundations of the oligarchy which they have contrived to establish. Moreover, it points the way to yet further establishment of genuinely democratic control by the community over its various constituent elements. Application of the publicity principle to labor-union elections, strike votes, and so forth, suggests many important possibilities.

IT may help to clarify the controversy over Fiume and the Adriatic islands if we perceive that the Fourteen Points and their attendant idealism are in no wise involved. The issue is simply whether Jugoslavia should or should not possess a valuable and much-desired outlet to the sea. The issue is one of commercial strategy and expediency. Moreover, Fourteen-pointism has counted for almost nothing in the entire Italian settlement. Italy takes the Trentino, with a large German population, in spite of self-determination, in order to set her northern boundary on the watershed of the Alps. That is, the Supreme Council acted under the old theory of military, strategic, boundaries. We say this merely to show that the entire problem of the Italian

settlement was too complicated to fit into the neat categories of the new political idealism. A strict application of the principle of racial self-determination would have allotted to Italy all the Eastern ports and islands of the Adriatic. Paradoxically, the Pact of London was more nearly in accord with the Fourteen Points than any subsequent proposal has been. It gave Italy virtually all of the Italian-speaking littoral. Mr. Wilson's inflexibility against Italy's claims to Fiume rests really on a new dogma, that an inland nation must not be bottled up. Bohemia must boast her seaports; Shakespeare was right. Mr. Wilson's stand, furthermore, is based on the assumption that a nation is bottled up unless she owns her own seaports. This strikes us as a false view and fraught with trouble-making possibilities. If every inland country is entitled to the fee simple of a corridor to the sea, the League of Nations will have its hands full.

IN common sense and morals, all that a nation which happens to be shut off from the sea can claim is that she have proper consideration from the nations whose ports she uses. In practice, Germany, with limited facilities on the North Sea, used Rotterdam as advantageously as she did her own ports. It is generally simply good business for the possessors of exceptional port facilities to share them as widely as possible. We might come near reality, and even morality, in the matter of Fiume if we judged that the City, being Italian, should belong to Italy, but that Italy should be most solemnly bound to maintain Fiume as a free port and not to discriminate against shippers from the old Austrian dominions. Such, approximately, was the proposal that Mr. Wilson has blocked. For many years to come, Fiume is a necessary outlet for the Austrian Hinterland. Hence all these interests should be scrupulously safeguarded. But to insist that because the port of Fiume is a necessary convenience for Jugoslavia it should belong to it, is really a very German argument and below Mr. Wilson's controversial form. Admiral von Tirpitz would not have argued otherwise about Rotterdam. Rightly or wrongly, Fiume has become the symbol of Irredentism. If this Italian city goes into alien hands, Italy will enter with no heart into the League. If the case were clearly covered by a moral principle, there might be a chance of persuading her to necessary self-sacrifice. But on the point of morality, her own plea under self-determination is at least as impressive as Mr. Wilson's aversion to bottling up Jugoslavia. It will be easier for Italy to satisfy the spirit of his demand by reasonable guarantees than it will be for him to convince Italy that she is wrong because in the fifteenth century her colonists got in the way of a Jugoslavia that was to be. The case is one for negotiation and compromise.

WHY worry over all sorts of new-fangled problems? Senator Penrose knows a trick worth two of that, when it comes to picking a Republican candidate for President. "The principal test," he says, "will be that the nominee be an approved Republican." Of course there are a good many "approved Republicans," and there may be a good deal of a tussle between them at Chicago; but nobody minds that. The great thing is to keep them from worrying over labor, finance, economic restoration of the world, and things like that. Stick close to the good old rule, the simple plan. Run your candidate on his Republican label!

THE Federal Reserve Board, in its annual report, deals in an earnest and yet cautious spirit with the question of "deflation." So far as regards the practical steps to be taken, the cautiousness is unqualifiedly commendable; for instance, everybody must approve this statement of policy:

> Too rapid or too drastic deflation would defeat the very purpose of a well-regulated credit system by the needless unsettlement of mind it would produce and the disastrous reaction that such unsettlement would have upon productive industry.
>
> Radical and drastic deflation is not, therefore, in contemplation, nor is a policy of further expansion. Either course would in the end lead only to disaster and must not be permitted to develop.

On the other hand, the Board would have done better service to straight thinking if it had avoided the slipperiness of such an outgiving as this:

> Deflation, however, merely for the sake of deflation and a speedy return to "normal"—deflation merely for the sake of restoring security values and commodity prices to their pre-war levels without regard to other consequences—would be an insensate proceeding in the existing posture of national and world affairs.

Deflation for the sake of deflation is an object well worthy of the most serious thought. In point of fact, we have little doubt it actually furnishes a large part of the motive for the Reserve Board's recent and prospective policy, though the Board seems anxious not to admit this motive explicitly, as it might imply a reproach on its previous record. But nobody is asking for a "speedy return" to pre-war commodity prices, or for the pursuance of a policy of deflation "without regard to other consequences." Everybody knows that this would be an "insensate proceeding." Knocking down a man of straw is usually a sign of weakness.

IN declining to serve as a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention on the ground that he should be in Europe in June, Mr. Root did not say that he should be there in the interests of the Permanent Court of International Justice, to be created by virtue of Article 14 of the Covenant. But it is a fair influence that such is his intention. And if it is true that he has accepted the invitation which was supposed to have been extended to him, to share in the establishment of the new tribunal, then the omens may be pronounced most favorable. There is no one whom the United States could depute to this task with more confidence that it was making a genuine contribution towards the realization of a hopeful project. It is no longer a question of whether there should or should not be a League; the League is in being. Its best chance of continuing in being, of gaining genuine recognition as a respectable and trustworthy agency in regulating the affairs of men, seems to lie, if we are not greatly mistaken, in the increased opportunity it offers for arbitral and

judicial settlement of international disputes. Here the world is not dealing with something wholly new. It has had experience of this kind of thing before, an experience which is by no means discouraging to any one who does not expect perfection at a jump. The opportunity for advance along lines where it has already been demonstrated that advance is possible is worth the attention of the world's best brains, and if Mr. Root is to be her representative, America will feel that she has given the best she has.

ANYTHING like armed rebellion in Michigan against the enforcement of Federal Prohibition is of course unthinkable. Iron County is not out for blood. But the mere fact that a Federal Prohibition Director should ask for United States troops and for the wholesale arrest of county officials leaves an unpleasant taste. There is not enough raisin wine in all Iron County to wash it out. There is not in all Olympus unquenchable laughter sufficient to give savor to the situation.

THE two questions concerning Allied policy toward Russia asked by a correspondent in a letter published last week are searching and pertinent, but the inquirer is mistaken in assuming that the points raised have not been discussed already in these columns. The first query is whether, if foreign nations had given substantial aid to Kolchak, Lenin and Trotsky would not have turned "patriots" and succeeded in rousing the fury of the peasants against him as "a tool of the foreigner" and the like. The answer is that Lenin and Trotsky, although by profession internationalists despising patriotism, tried all this, but without success. It was only when they represented Kolchak as the head of a movement designed to take away the peasants' lands that they made any impression. Even then hundreds of villages rose in revolt against the Bolsheviks in the hope that Kolchak would come in time to save them, and workmen in the great Putilov works at Petrograd cheered openly for him. On the other hand, when the later policy of Lloyd George towards the border provinces indicated that his purpose was to dismember Russia, the patriotic anti-Bolshevik bourgeois Russians, not the peasants, swung in under the Bolshevik banner in defense of the unity and integrity of their country.

THE second question asks if it is not expedient for the world to let the Bolsheviki somewhere work out their system to ruin, to a *reductio ad absurdum* so plain that even the fools of the world will understand its folly. This is rather a cold-blooded vivisection proposition on a gigantic scale. The world might perhaps look on complacently, but unfortunately Russia does not live for herself alone, and the prolongation of her agony jeopardizes the very existence of European civilization. It is all very well that a child should burn himself to acquire a wholesome fear for fire, but it is scarcely wise to encourage him to set the house on fire in order to learn this important lesson. It must be borne in mind that the Bolsheviki are a very small minority of the Russian people, for the most part alien to them and maintaining their régime by force and terror; that their programme proved itself a failure within two months after they secured control, and ever since they have been making radical changes and adjustments in it in the futile effort to adapt it to actual conditions; and that they regard Russia not as a social laboratory, but as a *point d'appui* from which to spread the malignant poison of their propaganda of revolution throughout the world. We do not believe that it was expedient to stand idly by while a gang of cutthroats and robbers tortured and plundered the helpless Russian people, only to use their blood-stained loot to undermine and overthrow other governments. We have a lively scientific interest in social and economic experiments, but in this case the results do not justify the cost.

OLD and far-off things, but not unhappy, are brought to mind by the death of the discoverer of the pole. What would we not give to-day for a return of the boyish ardor with which we all hailed Peary's triumph, and the unstinted interest we all took in the great Doctor Cook controversy! Will such things ever be again? Shall we be able to forget the world's terrific problems, class struggles at home, the cost-of-living question, and the rest, and throw our whole hearts into something as remote from pressing trouble as was the nailing of the flag to the North Pole? Well, there is some comfort in thinking of the stir Einstein has made even in the very depth of our woes; and it is quite certain that the first man who makes a landing on the moon will create excitement even greater than that which greeted Peary's splendid exploit.

Hillquit on the Socialist Programme

LUCIDITY and directness characterized the testimony given by Mr. Hillquit before the Judiciary Committee of the New York Assembly, which covered almost every important phase of the Socialist movement in this country. He denied throughout that that programme contemplated incitement to violence. He admitted, or rather asserted, throughout that the programme was distinctly a programme of revolution. The change which the Socialists aim to bring about is a revolutionary change, and it is to Mr. Hillquit's credit that he made no attempt to disguise this fact. No intelligent person needed to be instructed upon it, but many intelligent persons take refuge in misty obscurities rather than face it.

The sharpest test to which he was put related to the possibility of a resort to force at some future time for the actual attainment of this revolutionary goal. He was confronted with an article of Victor Berger's in which the former Socialist Congressman declared that in a pinch "the ballot may not count for much," and that therefore "workingmen should make it their duty to have rifles and the necessary rounds of ammunition at their homes, and be prepared to back up their ballots with their bul-

lets if necessary." Mr. Hillquit did not flinch from the defense of this position. He did not repudiate it; but, with great ability and ingenuity, he placed upon it an interpretation consistent with his denial that the programme of the Socialist party in this country was in any way a programme of lawlessness or violence. He admitted that the article was "somewhat unfortunately worded," and that some of the expressions in it were "altogether too strong for the meaning which they carry and intended to carry"; but he interpreted it as pointing to the use of the bullet only in defense of rights actually acquired by the ballot. The questioning brought out from him this somewhat formal statement of the Socialist party's position as he understands it:

> Our position with reference to violence is —we say we will protect the right of the majority to make or unmake the form of government. We proceed upon the assumption that we shall bring about the change by constitutional methods, and that the minority will submit when we are in the majority, as we submit now when we are the minority.
>
> While we anticipate a peaceful change, history may play one of its tricks by forcing us to defend ourselves. History has shown among other things that when the privileged minority is about to lose its privileges it becomes desperate; it tries to obstruct lawful progress, to destroy reforms. In that case it will be up to the majority to defend its rights and in a case of this kind it may come to shooting.

Now, what are we going to do about it? That is the question that is squarely before the American people. How are we going to treat men like Hillquit? What are we going to do about the representatives whom the party that he describes may succeed in sending to our State Legislatures or to Congress? What are we going to do about the spread of the opinions and sentiments which inspire that party? We had been jogging along in the presence of these men and these things, without being brought to the point of any sharp definition of policy in relation to them. Speaker Sweet's spectacular *coup* at Albany suddenly made a question acute which might otherwise have continued mildly chronic for a long time. It produced instantly a sharp division, not as between Socialists and conservatives, but among the conservatives themselves—meaning here by the word conservative every person who is an upholder of American institutions, or, indeed, of the historic institutions of civilization itself. Those who have opposed and those who have defended Speaker Sweet's action are not distinguished from each other by a greater or less fidelity to the principles of our Government or to the established institutions of society. They differ in their view of the conduct which is demanded for the maintenance of those principles and those institutions.

Mr. Hillquit's testimony ought to serve the purpose of still further clarifying the issue thus drawn. The real question between those who believe that the Socialist Assemblymen should be expelled and those who believe that they should be allowed to retain their seats is essentially the question whether a man holding the views expressed by Mr. Hillquit, and whether the representative of a party occupying the position that he defined, is disqualified from membership in an American representative assembly. A score of odds and ends, some fantastic, some trivial, some of a certain degree of real importance, were brought out in the earlier part of the inquiry, but they have failed to make any serious impression on the public mind. The only substantial element now in the case is that of general attitude; and both sides might well agree to regard this as represented, for all practical purposes, by Mr. Hillquit's testimony. Accordingly, what we have to decide is just this: What is henceforth to be the status of men who avow their determination to do all in their power by lawful means to bring about a fundamental change in our system of government, who purpose to effect a revolution in the economic order, and who hold this object so paramount that they do not shrink from the possibility of being compelled at some future time to assure its consummation by force of arms?

The answer given by those who have a genuine faith in the efficacy of free institutions is that the only way to beat these men is to beat them at the polls. Let them persuade as many of their fellow-citizens as they can that they are right. Let us persuade as many of our fellow-citizens as we can that they are wrong. Then if they are beaten—as we feel sure they will be—all the world will know that they *have* been beaten. Nobody proposes to kill them, to put them in prison, or even—in so far as they are American citizens—to deport them. They will remain with us, whether we seat their representatives or not. Their attachment to their own convictions will not be weakened, but strengthened, by denial to them of the fundamental right of American citizens, the right of representation. Moreover, those convictions themselves involve no depravity, either of mind or of morals. They are shared by multitudes of persons in all the leading countries of Europe. No stigma can be put upon them by any method of proscription. If, with all our advantage in numbers, and, as we firmly believe, in intelligence, we can not make head against them in a fair contest, there is in ourselves a defect of character or of spirit which Americans surely must be loth to admit. It is not by shutting people's mouths, but by convincing their minds and stirring their hearts, that the people of a nation of freemen must uphold the institutions that they hold dear.

Profiteer-Hunting and Political Economy

> THE outcry which was raised against them on this occasion was, we suspect, as absurd as the imputations which, in times of dearth at home, were once thrown by statesmen and judges, and are still thrown by two or three old women, on the corn factors.

This sentence occurs in Macaulay's essay on Lord Clive, which appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in the year 1840. He is speaking of the rumor which was spread in England at the time of the terrible East Indian Famine of 1670 "that the Company's servants had created the famine by engrossing all the rice of the country"; and the contrast to which he refers is that between the state of mind which had been almost universa[l] before the rise of the science of political economy and the enlightened understanding of elementary economi[c]

phenomena which at the time when he was writing had become equally universal among educated persons.

Among the elementary teachings of that science, few are more noteworthy than that which points out that intelligent hoarding, in the face of impending or actual scarcity, by men whose business it is to watch the prospects of demand and supply, so far from being an injury to the public, is a great public service. The motive of such hoarding unquestionably is private gain; but that gain—always supposing that nothing in the nature of monopoly enters into the case—can only be realized through the interest of the speculator coinciding with the interest of the public. His gains are made not at the time of withholding the supply, but at the time of releasing it; and if his calculation is correct, the scarcity he relieves by selling is more extreme than the scarcity which he intensifies by hoarding. Prices may be made somewhat higher at a time of comparative ease, but they are made decidedly lower at a time that would be one of extraordinary hardship if the withheld supply had been previously consumed.

It is something of a shock to one's Twentieth Century complacency to think how numerous in our time has become that tribe which Macaulay dismissed eighty years ago as represented by "two or three old women." In our frantic endeavors to do something about the high cost of living we have clutched at all sorts of straws, and at none more eagerly than that of "profiteering." The hunt for profiteers has taken many shapes, but the most conspicuous of them has been that of sporadic crusades against the storage of food products. Four or five months ago, State and Federal agents in all parts of the country were busily engaged in discovering supplies of eggs, and sugar, and meats, which in their judgment were more than ought to be allowed to remain in storage, and thrusting them upon the market. The front pages of the newspapers bristled with the figures of a million eggs here and a thousand tons of sugar there, which through the zeal of the people's officers were rescued from the maw of greedy speculators. We had got the beast by the tail at last, and prices were to be reasonable once more. Of course, nothing of the kind happened. The price of eggs and the price of sugar went higher than ever—we do not say because of these seizures, but at least in spite of them. The fact was that besides the impossibility of accomplishing the object in any such way—besides the circumstance that whatever effect it did produce was almost sure to be precisely the opposite of what was intended—the amounts involved, large as they looked to the unthinking, were too small to exercise any important influence on the general situation.

It is just to acknowledge that, widespread as was (and is) the delusion on this subject of the relation between speculation and prices, it was not shared by the more intelligent part either of the business world or of the press. What was wanting, however, was that firm grounding in fundamental principles which is necessary to enable intelligent sentiment to dominate over unintelligent. And the absence of this—as illustrated in many another economic question— is to be ascribed, above all else, to the discredit into which the "classical" political economy fell some three or four decades ago, under the influence chiefly of the then fashionable German historical school. This latter school itself lost its vogue perhaps as far back as twenty years ago; it really had but a short run of favor. Whatever its merits, it was soon found that it was quite incapable of offering a substitute for the fruitful ideas on which the science had been built by the great British economists, or for the central doctrines which had flowed from those ideas. But, so far as the general public was concerned, the mischief had been done; with the consequence that the world has gone through a vast deal of floundering for want of the authoritative guidance which nothing but those central doctrines can supply. What this floundering has cost our country and the world, it is quite impossible to compute.

We are by no means unaware of the errors into which the world was led, partly by a too naive acceptance of the doctrines of the classical economists, partly by a misunderstanding of them, and partly by faults which are justly to be laid to the charge of those economists themselves. Most mischievous of all, perhaps, was the readiness of statesmen and journalists to regard economic principles which constituted merely an analysis of what is, as dogmatic declarations of what ought to be or what must be. The business of economic theory is to extricate from the great and complex mass of economic phenomena those factors which are of fundamental importance, and to trace out the relations of cause and effect which flow from their operation. That there are factors of a non-economic character which the statesman must take into account, the great economists have never denied; nor have they denied that it is possible for the state to introduce economic factors which modify the operation of those brought into play by individual initiative. The doctrine of *laissez faire*, though doubtless overemphasized by many political economists of the past, is not a doctrine of economic science at all. Its merits in any given instance must be determined by all the considerations bearing on the case, among which those that belong to economic science are only a part.

What the doctrines of theoretical economics can do for the world is not to furnish a magic prescription for the conduct of its affairs, but to enable it to think clearly about some of the most vital elements that enter into them. The mariner's chart and compass do not tell him for what port he should steer, neither do they enable him to dispense with the services of the pilot who knows the rocks and shoals with which the voyage may be beset. But we do not throw away the compass and the chart because they do not of themselves assure the success of the voyage. In our wanderings among the economic difficulties of the time, these invaluable aids have fallen into regrettable desuetude, with the result of a vast amount of most expensive sailing on false courses.

Agriculture, the Basic Industry

AMERICAN agriculture, as a basis for American aid in the reconstruction of Europe, is the subject of a very interesting pamphlet put out a few days ago by the publicity department of the Guaranty Trust Company, of New York. In spite of the "drift to the cities" of which we hear so much, the volume and value of our farm products continues to show remarkable growth. Forty years ago the far output of the nation was valued at a billion and a half per year. From that date to the beginning of the great war, the annual value is estimated to have risen to about eight billions, and to have doubled this immense figure within two years, under the influence of war conditions. The author of the pamphlet fails to call attention to the fact that this last violent "increase," in so short a time, is in the main not an increase of production but merely the evidence of a great decline in the purchasing power of the medium of exchange. Yet after proper deduction on this score, there was a notable increase.

The proportion of the population now living on farms is put at a trifle less than one-third, but nearly twenty millions more live in towns of less than 2,500 and many of these are directly engaged in farming, or are the owners of rented farms. Mention should also be made of the increasing number of professional and business men in cities who own and operate farms. We do not refer to the "city farmer" who is simply amusing himself with a country home and farm, regardless of expense, but to men who are themselves of farm origin and who hold their acres to an even stricter financial account than farmers who have never had the business training of the city. Farming of this type is especially in evidence in the Middle West, where so many cities have rich farm lands immediately adjoining. Such farms are often of great value in introducing business habits and scientific agricultural methods into backward communities.

Among the systematic means now in use for the introduction of better methods, the "county agent" is the most pervasive and perhaps most successful. We are told that there are a trifle under three thousand agricultural counties in the United States, and a county agent, sometimes with one or more assistants, is now employed in more than three-fourths of them, not merely addressing farmers' meetings, but going from farm to farm and giving expert advice to meet the individual need. In each of about 1,700 counties a woman "home demonstration agent" is also employed to carry to the women of the farm the newer applications of agricultural science to such matters as canning, care of poultry, house sanitation, etc. In some parts of the country the banks are employing agents to assist farmers in so applying loans as to increase net profits. The amount of money loaned on farm property at present is estimated at something like $6,000,000,000; but these are very largely loans for the express purpose of increasing profits, not the result of a failure to meet expenses and a consequent necessity of mortgaging the farm that the family may be clothed and fed until the coming of better times. And with better methods, the agricultural borrower is making steady progress towards a lower rate of interest. Go to any of the towns and small cities in the good farming districts, and the banks will tell you that the farmers are steadily growing in importance as depositors and investors. In these phenomena the compilers of the Guaranty Trust Company's pamphlet find evidence that the American farmer will constitute a very effective factor in absorbing the securities necessary to provide the credits essential to the reconstruction of Europe.

There is nothing in the facts brought out by this pamphlet to deny the special difficulties with which the farmer is now contending, such as scarcity and high wages of labor. There is much, however, to show that the forces by which these difficulties are to be met are already well in hand and making steady progress. There is no occasion to grow pessimistic over the future of American agriculture, faulty conclusions from still more faultily managed questionnaires to the contrary notwithstanding.

Outwitting Winter

SOMEONE recently dug up Stevenson's remark about life being "an amusement totally unsuitable for winter." Yet surely winter is not so different from other things that there is not something to be said for it. It happens to be just fifty years ago that Lowell spoke his "good word for winter," as "a thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him, and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run." One would expect that from Lowell; ruddy and hirsute, with hands thrust deep in the pockets of his pea-jacket, he might pass, as one met him on his daily walk, for old Hiems himself. The frailer Stevenson, unequally but not ungallantly pitted against the dour Scots climate, has in him the larger share of our common humanity.

Accepting winter, however, as a fact—and gad! we'd better—its chief charm appears to be that it may in one way or another be outwitted. This is, after all, the best of winter sports. Skating, skiing, snow-shoeing, tobogganing, curling, ice-boating are all very well for one who had but the requisite opportunity and stamina, but for most grown people they can furnish at best but a very occasional day's sport. The bulk of the winter must somehow be got through without them. And, indeed, to one given to reflection, they offer very little that is sustaining. This may be proved by referring to a recent anthology called "Winter Sports Verse." The thing was worth doing, perhaps, merely to show what could be done. As a demonstration it is perfect. But as for poetry, a man would soon perish on a diet of snow and rushing air. It is all too confoundedly healthy and cheerful for any use. There is too much crying of "ho!" in it.

No, the poetry of winter, the satisfactions of winter, as distinguished from its fun, lie largely in getting

the better of it, in defeating its purposes by means of fire and companionship. Lowell, in his essay, has faggotted up what the poets have had to say on this subject, and it is all to this same purpose. The best strategy is even to convert it into an ally. The simplest creature-comforts gain from us a respect that we forget to pay them in easier days. One of the few warm touches in our book of verses about winter sports is this from Theodore Roberts:

What matters though the winds blow chill
And foot the drifts about our door,
When we have fire-light, and good-will,
And bear-skins strewn upon the floor,
And bacon and a pot of tea
To make the time go merrilee?

The world shut out, we are the more ready to value the little that we have.

We have come, it is true, a long way from the primitive days in which humanity huddled together comforting one another as under a common calamity, looking to its waning stores and half wondering if the miracle of spring would in truth repeat itself. We have progressed far in the game of outwitting winter with our theatres and concerts and other ways of being warm and bright and pretending it is for some other reason that we are got together. We may have our peaches at a dollar apiece. The old minstrel's tale of cherries at Christmas is no miracle at all; it is merely a matter of having the price. But we all have deep in our bones some ancestral sense for winter as it was, some lingering zest for the older game of looking for winter's compensations, as against the newer game, not always successfully played, of pretending that winter doesn't exist. To whom will the sound of sleigh-bells come without a lifting of the heart? When snows have made of the automobile a lurching, helpless body upon ineffectually spinning wheels, when the shag-coated horse is roused from his winter nap, and the old cutter in which the hens lately roosted or the mice worked their will is dragged rustily across the barn floor, who does not feel himself warmed by the spectacle of the contraption as it passes? The sound of its bells lingers in the ear, now faint and now generously showered about one by a moment's gust, like ancient memories forgotten in all but their sweetness. In future ages, when new religious forms shall rise among peoples with manners seemingly new, yet blood of the old blood in their veins for all that, who shall say that annually a ceremonial sleigh, like the car of the ancient earth-goddess, shall not pass between lanes of reverent folk, who shall do honor to its smooth-gliding course and the music of its bells, not quite knowing what they do, but sure that without these things the people perish?

A Lamentable Failure

THE breakdown of the work of re-educating our disabled soldiers makes a story, as it is set forth by the New York *Evening Post*, that leaves the heart sick. Failure here is more humiliating than in any other of the many sorts of endeavor which the war called forth. To fail in the face of a superior enemy can be supported by fortitude; to blunder and still to win may be excused to human nature; but to fail in a clearly recognized duty toward those who uncomplainingly yielded up the strength of their young manhood is, for the rest of us, to accept the brand of unpardonable sin. Failure is the merited word. Seventy-five per cent. of the men who are eligible for training are not in training, though it is now twenty months since the Division of Rehabilitation was established. Three hundred thousand of our boys were, in greater or less degree, disabled. Two hundred thousand of these expressed a desire to avail themselves of the offer of help—real help, no mere cash bonus—which Congress held out to them. According to the *Post's* figures only 24,000 have so far been put in training, and only 217 have graduated into gainful employment.

Money has been spent in abundance, a clerical force of more than three thousand have been busy, at good salaries, constructing impenetrable entanglements of red tape, spacious offices have been hired and, sometimes, paid for, and the business for which the Federal Board for Vocational Education was created simply has not gone forward. The ex-soldier, sensitive of his disability and easily discouraged, had a burden of proof placed upon him by the Board which was more than he could bear; summoned by form letter to interviews that ended in nothing but waiting, ordered to produce this document and that, subjected to repeated medical examinations, it is small wonder that he came to the conclusion that it was the Board's intention to wear him out if it could; counsel, support, encouragement, a sustaining sense that someone was looking out for his interests, there was none. Even when a man finally found himself placed in training, there seems to have been no adequate care taken to see that he got what he was supposed to get.

It can hardly be doubted that the Board for Vocational Education counted among its number some who labored devotedly and with a sense of the issues at stake. But it is only too plain that the direction of the work was not intrusted to men of insight and grasp. It was a task at once difficult and delicate. Mere organization, without appreciation of the human values involved, could not meet it. As a demonstration of the failure of bureaucracy when it comes to intimate dealings with the lives of human beings it leaves nothing to be desired. If the Board had been made responsible to one of the several Departments which contended for its control, things might have gone better. Even now it is not too late for Congress, which alone is directly responsible, to do something, not by way of investigation but by putting the work in charge of a *man* capable of retrieving what is yet retrievable. If Congress will do nothing, being busied in withholding grants to the stricken peoples of Europe and in distributing a cash bonus among ex-service men as one gives a check at Christmas because it is too much trouble to pick out a gift that means something, then the charge falls upon each community and upon each individual of means to see to it that this draft upon the nation's dearest honor is worthily met. Dishonored it must not and can not be.

The "Student-Hour" and College Efficiency

THERE are fields in which "efficiency" is a matter of definite physical measurement. A sewer system is efficient in proportion as its discharge, within a given period, approximates the greatest amount of sewage which the calibre of its tubes will in theory permit it to carry. But there are fields in which efficiency is a quality too elusive for such easy methods of evaluation. We may not say, on the analogy of the sewer, that a college classroom is efficient in proportion as its discharge of students at the end of each class-hour approximates the full number which its seats, not to speak of windowsills and standing room, will accommodate. And yet there are not a few American colleges in whose administrative offices a careful record is now kept of the "student-hours" taught by each member of the faculty. This aggregate is obtained by multiplying the number of hours taught per week by the average number of students in the instructor's classes. Now there may be reasons entirely harmless, if not positively useful, for collecting and filing such statistics. There is a growing suspicion, however, that college presidents and trustees are inclined to attach an undue importance to them when such matters as salary increases, promotions, and the granting of requests for department supplies are concerned.

Few things could be more inimical to the true spirit and purpose of higher education than the rating of the comparative efficiency of teachers on any such basis. A class of five or six students in some abstruse and comparatively neglected subject may seem a waste of effort to the administrative officer bent on economy, but the inspiration gained from close personal contact with a scholarly instructor under such conditions has not infrequently made of one man a greater force than a hundred ordinary college graduates, whether in wise public leadership or in some important special line of scholarly research. We readily grant that college students are more intelligent than the average, but their experience of life and sanity of judgment have not yet reached the point where their comparative numbers in two departments of study, or in the classrooms of two different instructors, can be taken as a safe indication of comparative educational values.

We are not unaware that college administrators have of recent years encountered a real evil in the multiplication of small classes. The evil resides, however, not in the size of the classes but in the relative unimportance of the subjects, in the too close paralleling of courses already scheduled, or, in undergraduate work, in the introduction of subjects for which the students are not yet sufficiently prepared. In all these cases the evil would be still greater, educationally, if the classes were larger. The young instructor, and sometimes the veteran professor in competition with the younger, finds no greater temptation to cheapen the standard of his work than that which comes from an apparent show of special administrative favor to the teacher of large classes in comparatively easy subjects. The college administration that has the broad interests of scholarship most intelligently at heart will realize that it has a special duty of support and encouragement, both financial and moral, to any branch of study which, important in itself, is suffering from student neglect, whether because it is inherently difficult, or because it is too far out of the ordinary course of student thinking for its importance to be known, or because it is without any direct bearing upon the power to earn money. We have ceased to insist that every student should pursue certain definite lines of study in order to secure the distinction of a college degree; but this very concession should arouse our colleges to a firm determination that no branch of higher learning having a vital relation to human life and culture should be dropped from its schedules, or allowed to languish, merely because subjects more superficially attractive have caught the taste of the time.

In addition to the danger to important subjects of study not spontaneously elected by large numbers, another harmful tendency of the "student-hour" idea is to speak of recitation halls as attaining their maximum efficiency only when each classroom is occupied by a class every hour of the college day. A storage warehouse is of course most profitable when each day's withdrawal of goods is accompanied by immediate entries of equivalent amount; but a vacant hour in a college classroom, when the teacher can linger with the more interested of his pupils, or even compel the less interested to linger with him, and converse a little more freely than the requirements of the regular hour will allow, will often raise a student to a new level of effort and attainment. Opportunities for such informal converse ought to be favored, not discouraged by an effort to use the "plant" to its full capacity every hour of the college day. Modern ingenuity has wrought out certain mechanical processes and standards of measurement which are of great practical value when intelligently applied to their appropriate objects; but when we turn about and attempt to apply them to the workings of the human intelligence itself, failure and confusion is the result. This may seem to some too obvious a truth to need utterance; but many college professors are to-day required to furnish statistics the collection of which is evidently inspired by a belief in these mechanical theories of educational evaluation. The triumph of such ideas would be far more effective than low salaries in driving genuine scholars, of the true teaching spirit, out of the profession.

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Pre-War American Diplomacy

IT IS now a commonplace of American politics that the President's control of foreign affairs is thoroughly autocratic and, in spite of the powers of the Senate, may be exerted without any check except the very indefinite one of public opinion. The Constitutional authority delegated to the Federal Government is incompletely and not too definitely parceled out; neutrality, the recognition of new Governments, the abrogation of treaties, and the conclusion of agreements not so formal as to require the sanction of the Senate are all within the prerogative of the President. And, as Mr. Wilson has said, to guide diplomacy prior to the conclusion of a treaty is very often to force ratification—the present conflict being the exception to the rule. Yet the fact that the Senate must ratify all agreements is likely to make us believe that we really have popular control of foreign policy when, as a matter of fact, less is known about American diplomacy before and during the war than about the exchanges leading to and accompanying the belligerency of any of the other Allies.

This is rather forcibly brought to mind, so far as pre-war American diplomacy is concerned, by the publication in the January *Contemporary Review* of extensive excerpts from the testimony of Count Bernstorff before a "Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry into Responsibility in and for the War," which was instituted by a Reichstag resolution under Article 34 of the new German Constitution. The sub-committee before which Bernstorff testified was to investigate "all occasions which offered a possibility of peace negotiations with the enemy." The former Ambassador's revelations, even in their substantially verbatim form, contain many omissions and can not be definitely dealt with until they are heavily documented. But some prima facie disclosures are made on a number of points concerning which the American people have been vouchsafed little information.

After his first public attempt at mediation, President Wilson made unsuccessful overtures in September, 1914, which were not answered by the Entente; after his first trip abroad for the President during the winter of 1914-1915, Colonel House reported that the moment for peace had not yet come; on June 2, 1915, in discussing the *Lusitania,* President Wilson told Bernstorff that if Germany would give up the use of submarines, he could persuade the English Cabinet to agree to abandon the attempt to starve Germany, and "he hoped that this would be the beginning of peace action on a great scale." President Wilson first insisted that Germany should admit the *Lusitania* outrage to be a breach of faith, but later gave way and was satisfied with the statement that "reprisals must not inflict injury on neutrals." In January, 1916, Colonel House found the chief opposition to peace in Paris and a certain willingness in Berlin and London. Many negotiations took place in New York between Bernstorff and Colonel House in order to avoid the publicity that White House conferences would have entailed.

House told me Wilson no longer had the power to oblige England to obey the practices of international law [this was just after the *Sussex* affair]; American trade was so intimately tied up with the Entente that Wilson could not possibly disturb these trade relations without evoking a terrific storm. On the other hand, he was in a position to obtain a peace without victory, and he intended to do so as soon as an opportunity offered itself. But seeing that such a step would now universally be called pro-German in America, he could only do it when public opinion about relations with Germany had somewhat calmed down. He proposed a pause, and hoped without fail to be able to make a beginning of peace mediation towards the end of the summer. Then Rumania entered the war.

This made the Entente sure of victory and caused Wilson to defer his intervention.

In October, 1916, the Emperor transmitted through Ambassador Gerard a memorandum to the effect that he was willing to entertain a peace offer, but the Presidential election caused a delay.

The Peace Note which Wilson dispatched on December 18 had been composed as far back as the middle of November but had been thrust by Wilson into his writing table, because another wave of anti-German feeling swept through the country on account of the Belgian deportations. Colonel House told me that the peace offer which was already drawn up by the middle of November was not sent off by Wilson because he could not be responsible for it in the state of public feeling. . . .

On November 24, Bernstorff telegraphed:

Wilson has commissioned Colonel House to tell me in the strictest confidence that he would undertake an effort for peace as soon as possible, presumably between now and the New Year. But meanwhile he made it a condition that we should discuss peace as little as possible, and that we should allow no new submarine controversies to spring up, in order to prevent a premature refusal by our enemies.

When the German reply to President Wilson's peace note of December 18 contained no mention of terms of peace, Count Bernstorff "telegraphed that Lansing had begged him at any rate to communicate our peace terms to him in confidence." The terms sent by the Germans with their peace proposal of December 12 were so moderate, however, that "Lansing answered me that he was unable to understand why we did not ask as much as the others; then a middle line of compromise could be arranged."

Bernstorff said that "an American peace mediation which should not include the restoration of Belgium was wholly excluded"; he understood President Wilson's "peace without victory" address to the Senate on January 22, 1917, "to mean that Germany was to retain her world position undiminished."

It must always be remembered that on January 31, 1917, Wilson's whole attitude underwent a change. Until January 31 Wilson believed us to be wishing for a peace by agreement; after January 31 he was convinced we would only accept the so-called German peace.

These are the most significant points in Count Bernstorff's testimony, and they serve to show the incompleteness of what we know of American neutrality. Practically all of the formal notes concerning the submarine warfare have been published, but Bernstorff's testimony indicates very clearly that the informal exchanges were both frequent and important. Ambassador Gerard's book did tell us something, but it was valuable chiefly as propaganda and, while he doubtless participated in *pourparlers* which, at the time of publication it was thought wise to leave out, his story can not be important, since most of the negotiations were conducted in the United States. Judging by the few times he figures in Bernstorff's evidence, Secretary Lansing will not have any startling disclosures; the German Ambassador dealt chiefly with Colonel House. One wonders, however, what the State Department's archives contain. In a volume entitled "A Survey of the International Relations between the United States and Germany, 1914-1917," published in 1918, James Brown Scott (who had been chairman of the Neutrality Board which advised the State Department) casually quoted an unpublished pledge (February 16, 1916) of the German Government with reference to the *Lusitania* and submarine warfare in the future. This formula, never, so far as I know, published in the newspapers or official editions of the correspondence, is doubtless the partial admission of fault which Bernstorff told his investigating commission President Wilson was persuaded to accept. With the exception of matters such as this and the controversy over armed merchantmen, we shall have to look to President Wilson and Colonel House for the full story.

In England the documentation of the war is proceeding rapidly. Lord Haldane's personal defense of his much-discussed reports on the 1912 mission to Berlin is about to appear in book form. Lord Morley is known to have a third volume of "Recollections," and it is an open secret that certain members of the Liberal Government of 1914 are not well

pleased. There are many authoritative volumes on war responsibility as indicated by the diplomatic correspondence, by Headlam, Price, Archer, Stowell, and Oman. Early in the war Professor Gilbert Murray issued a semi-official defense of "The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey," and extreme radicals like Morel and left-wing Liberals like Lord Loreburn have published reasoned attacks on the diplomacy which obligated England without a treaty, an adequate army, or Parliamentary approval, but could not tell Germany that England would intervene. Little remains to be known of Anglo-German relations—at least on the English side.

America's case against Germany was much simpler and more indubitable than England's, yet President Wilson's policy has not been adequately disclosed. What did the President say to Bernstorff and what notes (not yet published) were sent to Berlin? Did President Wilson and Mr. Balfour discuss the secret treaties? Was there any attempt at political preparedness for peace before the final débâcle? What actually did Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and Orlando say to each other in that stuffy room which housed the Council of Four? These are things that we must know before even provisional estimates can be formed of President Wilson's policy before and during the war; and, in spite of our machinery for popular control of diplomacy, Americans know rather less of their own recent history than of European history. It is a nice ethical question, finally, as to whether the citizens of a democracy should not be told these matters by official publications instead of personal memoirs.

LINDSAY ROGERS

What Must the World Do To Be Fed?

TWO books are at hand which deal expertly with a problem which a few years ago only the initiated recognized as a problem at all. The first, "The Feeding of Nations," by E. H. Starling, was written by the Chairman of the Royal Society Food Committee and Honorary Scientific Advisor to the British Ministry of Food during the war. The second, "The World's Food Resources," is by Professor J. Russell Smith, lately Consulting Expert of the War Trade Board and Professor of Economic Geography at Columbia University. If the present writer ventures to call attention to the importance of these two works, it is not because he has long been in the class of the initiated, but because in common with thousands of his fellows he has learned to see in recent events the development of a new function of statecraft.

The world learned more of the technique of democratic government during the few fevered years of the war than it had learned in a hundred previous years. And the war served as well to reveal the dangerous pressure points in the democratic structure. Not the least of these concerned the utilization of resources which are the very grist of the democratic mill. The campaigns for conservation of national resources had seemed to have camparatively only a doctrinaire interest until the operations of Dr. Walther Rathenau in Germany and of the Munitions Ministry of Lloyd George in England taught the necessity, as well as the possibility, of a strict mobilization of all the resources of a nation. But more important in every respect in the psychology of peoples, and even the stability of governments themselves, are the questions which arise in connection with the administration of the food supply. For these questions the foundations have already been laid in abstract science, two branches of which are represented in the books before us. Dr. Starling is a representative of applied physiology, who finds his attention drawn from the problems of the composition of food and the food requirements of the average man back to the questions which are involved in Europe's deficit for 1920 of 16,000,000 tons of cereals. Professor Smith is a representative of economic geography, who finds himself asking the question, "Has food shortage come to stay?" The best answer he can find is that it depends on whether man behaves. By all odds the most interesting and significant portion of Professor Smith's book is the last fifty pages, in which he discusses "The Distribution of Food and of Men," and "Hunger, Trade, and War."

As our authors well know, these questions involve more than economic geography or applied physiology, important as these are. They involve new zones of administration in the state. For these administrative activities there are few enough precedents. Until the great war, food policy was either lacking or it was doctrinaire. When starvation lay outside of the paths of the world's markets it was taken as the handiwork of God. When nations have had a foodstuffs policy it has been a local one. Germany began to adapt its national life to the food problem immediately after the Franco-German War. Since then she has extraordinarily increased her productiveness per man unit, but she did nothing to prepare for the supreme test of her policy in war, and when war came her policy failed her. Great Britain never had raised enough for her own consumption; but she has been kept from facing the problem by her excess of manufactured stuff which she could exchange for foodstuffs from abroad, and by her command of shipping. Free trade was England's food policy, and it was a local one.

The place of food policy as an economic principle of government was not learned until Herbert Hoover taught it in connection with the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium. There the true governmental function of the food supply in all its various social, financial, economic, and diplomatic aspects was created during the first two years of the war. When Hoover was taken into the war Government as United States Food Administrator, this function of government was accepted by the United States as belonging to its war policy. This was followed immediately by the appointment of Lord Rhondda as British Food Controller, and, a little later, when the Clemenceau Government was established in France, food policy was accepted as a factor therein. During the two years of war that followed and the one further year before peace was finally declared, the world learned all that it now knows of the statesmanship involved in the food supply. It is not likely soon to forget the pressing need of all the lessons it learned in the hard school of war.

Is peace to bring an end to the food problem? One cannot gather an affirmative answer to this question from either of these books, or from any sane view that one may take of the situation. The best that one can say is that the food problem will end if the world can get together. And this answer is worth little enough, for it must be taken with a plenty of reservations and interpretations. Aside from the inherent difficulty of rebuilding again the broken bonds of faith between nations, of filling up the lack of manufactured goods to exchange for products of the farm, of establishing on a larger and better basis international finance and shipping, in fact of providing again a social equilibrium within the States as well as between States, there is the further difficulty that food policy never has been rationally envisaged as a world problem; and getting together, therefore, will not mean a return to the conditions of before the war, but advancing by slow and painful stages to a point at which the internal food policy of a nation is adjusted to the world situation.

Immediately after the armistice, Europe asked for a continuation of inter-Allied food control, and Dr. Starling adds his plea for coöperative control in tim

of peace. No man more than Mr. Hoover stands for the entente between nations, and yet he has been compelled to oppose from the first all such measures. The reasons are not selfish ones. The nations of Europe must return to a basis of defensible independent food policy before the United States can undertake even to consider the pooling of her vast but sorely-tried resources with those of Europe. During the war we were willing to feed high-priced grains to live stock in order to provide a quick export of fats to Europe. We cannot indefinitely continue such an expensive programme. The physiological mean necessary for sustenance is a useful abstraction when you have reached the danger point. The time has not yet come for the application of this mean to America along with Europe to compensate for errors in Europe's food policy. Europe has been living from hand to mouth for generations, and meanwhile, by means of embargoes which were both murderous and suicidal, destroying the production across border lines. The destroyed herds of Serbia must have come back more than once in five hungry years to plague the consciences of Magyar statesmen. Germany came near to having a rational food policy, but the difficulty of enforcing a strict application of policy on the farmers during the war was responsible for the wastage of incalculable amounts of cereals on the maintaining of useless herds, which were good neither for milk nor fat, and was one of the contributing causes to the loss of the war.

The problem as to how food policy will enter into the psychology of government will constitute in time to come one of the severest tests of democracy. The failures in food policy of the last five years have been even more illuminating than the successes. On account of her position in the food market and because she has had the advantage of wise administration, the United States has been put in the way of the successes. We learned to conserve in the midst of plenty, to produce readily at a suggestion of need, and to control stable distribution in the midst of a nervous market. The failures of Europe were also partly on account of her position. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is more difficult to stabilize a market in the midst of conditions of scarcity than in the midst of well-advertised plenty. And it is more difficult to exercise suasion over the producer than over the distributor. You can encourage producers to raise wheat and pigs, as we did in America, but you cannot force them to give up the last margin on a requisition. More important still, you cannot force them to measures of scientific economy, as was shown in Germany in connection with the cattle supply.

An important difference revealed by the war between the food policy of Great Britain and that of Germany is pregnant with meaning. Throughout the war Great Britain managed to keep her average consumption per man about the same as the pre-war average, about 3,400 calories. She did this by reducing the overlavish consumption of the rich and increasing the ration of the formerly ill-nourished classes. Germany sank from the excess of pre-war days to 2,300 calories in 1915 and to 1,600 calories in 1916. Upon such a ration no man can thrive. There developed, therefore, what may be called the underground stocks that were never counted in the available supplies of the nation and finally reached only the hands of those who could pay exorbitant prices. While England as a matter of governmental policy was binding to her cause the classes that were necessary for the prosecution of the war, Germany, on the other hand, on account of her hard straits and as well on account of her ancient ineptitude in popular government, was draining foodstuffs from the people for the support of the wealthy few. And when the well-fed Junkers in power called upon the people in their extremity in the fall of 1918, either the people were dead or they had turned against the Government which had betrayed them.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

The Uncult

I AM in touch with the hippodrome of the seven arts. The ringmaster is on the wire.

Mrs. Challis informs me that the Athelney Club is to give a dinner to-morrow night. The Athelney Club doesn't give dinners without provocation, and, whenever I receive an invitation, I ask "Who?" Then I say "Oh, of course," and blunder about the public library feeling like a regular dilettante.

"The guest of honor," Mrs. Challis's moral-suasion tone indicates that I am being reproved for not knowing all about it, "the guest of honor will be Arthur Veronicus Roehm. You know."

"He was in Welterweight's Anthology last year, wasn't he?" I venture. I can venture things over the telephone quite recklessly; I think I could win in a long-distance poker game. Besides, Welterweight's Anthology is the surest of all literary hazards, as Mr. Welterweight distributes two-penny bouquets to everyone who ever wrote a rhyme. I have wounded Mrs. Challis, however. She moans prettily, and I know that her eyes are like a dove's that sickeneth.

"You are confusing him with Ada Roehm who wrote 'Sonnets from the Bosnian,'" she corrected me with the glibness of a barber exploding the fallacy that Mollowitz pitched his first game for Milwaukee in 1902. "Mr. Roehm writes those reminiscences of a rivet-slinger for the Next-to-Reading-Matter Weekly—without any punctuation, you know. And his spelling is a scream. You must be there to-morrow night. Be sure, now."

The receiver stops its gracious grating, and I hang it up, and wonder a little. My sense of duty tells me that I ought to meet this lion with the screaming spelling. I ought to sit at the Athelney dinner-table and look and listen and have Boswellian thrills, but, first of all, I ought to read something by Arthur Veronicus Roehm.

I hunt up one of the Reminiscences of a Rivet-Slinger and plunge into it manfully. My eye searches in vain for capital letters and commas. I shouldn't let such superficialities prejudice me. Somewhere there is an idea, everywhere there is humor; the editor's foreword says so. "Whenever we have cumpany to eat the wife gives me eyebrow signels all the time for feer I should maybe cut my mouth with my nife but I never dun it yet and I am age 28 yrs old if its a day." . . . The sociable seat-mate! the smoking-car raconteur! the relatives of the charwoman! that rough diamond, the self-made man! Rather than turn over a handsome advertisement of Dutch Cleanser, I stop reading.

Truly, illiteracy is upon us in a deluge. It is more popular than ever before, and it has always been more or less popular. Daisy Ashford is the newest member of the uncult, and takes a place above Ring Lardner, H. C. Witwer, and "Dere Mable." The Lowell centenary brought the Biglow Papers to the attention of many as something entirely new. We can all remember "Hashimura Togo" and "Chimmie Fadden," and we still have Abe Martin as the successor to Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby, Artemus Ward, and M. Quad, whom our oldsters are now ashamed to have laughed over in their bicycle days.

Modernize old Samuel Pepys' orthography and construction, and he would become as ponderous a bore as Benjamin Franklin. Write the "Real Diary of a Real Boy" as it would be written by the super-schooled youth of to-day, and Plupy and Beany would sink into oblivion with Sanford and Merton.

What is the lure of the illiterate, the spell of the misspelled? What is there about bad grammar that so charms the dear public?

The bright boy at the end of the column states that he believes the vogue of the uncult is due to its sincere humility. He goes on to say that the dear public is weary of the condescending voices on Parnassus. It is no longer impressed by holier-than-thou literary style and the apotheosis of the polysyllabic; it has discovered that an honest heart may beat

between a split infinitive. It prefers the writers who get on its own level—the street level—or even a little lower, in the gutter.

However, in spite of this pessimistic conclusion, I shall attend the Athelney dinner to-morrow night, and give this Roehm person the double-o.

WEARE HOLBROOK

Correspondence

The Decline of Liberty

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the middle of the nineteenth century Mill contended, with popular approval, that the duty of a Government was to assure the individual the greatest amount of liberty compatible with the liberty of all. Herbert Spencer was of the same mind; and Lord Acton expressed the same conviction when he said a perfect Government must be one, irrespective of its form, in which each man was free to follow the dictates of his own conscience. In America, as late as 1905, James Coolidge Carter could endorse the *laissez-faire* doctrine with the approval of thoughtful students of sociology.

Are we drifting away from these tenets of Benthamite liberalism? The course of contemporaneous legislation would so indicate. Women have been given the vote, it is true, but their liberty to contract or to dispose of their property has been considerably abridged. They may not work more than a certain number of hours a week, and only in places conforming to standards approved by Government inspectors. Employees in certain occupations are forbidden to sue their employers for torts, but obliged to accept the benefits of insurance schemes required by law. There is a constant and successful agitation for laws forbidding work for less than a minimum wage, prohibiting many callings to children, proscribing articles of food and drink, and assuring special privileges to individuals or classes supposed to be powerful in politics.

The *lassez-faire* policy gets no hearing to-day. Government help has been substituted for self-help. It is purposed to give the mass of the "workers" their "fair share" of what they contribute to the national wealth. This interesting experiment has never been tried before. The feudal baron took from his serfs everything they produced except what was essential to support their lives. In return he kept the peace and gave them employment. He kept the seed corn himself until the seeding time. If he had confided it to the serfs, can anyone doubt there would have been none to plant? The Russian peasants drank up the harvest annually. Contemplate the excesses of our own artisans who stayed home during the war. Are they rich? No, they have eaten the seed corn. They now have silk shirts, second-hand automobiles, imitation jewelry, and the memories of numberless movie shows. But they have no capital.

They still have votes, however, and if they can not render themselves financially independent by economic means, they will by political. Alas, to climb the hill of prosperity requires more than votes. If one increase one's income by dollars which are unearned, the buying power of the dollar depreciates. This is not due to a capitalistic conspiracy. No form of government can be invented which will relieve the irresponsible of the effects of their incompetence. If oversight of the seed corn is really necessary, will it be cheaper to have the Government do it than the capitalists? Or shall we be merely delivering ourselves up to the mercies of a new set of thieves who will have to make up for lost time?

Those of us who prefer to be free and be cheated rather than to bargain away our liberty to the Government for protection against the rich are little heard from in these days. Perhaps we shall have to give collectivism a chance. About the end of the century the pendulum will swing back again, and it will be observed that the same old crowd is acting as the custodian of capital.

GEORGE W. MARTIN

New York, February 20

What Might Happen to the Constitution

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In a statement published in the New York *Times*, Mr. Wayne B. Wheeler, chief counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, asserts that "the power to amend the Constitution of the United States is unlimited except in two particulars named in Article 5. On all other questions there is no limitation except as to the method prescribed in that article."

If Mr. Wheeler's contention is upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States it will be constitutionally possible for 180 Members of Congress, 86 less than a majority of both Houses, and less than 3,000 members of 36 State Legislatures, to do these things:

Abolish a republican form of government.

Establish a hereditary monarchy.

Abolish the Supreme Court.

Take away from the several States the right to levy taxes.

Prohibit the exercise of the Christian religion.

Confiscate all money in the banks.

Repudiate the national debt.

All these revolutionary changes, destroying the American system of government, can be brought about by less than 3,000 men, in spite of the protest of all other citizens of the United States, and the Supreme Court will be powerless to hold that such amendments are void, even though, as is clearly the case with the Eighteenth Amendment, they are in direct conflict with the existing Constitution.

E. J. SHRIVER

Chairman Executive Committee, The Vigilance League

New York, February 18

The Outlook for Religion

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Religion, as well as industry and politics, needs resistance to dangerous radicalism. In the former, as in the latter, irresponsible agitators and conservative extremists make true progress difficult. Orthodox believers still cling to the literal infallibility of the Bible, and will not study it as they do other books, prizing the good and rejecting the evil. They worship it as the basis of all truth and virtue. The Catholics regard the Church rather than the Bible as the final authority, a position theoretically more liberal, but in practice they are as uncompromising as the Protestants.

Many movements, such as Positivism, Ethical Culture, Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, Monism, Rationalism, etc., have attempted to improve upon or supersede the Christian religion, and have rendered benefits along certain lines; but too often they have served only to destroy existing abuses, failing to advance constructive principles. Without disparagement of the work of any of these movements, or of any of the Christian denominations, the writer maintains that Rationalism—the exercise of reason in all problems of thought and conduct—thoroughly accepted and applied, would go a long way toward meeting present difficulties. It has long existed, both within the Church and without. It was a leading factor in the Renaissance and the Reformation, and can claim credit for the Copernican system, the doctrine of Evolution, and many other great truths. It has given humanity countless advances in science, art, education, and government, sharing at least equally with the altruistic spirit of Christianity in building the great edifice of modern civilization.

The most urgent task, therefore, is the rationalization of the churches, making all religious creeds and ordinances subject to the rules of reason, and substituting progress for the idea of finality. But Rationalism must discover and proclaim new religious views, as well as pass judgment on those already existing. It must work out a new philosophy of

the cosmos, and a new code of morals, not destroying the vital elements of the old, but reproducing them in higher form, and correlating them with modern thought.

The separation of Church and State, in this country and some others, puts a serious difficulty in the way of thorough modernization. The people as a whole can not act in the interest of their religious needs. Religion, as education, concerns the people in general, and should be supervised and regulated by the Government. The "community church" is a move in the right direction, and all efforts to discard strictly sectarian teaching are commendable, but creeds and platforms should not be dropped entirely. The various creeds should be retained by those who sincerely hold them, but with tolerance and respect for the views of others. Gradually, the collective thought and experience of the congregations will determine what is helpful and what detrimental. The present is a supreme crisis in the churches, and the movement towards a more rational programme must be rapid if they are to endure. Liberals will accept all in the Christian religion that is sound and uplifting, but they will not accept error, or abandon the principles of rationality and progressiveness in the search for truth.

CYRUS H. ESHLEMAN

Ludington, Mich., February 19

Universities and the Danger Point

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I read, February 7, "What Are Colleges For?" with profound interest. It is good to have you emphasize what cannot be too widely known, President Butler's and President Lowell's opinion that, as you say, education along the lines of narrowly applied science is not the only thing worth while. I can bear witness to the fact that one president of a State university—it cannot be doubted that there are others, and it is to be hoped that there are many—President Bryan of Indiana has long held and upheld the same opinion. But I cannot believe that your adjective, "dominant," used in respect to this idea is applicable to Columbia or Harvard or any other university in the United States at this time, and, therefore, I can not agree, much as I should like to do so, that the "point of danger" is passed. I should say rather that the point of danger has been perceived and is being attacked by a few farsighted men. But this is not enough. I dare affirm that a decided majority of every university faculty in the country to-day believes that education along the lines of narrowly applied science is the only thing worth while, including the "science of education." I heartily wish that facts to prove me wrong might be forthcoming.

May I touch upon one other point? You say that students must learn breadth and tolerance. But what you, and other farsighted ones who make this declaration, do not do is to keep on to the conclusion—the practical reason for studying the humanities—namely, increase of understanding among men; human sympathy. Sympathy is the product of imagination, and imagination—that which "bodies forth the forms of things unknown"—imagination, with all men save geniuses, soon withers and dies if it be not nourished by the one support which can be given it, communion and constant intercourse with the best that the past has thought and done. This support the American alma mater has largely withheld from her children for decades past. Applied science, largely at Germany's academic dictation, has taken the place of English literature, particularly English poetry, while the humanizing thought of the past, as expressed in architecture, the allied arts and music, has had, relatively speaking, no place at all. That the genius finds such support somehow, somewhere, is a commonplace.

John Drinkwater makes the point in question beautifully clear in his "Abraham Lincoln" when—it is the Fort Sumpter crisis—he has the President turn to Seward and say, (after a pause):

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men——"
> Do you read Shakespeare, Seward?
> Seward: Shakespeare? No.
> Lincoln: Ah!

But the rank and file of undergraduates are not geniuses or near-geniuses. With these it is necessary that imagination be nursed to the great end that sympathy may be awakened and quickened, and so their capacities for getting on with their fellow countrymen and worldmen be increased.

ALFRED M. BROOKS

Bloomington, Ind., February 18

Pelf and Pedagogy

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Up and down the land the hat is being passed for the somewhat problematical benefit of the professor. Heroic exertions are being made to increase university salaries from fifteen to fifty per cent. over the present scale, although the authorities do not fail to realize that to save the present, or, to be exact, the former status of college teachers, their salaries will have to be doubled at the least, and that in the very near future. Of course, the crucial question is: Where's the money to come from? The teachers are tempted to say to their trustees: "That's not our problem, but yours." But being teachers, they say nothing. To some people it looks like a conspiracy of silence; they fear the teachers might "unionize" or amalgamate with the A. F. of L. No fear. Their vocational solidarity is not sufficient for that. Something else will have to happen to arouse the authorities to a full sense of the danger; rather, it is happening now. As the teachers die off, one by one, or as they desert the educational camp for the wider fields of business, their places are filled by men of lesser calibre.

Now supposing, optimistically, that the salaries of university teachers can be sufficiently amplified to put a stop to the professorial exodus, will the other pressing needs for duplication, aye, triplication, of collegiate endowments be met? The question simply amounts to this: Can the new crop of multi-millionaires produced of late be relied on to foster the higher learning with the same lavishness that has built up our institutions under the munificence of the past two generations? Or, in case the majority of privately endowed colleges should starve to death, can we hope for such spiritual enlightenment in our State Legislatures as would bring about a sudden amplification of their educational budgets? The truth is, universities have not been managed in conservative business fashion. Most of them have undertaken more than their finances can carry, they have "bitten off more than they can chew." The remedy lies in retrenchment. We have altogether too many institutions that strive to cover the whole ground, crippling themselves and their rivals in the effort. They are run too much like department stores; only there is no actual profit in some of the lines to offset losses in others. Isn't it absurd, for instance, for urban universities to encumber themselves, for the factitious show of the complete stock, with schools of mines and agriculture, or for rural universities to be conducting schools of law and medicine?

Educational institutions ought to change from their silly attitude of rivalry to one of thoroughgoing coöperation. Then they could easily agree on some form of labor division, and abandon the imaginary obligation of maintaining singly and severally all conceivable departments of instruction. By the assignment of particular departments to particular institutions within a given zone, and by partnership in the maintenance of important, but under the present system unprofitable, endeavors, the available funds could be made to go much farther; at the same time, the cause of higher education would be much better served.

OTTO HELLER

Washington University,
St. Louis, January 21

Book Reviews

The Interpreter of American Nationalism

The Life of John Marshall. By Albert J. Beveridge. Four Volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE first and second volumes of ex-Senator Beveridge's "Life of Marshall" appeared in 1916. The third and the fourth, three years later. They all have but a single theme. In Marshall's day there was much mutual jealousy and suspicion among the different sections of the country. A majority of the people of each State felt it was, of right, still sovereign and independent. The Life makes plain how Marshall came to think and to feel nationally. It pictures to us those qualities which, at the age of forty-five, made him Chief Justice, and which, during the more than a third of a century of his service, enabled him to play in the nationalizing of the American people a part greater than that of any other man.

The present is a fitting time to tell such a story. It is true that it is fifty-five years since Appomattox, but, for almost another half century, the great party which Jefferson organized continued to profess adherence to those doctrines of States' Rights and strict construction upon which, in 1791, he based his argument against Hamilton's bill to charter a bank of the United States. That party has won seventeen out of our thirty-three Presidential elections. Even when, during its almost one-hundred and thirty years of activity, its fortunes have been at the lowest, its followers comprised nearly one-half the people of the United States.

So recently as 1912, the platform of the convention from which Mr. Wilson received his first nomination denounced as "usurpation the efforts of our opponents to deprive the States of any of the rights reserved to them, and to enlarge and magnify by indirection the powers of the Federal Government." Before another national convention came together, a Congress, Democratic in both branches, had enacted the first anti-child labor law, the Federal Reserve Bank Bill, and many another measure which, directly or indirectly, extended national power and influence at the expense of the States. The party of Jefferson had become as nationalistic as its opponents, and in 1916, for the first time in its history, its declaration of principles was silent as to States' Rights. In spite of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and the teachings of John C. Calhoun and Jefferson Davis, the first four States to ratify the Eighteenth Amendment were Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, and South Carolina. Marshall has won. His triumph may be even too complete. The future will tell. At the moment his views are those of every section of his country. Were the economic, industrial and social forces which worked for national consolidation so powerful that they were bound to triumph, even if Marshall had never been?

It took a millennium to make Germany one, and, in the end, unity was achieved by methods which taught the German people that philosophy of politics which made possible the blood and wrack of the world war and its aftermaths. That titanic struggle enables us to comprehend, as before it few could, why our forefathers, during the wars of the French Revolution and Empire, felt and acted as they did. We were wont to think that the Republicans and the Federalists of the last decade of the Eighteenth Century, and of the first fifteen years of the Nineteenth, allowed themselves to become so absorbed in the drama which was being played across the sea that they lacked something of national self-respect. Since the 1st of August, 1914, we have learned to understand them better. For over a century everybody has wondered how the Federalists could have been stupid enough to pass the alien and sedition bills. John Marshall thought they were blunders then, and said so. In these last times we have put upon the statute book much legislation inspired by similar fears and dislikes, and are proposing to add to its volume.

We learn from this really great biography what manner of man Marshall was—how he worked and how he played. He becomes to us very human indeed. The book is readable from start to finish. In Marshall's early life there was little out of the ordinary. He served as an officer in the Revolutionary Army. He began to practise as a lawyer before he had made any serious study of the law. He was elected to the Legislature and subsequently to Congress. All these experiences were common to successful young men of his day, and since. His father, the descendant of some generations of mechanics and small farmers, was personally of the type that naturally becomes influential in the community. He was vestryman, burgess many times, sheriff, clerk of court, colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and a lifelong friend of Washington. His mother was a Keith of that family of the Earls Marischal of Scotland, many of whose members had brains as well as pedigrees. It was more to the purpose that she was a great-grandchild of that William Randolph and Mary Isham who were the common ancestors of Thomas Jefferson, of John Marshall, of John Randolph of Roanoke, and of Robert E. Lee.

Marshall was black-haired, tall, gaunt, loose-jointed and awkward, of great strength, and, in youth, athletic and fleet of foot. His eyes and the kindly expression of his countenance were his most attractive features. In his early life he was described as convivial to excess. This is doubtful, but it is probable that he always liked play better than work, though deep thinking was not necessarily work to him. At the bar and on the bench, he had an almost infallible instinct for the really important points of a case, and he seldom wasted time or strength on anything else. He never sought occasion to exert himself over that which did not seem worth while.

He had little faith in popular government, but in personal taste and habits he was the most democratic of men. He loved to mingle on familiar terms with people of every class. He enjoyed their society, and they his. The touch of indolence in his nature, combined with strong but quiet self-confidence, made it easy for him to listen patiently to arguments of intolerable length, or to appear so to do, even when he had prepared his opinion before counsel opened their mouths. He once jestingly said that the acme of judicial distinction means "the ability to look a lawyer straight in the eyes for two hours, and not hear a damned word he says." One who thinks that easy has never been a judge.

Senator Lodge in his "Life of Hamilton" refers to Marshall as "standing at the head of all lawyers," adding, "especially on Constitutional questions." There is point to the qualification. Marshall was a great advocate, and still a greater judge, when, as in Constitutional and international cases, he could think out great fundamental principles and apply them, unembarrassed by precedents established by minds of feebler grasp. Apart from the branches of jurisprudence to which a statesmanlike breadth of view is essential, his contributions to legal science were not great. His name is not associated with its development as is that of Mansfield, for example. On the bench he took his share, and perhaps more, of the common drudgery, but it is probable that he was, as a rule, quite willing to let his associates have a free hand in disposing of the ordinary run of cases, important as these usually were to the litigants, and intellectually interesting as they frequently proved to those who had a turn for such questions. If so, it was all the easier for them to follow his lead in matters about which he really cared.

The terms of the Supreme Court were then short. Travel was so uncomfortable, and even dangerous, that the Justices seldom brought their wives to Washington. During the sessions of the Court they lived in one boarding house; so that they became personally far more intimate than is usually possible to-day. Under such conditions, Marshall's charm and lovable-

ness, his spirit of comradeship, his liking for a joke and a story, no less than the impression he always created of mental breadth, strength, clarity, and wisdom, gave him a personal influence over his colleagues, the importance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

These qualities explain why his power to speak for the Court did not end before his work was well begun. While for the first ten years of his Chief Justiceship the majority of his Court were, like himself, Federalists, after 1811, Bushrod Washington was the only associate who was not an appointee of Jefferson, Madison, or of one of their successors of the same political party. Of Marshall's great Constitutional decisions, only Marbury vs. Madison, and Fletcher vs. Peck were handed down while he still had the support of a Federal majority of the Court. Sturgis vs. Crowninshield, Dartmouth College vs. Woodward, McCulloch vs. Maryland, Osborn vs. The Bank, Cohens vs. Virginia, Gibbons vs. Ogden, Brown vs. Maryland, and the rest were decided by a court more than two-thirds of whose members had been selected in large part because it was believed that they were opponents of all that Marshall held dear in Constitutional construction.

One can not help being interested in the long duel between Jefferson and Marshall. There was no love lost between these second cousins, once removed. Jefferson nursed a grudge longer and had a greater capacity for personal hatred, but Marshall was at least equally tenacious in his opinions. Senator Beveridge throws into strong relief the exceeding shrewdness with which, during the critical opening years of the last century, he carried on the struggle to keep for the Judiciary that place which he believed the Constitution gave to it and which he was convinced the welfare of the country required that it should maintain.

The Republicans came into power, flushed with victory, and full of rage against the National Courts, as the last stronghold of their defeated adversaries. The "midnight judges" were ousted in contemptuous defiance of the Constitutional provision that they should hold their offices during good behavior. In each of the two Houses, the right of the Judiciary to pass upon the constitutionality of that or any other Act of Congress was vehemently denied. Procedural and other obstacles made it impossible for the Courts to reinstate the dismissed judges. There was grave danger that the practical limitation thus imposed upon the judicial power would, by the passage of years, ripen into an authoritative and irreversible construction of the Constitution. It was imperative that the Supreme Court should defend itself, and that right speedily, but how was it to be done? If executive assistance was required to enforce any order of the Court, based upon its having stricken down an Act of Congress as unconstitutional, it was certain that Jefferson would say, as very nearly thirty years later Jackson did say, "John Marshall has made his decision; now let him enforce it."

The Chief Justice found in Marbury's application for a mandamus to compel Madison, as Secretary of State, to deliver to him his commission as Justice of the Peace for the District of Columbia an opportunity safely to do the needful thing. The Supreme Court declared it could not grant the relief for which the plaintiff asked, because the Act of Congress which attempted to confer upon it the power to issue the writ of mandamus, was unconstitutional, and, in consequence, void, for the reason that it extended the original jurisdiction of the Court beyond the limits fixed by the Constitution. Jefferson might rage and his followers might imagine vain things, but, as to that case, there was nothing that they could do, for although the opinion said that Madison had refused to do his duty, no order had been passed against him.

The more zealous partisans of the administration hoped, through the exercise of the power of impeachment, to teach the judges that the Houses were their masters. It was upon this issue that the trial of Justice Chase really turned, rather than upon the allegations of the specific articles exhibited against him. No one had a clearer understanding of all that was involved than John Marshall. He knew that the intemperate expressions and the indiscreet conduct of his associate had put weapons into the hands of the foes of the Court. The pages of the Life tell us how alive he was to the danger, and how prudently he bore himself while the proceedings were pending. The acquittal of the accused ended forever the attempt in that way to strip the judiciary of its independence, as sixty years later a like verdict in favor of Andrew Johnson determined once for all that the President's political responsibility is not to Congress.

By his opinion in Marbury vs. Madison, Marshall took from his opponents the aid of time, and made it his ally. The longer what was there said remained unreversed and unqualified, the less likelihood there was that it could be successfully challenged. The Court could wisely rest content with the situation, but Senator Beveridge is not quite accurate in saying that fifty-two years passed before (in the Dred Scott case) it again asserted its right to declare unconstitutional an Act of Congress. In Hodgson vs. Bowerbank, 5th Cranch, 303, decided in 1809, it was held that the provision of the Judiciary Act of 1789, which attempted to confer upon the Circuit Courts jurisdiction over suits to which an alien was a party, exceeded the authority of Congress because it went beyond the Constitutional grant of judicial power to the Federal Government "over controversies between a State, or the citizens thereof, and foreign States, citizens or subjects." The most significant thing about this otherwise unimportant case is that in six years the doctrine of Marbury vs. Madison had become, to the Bench and Bar of the Court, a finality. The chief Justice disposed of the case in a single sentence: "Turn to the article of the Constitution of the United States, for the statute can not extend the jurisdiction beyond the limits of the Constitution." That was all. It was conclusive. The whole report of the case occupies but half a page.

One who holds that the Courts should strike down unconstitutional legislation need not necessarily favor a broad construction of the Constitution itself. Indeed it is a strict constructionist who would most often wish to exercise such a power. In the earlier years of the country's history, however, the earnest upholders of the prerogative of the Courts in this matter were almost always believers in an effective national government. This was strikingly true of Marshall. Why was he so strong a Nationalist when most of the Virginians of his generation took the other side? Senator Beveridge finds the chief explanation in the impressions made upon him by the unnecessary sufferings at Valley Forge, and, indeed, throughout the Revolutionary War, resulting from a military inefficiency which prolonged the conflict far beyond the time in which it could have been ended had the resources of the American Colonies been effectively used by a well-organized central administration. His devotion to Washington undoubtedly confirmed his Nationalistic leanings, but more important was his knack for seeing the essential thing. He felt that unless the power of the nation was strong enough not only to hold the States together, but to limit the lengths to which temporary gusts of popular opinion in particular localities might go, union, peace, order, or justice could not long be maintained. Almost all men have since reached the same conclusion. He got there first.

Senator Beveridge takes up each of Marshall's great decisions, and makes clear to us the way in which the issues involved presented themselves to the different classes then making up our people. His story of Burr's trial is especially interesting and unusually well told. Had Marshall been less firm and less clear-headed, our annals might not be so free of political prosecutions, under the guise of treason trials, as they fortunately are.

It might have been easier than we think to have fallen into the habit of at least occasionally waging our political battles by the aid of gallows, block, guillotine, or firing squad.

Space will not permit an examination of the author's account of the great cases in which Marshall upheld the duty of the Supreme Court to compel State tribunals to act upon its construction of the Constitution, and to require State Legislatures to respect the obligations of contracts, and to refrain from interfering with interstate commerce or with those agencies which the Federal Government, in the exercise of its implied powers, has found useful. All of it is excellently done. Since Thayer's Cavour, no American has given to the world so valuable a biography of a great historical personage.

JOHN C. ROSE

Disentangling Socialism from Bolshevism

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BOLSHEVISM. By John Spargo. New York: Harper and Brother.

MR. SPARGO'S efforts to disentangle Socialism from Bolshevism arouse (in one who knows his Spargo) mixed emotions. In the mixture it is easy to identify a modicum of amusement, a modicum of admiration, and a modicum of satisfaction; and, under the influence of these three, it is natural to pronounce, if not an enthusiastic, at least a tolerant benediction upon those efforts. In the language of the street, they will probably be "all to the good," anyhow!

"The Psychology of Bolshevism" is an amusing work, because it exhibits Mr. Spargo's anxiety (as a Socialist) to clear his own skirts and the skirts of his party from responsibility for the consequences of putting into practice the doctrines of their chief evangelist, Karl Marx. It excites in the reader a real admiration for the mental agility that is displayed therein, and it produces at least some satisfaction, because it shows that Socialism in practice, *alias* Bolshevism in Russia, has frightened a good many of our Socialists in America, who, seemingly, never intended any such results and do not like them now that they have occurred. In the belief that Mr. Spargo's latest book may help to bring others to the same state of dissatisfaction it has our blessing.

His adventures in the field of psychopathology—to explain the phenomena of "parlor-Bolshevism," and so forth—are conducted with the same fluent facility of phrase-making and easy generalization that are to be found in more than one of his previous essays in compromise. Much in the "Psychology of Bolshevism" reminds us of his book wherein he "reconciled" Socialism with the Judæo-Christian theology. It is all simple, after all. One can as easily say "hysterical hyper-æsthesia" as "immanence," and "psycho-neurosis" is a very comfortable refuge. Besides, every intelligent newspaper reader nowadays is presumed to know the main "complexes" recognized by the "Sunday science" of psychoanalysis. It is a diverting sketch that Mr. Spargo draws of the typical Bolshevist Intellectual. Here are some of his main characteristics : — "exaggerated egoism, extreme intolerance, intellectual vanity, hypercriticism, self-indulgence, craving for mental and emotional excitement, excessive dogmatism, hyperbolic language, impulsive judgment, emotional instability, intense hero-worship, propensity for intrigues and conspiracies, rapid alternation of extremes of exaltation or depression, violent contradictions in tenaciously held opinions and beliefs, periodic, swift, and unsystematic changes of mental attitude." He has evidently been conscientious in his studies of the current literature of "opinion," journalism of "protest," and broadsheets of "revolt." To do him bare justice it is only fair to say that he himself has never been of this class; compromise has ever been the keynote of his thought. He has always sought to prove that Socialism was a gentle thing, quite compatible with religion, the family, personal property, home comforts, and the other simple pleasures and treasured convictions of the humble every-day *bourgeois*. Small wonder that he wants to convince us that Bolshevism is a wicked perversion of the true Marxian faith!

He will not grudge us a quiet chuckle over it, we feel sure!

Recent Books on Mexican Problems

THE PLOT AGAINST MEXICO. By L. J. de Bekker. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.
INTERVENTION IN MEXICO. By Samuel Guy Inman. New York: Association Press.
INDUSTRIAL MEXICO. By P. Harvey Middleton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

IN recent publications concerning Mexico there is to be found little that has not already appeared several times during the last three years. So long, however, as the Mexican problem continues to have news value, we must expect the frequent publication of books with such titles as "The Shameful Treatment of Americans by Mexico" or "The Crime Against Mexico." If a correspondent becomes impregnated with the desire to carry to the American public the message which comes to him during his fleeting "first-hand" investigation, he must, of course, express it in print, but it is unfortunate that he can not state it in a concise article in one of the current periodicals or in a Sunday supplement.

"The Plot Against Mexico," by Mr. de Bekker, is the most recent contribution from visiting journalists. Of the nineteen chapters, two are devoted to the "plot" and occasional reference to this thesis may be found elsewhere, but the remainder of the book is devoted to a repetition of impressions and facts that have for some time been common property. The writer appears to have a genius for relating the most commonplace facts with all the ardor of one who has made a new discovery. The reader should remember this literary ability when he reads, for example, on page 53, that Mexico's "assets are a thousand times in excess of her liabilities."

The plot against Mexico is not undeserving of attention. There is, undoubtedly, a small group of men who have wished to bring about intervention in Mexican affairs. And any discerning reader of the daily newspapers must have been impressed by the "yellow" character of much of the news coming from Mexico. It has been unfair, highly colored, and calculated to stir the feeling of the country. Mr. de Bekker does a service in bringing these facts together in striking form. But to recognize these facts is one thing, and to characterize them as "a plot" in which high Government officials are implicated is quite another thing.

Mr. Inman's book is much more carefully and modestly written. Mr. Inman has had long experience in Mexico, and is entitled to express seasoned opinions. Moreover, he has the first requisite of a writer upon Mexico, viz., a sympathetic understanding of the Latin-American. He has known President Carranza longer and more intimately than any other writer in the United States, and while his picture of the Mexican President is highly complimentary and possibly a little prejudiced, he is not ignorant of the weaknesses of the man, and, altogether, his portrayal of Carranza is probably the best that has appeared in English. Mr. Inman is also much impressed by the activity of those Americans who desire intervention. He is firmly of the opinion that intervention would be a tremendous blunder. He has no panacea, but believes that the Mexican problem can be solved only by long and patient efforts to educate the masses of the people in the practical arts, the cultural subjects, and in higher ideals. And, finally, "the great problem before the Mexican people is the development of character, and to the working out of this problem all of Mexico's friends are called to help." As a presentation of the Mexican point of view, there is much in this volume to arouse sober thought among Americans.

Mr. Middleton's book is of an entirely different type, and we must confess some relief in reading a current book that makes no pretense at interpreting Mexicans or the Mexican problem. The book is an economic manual, giving the prin

cipal industrial and financial facts—such as we have been accustomed to find in the Mexican Year Book up to 1914, and, more recently, in the Latin-American Year Book. Mr. Middleton's book is superior to the Mexican Year Book in that it brings the facts up to date, and it is better written and more carefully edited than the Latin-American Year Book.

In addition to the ordinary commercial and industrial statistics, it contains much recent information of interest to American investors, such as the proposed new petroleum law, the new mining law, together with some remarks on the probable trend of the new banking legislation. The book is readable, timely, and appears to be reliable. Mr. Middleton states, in his interesting introduction, that the business men of best standing in Mexico are now of the opinion that Article 27 of the new Constitution will be so amended as to protect the foreign interests. He is also of the opinion that the Mexican Government is about to take steps to recognize and refund the debts of the Huerta régime. It is difficult to conceive of two acts of the Mexican Government that could do more to quiet the feeling of unrest that is evident wherever the interests of foreigners are touched by the present Government. And, incidentally, nothing could do more to rehabilitate Mexico's credit. The opinion that Mexico is preparing to recognize her international obligations is borne out by other recent books. It would seem, therefore, that the present is not the time to spread broadcast a propaganda of intervention.

Mr. Bullard on Russia

The Russian Pendulum. By Arthur Bullard. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. BULLARD'S new book deserves careful attention. Much of it is valuable first-hand material for the student, and some of it, alas, can not be considered as entirely accurate or unbiased. The author is a trained and painstaking observer, and where he has erred it has been in fields where he depended on the testimony of others rather than upon his own personal investigation, and where his own background has inclined him to see many things only through the eyes of the Russian revolutionists of the beginning of the present century.

Quite the most valuable feature of the volume is his opening chapter devoted to Lenin. Here we have the results of the author's personal observation and searching interviews, and it is to be doubted if there exists a more authoritative analysis of the mentality of the man who is the brains of the whole Bolshevist revolution. What makes this analysis particularly interesting is that it is based on an acquaintance dating back to 1905.

When Mr. Bullard deals with the conditions and institutions of Russia under the Old Régime, he is less sure of his ground. Few will attempt to defend the lumbering old bureaucracy with its arbitrary conduct, its incompetence and corruption, but if one sees it only as a malevolent tyranny and has not actually lived among the peasants under it, the tendency is to exaggerate their unhappiness and misery. His study of the Zemstvo, Duma, and Coöperative institutions is well done, considering the space at his disposal, and especially good is his account of the development of that new phenomenon in Russian life, the Soviet, an account that shatters the fiction circulated concerning it by Raymond Robins and other superficial observers. In his treatment of the land problem, and particularly of the peasant commune, he is less happy. His statements concerning land tenure, allotment, and redemption payments, and especially the attitude of the peasants toward the commune, require considerable correction and modification. He distinctly misinterprets the land reforms of Stolypin and their motives, reforms that were almost universally welcomed by the peasants as freeing them from the yoke of the commune, and which marked a great step forward toward an enlightened solution of the agrarian problem.

In dealing with the March Revolution and the Provisional Government, Mr. Bullard does not exaggerate the difficulties that confronted Kerensky, but he takes entirely too kindly a view of this contemptible and cheap little demagogue, who, more than any other, was responsible for the failure of the revolution. On the other hand, he does not do justice to Kornilov, displaying a partisan bias and ignoring Kornilov's address before the Congress at Moscow and his understanding with Kerensky, which the latter so treacherously repudiated in the crisis.

The study of the November Revolution and the Bolshevik régime is excellent. With all of the author's judgments and conclusions one may not agree, but one must grant it fairmindedness and careful analysis. With the third section of his book, the part that deals with Siberia, the case is different. Here he viewed events and men from the far-distant city of Vladivostok, the worst place in all the world in which to gain information as to the facts or to form fair judgments as to men and movements. With reference to this, it is fair to quote the author's own words, appended to his account of the *coup d'état* of November 18, 1918, at Omsk. "The truth of the matter was that at Vladivostok we did not have any facts on which to base a judgment." In fact, the Siberian part is unworthy of the writer and appears to have been done under pressure to pad out an otherwise admirable book, a pressure which is also indicated by the faulty transliteration of Russian names.

Proletarian Comedy

Storm in a Teacup. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Two Men: A Romance of Sussex. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Taming of Nan. By Ethel Holdsworth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE comedy of the small town and the main street continues to win much attention from current British novelists. Mr. Phillpotts is still at his old game with the witty, garrulous, and appallingly above-board denizens of what may now be frankly recognized as the land of Phillpottsia. Long since it became evident that, for all their differences of accent and whether placed in Devon or Wales or Cornwall, his people are pretty much the same in type and treatment. For the rest, "Storm in a Teacup" adds to his earlier romances of industry the atmosphere and the technique of the paper-maker's trade. Step by step, with interludes of romantic comedy, we follow the processes of paper manufacture; and the expositor makes little attempt to conceal from us that we are under instruction. No less than seven of the chapters are frankly devoted to describing the different stages of paper-making, most of them under titles like "The Rag House," and "The Drying Lofts." In short, readers of Mr. Phillpotts who do not skip these chapters for the story may now add a knowledge of this industry to the lore of poppy-growing, shepherding, slate-quarrying, and divers other trades with which the writer's earlier novels will have acquainted them. He has little to add to the interpretation of rustic character and situation which charmed so many readers in his earlier novels; and there is no denying a sense of repetition and dilution in much of the later work.

"Two Men" and "The Taming of Nan" are chronicles of the main street and the vulgar cit. Mr. Ollivant's two men are brothers. Their father, Edward Caspar, is not quite a gentleman, being the son of a rich but rough-and-ready contractor. With the makings of a scholar, he has succumbed early to drink, and allowed himself to be privately married by a lower-class woman of character who is devoted to him. Ernest, the elder son, inherits something of his father's wondering simplicity of nature, his practical helplessness, and his taste. Alf, the younger, is a born gutter-rat, the embodiment of all the squalid instincts and sordid motives of the slum-bred child. To tell the truth, it is Alf's very completeness which casts doubt upon

the whole book. He is too unshaded a rascal. His pusillanimity and malignity are plain to see; and we can not believe that the Trupps and the Pigotts of the story would have let him off with any such mild tushing and finger-shaking as the narrative records. Nor can we quite believe that his mother, who is certainly not a fool, would have waited so long before turning on him with the verdict he patently deserves. Alf becomes the pushing and foxy man of business and duly achieves a waistcoat and a watch-chain. Ern, the feckless and half-awakened, drifts along unprosperously enough, putting always the wrong foot foremost, and yet never altogether losing sight of a faint star towards which his stumbling way does vaguely lead. In the end, or rather at the point where we lose sight of him, his loyal heart finds its humble reward. What makes the book, of course, is not its matter but its substance, that fabric which owes its richness more to the workman's hand than to any visible quality in the material. Mr. Ollivant's work has been oddly unequal in this respect, ranging from the firm perfection of "Bob, Son of Battle," to the artificiality of "Boy Woodburn." But for the dubious figure of Alf, one might unhesitatingly place "Two Men" with his best work.

Readers with a keen eye for new work of unusual quality may recall the appearance a year or two ago of "Helen of Four Gates" by an Englishwoman who chose to sign herself "An Ex-Mill Girl." It was a rather "grim" story, with a flavor which reminded more than one reviewer of Hardy and, a considerably stranger thing, won the praise of the old Master himself. "The Taming of Nan" is less "uncompromising," that is, less disagreeable in its net effect. Indeed we recognize it, in retrospect at least, as romantic comedy. But it is romantic comedy reduced to nearly its lowest terms. Nan Cherry, married to and honest fellow, and mother of a nearly grown girl, is a fighting shrew: "The untamable hooligan—the Stone Age hidden under the veneer of Civilization. She had neither humor, imagination, nor protectiveness. She should have been an apache's mate." The man Cherry is a huge porter, a man of humor and self-command. We see him in the opening scene, breasting the torrent of his mate's wild speech and regarding her with a glance "of affectionate tolerance, mingled with that of a man who has lost all illusions, but knows that he has his feet, if the worst comes to the worst." Feet, that is, to stand on and if necessary to run away with. He loses them presently on the railway, and comes home a cripple for life. Nan does not soften towards him. She scorns him for his helplessness and for a long time treats him brutally. How he gets back a place in the world and finally wins Nan for good is the matter of a very good story. There is Polly's story, too, which is of hardly secondary interest. Indeed, it is as a study of her emergence from the blurred prettiness and apparently unprotected amativeness of girlhood to real achievements in character and happiness that the book may especially commend itself to the confirmed yet still hopeful novel reader.

H. W. Boynton

Ancient Architecture

The Foundations of Classic Architecture. By Herbert Langford Warren, A.M., Late Fellow of the American Institute of Architects and Dean of the Faculty of Architecture of Harvard University. Illustrated from Documents and Original Drawings. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The death in 1918 of Professor Herbert Langford Warren, late Dean of the Harvard University School of Architecture, deprived American scholarship of one of its most promising figures. The volume which the Macmillans have just published under the title of "The Foundations of Classic Architecture" gives rise to new regrets that his late-maturing, but richly-developed, literary and critical talent was not spared for wider and still higher achievement. His death left the manuscript of this volume nearly ready for publication; the last chapter has been sympathetically completed from his notes by the editor, Professor Fiske Kimball, upon whom devolved also the selection of the 118 excellent illustrations which elucidate the text and of the beautiful drawings by the author's brother, Harold B. Warren, which serve as caption-pieces to the five chapters or sections of the book.

These five chapters discuss with fine scholarship, wholly free from affectation or pedantry, and with admirable discrimination between essentials and non-essentials, the architectures respectively of Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, the Aegean civilization, and Greece. The author vitalizes the ancient styles, setting forth with simplicity and clearness the conditions which gave them birth, and the processes by which they were developed. His explanations of their methods of construction and his descriptions of their characteristic forms and decorative details gain in the reader's interest by their freedom from technical jargon. The various streams of influence leading through and from the more ancient architectures to the culminating art of Greece are traced with remarkable clarity. The reviewer knows of no work that deals more sanely, and at the same time sympathetically and convincingly, with that glorious culmination. Breadth of view and sincerity of treatment characterize the whole discussion.

It was inevitable that such a survey should involve dealing with certain matters of controversy, especially in the field of theories or origins. Such questions Professor Warren handles with perfect fairness to theories from which he dissents, while expressing his own conclusions with clear conviction. Not all readers will agree with his contention in favor of the purely lithic origin of the entire Doric order, both column and entablature, but one is forced to admire the clarity and sanity of his presentation of this contention. We may assent in general to his division of all architectural forms into the two classes of "primary" and "secondary" forms, according to their structural origin, without necessarily assenting to all his applications of this classification; but no one can read Professor Warren's suggestive and illuminating discussions of such questions without an awakened interest and a real intellectual pleasure. Here is the ripest work of a scholar and teacher, who refuses to follow traditional ruts or to be bound by narrow prejudices; the final masterpiece of a teacher who never could be a mere pedagogue, but who, if his teaching was like this book in its charm of literary style and clearness of exposition, must have been an inspiring and stimulating educator.

The book is beautifully printed on heavy plate paper, and the only typographical error the reviewer has discovered is the unfortunate printing upside down of Figure 91 on page 284. There is an adequate index, but no list of illustrations.

The Run of the Shelves

Without doubt Mrs. Whitehouse did excellent work in interesting the Swiss press in the war aims of America and in the vast war preparations which were being made. She admits it. No doubt, also, this publicity was not without its effect in counteracting German propaganda in Switzerland and in heartening those whose sympathies were with the Allies. But a reading of her book ("A Year as a Government Agent"; Harper), interesting as it is, leaves one in doubt as to whether it is an *apologia* or a suffrage tract. Further, it exposes again the error of creating an extra-legal government department, The Committee on Public Information, with authority to act abroad in matters of foreign policy independently of the Department of State. It may be that, as Mrs. Whitehouse declares, the American Legation in Switzerland was inefficient, or trammeled by the traditions of diplomacy, unable to meet certain vital issues raised by German propaganda. But the fact remains that an independent publicity bureau, uncontrolled by the Department of State, might easily, and in many

places actually did, put forth "publicity" and foster policies inimical to the lines decided upon by the Department. The obstructions which Mrs. Whitehouse found from this quarter are not correctly attributable to the fact that she was a woman and a suffragist, or to antiquated methods of secret diplomacy, but to the fact that, lacking proper control in a field for which it was solely responsible, the legation could not be sure of her discretion and the subordination of her work to the Department policy. The fault was not that of Mrs. Whitehouse, but of those who instituted a system in which there was bound to be conflict of authority.

Mrs. Whitehouse's book is a lively recital of her personal experiences and gives a vivid account of the trying conditions under which Switzerland maintained neutrality, and her doctrinaire views on diplomacy and democracy add zest to it.

During the course of the war it looked for a time as though the convenient little Leipsic "Tauchnitz Edition of British and American Authors" might go down in the universal wreck of German interests. In the middle of 1915, M. Louis Conard started at Paris "The Standard Collection of British and American Authors," modeled, as regards size and thickness, on Baron Tauchnitz's volumes, and declared that "ninety per cent. of the former Tauchnitz authors have signed with me for the duration of the war and for five years after the peace." Before the end of 1916, M. Conard had published nearly forty volumes from such well-known writers as Mrs. Humphry Ward, Booth Tarkington, W. E. Norris, Mrs. Atherton, Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, Miss May Sinclair, and John Galsworthy; and the volumes are still appearing. But so are the Leipsic volumes, and what is more, some authors are found in both lists. Thus, C. N. and A. M. Williamson gave M. Conard "Secret History" more than two years ago, and Baron Tauchnitz starts his renewed, after-war series, No. 4, 527 of the Edition, with "The Wedding Day" of these same joint authors. Mr. Arnold Bennett is still more conspicuous in this respect. Though he gave M. Conard "The Price of Love" and "These Twain," four volumes in all, he has just appeared in two volumes at Leipsic—"The Truth About an Author" and "The City of Pleasure." Bernard Shaw, however, much as might have been expected, remained faithful to the German house, and both of the latest issues from across the Rhine are from him—"The Plays for Puritans" and "John Bull's Other Island." The truth of the matter is that a great collection of nearly 5,000 volumes, the copyright paid for, the plates stereotyped, and embracing, not only the most popular British and American authors of the day, but the classics of the past like Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Irving, Cooper, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Emerson, and a host of others, can not easily die, especially as the founder of the series, the first Baron Tauchnitz, and its continuator, the present Baron, were the warm personal friends of many of the most famous writers on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Memoirs of the American Academy at Rome" Volume II (New York: University Press Association) offers first a selection of the current work of the Fellows of the Academy in painting, sculpture, and architecture. We have reconstructions of the Ponte Rotto, of Hadrian's Round Pavilion near Tivoli, a study of the admirable formal garden of the Villa Gamberaia at Settignano, and, most important, a reconstruction of Bramante's original design for the Court and Pavilion of the Belvedere at the Vatican. Expressive of the advantages of coöperative study under favorable conditions is the joint design for the sanctuary of a Roman Catholic church by fellows respectively in architecture, painting, and sculpture. Four archæological papers by members of the affiliated School of Classical Studies make up the bulk of the volume. These are creditable on the scholarly side and interesting to any reader with a modicum of ancient lore.

E. Douglas van Buren discourses on Terracotta Arulae. These miniature altars are mostly tomb finds from Magna Græcia and Sicily. The author thinks they represent a survival of an Asiatic custom of combining altar and tomb. Of the 276 examples analytically catalogued, 86 are animal subjects, 97 mythologies, and 69 genre themes. These altarlets are of good period, Fifth and Sixth Centuries B. C. The essay seems pretty well to exhaust the subject. Lucy George Roberts's article on "The Gallic Fire and the Roman Records" touches the layman more nearly. Historians, supposing that the sack of 387 B. C. must have destroyed all records, have dismissed all earlier accounts of Rome as legendary. From a careful study of the location of the archives and of fabric records Miss Roberts arrives at the reassuring conclusion that international, legal, and senatorial papers probably survived the fire, while only priestly records were certainly destroyed. These could have been replaced from memory. Thus, we need not wholly forego the she-wolf nor yet the capitoline geese. In a brief paper Albert William van Buren makes some minute contributions to the archæology of the Forum at Pompeii. It is a bit of a shock to learn that important and bulky objects mentioned in the diaries of the excavators have utterly disappeared. The single contribution in the mediæval field is Stanley Lothrop's careful study of Pietro Cavallina, who, more than his junior contemporary, Giotto, revived the Roman style of painting. Mr. Lothrop's reconstruction follows the lines of Venturi's, but is more conservative, rejecting all panel pictures. Thirty-five plates of good scale and definition are treasure trove for the special student. The very interesting frescoes in the Palazzo Communale at Perugia are here first published. The whole volume make an impression of serious and well-balanced activity on both the practical and historical sides of art. It should hearten the supporters of the Academy to renewed and extended effort looking towards a permanent endowment.

Mrs. Cynthia Morgan St. John, of Ithaca, New York, who died last summer, spent nearly forty years of her life making one of the most complete Wordsworth collections to be found here or in Europe. For the past ten years Mrs. St. John was occupied in preparing for Messrs. Houghton Mifflin a "Bibliography of Wordsworth," but the publication was finally abandoned on account of the author's ill-health. Into this work was being put a mass of inedited notes and references, and it would have contained also eighteen facsimile illustrations of interesting Wordsworthiana from her collection, which is now being catalogued and about to be offered for sale.

Besides the thirty-three regular editions given in some of the bibliographies of the poet, Mrs. St. John had the rare privately printed issues and several containing variations not noted elsewhere. In addition to a copy of "The Lyrical Ballads" (1798), we find here a second copy of the same issue, but with the name of Joseph Cattle, Bristol, on the title page, which slight variation adds considerable value to the volume.

The collection contains not only books and separate poems by Wordsworth, but many volumes, pamphlets, and poems about the poet—publications referring to him, biographies, poems addressed to him, parodies, a considerable number of manuscripts, a score of books from Wordsworth's own library, the bust which belonged to Mrs. Wordsworth, an early portrait painted for Cattle by Shurter, a considerable number of other portraits, including a large engraving signed by Wordsworth, and many rare relics, such as a lock of his hair.

It is impossible to read many pages of Laurie Magnus' "European Literature in the Centuries of Romance" (Dutton) and retain one's patience. It is exasperating to be told that Dares and Dictys relate the story of Troilus and Criseyde, that Saxo's History is inter-

esting because "it narrates the tales of the old Anglo-Saxon epic 'Beowulf,'" that the Nibelungen poet "incorporated all that went before him in the matter known as 'Germania'; the lay of Hildebrand . . . 'Beowulf' of the northern mainland, 'Maldon' of our own coasts and similar heroic poems," that "Piers the Plowman, who is Peter the Church, starts in the character of a just man, and is gradually spiritualized into a symbol of Christ. His original dream in the Malvern hills," etc., etc. In a general sketch of European literature from the tenth century to the twentieth, of which this first of three projected volumes brings the story down to the middle of the seventeenth, minor inaccuracies and considerable omissions might be pardoned, if the broad lines were sound and clear.

Magnus ab integro saeclorum nascitur ordo.

What we get instead is clutter, and not very trustworthy clutter, and at a frightfully high price. *Magnus* and *ordo* are as the poles asunder. Doubtless as the work progresses into more modern times things will go better. It would have been wiser if the first part had not been attempted at all.

"The Story of the Great War," by William Stanley Braithwaite (Stokes), is intended for the boy and girl reader, but the style and method is that of a compressed weekly press history, crowded with detail. A more concise and more general treatment would have answered better the writer's purpose; it is a quite possible thing to do, and has not yet been attempted. The general spirit of the book is appreciative rather than discriminating—we read, for instance, that "the conquest of the air was an American achievement." Beside this, the occasional inexcusable errors of the text fade into insignificance. For the most part, the author is accurate in his statement of facts. His military narrative presents a clear arrangement, chronologically and by campaigns—except for the events of 1918; but it is not clear how his boy and girl readers are to follow even the larger outlines of his narrative without even a single map.

The devices which go to the making of E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Great Impersonation" (Little, Brown)—the two men who look alike, the assumption by one of them of the rôle of the other, and even the skillfully managed surprise at the end—have all met with the approval of time. But they are not for that reason the less capable of holding one's interest, especially when the story turns on the machinations of the German spy system in the tense days preceding the war.

Winter Mist

FROM a magazine with a rather cynical cover I learned very recently that for pond skating the proper costume is brown homespun with a fur collar on the jacket, whereas for private rinks one wears a gray herringbone suit and taupe-colored alpine. Oh, barren years that I have been a skater, and no one told me of this! And here's another thing. I was patiently trying to acquire a counter turn under the idle gaze of a hockey player who had no better business till the others arrived than to watch my efforts. "What I don't see about that game," he said at last, "is who wins?" It had never occurred to me to ask. He looked bored, and I remembered that the pictures in the magazine showed the wearers of the careful costumes for rink and pond skating as having rather blank eyes that looked illimitably bored. I have hopes of the "rocker" and the "mohawk"; I might acquire a proper costume for skating on a small river if I could learn what it is; but a bored look—why, even hockey does not bore me, unless I stop to watch it. I don't wonder that those who play it look bored. Even Alexander, who played a more imaginative game than hockey, was bored—poor fellow, he should have taken up fancy skating in his youth; I never heard of a human being who pretended to a complete conquest of it.

I like pond skating best by moonlight. The hollow among the hills will always have a bit of mist about it, let the sky be clear as it may. The moonlight, which seems so lucid and brilliant when you look up, is all pearl and smoke round the pond and the hills. The shore that was like iron under your heel as you came down to the ice is vague, when you look back at it from the centre of the pond, as the memory of a dream. The motion is like flying in a dream; you float free and the world floats under you; your velocity is without effort and without accomplishment, for, speed as you may, you leave nothing behind and approach nothing. You look upward. The mist is overhead now; you see the moon in a "hollow halo" at the bottom of an "icy crystal cup," and you yourself are in just such another. The mist, palely opalescent, drives past her out of nothing into nowhere. Like yourself, she is the centre of a circle of vague limit and vaguer content, where passes a swift, ceaseless stream of impression through a faintly luminous halo of consciousness.

If by moonlight the mist plays upon the emotions like faint, bewitching music, in sunlight it is scarcely less. More often than not when I go for my skating to our cosy little river, a winding mile from the mill-dam to the railroad trestle, the hills are clothed in silver mist which frames them in vignettes with blurred edges. The tone is that of Japanese paintings on white silk, their color showing soft and dull through the frost-powder with which the air is filled. At the mill-dam the hockey players furiously rage together, but I heed them not, and in a moment am beyond the first bend, where their clamor comes softened on the air like that of a distant convention of politic crows. The silver powder has fallen on the ice, just enough to cover earlier tracings and leave me a fresh plate to etch with grapevines and arabesques. The stream winds ahead like an unbroken road, striped across with soft-edged shadows of violet, indigo, and lavender. On one side it is bordered with leaning birch, oak, maple, hickory, and occasional groups of hemlocks under which the very air seems tinged with green. On the other, rounded masses of scrub oak and alder roll back from the edge of the ice like clouds of reddish smoke. The river narrows and turns, then spreads into a swamp, where I weave my curves round the straw-colored tussocks. Here, new as the snow is, there are earlier tracks than mine. A crow has traced his parallel hieroglyph, alternate footprints with long dashes where he trailed his middle toe as he lifted his foot and his spur as he brought it down. Under a low shrub that has hospitably scattered its seed is a dainty, close-wrought embroidery of tiny bird feet in irregular curves woven into a circular pattern. A silent glide towards the bank, where among bare twigs little forms flit and swing with low conversational notes, brings me in company with a working crew of pine siskins, methodically rifling seed cones of birch and alder, chattering sotto voce the while. Under a leaning hemlock the writing on the snow tells of a squirrel that dropped from the lowest branch, hopped aimlessly about for a few yards, then went up the bank. Farther on, where the river narrows again, a flutter-headed rabbit crossing at top speed has made a line seemingly as free from frivolous indirection as if it had been defined by all the ponderosities of mathematics. There is no pursuing track; was it his own shadow he fled, or the shadow of a hawk?

The mist now lies along the base of the hills, leaving the upper ridges almost imperceptibly veiled and the rounded tops faintly softened. The snowy slopes are etched with brush and trees so fine and soft that they remind me of Dürer's engravings, the fur of Saint Jerome's lion, the cock's feathers in the coat of arms with the skull. From behind the veil of the southernmost hill comes a faint note as

From undiscoverable lips that blow
An immaterial horn.

It is the first far premonition of the noon

train; I pause and watch long for the next sign. At last I hear its throbbing, which ceases as it pauses at the flag station under the hill. There the invisible locomotive shoots a column of silver vapor above the surface of the mist, breaking in rounded clouds at the top, looking like nothing so much as the photograph of the explosion of a submarine mine, a titanic outburst of force in static pose, a geyser of atomized water standing like a frosted elm tree. Then quick puffs of dusky smoke, the volley of which does not reach my ear till the train has stuck its black head out of fairyland and become a prosaic reminder of dinner. High on its narrow trestle it leaps across my little river and disappears between the sandbanks. Far behind it the mist is again spreading into its even layers. Silence is renewed, and I can hear the musical creaking of four starlings in an apple tree as they eviscerate a few rotten apples on the upper branches. I turn and spin down the curves and reaches of the river without delaying for embroideries or arabesques. At the mill-dam the hockey game still rages; the players take no heed of the noon train.

> Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
> Or Hatim call to supper . . .

Their minds and eyes are intent on a battered disk of hard rubber. I begin to think I have misjudged them when I consider what effort of imagination must be involved in the concentration of the faculties on such an object, transcending the call of hunger and the lure of beauty. Is it to them as is to the mystic "the great syllable Om" whereby he attains Nirvana? I can not attain it; I can but wonder what the hockey players win one-half so precious as the stuff they miss.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

George Soures, an Athenian Satirist

HE made others laugh, but he could not laugh himself. Of very few men would this saying hold so true as of George Soures, the most popular poet of contemporary Greece, whose death was announced a few weeks ago from Athens. As a poet, in the strictest sense of the word, he can hope for little favor at the hands of the critics. Horace might bring against him the same charge he brought against Lucilius: "Often in a single hour he would declaim two hundred verses as a great feat and standing on one foot at that." But he might also say of him that he is clever and keen to detect and satirize evil. In the field of satire there is no doubt that Soures deserves a place of honor.

His popularity has been unchallenged for years. To mention the name of Soures might be sufficient to make any Greek townsman or peasant smile. A poem or verse of his recited would bring good humor to a gloomy company. In Athens when the paper boys who had the luck to seize the first packs of Soures' weekly, *The Romios*—the word means "The Greek" with a derisive touch to it —rushed through the streets yelling at the top of their voices "two cents for Soures' 'Romios'!" the announcement had the effect of an exhilarating breeze. The sleepy man in the generally crowded coffee house would jump up eager to snatch a copy; the businessman would dispatch his errand boy for the new number of the satirical review. The housekeeper would open her window to call loudly after the impatiently running youngster; and the hired cook would exercise particular industry in her work for that day in order to gain from her mistress the privilege of a glance at the comic little weekly.

In lounging places a group would assemble round the happy owner of a copy and listen to the reading, eager to hear how Soures would handle the last political developments and what he had to say about the Prime Minister, the King, the Queen, the Parliament, the Mayor, the Great Powers, etc. Often the readers would be delighted to find that Soures would poke fun at himself and sometimes even at his own wife and children. Friendship, kinship, majesty, power were all the same to him. He would heap ridicule upon them whenever they seemed to deserve it; and, although he never shows bitterness and appears to enjoy himself by making others laugh good-naturedly, one easily detects that the comedian laughs lest he should weep.

To say that Soures is an incurable pessimist, that he is absolutely disgusted with life, and that he laughs a hopelessly tragic laugh, would seem to the great majority of the Greeks a preposterous statement. For they have always accepted him as a merrymaker through and through. But Soures was not a happy man. Born in 1853, in the island of Syra, of a Chian family, he studied in his native place and then went to the University of Athens to attend courses in classical philology. For some reason he failed to pass his examinations for the doctorate, a fact which led him to exercise his satirical genius against one of the professors whom he held mainly responsible for his failure. Often he says of himself that "he had once taken important examinations under Prof. Semitelos, and, failing unanimously with high honors, he had become an example for all candidates for examinations." He first attempted to make his livelihood in a small town of the Azof shores in Russia, where he was employed by a grain-dealer. His employer forgave him his inability for serious work because he enjoyed his merry rimes. Describing in one of his poems his experience in Russia, he tells us how one day, when his employer had asked him to keep a lookout on one of his storehouses filled with grain, a whole army of pigs invaded the place:

> I was mad; I stoned them, chased them;
> But they could run, too, and so the great war started;
> The cursed animals—they were not so few either—
> As soon as I had pushed one out there rushed in another,
> And so in a little while they were so many
> You might think they had sown pigs with that grain.
> I am sure there are as many barbarian pigs flourishing in Scythia
> As there are wise and literary men in Greece.

An unfortunate love affair, as well as his conviction that he could never cut a figure in commercial life, drove him back to Athens, where he finally settled and married. From that time he devoted all his energy to political and social satire. His family life seems to have been quiet and happy, although he suffered from ill health and had to struggle to keep the wolf from his door. But what depressed him most was the social and political condition of his country. He lived through a period of national nightmares. Only one part of Greece was liberated. The great majority of the Greeks were under the Turkish yoke. Of the modest public wealth of the state a large part had to be sacrificed to armaments for the relief of nationals across the borders. There seemed to be no hope for the fulfillment of the national dreams. Greece saw herself treated with contempt by the Powers which made the treaty of Berlin, and passed through a long period of morbid resentment, until the climax of misfortunes was reached with her defeat by Turkey in 1897. Naturally the blame was laid on everybody and everything, and the *intelligentsia* of the nation, with a few exceptions, were plunged into despair. Few of the literary world, like Palamas, kept up the light of faith under the black veil of agony. Soures gave up all hope and turned to laughter for relief. It added to his gloom that even his satirical laughter was not taken seriously by the majority of his fellow countrymen, who, far from detecting under the comic masqûe the real motives of his satire, simply enjoyed good-naturedly the superficial merriment derived from his verses. Yet he did not grow angry or bitter; only once or twice he gave definite clues to his state of mind. That he thought of his work as a sad complaint rather than as coarse, meaningless fun, we see clearly in his lines "To Myself":

> Come, Myself, and find but once
> Beautiful this globe of ours;
> Let some golden worlds appear before you;
> And see this dark night as a Day.
>
> See the world as good, just once;
> In the black sorrow, scatter joy;
> Look for a quiet sea before you,
> For spring and flowers, not for misfortunes.

Tear and burn your mourning verses;
Get to drinking, get to laughing;
Write some sprightly merry songs,
And say that Greece sails on first rate.

Fascinate all ears with some happy news,
Don't be so surly, my poor self!
Enough of nagging and complaining;
Spend one hour, at least, content.

When will you be calm, at last?
When will you be sick of ailing?
When will you warm your tongue?
Eat it, after all, before it eats you!

His sincerity is by no means subdued when he attacks himself. He discloses mortifying incidents of his own life, not shamelessly but relentlessly. He will tell how he was beaten by the brother of a girl he made love to. He will confess his love for a Russian beauty he calls Vera. Courting distantly, he tried to impress her by singing a Greek serenade under her window, which never opened, only to find out next day that the fair one had left town never to return. He will even give his portrait with unsparing realism:

Four feet high;
With ugly face;
And a beard
Sparsely haired.

Brow divine
Somewhat broad
Surest sign
Of a poet.

Two eyes black
Without guile,
Full of fire,
Crassly dull.

Nostrils long,
Deeply cut;
Bearded chin
Shaped like Christ's.

Mouth, a well;
Flowing hair
And enough
For a mattress.

Savage face
Shrivelled up
Pale and cold
Like a corpse.

Not a color
Fits it much;
And it changes
Even now—

Teeth are lacking;
Others are
Full of cracks;
And my looks
Are like a Jew's,
Treated roughly.

Soures worked industriously to the very end. His life and work will always reflect one of the saddest periods of Greece. Only the last few months of his life brought light in his world of darkness. He saw his country tear itself from the dishonor which a foolish king and his gang endeavored to inflict on it. He saw with pride his people rise into a revolution and dethrone a popular king in order to rank themselves with the forces of freedom and make good their plighted word; and he died with the hope which his last verses frankly reflect, the hope that Greece is at last to come to her own inheritance and a new life.

ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

Music

"Parsifal" in English at the Metropolitan

THE revival of "Parsifal," with new English words, at the Metropolitan last week, was another milestone on the road to the achievement of an ideal. It was a concession by the management of our leading opera house to the desire of many thousands of Americans to have music-drama sung in their own tongue.

To be thorough in the fulfillment of his task, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, a devout and warm Wagnerian, had flung away the old trappings, scenery, and costumes, used during the consulship at the Metropolitan of the late Heinrich Conried. New costumes, very handsome and quite accurate, had been designed for the occasion, besides stage pictures which were here and there appropriate.

Since "Parsifal" was ravished (by a trick) from its Bayreuth sanctuary, New York has changed. To many the mysterious work of Wagner seems too long. The majority, I think, would not have sorrowed if some parts of the first "Temple" scene and in the Gurnemanz episodes had been shortened. New York, you see, is not another Bayreuth. The subway runs below the Metropolitan. And there are no more lazy beer halls on Broadway, in which, between the acts, the weary may recuperate.

I have heard "Parsifal" quite forty times, or more. To me, with two exceptions—"Tristan und Isolde" and "Die Meistersinger"—it is the greatest, most sublime, of Wagner's music-dramas. Its meaning may have had too much stress laid on it. I can not think that it was wholly Christian. It is tinged with Hinduism. Much of it was anticipated in Buddhistic legends. More of it is merely monastic mysticism. But the inventor of this "consecrational festival play" no doubt conceived it as an atonement for his sins, the proof of a much bruised and chastened soul, which had expressed itself in earlier days too passionately. And yet, for one who really wished to play the penitent, the composer lapsed at times into strange license. The "Temptation" episode, for instance, almost terrifies one by its unbridled boldness. No wonder that some call the work "degenerate."

The chief novelty in the revival was, beyond question, Mr. Krehbiel's translation of the text. On this, and on the ability (or inability) of the chief singers in the cast, hung more than the success or failure of the performance. Success might lead to other longed-for efforts at the Metropolitan to replace foreign tongues by our own English idiom. The difficulties which a translator has to conquer in such tasks as Mr. Krehbiel's are considerable. No man knows more of this than I do. For I, also, have put Wagner into what I am assured is singable English. It is pleasing to be able to say, honestly, that, by and large, except in a few passages, Mr. Krehbiel has done very well indeed. He has preserved the general sense of Wagner's text (though now and then he has taken needless liberties with straightforward lines). He has done no really vital outrage to the German rhythms. His words are clear enough, if often tame; and, if well rendered by singers used to English, would be no less intelligible to attentive Americans than the original could be to German audiences.

Mr. Krehbiel has supplied a good equivalent for the prophecy

Durch Mitleid wissend,
Der reine thor. . . .

and so on, in his

Through pity, knowing,
The blameless fool. . . .

He has been particularly happy in his equivalent for the "Good Friday's Spell" words. As an example let me quote his opening lines:

Are not the meadows strangely fair today?
True, I did meet some marvellous flowers
Which sought around my neck to twine their tendrils.

But—yes, I regret to say, there are some "buts"—throughout his book he has shown a distressing tendency to prefer words of Latin origin to Anglo-Saxon words. By this he has often weakened the original sounds of Wagner's lines. Extreme cases of the kind occur in his translation of the Flower Maidens' call to Parsifal.

Come! Come! Pretty lover,
Make me your treasure.
For your solace and pleasure
I will strive without measure.

and in his opening of one chorus in the first "Temple" scene:

Wine and bread of last refection,
Chang'd at our blest Lord's election,
By compassion's loving pow'r. . . .

which in the place of "Wein und Brod des letzten Mahles," and so forth, is "tolerable, and not to be endured." Nor can I see why Mr. Krehbiel has gone out of his way to substitute for the strong German "Wer schoss den Schwan?" the much weaker English "Who did the deed?" when "Who shot the Swan?" seemed logically indicated.

On the whole, Mr. Krehbiel is not guilty if quite three-quarters of the text of "Parsifal" remained obscure at the performance. The responsibility weighs partly on certain singers who, being innocent of English when they began rehearsals, failed to enunciate their parts with proper plainness. Among them I may mention Léon Rothier, the French Gurnemanz, who had attempted what to him was utterly impossible, and the Polish Klingsor, Adamo Didur.

Margarethe Matzenauer, the Kundry, was understandable in her legato passages, but became meaningless in her declamatory moments. The choruses, of course, were unintelligible. But, after all, though one may deplore the deficiencies of some singers, the management picked out the artists for their respective parts. It can not, therefore, be acquitted of its share of the responsibility for what was lacking in the performance. In justice to the singers I have named, I wish to add that their interpretations of their parts did them great credit. I should also add that Orville Harrold, the new Parsifal, sang almost all his lines with clearness, and that, both as to his English and as to his performance, the Amfortas of Clarence Whitehill could hardly have been bettered.

The orchestra, directed by Bodanzky, interpreted the master's score with eloquence; perhaps slightly overdoing some of the climaxes, by giving the brass instruments more than the accustomed prominence, but doing justice to the gracious and exquisite beauties of the "Good Friday's Spell" music and other episodes. The choruses at times were out of tune.

The new scenery devised by Joseph Urban for this "Parsifal" revival was good and less good. It seemed a compromise between the literal realism of a bygone age of stage art and the more modern style which seeks to be suggestive. The landscapes were distinctly unsuggestive of that part of Northern Spain in which the Templars of the Grail had their abode—as we, at all events, suppose. The setting used for Klingsor's Magic Garden gave one the impression that it was somewhere in the tropics. But the white mountains near at hand seemed in Castile. Far more effective was the majestic Temple scene, with its stone pillars and impressive gloom. Admirable, though, like the other scenes, it ignored the most cherished orders of the composer, was the simple hint of a high tower from which the Magician watched the approach of the young hero in the second act, and bade tortured Kundry tempt him from his virtue. The "Verwandlung"—moving transformation scene—prescribed by Wagner and employed in the Conried production, as at the Festspielhaus at Bayreuth, was omitted by Mr. Urban, and as a consequence some mysteries were sacrificed. In its place we had a dimly painted curtain. The spring-lit meadow called for at another point expressed the loveliness of meed so apparent in both the verses and the music of the composer. But it conflicted with preceding hints and evidence as to the landscape roundabout the Templars' home.

"My father," once said Siegfried Wagner to me, as we sat in the shadow of the Festspielhaus, "intended his music-dramas to be treated as plays. And, for that reason, he desired his words to be understood by those who hear them."

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Drama

"Letty" and "His House in Order"—"Ibsen in England"

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO, Vol. II: Letty—His House in Order. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

IBSEN IN ENGLAND. By Miriam Alice Franc. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO'S books were a pile—or less than a pile even, a heap—upon a littered floor. He owes much to Mr. Clayton Hamilton for picking out the best volumes, dusting them, and ranging them in straight rows on a clean table. If only there were a fireplace in the room and a friend with courage enough to dispose of the incriminating residue! Sir Arthur's literary, or sub-literary, progeny is large. One can not help wishing that the Spartan custom of the exposure of feeble or sickly infants for the purgation of the stock had been prevalent in Sir Arthur's time and place. But England is not Sparta, and the sort of exposure which they did receive was not fitted to invigorate the breed.

Pinero is a mixture of the ordinary and the extraordinary, beside which the merely extraordinary looks rather commonplace. The difference between the two types in him is precipitous, mysterious, almost scandalous. One wonders how the better Pinero could have tolerated the worse as a trespasser on his premises or a loafer in his stable. Mr. Hamilton, whose perceptions are quick, is quite aware of this inequality, and points out that the dramatist wrote the groveling "Wife Without a Smile" between "Letty" and "His House in Order." Had Pinero no concern for his intellectual and literary admirers? Or was he bored by these admirers, like Nora Helmer by her husband's cloying virtues, and are these inferior plays his way of saying "Damn it all!"?

Mr. Hamilton's "Introduction" contains some sound and shrewd remedies suggested by Pinero's partiality for women. Women, says Mr. Hamilton, dominate Pinero's stage, because they fill his orchestra and galleries, and women love to study women as men do not care to study men. I will add that the two sexes take sex very differently: In sex women are a sect; men are a club. There is a cult of women by women; the male sex, though arrogant enough in its phlegmatic way, builds no altars to itself. I may add that there should be a sting for Sir Arthur Pinero in Mr. Hamilton's quiet and entirely friendly assumption that the roots of his fondness for women are mercantile.

In the two critical prefaces Mr. Hamilton is never less than competent and interesting, but I own that his general observations have helped me less than his uncommonly quick eye for particulars, for times, places, settings, points of diction. I can not go with him in his feeling that "His House in Order" owes its vigor largely to technique. Its technique is indeed masterly; as *ship* it is trimmer than "Iris" or the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; their advantage is in the *lading*. But the special claims of "His House in Order," sympathy for a baited young creature, delight in her power over her tormentors, admiration for her generous surrender of that power—these energies reside in the material, not the craft. There seems to be a vague notion in the air that technique is a substitute for power or feeling, a means of doing emotion's work without emotion. Technique is to me a lever, a middle term between power and result. A man may lift a weight with a bar or with his arms; in both cases he lifts it with his muscles. A man may move an audience with or without technique; in both cases he moves it by feeling. Technique does not generate feeling any more than the lever creates muscle. The lever applies or concentrates muscle; technique applies or concentrates emotion. "His House in Order" ranks high for me among Pinero's plays; less original than "Iris" or the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," less cogent than the "Thunderbolt," it excels in the union of consummate workmanship with a vividly human, and in the main healthy, appeal.

"Letty," on the other hand, breaks down in the effort to rationalize a suggestive and original idea. A man and a woman face each other alone in the hour of sexual crisis. Men have spared girls at such a moment. To Pinero came another thought. Could that hour be critical, not for the girl only, but for the man? Could it be the hour when a decadent race completed its damnation or began its self-retrieval? There is a step further in originality. Could the girl, in a sense, spare the man? Such an idea savors of the tremendous; it savors of the ridiculous. The most that can be said for Pinero's treatment is that the ridiculous is avoided; the tremendous certainly is not achieved. For adequacy in such a situation, both man and woman should possess the rudiments of greatness. Nevill and Letty are both small. Mr. Hamilton admires the faultless gentleman in Nevill. I

should call him an occasional gentleman, a gentleman with intermissions.

Mr. Hamilton objects, on the whole rightly, to the epilogue in "Letty," an expedient in which Pinero shows himself at one and the same moment a good man of business and a bad man of letters. Even if we waive the point of climax, the briskness and patness with which rewards and punishments are handed out in this dapper little epilogue reveal a shallowness in Pinero which it is not easy to forgive. There are men who are more royalist than the king; Pinero's providences put Providence to shame. He renews his adhesion to the copybook and psalmbook type of morality when, in "His House in Order," he permits Nina to grovel before the Ridgeleys in a quagmire of renunciation. Let her burn Annabel's letters by all means, but as for her puppies and her cigarettes—Sir Arthur becomes a Ridgeley himself in the penitence through which he drags this high-spirited young wife. The dramatist fails to see that conduct is a compromise between nature and precept, and that the precept which tramples upon nature to-day is a precept upon which nature will trample to-morrow.

To write the story of Ibsen in England was a good thing to do. It was so good a thing to do that, even when ill done, the result is not worthless. The titles of four out of the seven chapters of Miss Franc's book, "English Translations of Ibsen," "Performances of Ibsen in England," "Parodies and Sequels to Ibsen Dramas," "Ibsen's Influence on English Drama," will suggest the scope and interest of the topics. Two appendixes, listing English translations and performances, are perhaps almost more agreeable than the book proper, because they are all that they claim to be—lists—whereas the book proper claims to be narrative, and is logbook. Ibsen's career in England is a story, almost a drama, and it is regrettable that the person intrusted with its recital should have been deaf to the challenge of these facts. Accuracy in such a work is the one apology for mechanism. I tested the accuracy of Miss Franc by verifying a short list of references, fifteen, I should say, or at most twenty. The very first reference, on page 84, to the "Athenæum" for June 6, 1889, was wrong. There is no "Athenæum" for June 6, 1889. Another reference, on page 105, to Shaw in the *Saturday Review* for June 26, 1897, was wrong; the true date is July 3, 1897. In the chapter on influences, where judgment is naturally required, suggestiveness on the largest scale and often on the smallest evidence is attributed to Ibsen. One is reminded of that fantastic paternity which the daughter of the Dovre-King endeavored to thrust upon Peer Gynt. A curious instance of that laxity in figurative language which prevails in so many quarters nowadays is found on pages 144-145, where the topic is "Man and Superman" and "Getting Married": "The discussion walks away with the plot and the characterization, and there is left nothing but a very long and very tedious conversation." The discussion walks away and the conversation is left. What Miss Franc should do is to go over her work, fact by fact, with the utmost particularity, verifying and correcting, and to rewrite the chapter on influences, omitting from one-third to one-half of the examples she has got together. Her work will then be useful as a book of reference.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News

Recent Books

THE holiday books were especially interesting, and the mid-winter books are no less satisfactory, whether you seek information or amusement. The conscientious reader must peruse Mr. Keynes on "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" (Harcourt); few economists have a more readable style. Do not fail to see *Punch's* rhymed review of the book. Speaking of rhymed reviews, Arthur Guiterman's "Ballads of Old New York" (Harper) is a suitable book for a gift, that is, one whose charm does not vanish after a first reading. An artist in rhyme made these verses, so that they linger in the memory, as *vers libres* fail to do. Mrs. Clement Scott's "Old Days in Bohemian London" (Hutchinson) tells of notable folk; but it pushes too far the present British custom of adopting an extremely chatty style of memoirs. Rather better is "My Bohemian Days" (Stokes), by Harry Furniss, and his sketches enhance the book.

A volume of literary biography is "A Book of R. L. S." (Scribner), by George E. Brown. Arranged like a reference book, with its entries in alphabetical order, it seemed to me, nevertheless, readable throughout, with its comments upon his friends and family, his books and their characters, his homes and his travels. I can never get too many books about Stevenson, for like Mark Twain, he is one of the few writers whose life was also interesting. "Leonard Wood: Conservator of Americanism" (Doran), by Eric Fisher Wood, is not to be disposed of as "a campaign biography." It is an admirable study of a man of immense importance in the world to-day.

Three volumes of fiction for pure amusement are Melville Davisson Post's "The Mystery at the Blue Villa" (Appleton), George A. Birmingham's "Up, the Rebels!" (Doran), in which the author makes his nearest recent approach to his earliest successes of "Spanish Gold" and "The Major's Niece"; and "A Thin Ghost, and Others" (Longmans), by Montague R. James. The last may disappoint readers who hope to find such good stories as those in "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary" by the same author, but Dr. James always paints in a weirdly fascinating background, even when the incidents of his plot are slight.

To turn to graver subjects, Bertha E. L. Stockbridge's "What to Drink; Recipes for Non-Alcoholic Drinks" (Appleton) may help those who see hope in pineapple tosh and raspberry rumble. But its sub-title is significant: "The Blue Book of Beverages." Stephen Graham's "A Private in the Guards" (Macmillan) is a capital account of going to war with one of those regiments where pipe-clay and brass-polish are household gods. Viscount Haldane, in "Before the War" (Funk and Wagnalls), tells of his conversations with William II, with Bethman-Hollweg, and with Tirpitz.

Two light-hearted books of essays are "Old Junk" (Knopf), by H. M. Tomlinson, with its talk about the sea, about travel, and about books; and Carl Van Vechten's "In the Garret" (Knopf), the musical flavor of which would have put it beyond me, if it had not been for one striking essay upon New York, called "La Tigresse." Satirical and vigorous are Mrs. Gerould's essays in "Modes and Morals" (Scribner), in which she pays her compliments to the "British Novelists, Ltd." The publication of this book enabled me, to my great joy, to place the anecdote about the milliner in a New England town, who when told by a customer that "they are wearing hats low in New York, this year," retorted, "They are wearing them high in Newburyport!" Knowing something of my birthplace, I believe that what Mrs. Gerould mistook for Yankee conservatism was really Irish wit.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Benson, E. F. Robin Linnet. Doran.

Fuller, Henry B. Bertram Cope's Year. Chicago: R. F. Seymour. $1.75.

Robey, George My Rest Cure. Stokes. $1.40 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Butler, Sir Geoffrey. A Handbook to the League of Nations. Longmans, Green. $1.75 net.

Dillon, E. J. The Inside Story of the Peace Conference. Harper. $2.25.

Gwynn, Stephen. John Redmond's Last Years. Longmans, Green. $5.

(*Continued on page* 216)

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Secret Treaties of Austria-Hungary, 1879-1914. Vol. 1. Edited by Alfred Franzis Pribram. English edition by Archibald Cary Coolidge. Harvard University Press. $2.00.
Spargo, John. Russia as an American Problem. Harper. $2.75.
Taussig, F. W. Free Trade, The Tariff and Reciprocity. Macmillan. $2.00.
Taylor, Hugh. Origin of Government. Longmans, Green. $4.00.
Whitaker, A. C. Foreign Exchange. Appleton. $5.00 net.

HISTORY

Boynton, Percy H. History of American Literature. Ginn & Company. $2.25.
Bronson, Walter C. A Short History of American Literature. D. C. Heath & Co.
Smith, C. Foster. Thucydides. Books 1 and 2. In four volumes. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
White, Hugh G. Evelyn Ausonius. Book 1 in two volumes. Loeb Classical Library. Putnam's Sons.

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Davis, Malcolm W. Open Gates to Russia. Harper. $2.00 net.
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Jonescu, Take. Some Personal Impressions. Stokes. $3.00 net.
MacVeagh, Ewen C. and Brown, Lee D. The Yankee in the British Zone. Putnam.
Rainsford, W. K. From Upton to the Meuse With the Three Hundred and Seventh. Appleton.
Scott, Percy. Fifty Years in the Royal Navy. Doran.
Tucker, Allen. There and Here. Duffield.
Tweedale, Violet. Ghosts I Have Seen. Stokes. $2.00 net.

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Cooke, G. W. The Social Evolution of Religion. Stratford Co. $3.50.
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(*Continued on page IV*)

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THE REVIEW

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AS we go to press, the outlook for ratification of the treaty, in any form, is as dark as possible. If the event shall prove as now seems so probable, there will be few indeed who will be able to take any satisfaction in the retrospect. The only victors will be the outright enemies of the treaty, with Senators Borah and Johnson at their head; and, in spite of the extremely objectionable character of some of the tactics employed by them, they will at least be entitled to the satisfaction of having gained an end which they had consistently and fearlessly avowed, and to which many of them at least were sincerely devoted as a matter of principle. With this exception, all parties, from President Wilson to Senator Lodge, will experience a sense of bitter mortification as they review the long history of the impotent wrangle.

IT is still possible that a new turn may be given to the situation. But the possibility rests on the faint hope that in one or another of the decisive quarters a largeness of mind and of soul may be manifested which has thus far been wholly absent. As for the "great and solemn referendum" which will ensue upon failure of the treaty, nothing is more certain than that it will be neither great nor solemn. The time is past when the American people could be got to concentrate their attention upon the subject, to the exclusion, or even the subordination, of other issues. Not only has the lapse of time, together with the urgency of other questions, thrown it into the background, but the issue itself has been so bedeviled with trivialities and personalities that the country is sick and tired of it. The only way to make it a genuine and central issue before the nation would be for Mr. Wilson himself to be the candidate, a contingency which seems in the highest degree improbable. Barring that possibility, the injection of the treaty quarrel into the Presidential campaign opens up the prospect of a prolonged nightmare from which all citizens may devoutly pray to be spared. Until the doom has actually been pronounced, we cling to a shred of hope that it may still be averted.

OF the appointment of Bainbridge Colby as Secretary of State, it is almost enough to say that for those who like that kind of Secretary of State, he is just the kind of Secretary of State they like. This does not mean that, as some have imagined, Mr. Colby is to be, or is expected to be, a "doormat," or even a "rubber stamp." He has engaging qualities and a bright mind, and will doubtless be a great comfort to Mr. Wilson, who evidently likes him extremely. The danger to be apprehended from his appointment is not that he will be merely a passive tool in the President's hands, a function which, while not brilliant, may be useful, and, in the case of a President determined to be his own Secretary of State, perhaps as useful as any that he could perform. The danger is that Mr. Colby, who has no perceptible qualification for the post, but who has a mind of his own, and has winning ways, may, while humoring the President to the top of his bent as regards things in general, exercise an evil influence over him as regards many a thing in particular which will come up during these months of acute international trial. Neither in his training nor in his habits of thought and action does Mr. Colby possess the attributes which ought to be regarded as essential to the head of the country's department of foreign affairs.

THE editor of the *Nation*, after reciting the holding up of certain American cotton ships by the British blockade, characterizes ex-Secretary Lansing as "one of those who thought that just as stiff a note should be sent to England about these matters as had been sent to Germany about the Lusitania." We have yet to see any real evidence that Mr. Lansing ever committed himself to the equating of the Lusitania crime with the British blockade. The "O. G. V." Washington correspondence of the *Evening Post* at the time had much to say about a note answering to this description, prepared before Bryan's resignation, held for five months, and finally sent only after it was so altered as to recognize a material distinction between taking human life without warning and holding up cotton, with judicial resource to determine whether the seizure was legal. Until convinced by indubitable evidence, we prefer to believe that the hand and heart of Mr. Lansing aided in softening the note rather than in putting into it (if it really was ever there) that blind disregard of both moral and legal distinctions with

which "O. G. V." credits it, and for which he commends it.

PRESIDENT WILSON is not happy in his diplomatic appointments, and the result is that America is inadequately represented at foreign capitals at a time when our foreign relations demand the highest type of diplomatic ability. It is difficult to say whether these appointments are due to the paucity of material in the Democratic party or to the faultiness of the President's judgment. The appointment of Mr. Charles R. Crane as Minister to China is the latest example. Mr. Crane is an amiable gentleman, a philanthropist, and very rich. He is feverishly but superficially interested in movements and men, lacking in tact and discretion, and a dilettante in international politics. With the best will in the world, he may easily compromise our position in the intricate and complex situation in China.

THE considerations that have led the Supreme Council to decree that the Turks should retain Constantinople are not made clear in any of the statements thus far made public. In answer to the outcry of protest among liberals everywhere, and especially that voiced by Lord Bryce, Mr. Lloyd George puts forward the claim that England is bound to consider the wishes of the eighty million Moslems in India who loyally supported the war. Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, has sought to clinch matters by a premature announcement of the action in India itself. But this explanation is far from satisfying. On the one hand, it has not been demonstrated that the Moslems in India have any such reverence as is represented for the Sultan as Caliph, nor that this is necessarily localized in Constantinople. On the other hand, it is an anachronism that after more than four centuries of misrule, the Turks, themselves a minority, should be left in possession of a great city which possesses such singular significance for hundreds of millions of Christian peoples. It is possible, of course, that the British policy is based upon the desire to retain as warder at the gate a subservient tool. But there are ugly rumors in the European capitals of financial interests and sinister intrigue, and it is implied that the chief consideration involved is that of protecting the French and British bondholders. Mr. Montagu is not only Secretary of State for India; he is also a member of one of the greatest banking families of Europe.

In nearly all the discussion over the disposition of Constantinople, however, a most important factor has been entirely overlooked. That factor is Russia. To ignore her entirely now is to store up trouble for the future. A tactful acknowledgment of her interests, and an intimation that the settlement will in due time be subject to her review without prejudice, would be a wise precaution against wars to come.

THE reputed founder of the Utah State Juvenile Court and various other institutions for boys, Judge Willis Brown, has discovered a new approach to our longed-for political millennium. It lies in the very simple process of organizing four million first voters and plumping their combined first votes in favor of the right man for President. The thing looks easy, if you just shut your eyes tight enough, as the devisers of such schemes never seem to have any difficulty in doing. Of course, if these four million freshman voters once realize that they can elect a President of the United States, they will at once cut loose from all present influence of parents and older brothers and friends, throw overboard all inherited political prejudices, give up all divided opinions on all divisive political questions, pick the best man with infallible judgment, close ranks, and read the death sentence to any party foolish enough to disagree. The only chance of slipping up seems to be that the sophomore voters, jealous of such presumption, might organize *their* four million and pick somebody else. In the ballot tug-of-war thus precipitated, with a year's experience on the sophomoric side, Judge Brown's freshman team might conceivably get pulled into the creek, and the bedraggled millennium be left on the bank of defeat, disconsolately drying its sweater in the chill November breeze.

IN spite of the labor troubles which have absorbed so much of public attention, a recent number of the *Labor Market Bulletin*, published by the New York State Industrial Commission, shows that the past year has been one of progress. December averages for 1919, as compared with those of the previous year, show a considerably higher level of employment in many important industries, such as building materials of all kinds, house furnishings, wearing apparel, leather goods, musical instruments, sheet metal and hardware, rubber goods, and silverware. The total number of factory workers is higher than a year ago, as high as at the close of the two previous years, when the output of special war necessities was so great, and about one-third higher than in 1914. Total payroll expenditures for December, 1919, were 16 per cent. higher than in 1918, 49 per cent. higher than in 1917, and 178 per cent. above the figure of 1914. The compilers of the bulletin figure out a distinct gain for the wage-worker in increase of earnings as compared with the increase of price of food products, though we must remember that all such figures merely show whether or not it is possible to live more cheaply, not whether any particular class is actually doing so, or even making the attempt. In the matter of the factory man's dinner table, as elsewhere, *de gustibus non disputandum.*

IN sustaining Oklahoma's income tax law and in declaring void that part of the New York State law which discriminates against non-residents, the Supreme Court has rendered two important decisions which common sense hastens to claim for its own. The fact that the right of a State to tax incomes accruing to non-residents from their property or business within the State is susceptible of abuse is no valid ground for denying such a right. One such abuse is forever removed by the New York

decision—non-residents must be taxed on precisely the same terms as residents; the privileges and immunities enjoyed by citizens of New York must not be denied to other citizens of the Republic. As a rebuke to the carelessness, if it was carelessness only, of the New York State Legislature, the decision is additionally welcome.

LAST year Lenin made it clear in repeated statements that the unlimited printing of paper money and the consequent demonetization of the ruble was but a step in the general plan to overthrow capitalism by doing away with money. Now, however, the Bolshevist Commissar of Finance, Krestinsky, has issued a statement, preliminary to the expected foreign trade, that the Soviet Government will issue a new type of credit note, backed by reserves of platinum, to the value of 37,500,000 gold rubles. The issue will be limited to 65,000,000 rubles, and the Government will be ready on call to convert them into platinum coins. These platinum notes will be used in payment of foreign purchases made direct by the Government. This complete *volte face* in Bolshevik finance is only another indication of the way in which the Soviet Government is turning to capitalism. It is interesting, both as a financial expedient and as illustrating the character of the Bolshevik mind. As it is only an expedient to secure a modest amount of credit on the security of platinum now in the possession of the Bolsheviks, the businesslike way of doing it would be to deposit the platinum in some satisfactory financial institution as a guarantee for a loan in sterling or dollar exchange. This, however, might require proof that the metal had not been stolen from its rightful owners.

THE numerous "drives" that are being made by the men's colleges ought to make it easier rather than harder for the women's colleges to obtain the endowment which they also need. The argument is the same in both cases. Faculty salaries must be raised if faculties are to be retained; the old salary schedules are absurdly inadequate in view of existing prices. Each appeal that has already been made has helped to drive the argument home. The campaigns for Bryn Mawr, Smith, and Mt. Holyoke are now under way; they should meet with a generous response not only among the alumnæ, or the alumnæ and their friends, but among people generally who realize the critical state in which the cause of education in America stands to-day.

IT is a safe enough prophecy that blundering attempts to fight Socialism by unfair means will increase the Socialist vote. To admit this, however, is not to concede the reasonableness of "voting Socialist" as a means of punishing bad official conduct or securing good. A vote for the Socialist ticket, in any case in which the political views of the candidate have any bearing at all, can be justified only by an honest conviction that Socialism is right in its fundamental fight against individual initiative, and the right of the individual to better his position by the fruits of his own brains, toil and thrift. If one really believes in that doctrine, he is justified in supporting it at the ballot box, but not otherwise. The fact that some one is rocking the political boat does not justify the voter who wants a safe passage in joining hands with those who openly seek to knock out the bottom.

IT seems hard to get the idea out of the heads of certain Congressional leaders at Washington that economy in appropriations is a mere matter of totals. The Air Service has already been seriously crippled by the denial of the financial support necessary to hold together and keep at work the best of the trained personnel in the service at the close of the war. And now more than half has been cut from the estimates for carrying on the work of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce in soliciting foreign trade. If this action stands, the commercial attaché service of the bureau will be wrecked. Representatives of many American business organizations in session in New York a few days ago formally pronounced this "a direct blow at American foreign trade, at a time when it is most in need of trade information from foreign lands." The division of statistics of the customs service is seriously hampered by a similar display of Congressional economy, not having force enough to present its results with the promptness and completeness which alone can give them real value to the business world. To follow the example set by these economizers in Congress, our dairymen should seek a more economical production of milk by cutting down the amount of food appropriated for their cows, and farmers should reduce the cost of their corn, wheat and potatoes by eliminating the expense of fertilizers.

What is a Liberal?

THE ultimate aim of the Labor Party, and of those who would inspire and direct its policy, is the acquisition and operation by the State of the whole machinery of the production of the country. That is a form of industrial tyranny against which, if you can conceive of it ever being brought into practical effect, it is, in my opinion, the first duty of Liberalism to protest.

In this clean-cut declaration by Mr. Asquith in the opening speech of his victorious campaign at Paisley, the word Liberalism (with a capital L) is doubtless used in the British party sense. But it is time we were beginning to think, both in this country and in England, of the meaning of the word in a sense broader than, and yet not out of accord with, the meaning it has had in British politics during the past half-century. What Mr. Asquith declares to be "the first duty of Liberalism" in Britain is really and truly the first duty of liberalism everywhere. The word has too long been conceded to the representatives of a cast of thought and a tendency in action to which it has no just application. To be a liberal it is necessary that one have his mind open to possibilities of improvement and reform; but not every scheme of real or supposed economic improvement, and not every project of real or supposed moral reform is entitled to the designation of "liberal." The word is a good word, and a valuable one; and it ought to be reclaimed from the hands of those who have too

long enjoyed the benefit of its implication, while displaying none of its spirit.

First and foremost in this category are the socialists and, still more, the half-socialists who are promoting the socialist programme without any clear perception of what it means. It is open to anyone to think that socialism is better than liberalism; but certainly socialism is not liberalism. It is the opposite of liberalism. Under whatever form it may be proposed to put socialism into effect, it will not liberalize but unliberalize the world. It may conceivably improve the general economic condition of mankind. It may reduce, or even extinguish, poverty. It may improve the public health, cut down the rate of infant mortality, and lengthen the average span of human life. The existing institutions of society have themselves had an effect in all these directions, which, on casting a glance backward over a period of a hundred years, or two hundred years, any candid mind must recognize as most impressive. Socialists may claim that their system would accelerate the process. But the gains which we have made have been attained without sacrifice of those ideas of personal independence, and personal self-assertion, which are of the very essence of liberalism. The gains which socialism would make—if it did make them—would be purchased at the cost of an almost complete extinction of those ideas as the dominant factor in human life.

The central aim of all schemes of socialism or semi-socialism is the extinction of economic evils. It is true that in the minds of many socialists this aim is exalted by the conviction that all, or nearly all, of the moral evil in the world is traceable to economic causes. That extreme poverty is a prolific source of moral evil no reasonable person would deny, and it must be the constant aim of right-minded persons to work toward the abolition of extreme poverty. But there is no reason whatever to believe that when we get above that plane there is any correlation between economic well-being and moral excellence. On the contrary, there is abundant reason to believe that the necessity for economic struggle, the stimulus of reward for exertion imposed from within and not from without, and of punishment for failure to put forth such exertion, is the great nursery of human virtue as well as of human endeavor. But in point of fact, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, socialists and semi-socialists not only think—as we all do—of economic improvement as an end in itself, but think of it as the one all-sufficient end. They seek it with little or no regard for the price which may have to be paid for it in the shape of abandonment of liberal principles and liberal ideals. What the standardization of life may mean, in relation to its broader and deeper aspects, seldom troubles their minds.

That the older idea of liberalism, the idea that has been embodied in four generations of American and British history, is being reasserted with fresh vigor after the tempestuous eclipse of the past year or two, there are encouraging indications. Quite in line with Mr. Asquith's pronouncement have been the recent declarations of Mr. Hoover and Vice-President Marshall, neither of whom belongs in any degree to the genus mossback. It is not impossible that in the recoil from that vague revolutionism which has for some time held the centre of the stage there may be some recrudescence of reactionary activity. But it will not get far. Quite to the contrary of what was so glibly predicted a short time ago, the contest is almost sure to be not between "reaction and revolution," but between liberalism and what for want of a better term is nowadays called radicalism. The radicals are for what they confidently label as progress, but what, however it may affect the economic condition of men, is progress away from liberalism and towards regimentation and tyranny. It was John Wesley, we believe, who protested that the devil should not have all the good tunes. The radicals are not entitled to the good tune of liberalism. Liberty, variety, individuality—that is the tune to which liberals should march, and in that sign they will conquer.

The Soviet Drive for Peace

It is evident to all observers that the opening of relations with Russia and some form of conditional recognition of the Soviet régime will soon be announced by the Council of Premiers. The successive steps by which this is approached are patently face-saving expedients and will deceive no one. Mr. Lloyd George long since yielded to the influences that were pressing him in this direction, and with him it was only a question of so manœuvring this change of policy as not to arouse too great opposition on the part of the Conservative elements of the Coalition. What these influences are is becoming clear. They are, of course, domestic, but they are not, in the main, as has been surmised, the demands of radical labor, protesting against a policy that represented to them an attempt of capitalist interests to crush a workingmen's revolution. They are the more potent forces of British capital itself, pressing to have opened to them the commercial and industrial opportunities of Russia lest they be outstripped by their German rivals.

The British capitalists have much to justify them. Their hatred of Bolshevism has not abated, and they take no stock in the much-advertised change of heart and reform of the Bolsheviks themselves. But they are aware that there are in Russia at the present time more than two million Germans, entrenching themselves for the industrial conquest of Russia, and that German marks are being used by the hundred million to purchase stocks and bonds of Russian enterprises, securities that may now be something of a gamble even at the prevailing rate of exchange, but which before long will place the control of these enterprises in German hands. They see no merit or advantage in abstaining from work in the Russian field if the result is only to give their rivals a private preserve and a flying start. And it must not be overlooked that the exploitation of the resources of Russia has an international political significance for

the future that outweighs mere pecuniary considerations.

At the same time the Soviet Government is feverishly engaged in a drive for peace. All who follow attentively Bolshevist propaganda in its diverse manifestations must have been struck by its singular concentration upon this one aim during the past few weeks. Their artillery of every kind and calibre was massed for the attack. The *Nation* published seven alleged Soviet peace proposals to the United States and carefully refrained from quoting the statements of Lenin and Trotsky that peace was sought by them only to obtain a breathing space, the better to renew the struggle. The *New Republic* bemoaned the fact that hard-hearted capitalists continued to display vicious hostility to the revolutionary democracy of Russia (as if the Soviet Government were a revolutionary democracy!), and let Norman Hapgood pour out his Bolshevik soul in several columns of superlative ignorance and misstatement. A claque of petty business men, organized by Ludwig C. A. K. Martens and Dudley Field Malone, issued a lot of false and misleading statements to create the impression that England was already carrying on trade with Soviet Russia and flimflamming us out of our share. A number of hand-picked correspondents were personally conducted to Moscow to be given special interviews with the Bolshevik leaders. There could be no doubt that the Bolsheviks wanted peace and wanted it badly.

But students of Bolshevik propaganda must have noticed also a great change in its character. No longer was emphasis laid upon the beauties of the social revolution or what it promised to the laboring man. Only the most perfunctory allusions were made to the evils of capitalism and imperialism. On the contrary, Lenin said to one of the specially invited correspondents: "All the world knows that we are prepared to make peace on terms the fairness of which even the most imperialistic capitalists could not dispute. We have reiterated and reiterated our desire for peace, our need for peace, and our readiness to give foreign capital the most generous concessions and guarantees." To the same correspondent Trotsky said: "Foreign capitalists who invest money in Russian enterprises or who supply us with merchandise we require will receive material guarantees of amply adequate character." In all the propaganda every effort was made to appeal to the cupidity of the capitalist, and to allay his fears, by asserting that the Bolsheviks had reformed and were no longer the ferocious looters of last year, and by covertly intimating that he need not worry as to the security of private property rights. Indeed, they were ready to allow the election of a Constituent Assembly (whatever that might signify), and permit non-Bolsheviks to participate in government.

But by far the most striking manifestations of their propaganda are to be seen in Trotsky's announcement concerning turning the Red Army into labor battalions, and the publication in foreign countries of the Soviet code of labor laws. This code is an astounding production. It provides that every citizen between the ages of sixteen and fifty who is not incapacitated shall be subject to compulsory labor. Every laborer is placed in a definite group or category by the authorities, and his scale of wages determined. He must carry a labor booklet, which serves as a sort of passport, and he can not change from one job to another without the permission of the authorities. The code deprives the working man of the last vestige of liberty and reduces him to industrial serfdom. The object of the publication of this drastic code is clear—it is to assure the capitalist that if he will come and invest his money in Soviet Russia, he need fear no labor troubles and can treat his workmen as slaves.

The fact is that the Bolsheviks have utterly failed in Russia and stand on the brink of disaster. They have brought about the complete ruin of economic life and have existed thus far on reserves already accumulated. Now these reserves are approaching exhaustion and their only hope is to persuade capital to come in and take over the task of putting things to rights. They are not concerned over the fate of the millions of hapless people, but they see in this new move a chance to retain their power as well as the ill-gotten riches that have built up a whole new Bolshevik bourgeoisie. Here is a simple analogy. Suppose a gang of ignorant bandits and cut-throats, led by a few dreamers and fanatics who believe they have discovered a marvelous process for extracting gold without labor or expense, have jumped the claim to a rich gold mine. They badly maltreat the mine and come to the end of their resources. In their extremity they appeal to capitalists to take over the property and supply machinery and engineers, meanwhile opening up fine offices and putting on the finest front possible. They hope to see the mine restored to productivity and they expect to retain a controlling interest. For the ruined stockholders they have no care.

Russia will be opened up, and before long. It will present a fearful spectacle of disorganization and ruin. Life has gone back to a primitive state—to the Dark Ages—and to material destruction is added moral degradation. Two years of violence, corruption, injustice, and terror have done their deadly work. The question is how long will the Bolshevik régime endure. If the blockade were to continue a short time longer, there is little doubt that the Soviet Government would topple over, for it has never been weaker than at the present moment, despite its military victories and its brave front. But if it should fall under these conditions, there is nothing apparently to take its place, and the result would be a vast welter of anarchy. If relations are opened with Russia and capital vigorously attacks the problem of reorganizing economic life and bringing the people back to a state of productivity, the Soviet Government may continue in authority yet a few months longer, and, vile as it is, it may serve as the necessary cohesive force to prevent utter disintegration until new forces can be developed to succeed it. Such a system can not continue to exist in modern civilization, even in so primitive a country as Russia. During its brief hour it has held sway by brute force and

terror over cowed and servile millions; it has robbed the gentlemen and the scholars of Russia of their heritage; it has wiped out Russian civilization and Russian culture like a Tatar horde. It would indeed be the irony of history if in its final days it should perforce serve a useful purpose.

Although England, France, and Italy are moving rapidly towards the recognition of the Soviet Government, there is no reason why America should lower herself by grasping the blood-stained hands of the tyrants at Moscow. We are not driven by necessity to make friends with temporarily successful evil, only to appear ridiculous a little later, when those forces of evil fall. America must in the future play an important rôle in the tasks of reconstruction in Russia; this is incumbent on us by reason of our surplus capital and our future international interests; and there is no reason to compromise these opportunities for any temporary and insignificant trade advantages. On the other hand, it is our duty to work out a comprehensive and practical plan whereby we can perform these tasks wisely and adequately, looking out for our own national interests, and at the same time safeguarding the Russian people against exploitation.

Mr. Asquith's Return

EVER since his defeat in the elections of 1918, Mr. Asquith has maintained a dignified aloofness from politics, being well aware that the sound common sense he might utter would fall on deaf ears so long as the nation had not sobered down from the intoxication of victory. The people's excited passions are a fit instrument for a man of Lloyd George's talent to play upon, but to the nation in its soberer mood the self-contained wisdom of an Asquith will make the stronger appeal. He has been biding his time and appears to have chosen the right moment for his return. The greatness of his personality is out of all proportion to the smallness of the party as whose leader he will oppose the Coalition Government. Indeed, if the vote of the Paisley electorate had brought no other change than the substitution of Sir Donald McLean by Mr. Asquith as leader of the "Wee Frees," as the small group of Free Liberals is nicknamed, the result of the recent election would be merely a personal victory for Lloyd George's predecessor. But it is more than that, inasmuch as the former Premier's reappearance in the House of Commons is fraught with the promise of great and far-reaching consequences.

The Coalition has had its day. There are few people in England who continue to believe in its vitality. The abortive attempt of Lord Birkenhead to form a new, the National, party, a camouflaged revival of the moribund Coalition, has only emphasized the fact that it is unavoidably doomed. Its Liberal members, realizing its approaching break-up, will probably rally round the old leader whom they abandoned in 1918. And what, in that event, will Lloyd George's next move be? It has been observed that, less punctilious but more cautious than Bonar Law, he refrained from sending a message of best wishes for his success to the Coalition candidate at Paisley, whom they both knew to be going in for a losing fight. He evidently did not wish to commit himself to any utterance which might bar for him the way to a reconciliation with his former chief, in the event of the latter beating his Labor opponent. The Welshman's resourceful brain is capable of conceiving any new combination, however impossible its realization may seem to the outsider. Is it likely that Mr. Asquith would accept the hand proffered him by the man whom he must admire, but whom he can not possibly respect, as a politician?

British opportunism and love of compromise may build the bridge across the hostility that divides the two former associates. The chief question of the near future is whether British Labor shall dictate its will to the country or be held in check by that innate love of moderation in reform which is one of the many aspects of the Briton's common sense. Mr. Asquith has taken a definite stand against the Labor Party's demands for socialization of the mines and railroads. On the other hand, by his hearty approval of Lloyd George's Russian policy he has drawn the line between his party and the Conservative section of the Coalition. These two problems of national and foreign policy, the most important that the present brings up for solution, form the common ground on which the Prime Minister and the Liberal leader may meet and join forces.

A reconstitution of the old Liberal Party, if thus realized, would naturally react upon the attitude of the Conservatives. The defection of the Liberals from the Coalition would force them to take their bearings afresh. The proposed Centre Party, a fusion of progressive Conservatives and Coalition Liberals advocated by Winston Churchill, could not be constituted without the support of Lloyd George. It is significant of the general impression that its fate will be decided by the result of the Paisley election and the subsequent course of events, that little has been heard during the past month of any steps being taken towards the realization of the plan. Lord Robert Cecil was generally held to be the man destined for the leadership of the new party, but he has maintained a punctilious silence, evidently waiting to take his cue from the move that Lloyd George is going to make. If the latter chooses Asquith for Lord Robert, the Conservatives of divers hue will have to rely upon themselves, and, giving up all hope of continuing the Coalition in some disguise or other, smooth over the differences that divide them in order to retain their significance as a party. Conservatives and Liberals, though each retaining their independence as in former days, will be united in opposition to the nationalization schemes of the Labor Party. The exultant note struck by Ramsay Macdonald in a recent article in the *Nation* would probably have been tuned a little lower if it had been written after Mr. Asquith's victory had opened the writer's eyes to the possibility of a different course of developments.

The Women's Colleges

WHEN Emma Willard, in 1819, made her appeal to the New York Legislature for the endowment of a "female seminary," nothing was farther from her thoughts than the idea that she was preparing the way for the inauguration of colleges for women. A large part of her discourse, in fact, is taken up with the repudiation of any such motive. "The seminary here recommended," she says, "will be as different from those appropriated to the male sex as the female character and duties are from the male." This from one of the most advanced spirits of the time.

The modesty of the demands of those who were pioneers in the field of women's education shows more clearly than anything else can do the force of the opposition arrayed against them. Always "the phantom of the learned lady" (in Emma Willard's phrase) must be laid to rest before the positive argument for a more than A B C education for girls can proceed. And the reasons assigned for wishing to have girls educated even in a very small way are as carefully unassuming as are the schemes of education proposed. Girls should be educated because as women they will have an "influence" on society. They will be wives, they will be mothers; they may even, on occasion, be teachers of small children. It will make a distinct difference to the human race (of which women themselves seem to be rather an appendage than a part) whether they are intelligent creatures or not. The idea that women's minds may be worth cultivating for the sake of the women themselves is rarely even suggested.

Yet the recognition of the fact that women's education was, from whatever point of view, a matter of public concern, marks a big step forward. The Troy Female Seminary, which Emma Willard established in 1821, soon became famous throughout the country, as did also, a few years later, Catherine Beecher's school at Hartford and Mary Lyon's seminary at Holyoke. Nothing better was done for girls in the Eastern States until Vassar opened in 1865. In the West more progress was made. Oberlin, founded as a collegiate institute in 1832 and chartered as a college in 1850, was coeducational from the start, and Antioch not only admitted women students but made a point of having women as well as men on its faculty. But the number of women in attendance was small, and the fact of their being admitted did not attract wide attention. The opening of Vassar in 1865 impressed people generally as the real beginning of higher education for women.

Matthew Vassar, in his first address to the trustees of the college, struck no uncertain note. "It occurred to me," he said, "that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development." The aim was to provide a liberal education, not toned down to meet supposed requirements of the female mind, nor trimmed up with feminine "accomplishments." Vassar was to be "an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men," and there was to be no pretense that sewing for girls is the equivalent of science for boys.

The movement, once started, made rapid progress. By 1885, when Bryn Mawr was opened, Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith were flourishing institutions, Cornell and a few other Eastern colleges had taken women in, and at the State universities of the West coeducation was a matter of course. "The phantom of the learned lady" melted away. It was found that women's minds were really of the same stuff as men's, and that girls were neither enfeebled nor unsexed by contact with Greek, physics, and higher mathematics. Bryn Mawr, building on what had already been accomplished, was able to give new strength to the movement by raising the standard of admission and by establishing, under the influence of Johns Hopkins, a first-class graduate school such as few colleges in the country at that time possessed.

In view of the combined weight of incredulity and disapproval which the idea of the woman scholar had to contend with, it is remarkable that hostile prejudice retreated as quickly as it did. Nothing is left of such prejudice nowadays. The existence in large numbers of college-trained women is one of the important aspects of our national civilization, and in the East, where coeducation in undergraduate work is not a common practice, no one would deny that colleges for women are as vitally necessary as colleges for men. But while the public has been quick to appreciate, it has been slow to help. The difficulties of raising money for a woman's college are peculiar. Men's colleges increase their endowments chiefly through gifts from the alumni; ninety per cent. of the money raised in the present Harvard "drive" is from this source. Women's colleges, on the other hand, must depend largely on outside contributions. Their alumnae associations are comparatively small, and contain a comparatively small proportion of rich members—and even those members whom one calls "rich" often have no large sums of money at their own disposal. The manifest need can not be met unless disinterested citizens, and especially men of wealth, become alive to the opportunity for usefulness that is here offered. At a time when women's higher education was but an unpopular hope, Matthew Vassar gave away one-half of his hard-earned fortune in order to found Vassar College. Our present-day millionaires know the worth of the institutions that he and his successors established; how many will come forward and help sustain them?

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Constantinople and the Straits

SHORTLY after the Dardanelles were opened to the warships of the victorious Allies, in November, 1918, I saw once again the glistening dome of Hagia Sophia, and thought with wonder of the many strange mutations of human fortunes this ancient Christian monument had witnessed. Among my fellow passengers was a group of fervid Greek patriots who were exalted by the belief that before long the Church of Holy Wisdom would once more resound to the liturgy of the Greek Church.

This idea has recently received the vigorous support of a group of English churchmen of prominence who are demanding that the Turks shall not be permitted to keep possession of this most ancient of Christian edifices. The British press has published violent protests against the decision of the Supreme Council to allow the Sultan to continue to reside in Constantinople.

This point of view has very many supporters in the United States—notably, Ex-Ambassador Henry Morgenthau, who rendered such splendid services in Turkey at the outbreak of the war. It is generally maintained, in the familiar words of Gladstone, that the Turks must be driven out of Europe, "bag and baggage."

Against this point of view we have the solemn protest of Mr. Montagu, Secretary for India, that Great Britain must not affront the sensibilities of those millions of Moslems who look with pride to Constantinople as the seat of the Caliphate. Both he and Lloyd George have asserted that the British Government can not prove faithless to its formal assurances given during the war that there was no intention of driving the Turks from their capital. Otherwise, as they forcibly declare, Great Britain had no right to call on its Moslem subjects to help conquer Turkey.

The legal right of the descendants of Osman to the Caliphate is undoubtedly open to serious question. It is true that many Moslems, notably those of Persia, contest these claims. Millions of Moslems throughout the world, however, including our own islands of the Philippines, have a deep sentimental regard and respect for the Sultan of Turkey as the leading temporal monarch of Islam. An interesting recognition of this fact is the action taken by the United States Government in appealing to Sultan Abdul Hamid to use his influence as Caliph to persuade the revolting tribes of Moslems in the Jolo Archipelago to accept American rule. There can be no doubt that Moslems everywhere have had a genuine pride—a childish pride, if you will—in the fact that a Moslem potentate has his palace where the Imperial Cæsars once held sway.

The overwhelming defeat of the Turks and the loss of the major portion of their once magnificent empire has been a bitter humiliation to the House of Islam. Nor should the revolt of the Arabs from Turkish rule be taken too seriously as offsetting in any sense this powerful Moslem sentiment concerning the Caliphate and Constantinople. Taking into account the simplicity of character and the fanaticism of the Arabs, it is not unlikely that they may experience at any moment a revulsion of feeling concerning their fellow Moslems the Turks, formerly their oppressors and bitter enemies. There is grave danger that sooner or later the vast majority of Moslems would unite in fierce opposition to any attempt by Christian Powers to subject the Sultan-Caliph to further humiliations.

It was an evil day for the Turks when those hardy warriors of the plains and hills abandoned their tents to settle down in the palaces of the Cæsars. Constantinople is one of the loveliest cities of the world, but it has been the apple of discord between many nations for centuries, the cause of many misfortunes, disasters, and wars. It has been the centre of base intrigues and corruption. Here the Turks were enervated and demoralized by Byzantine traditions and by the worst influences of European civilization. There is much melancholy truth in the opinion expressed by the author of "Nationalism and War in the Near East" that "the failure of the Turks is due to Byzantinism. Their corruption and impotence were inherited with their national capital—not inherent in their national character. . . . Byzantine civilization was overflowed, not flooded out, by the Turkish invasion; and all the worst features of the decadent Byzantine social system emerged and flourished in the soil refertilized by new blood. No democracy, no simple virtues, and no sound vitality could grow in such soil without a more thorough purification than even Mahomet could give it."

The curse of Constantinople comes, of course, in the main from its situation athwart the Straits connecting the Euxine and the Mediterranean, both high seas necessary for the use of many nations, particularly for the vast Russian Empire. No single nation could expect to control exclusively this place without incurring the envy and hostility of other nations. This magnificent port was plainly intended by nature to be a great port of call, like Singapore, or an important commercial emporium, like Hong Kong. It was never suited to be the free, secure capital of an independent nation.

The freedom of the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles has long been an imperative necessity, as well as an abstract right under international law. This freedom must be established and guaranteed by the most absolute and effective measures that may be devised. Whatever the differences and mutual jealousies of the Powers, they seem fairly well agreed on this fundamental proposition: the freedom of the Straits must be assured, and no single nation shall be permitted to control their use for its own selfish ends.

Such being the facts and the logic of the situation, the question whether the Turks shall be permitted to continue to reside in Constantinople becomes of subsidiary importance. Once the freedom of the Straits is effectively guaranteed, its value as a national capital is destroyed. If the Turks care to remain under the guns of foreign warships and overawed by

foreign garrisons, they are accepting restraints and humiliations that can not long be endured. Sooner or later they will hanker for the seclusion and the tranquillity of Konia, the old capital of the Seljukian Turks in the heart of Asia Minor. (Broussa is far from an ideal capital, as it also would be dependent for an outlet on the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles.) The day will surely come when the Turks will escape from the spell of ill-fated Byzantium; when they will see the situation in its true light, and will realize that national greatness consists not in empire but in moral regeneration. Once again they will return to the plains and hills from whence they came; and in such a Hegira will assuredly lie their salvation, their true happiness and welfare.

In the meantime, if by reason of the ignis fatuus of Constantinople they are blinded to their true interests, why should others, in the light of all the practical considerations involved, give themselves undue concern? Why dissipate their energies and influence in a futile agitation, and lose sight of the true issue which Lloyd George has properly emphasized as the problem of establishing and maintaining the freedom of the Straits, and protecting the interests of the peoples of the Near East?

It should now be evident, in view of the rivalries and the mutual distrust of the Powers, that the problem of providing the right kind of mandates in Constantinople and the Near East is excessively difficult, and overshadows all other considerations. If one could only feel sure that their main concern was truly the freedom of the Straits and the welfare of the peoples of that part of the world, there would be much less cause for anxiety. In fact, under such conditions, the American people might even be induced, by a high sense of obligation to render a great disinterested service for mankind in general as well as for these unhappy peoples in particular, to undertake a general mandate over Constantinople and Asia Minor. The attitude of the Powers, however, leaves too much reason to fear that they have not accepted wholeheartedly those generous principles advocated by the United States in this war, and that it would be futile and unwise for us to attempt a mandate where our efforts would be foredoomed to failure.

It is impossible to avoid the unhappy conclusion that the preoccupation of the Powers over the division of conquered territories, and the establishment of new spheres of influence in accordance with the archaic and utterly vicious principle of balance of power, threatens a lamentable failure to solve the Eastern question. The key to its solution would seem to lie in the establishment and maintenance of the freedom of the Straits; and with this accomplished, it matters little whether or no the Turks are suffered to remain beside the Golden Horn.

Philip Marshall Brown

The Case of Sir Oliver Lodge

THE conspicuous exhibits in the "case" of Sir Oliver Lodge are the posters six feet high announcing lectures upon "The Structure of the Atom" and "The Evidence for Survival" and the streams of auditors filling well-paid seats to listen to a "scientific" message. The popularity betokens no sudden renascence of interest in exact science; nor is the persuasive oratory of the physicist the magnet that draws dollars and devotees. It is the author of "Raymond" and not the professor of physics at the University of Liverpool that is speaking. The atom enters the best society through the patronage of "spooks."

Prestige is potent. Surely if a distinguished physicist, trained in the niceties of the laboratory and the logic of scientific evidence, is convinced that the living communicate with the dead, the testimony must be profoundly convincing. The obvious fact is strangely ignored that, for the one exceptional scientist who subscribes to the reality of such communication, there are hundreds of equal authority who would violently resent the implication that they might be tempted to draw conclusions as to the nature of the universe from the testimony of "mediums" trafficking upon human credulity. Let no venturesome *entrepreneur* suppose that he can repeat this platform success by importing a still more eminent physicist, whose prestige might, indeed, assemble a modest audience at Harvard or Columbia University, but who would hardly fill Carnegie Hall in New York or the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. Prestige is potent; but the will to believe is more so. They combine in the "case" of Sir Oliver and his audiences.

The scientific student of the belief in spirits places the phenomenon in the primitive stages of human thinking. Sir Edward Tylor tells us that "the received spiritualistic theory belongs to the philosophy of savages"; that a North American Indian transferred to a spirit-séance in London with its "raps, noises, voices, and other physical actions, would be perfectly at home in the proceedings." Andrew Lang regarded the study of these "psychological curiosities" of persistent belief "as a branch of mythology or folklore." Podmore, the historian of modern spiritualism, calls the belief less an hypothesis or an explanation than "the instinctive utterance of primitive animism." And yet in the twentieth year of the twentieth century the same order of belief, based upon the same discredited type of evidence, but couched in more learned language, sways the minds of men who live richly in a world built upon the discoveries of science; by whom the spirit that created the telegraph and telephone, aeroplanes and motor cars, "wireless" and X-rays, aseptic surgery and preventive medicine, is forsaken in pursuit of a cult of revelation by mediums plying a questionable trade among the intellectual slums of civilization.

For the ordinary every-day mind holding such beliefs at arm's length or playing with them as the fashionable toy of the hour, with no disciplined standards of consistency, and

slight responsibilities of reputation, there is nothing seriously discreditable—though much that is deplorable—in the lapse; for such minds follow the torch-bearers and are blinded by the incandescent filament of prestige. What is pardonable for the following is not so for the leaders of thought. Nor can the tribute which we gladly pay to our cousinly colleagues coming to us under the mission of science be permitted to silence the protest against the mental confusion and darkening counsels of obscurantism which follow the trail of Sir Oliver across the American continent.

The peculiar aggravation of the "case" is the trivial irrelevance of the evidence upon which a professor of physics announces a subversive dispensation, which, if true, would contradict every principle of his science and relegate his laboratory to the scrap heap of an abandoned intellectual habitation. For Sir Oliver offers the same threadbare evidence, stale and unprofitable. The mingling of physics and psychics is most amazing:

> The fact that a photograph can be clearly recognized when the medium has only seen the person clairvoyantly on the other side of the veil is suggestive, since it seems to show that the general appearance is preserved—or, in other words, that each human body is a true representation of personality.

Sir Oliver ventures into biology with the same confidence. He speaks of the similarity of "the ideas about inheritance usually associated with the name of Weissmann, and the inheritance or conveyance of bodily attributes or of powers acquired through the body, into the future life of the soul." So, when spirits return in the incoherent disclosures of the séance room, the man of science observes how far they "inherit" or "convey" their acquired characteristics. "Future existence may be either glorified or stained, for a time, by persistence of bodily traits." Furthermore, it is found that, although bodily marks, scars, and wounds are clearly not of soul-compelling and permanent character, yet for purposes of identification, and when reentering the physical atmosphere for the purpose of communication with friends, these temporary marks are reassumed." How does Sir Oliver reach these positive deductions? From the inspired revelations of mediums, accepted on their own pretensions as experts in the physics and biology of the future world. Weissmann and his followers have a prejudice in favor of controllable experimentation upon transmission of traits through successive generations of living animal or plant forms; Sir Oliver prefers the simpler method of clairvoyance to reveal the laws of spirit transmission. But Sir A. Conan Doyle, whose training both as a physician and as a detective should give him a higher expert rating, says that in the future world we are all of an age, the young growing older and the old growing younger until a democratic equilibrium of appearance is reached. These discrepancies might be embarrassing if spirits and those who communicate with them felt it obligatory to carry the impedimenta of logical baggage on their journeys. Sir Oliver does not wish to be troubled with explaining these matters when he reaches the world with which he now communicates. He gives notice:

> As a digression of some importance, I venture to say that claims of thoughtless and pertinacious people upon the charitable and eminent, even here, are often excessive: it is to be hoped that such claims become less troublesome and less effective hereafter; but it is a hope without much foundation.

So long as mediums control the telephone-book of the "hereafter," there is little outlook for peace. For it is plain, as Dr. Furness, the genial Shakespearean, used to say, the most difficult task for a logical mind is to take these matters seriously.

The citations are relevant to show what manner of thinking and what standards of evidence Sir Oliver employs in support of his thesis. Are these reasonings those of a man of science in any other sense than they reflect the apologetics of a mind that retains a vestige of logical conscience, but for the most part wanders wherever it listeth? The conclusions must be made to appear reasonable and learned, and the argument modelled after the patterns of the fabric that science weaves. But the result is a travesty, a grotesque degradation, pernicious because it may influence minds inexpert in distinguishing between truth and nonsense, between a poem and a parody.

Let us test Sir Oliver's acumen in simpler fashion. Ten years ago New York and other American cities were similarly aflutter, but not with learned theories and platform deliverances; for the central figure of the excitement could neither read nor write, nor speak any other language than the Italian of her class. But she had spokesmen in plenty and with ample prestige: Lombroso and Morselli in Italy, Richet and Flammarion in France, and a group of eminent observers in England, including Sir Oliver Lodge. Mr. Carrington devoted a book to the "case" of Eusapia Palladino and said: "Eusapia is genuine; but she is, so far as I know, almost unique." "The whole evidential case for the physical phenomena of spiritualism" rests with her; if "nothing but fraud entered into the production of these phenomena, then the whole case for the physical phenomena would be ruined—utterly, irretrievably ruined." The *pièce de résistance* of Eusapia's performance consisted in the lifting, "levitation by spirits," of a very light table which she carried with her for the purpose. When unknown to her, two witnesses were smuggled under the table and saw her foot levitate, and when with proper control of her hands and feet nothing happened, while with lax control the spirits gave most satisfactory performances, the case of Palladino collapsed; but Mr. Carrington is now publishing a "psychical" journal for the further record of the rare powers of future Eusapias.

Did Eusapia deceive all Europe and did she succumb only to the shrewd Yankee mind? By no means. Professor Le Bon saw the trickery in Paris; Dr. Moll and Dr. Dessoir (Germans, be it whispered) saw through Eusapia in Berlin; Professor Sedgwick, Dr. Hodgson, Mr. Myers—though inclining to belief in some form of supernormal powers—were convinced that Eusapia was fraudulent. But Sir Oliver wrote: "I am therefore in hopes that the present decadent state of the Neapolitan woman may be only temporary, and

that hereafter some competent and thoroughly prepared witness may yet bring testimony to the continued existence of a genuine abnormal power in her organism."

Is this the utterance of a science-trained caution or of the will to believe despite the unwelcome trend of the evidence?

The case of Sir Oliver does not stand alone. Sir Richard Crookes, a fellow-physicist of like distinction, testified to seeing a medium sitting in the air supported by nothing visible, offered spirit photographs as evidence of survival, inferred the existence of an "hitherto unknown force" from the fact that a medium affected a balance with which apparently he had no contact—to mention only a few of the accredited miracles of a physical nature. Alfred Russel Wallace had a like faith in the genuineness of several forms of mediumistic performances, and, in addition, regarded the neglect of phrenology as one of the scientific sins of the nineteenth century. The list could be extended not indefinitely, but considerably. The phenomenon is a puzzling one; for we associate with the effect of a professional training a general robustness of logical vigor, a thorough saturation of the mind in all its vocations with the habits of rigid evidence and critical caution. We assume a consistency of mental habit, and in that assumption seemingly go astray. We must make room for the existence of minds streaked with rationality but not uniformly penetrated by the stabilizing quality; we must consider reserved areas of prejudice and predilection in which ideas flourish and convictions are cherished with slight regard to their reconciliation with the dominant logicality of the rest of one's beliefs. If such products of our complex psychology are common, though presumably in less momentous phases of the mental character, why should they not occasionally occur among professional men of science, and now and then among the ablest of them? It is plainly not the "physical" but the personal bent of Sir Oliver that is responsible for the amazing conclusions to which he commits himself, bringing to their statement the formulating skill which results from the professional side of his mentality.

It would seem extravagant to speak of a divided personality, because that type of psychological chasm runs deeper and invades the emotional responses in more pragmatic types of conduct. And yet the emotional element in the will to believe is the essential common factor. In the presence of strong emotion in these straining times, so tragically reënforced by the calamity of bereavement on a world-wide scale, composure is difficult and reason seems a frail support. To see life steadily and to see it whole is no easy consummation, when the most cherished values have been trampled upon and the closest ties broken. Unreason is rampant in the political world; its invasion of the scientific domain is not surprising.

It is characteristic that the conclusions for which such feeble and pitiable evidence is advanced and accepted always appeal to a strong personal wish. Change the stake but a little, and the intensity of the emotion pales. One may discuss the hypothesis of telepathy quite composedly; the overwhelming evidence of exact experiment is that it does not exist. The presumption in favor of it is part of the same predilection, has the same anthropological flavor as that in favor of the belief in spirit intercourse; but its animus is closer to the intellectual pursuit. It is less hazardous to take a chance on its occasional and sporadic occurrence; and the most ardent believers in its possibility use the telegraph no less regularly when they wish to convey messages with some reasonable assurance of their delivery. Telepathy does not penetrate the emotional nature and play havoc with the integrity of social relations and the security of a logical conscience. Naturally, those inclined to credit "occult" forces are hospitable to both hypotheses; and it has been assumed by some psychic researchers that spirits may use telepathy, while Maeterlinck ascribes the power to exceptional horses. The satisfaction attaching to such beliefs is real, and when not too dearly purchased is an indulgence which strong minds can stand. But rationality is too precious an asset to be complacently exposed to such temptation.

The social menace is twofold: it inclines sober minds to speculate in supernatural forces as though they were regularly listed on the stock exchange of sound beliefs; and it sends all sorts and conditions of men and more sorts and conditions of women to visiting mediums and flirting with "ouija" boards, to the undermining of their none too stable beliefs in the rectitude of nature and the solidarity of human experience. All the interests of sanity—medical, educational, religious, and broadly humanitarian—have a like stake in opposing the momentary assault upon rationality, and marshaling against it the institutional resources of press and pulpit and platform, academic and civilian. The coinage of the mind can not be debased with impunity. At credulity's

booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Correspondence

"The Human Cost of Living"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am wondering, after reading the harrowing tale of "The Human Cost of Living," whether John knows also that to get his electric light a certain process has to be gone through wherein women have to sit in a room at the steady temperature of 110 degrees?

This I have been told by one who professes to know whereof she speaks. Their shifts must be short—but even so!

On the other hand, I really should like to know what John can do about it, and whether, unless he *can* do something about it, it is valuable or wise to depress and even torment his soul with the knowledge.

Can anything be done about it that will not overturn our material civilization? Of course these workers are real heroes—every one with a heart for humanity must realize that—but are they not open-eyed and voluntary heroes? They must know beforehand the risks they are to take, and, therefore, consider that the compensation repays them for it

—they can hardly be so altruistic as to wish to give John his light simply because he wants to have it.

Anyhow, what can John do about it?

B.

Arlington, Mass., February 18

[Mr. Colcord made it clear that much can still be done to better the working conditions of labor. Eds. THE REVIEW.]

Industrial Welfare Work at Akron

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The "welfare work" of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company is well worthy of attention by students of industrial conditions. A seven-storied clubhouse as the centre of welfare activities is nearing completion, at a cost of about a million, it is said. The first floor provides a gymnasium 100 by 172 feet, and a theatre seating 2,000, with stage 40 feet broad and of still greater depth. The second floor has community room for men, library, music rooms, etc., with dormitory rooms for 300 men. There are rooms for the "Industrial Assembly" (Senate and House) on the third floor, the greater part of which, however, is given up to domestic science rooms, recreational rooms, and dormitories, for women. Of the remaining four floors, one provides cafeteria service for 8,000 employees, and the other three house the "Goodyear University" and the moving picture department, where films elucidate the various processes of manufacturing rubber products. In the basement are lockers, bowling alleys, rifle ranges, etc. Two papers—a monthly and a tri-weekly—are published for employees, but have also a wide circulation outside.

The company aids and encourages employees to own their own homes, financing them on a system of monthly instalments proportioned to wages or salary, and at the end of five years the home purchaser who has persisted gets a bonus from the company of one-fourth the cost of the property. The welfare work is managed by a central committee of representatives from each department of the plant, working under a written constitution. Some thirty organizations, literary, athletic, musical, dramatic, etc., are under its direction. For outdoor sports a large athletic field is provided, and there is also a children's playground, with instructors on duty during the summer months, for the children of employees. A nursery is provided where mothers working in the factory may leave their babies under competent care during the day.

If we were to ask one of the 25,000 Goodyear employees how so much work of this kind can be accomplished, he would probably explain it by "the Goodyear spirit," which a former official once defined as "a feeling of satisfaction that radiates through, and is of mutual benefit to, both men and management, brought about by the earnest efforts of both parties to please and support each other." This spirit is attained by coöperation, in all things pertaining to the work of the plant, from its general management down, and the prospects are that its achievements will be even greater in the future, as the experience of years points the way.

GRACE ORB

West Lafayette, Ind., February 20

The High-Handedness of the Anti-Saloon League

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The attempt of the Anti-Saloon League to convey the impression that the citizens who are protesting against the iniquitous Volstead Law, or attacking the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment, are countenancing law-breaking or disrespect for the Government, is a clever trick, but one that will not work. The Anti-Saloon League is not yet the Government of this country, though it thinks that it is. There are millions of sober, temperate men and women who believe that they have a natural and inalienable right to decide as to what beverages they shall drink, and they resent the assumption that a band of self-constituted reformers have any right to dictate to them in a matter relating solely to their personal tastes. They favor action thoroughly to test the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment, and, if that effort fails, to bring about its repeal. In so doing, they are just as good, just as law-abiding, and just as true Americans as the men and women who have forced upon the country a measure that directly violates the letter and spirit of the Declaration of Independence, and, we believe, also the Constitution of the United States.

The violent abuse with which the Anti-Saloon League has assailed all those, including the Vigilance League, who protest against the action of Congressmen and State legislators who had no mandate from the people on this issue, is proof that they are at least doubtful as to whether on a popular vote they would have received a majority. The test of the true spirit of Americanism is loyalty to the principle of personal liberty, which is the cornerstone of American political liberty, and it is a new and un-American doctrine that would deny to free citizens of the United States the right to test the validity of a law or Constitutional amendment, or to seek its repeal.

E. J. SHRIVER
Chairman Executive Committee,
The Vigilance League

New York, February 28

The Power of the Referendum

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The significance of the efforts of Governor Milliken of Maine to line up the States whose Legislatures voted to ratify Constitutional Prohibition against Rhode Island lies in the fact that out of 44 possibilities he has only announced 26.

Does this not indicate a cooling off of sentiment in the remainder? The Governor of Vermont not only refused to coöperate but expressed the hope that Rhode Island would win her case. In Maryland a red-hot fight for "rescission plus a referendum" is now in progress.

Moreover, the list of 26 includes several States where the referendum has been invoked. The Governor of California, for instance, may find that he has joined the movement without the authority of his people.

Before long the Ohio referendum case will be decided by the United States Supreme Court.

Provided it holds that the people are part of "the Legislature," if the State Constitution, as interpreted by the State Supreme Court, so ordains, there may result favorable decisions for a referendum in California, Washington, Nebraska, Missouri, Oklahoma, Michigan, and New Mexico.

These States, in that event, will not have voted as yet upon Constitutional Prohibition. For, if the people can legally take part in the Legislative act, it is not yet complete. So it is quite possible that a considerable number of Americans will have an opportunity, after all, to record their views on Constitutional Prohibition, even if the New York and Massachusetts Legislatures now in sessions refuse to grant referendums.

A decision by the Supreme Court in the Ohio case may wake them out of their trance.

As to Constitutional Suffrage, the Oklahoma Legislature gave what is called "a Legislative recognition" to the referendum in that State by omitting the "emergency measure clause" after the lower house had first insisted upon it.

If, including Ohio and Oklahoma, the suffragists succeed in obtaining 36 State Legislatures for the amendment, will the Secretary of State ignore the referendums as he did on Prohibition in issuing his proclamation? Or will fear of possible legal complications as affecting the approaching Presidential election give him pause and cause him to reverse the Prohibition precedent and await with patience the coming authoritative ruling on this question by the Supreme Court. The latter would seem to be the wise course.

OPTIMIST

New York, February 29

Book Reviews

Jeremiad and Jumble

Liberalism in America. By Harold Stearns. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The Intellectuals and the Wage-Earners. By Herbert Ellsworth Cory. New York: The Sunwise Turn.

AMERICAN liberals are a rather poor sort, according to Mr. Harold Stearns. They acquiesced in conscription; they allowed themselves, either through timidity or through the seduction of office, to become a part of the war machine and to help along the monstrous evils that developed during the period of conflict—hysteria, bitterness, persecution, imposture, false propaganda, and everything. Fortunately, however, from Mr. Stearns's standpoint, not all of the liberals were of this weak fibre. A saving remnant of Sir Bediveres have stood guard till now, and will stand guard in the wild hour coming on. For a tempestuous time is just ahead of us—social revolution with a strong probability of much bloodshed.

It would be profitable to learn just what this liberalism is and with what groups it is to be identified. But the reader will hardly be satisfied with what is furnished him. Liberalism apparently is not a doctrine, nor are doctrines its primary concern. It is rather a "philosophy" which embodies a "respect for the individual and his freedom of conscience and opinion," a "temper and attitude of tolerance," a dependence upon facts and upon reason as their interpreter. Still, though it stresses reason, it does not overlook "the drive of passion of conviction." It is a well-bred "philosophy." "It is urbane, good-natured, non-partisan, detached. It is in a way frankly 'above the battle.'"

The observant reader will labor hard in his effort to discover any existent group in which these qualities are conspicuous. He will labor yet more strenuously in his effort to find their exemplification in Mr. Stearns's volume. Liberalism, he will conclude as he turns the last page, may be all of these things; but the volume itself is anything but an exhibit in support of the thesis. Of tolerance for a contrary opinion, and of respect for him who holds it, there is usually none. The things set down as facts are, as a rule, either disputable things or else the opposite of things known by any well-informed person to be true. There is small exercise of reason and much emotional excitation. There is a piling up of aggressive assertion, with sweeping and uncritical generalizations. In some pages the breathless rush of words mounts (or descends, as you please) into mere rant. The temper throughout is violent, partisan, and belligerent. The book as a whole is an interesting example of the highly modern thing called intellectual radicalism (though why *intellectual* it is hard to say), with its swirl and rush of extreme and unbased opinions on every conceivable subject.

It is a serious intellectual weakness, we learn on page 12, to be unfair to one's opponent. This weakness, however, is revealed more than once in the book, and nowhere more strikingly than in the treatment (pp. 111-12) of certain American Socialists who left their party because of its attitude on the war. Nothing in the book reveals the slightest understanding of the psychology of the American people as a whole regarding the war, or of the psychology of any particular group—even his own. It is but natural, therefore, that, in the fury of his partisanship, the author can see no integrity in the possessor of an opposing view. The motive that determined Mr. Walling, Mr. Russell, and Mr. Spargo was the "natural desire to be quoted and popular." In Mr. Spargo's case he goes further. The book "Bolshevism" seems to him, "on the face of it, dishonest and unfair." The stupidity and falseness of the first judgment, the flippancy and ignorance of the second, are obvious enough to any sincere person; but the offensiveness of both is made more glaring by reason of the author's high-flown pretensions to the alleged liberal virtues.

When one comes to the chapter on "Leadership," one knows what to expect. Whatever else it may contain, it is sure to include a tribute to Nicolai Lenin. The mind of emotional radicalism is fashioned of contrarieties. When it sings the praise of tolerance, of reason, of respect for the individual, of freedom of conscience, speech, press, and assemblage; when it anathematizes military conscription, the regimentation of labor, government by executive decree and the like, the observant reader senses what is coming next. It is a pæan to that chief modern exponent of intolerance, fanaticism, and repression, Lenin. And sure enough, on the second page of the chapter it begins. At first it is a bit tentative and cautious—perhaps an illustration of that liberal "method of approach" elsewhere extolled. "It [the war] produced practically no leaders among the men of affairs except possibly Lenin. . . . Even Clemenceau has been, for all his stubbornness and refreshing reactionary directness, more of a dictator than a leader." So the Clemenceau who ruled by a majority of an elected chamber and who any day might have been overturned was a "dictator," while the Lenin who has ruled by the bayonet is a "leader." But this is only the beginning. A little further on (pp. 204-5), and behold the apotheosis!

Of misstatements of simple fact there are too many to chronicle. But one wonders just how, with the figures in front of him and carefully set down, the author can assert (p. 59) that the increase in railway mileage in 1910 over the mileage in 1860—a matter of eight times—is "almost one hundred times." There is something here to prompt the reader to a curious speculation regarding the author's mental habits. But still more will such speculation be induced by a consideration of the author's readings from history and his estimates of present and future conditions. Nearly everything in the United States is wrong, it appears, and has been so for more than a century. The Civil War was unnecessary and could have been avoided had the Abolitionists kept quiet. It has left in its wake, moreover, a fearful train of horrors—the negro problem, Federal supremacy, the imminence of a national smash-up, materialism, and a miscellaneous assortment of minor ills. The recent war—at least America's participation in it—was also needless, and its effect has been only to pile Pelion upon Ossa in the shape of further horrors. The hopes aroused by it have all been dissipated, and chaos lies just around the corner.

For the emotional radical to find everything wrong in the present is conventional enough; to see the future doubtful and threatening is not uncommon; but to find past and present equally bad and to forebode the future as worse is a new turn in social meteorology. The author must at least be credited with a novel contribution.

With much tall talk, and no little sentimentality, Mr. Cory offers his blend of psycho-analysis, Bolshevism, I. W. W.-ism, Federalism (otherwise Pluralism), Marxism, guild Socialism, benevolent sabotage, and a number of revolutionary kickshaws that happen to be lying around. It is a marvelous synthesis, piled high with a jumble of heterogeneous objects in the foreground and with limitless horizons. It is the very latest word in revolutionary divination, and for a few weeks at least it ought to close the field against rival entries from the ultra-radical coteries.

True to type, it contains the conventional revolutionary pæan to liberty and the complemental laudations of Lenin. While it excoriates the sabotage of the rascally bourgeoisie, it idealizes proletarian sabotage as a thing "that moves progressively towards truth, beauty, love." The measures taken by democratic States to protect themselves constitute repression; the far more vigorous measures taken by the Soviet oligarchy to maintain itself are merely instances of "self-discipline." Fanatical absurdities of this sort crowd the volume. There is to be said for it, however, that it is free from the detestable smartness that

pervades so much of current revolutionary print and that it shows evidences of study, however preposterously the gleanings from that study have been applied. I hope that it will be widely read; for there is need for all to know what fantastic speculation is constantly issuing from the revolutionary fold. Among thinking persons the book will prove its own best antidote.

W. J. GHENT

A Catholic Critic of Sinn Fein

SOME QUESTIONS OF PEACE AND WAR, with special reference to Ireland. By Rev. Walter McDonald, D.D., Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

PRACTICAL statesmen are not much given to quoting books by professors. So there may well have been a flutter of curiosity in the British Parliament when, during a recent speech about Home Rule, Mr. Lloyd George held up a little green brochure fresh from the press, and insisted that honorable members should listen to long paragraphs by Dr. Walter McDonald. Honorable members would no doubt prick up their ears, and the suspicious among them would fancy that these extracts had appealed to the Premier less through their intrinsic merit than through the support they lend to the new Irish bill. Beyond doubt it was good debating to cite a Maynooth professor for the view that Sinn Fein has garbled the records of the past, that historically there never was any such thing as an Irish "nation," united and fully independent, and that the claim of nationality, in the only sense which matters, can be advanced with at least equal force on behalf of the Protestants in the northeast corner of Ulster. Those who might be stimulated to read the book would find in it an indictment of the prelates who said that no conscription law could be rightly applied to the Irish people without Ireland's consent, and would be impressed by the fact that an authorized teacher of candidates for the priesthood will admit no strength in such a plea. The sponsors of a bill which aims to unite the warring extremists on either side might naturally welcome the help of a Catholic doctor of divinity who says that Sir Edward Carson acted as every statesman in Europe or America would do in similar circumstances, urged by a similar conviction.

But, although the book has these obvious uses of which so dexterous a debater as Mr. Lloyd George has been quick to avail himself, it would be most unfair to call its author a mere propagandist for a party programme. In what he has written there are some notable features of permanent and timely value for the elucidation of his subject. As befits his profession, Dr. McDonald summons his readers to look at Ireland's case in the light of a history not only sympathetic but impartial, and in the light of an ethic not only insistent but intelligent. Thus, the book is in part historical and in part critical. Two sources of mistake are vigorously exposed: first, the idea that the Home Rule problem can be solved by burrowing into the past and claiming a restoration of the "independent" status which Ireland lost some centuries ago at the hand of English invaders acknowledging no principle higher than force; second, the idea that an abstract formula like "self-determination," used without any scrutiny of circumstance or any forecasting of probable results, is sufficient by itself to define the régime under which a country shall be governed. Both these specious arguments have had immense vogue, and Dr. McDonald subjects both to a mordant analysis which does credit to his power in the science of applied ethics. He raises such points as these: whether Ireland ever was united and independent; whether she has not many times renounced, at least by implication, her separate status; whether there are not numerous cases in which "nationhood," with the approval of the whole world, has been forfeited without "acquiescence;" what sort of community is to be recognized as a national self, and whether Ulster can not urge this right as against the rest of Ireland just as fairly as Ireland can urge it against Great Britain. Passing to some ethical issues of the Great War, Dr. McDonald asks how those who approve of wars waged in a good cause can help approving also of a draft law essential to military success. Since it is wrong to begin a fight where there is no chance of winning, must not those who have willed the end will also the means? How could Ireland escape this common burden of the Empire unless her people could plead conscientious objection to all war as such—a plea surely among the very last which historical evidence can make good? She can not treat the Imperial Parliament as a constitutional authority when it legislates to her own taste, and denounce it as a usurping aggressor when it legislates otherwise.

All this, and much more like it, is admirably to the point. To exempt Ireland from conscription was no matter of international right; it was a counsel of expedience, in view of that deplorable estrangement for which British rulers in days gone by are so much to blame, and whose consequence British rulers of the present have still to bear. That new term, "self-determination," in which President Wilson has crystallized the mood of a new time, involved the inevitable risk of a word which may be tortured in contradictory directions. It is an excellent working formula, but language is at best no more than approximately expressive, and no state in Europe has had its place fixed at the Paris Conference by either historical inquiries or abstract rules pursued to the complete neglect of existing facts.

In his criticism of Sinn Fein Dr. McDonald has had no difficulty in proving that the history on which his opponents rely with such confidence is at best uncertain, and that some general maxims which they quote can quite as well be used against them. But, what is really more important, he makes it clear that from neither of these sources, with whatever degree of literal exactness they may be understood, can an answer to our present problem reveal itself. What concerns us now is neither antiquarian research nor manipulated abstractions, but a resolute facing of comparative values for the future.

Those, however, who base Ireland's claim to self-government upon what Matthew Arnold so well called the fact of "the incompatibles" can endorse a great deal of what Dr. McDonald has said without agreeing with his conclusion that the northeast corner has just the same special right that belongs to the country as a whole. Splitting up into fragments can not go on indefinitely. Level-headed Irishmen do not demand Home Rule just because they are infatuated about "historical nationhood"; they rather make much, sometimes too much, of historical nationhood because they discern the need for Home Rule. Not because Niall of the Nine Hostages ruled over a united Ireland in the fourth century or Brian in the eleventh, and not because the order established by these ancient worthies was never willingly abandoned by any generation of their descendants, do they insist that a régime which has broken down before our own eyes shall be replaced by a régime which can stand. Niall and Brian and the rest are in truth as shadowy figures to nine-tenths of the discontented Irish now as they can be to Dr. McDonald, and the practical solution is as little dependent on his scientific denials as on Mr. De Valera's sentimental enthusiasms about that cloudland of romance.

Thus, when we speak of "incompatibles" we must face the incompatibility in the north. The question of Ulster is like that of conscription, a problem o expedience and generosity. One may agree that the people of the northeas corner, differing—some of them—fror the rest of Ireland in race, creed, an mentality, are entitled to a legislatur with local powers subordinate, as Dr McDonald himself insists, to a genera Irish Parliament in Dublin. But a crucial point arises in defining the princip on which the two areas are to be stake out. Again and again Dr. McDonal

speaks of Ulster "Protestants." Is it possible that we are to apply just the test of differing creeds? Is there to be a barrier between contrasted faiths, such as modern Europe has learned to look upon with horror? Are we to stereotype by statute that wretched antagonism to which Ireland already owes so much of her distress? Are we to provide a constitutional guarantee for that persisting religious hatred whose softening has been so far the ideal of all good men? I defy any one to find these homogeneous districts of Ulster; for let us be thankful that in every county there are those of both creeds who will not admit without a struggle this monstrous plan for religious segregation. As a Protestant Nationalist who spent thirty years of his life in that northeast corner. I can testify to having known multitudes of my own race and creed who would be glad of any other arrangement whatever rather than one which would subject this robust minority in Antrim and Down to a purely Carsonite legislature in Belfast. Are men like Lord Pirrie—a Protestant, and for years by far the largest employer of Belfast labor—to be refused the right of self-determination? They differ at least in that interesting point called "mentality" from the swearers to a Carsonite covenant. Are scrutineers to go from house to house, presenting the alternative of the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Decrees of Trent, so that a zigzag line may be traced on the basis of the worst possible distinction for founding a polity? In Belfast alone we should have many a case of two women grinding at the same mill of whom one should be taken and another left. Mr. Lloyd George seems to have some such holy inquisition in mind. Let us hope that the good sense of Parliament will make short work of this in the committee stage of the coming bill. Fancy a proposal to harmonize Ontario and Quebec by "breaking up some of the present counties," putting the Protestants of Quebec into an expanded Ontario, and the Catholics of Ontario into an expanded Quebec!

Dr. McDonald's answer, no doubt, would be that cases of special hardship are inevitable, for, as he says, "minorities must suffer." Is not this a good rule for Ireland as a whole? A northeast legislature, based on that geography which guides us in all other places, with powers narrowly defined, and admitting of quick fusion with the legislature of the south as the logic of events may prescribe, seems to be the best practical way out for Ulster's difficulty. But there must be no gerrymandering of the areas. And it does seem unfortunate that Dr. McDonald should have bewildered us all, in a book otherwise conciliatory to constitutional folk of every side, by denying all fault in Sir Edward Carson's scheme of intimidating Parliament by arms. We read with amazement that Sir Edward was justified by the right of self-determination! Is it not Dr. McDonald himself who has taught us not to take that rubric too seriously, not to apply it with mechanical literalness, but to weigh and estimate and compare consequences? Who is to decide how the balance inclines? Sir Edward Carson says he believes only in the Imperial Parliament; and did not this Parliament, after long debate, decide the Home Rule act of 1914 to be fair? Dr. McDonald is fond of putting conundrums to the Irish bishops; can he say how Ulster could consistently take up arms to defeat an act passed at Westminster, alleging as her ground that only Westminster can be relied upon for just legislation?

Herbert L. Stewart

Among Our Americas

A Man for the Ages. By Irving Bacheller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Rebels: Into Anarchy and Out Again. By Marie Ganz: In Collaboration with Nat J. Ferber. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Mask. By John Cournos. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It has been the fashion for reviewers to treat Mr. Bacheller with something like good-humored contempt, or, let us say, affectionate condescension. What we have held against him most, probably, is that he has quietly ignored certain inhibitions of the literary hour. He has not chosen to assume, with the best people, that air of skeptical remoteness, that slightly lifted shoulder and slightly wry smile, which now mark good form in the humorist—except, of course, the humorist of a shamelessly popular order. Mr. Bacheller is not afraid to wear his heart on his sleeve, sees no reason for not being amiable and sympathetic. He has not thought of concealing either his old-fashioned smiles or his old-fashioned tears from professional reviewers or other superior and sophisticated persons. And who shall say that he may not have his appeal for the "highbrows" of later generations? There are current signs of reaction against the ultra-knowing and you-can't-fool-us attitude of an already disintegrating Georgian age. The best people are rediscovering the Dickens whom the people have never forgotten: rediscovering him as a fellow-being whose "unabashed sentimentalism" marked his kinship with the lave. It is suspected that you can't get the most fun or even the deepest satisfaction out of peering at life through narrowed eyelids under a wearily tolerant brow. Perhaps the Latest Unpleasantness, with its revelation of primitive faults, has driven us to seek also the primitive virtues of swelling heart and outstretched hand which the clever ones have never been able to make quite absurd.

It is possible and even tempting for professional reviewers to get rid of a book like this one of Mr. Bacheller's with a tolerant smile and a shake of the head and an "all very pretty, but too pretty" wave of the hand. But it may be as just and should be as profitable to take the author's intention and lend ourselves as far as we can to his effect. Let us grant that he has been consistently a sentimentalist in a period which has refused its official countenance to sentimentalism. Beyond doubt he has rasped the string pitilessly at times. And a generation which prides itself upon having outgrown Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte—yes, and Mark Twain—has by no means withdrawn its ear from the author of "Eben Holden" and "D'ri and I." One thing it could not if it would ignore—the intensive Americanism of his materials and their handling. His portrait of Lincoln, in this latest story, may be accepted as neither better nor worse than other idealized likenesses of that great realist. His chronicle of the pioneering America of the thirties and forties is a performance of real freshness and power. We recall Hamlin Garland's recent interpretation of the Westward pioneers. With all its sympathy and fidelity to detail, his picture was touched with melancholy; it presented the pioneer as, on the whole, a pathetic though necessary sacrifice upon the altar of civilization. Mr. Bacheller's mood is characteristically different. His pioneers escape none of the hardships of their calling, but do themselves in some sense realize the promised land. Samson Traylor of the mighty thews and the merry heart is a true type and more than a type. The obscure call which sets him upon a long Westward trail from the Vermont village of his birth to the Illinois village of his destiny will not be denied. There is an empire building in the West; he must be there to help; and help he does, with his thews and his laughter and his shrewd Yankee brain. Nor does he fail to share the prosperity of the new land. . . . Lincoln is a figure already established in the imagination of the world. Mr. Bacheller could do no more than throw it into relief against its natural background and give us some echoes of the familiar voice. I shall remember this book for its original portrait of Samson Traylor and his fellow-pioneers rather than for its capable projection of the well-known features of Honest Abe.

Meanwhile the world has continued flowing toward the Occident. Traylor's West has become East and his East West to new races of pioneers. Quite recently a new literature has sprung up; a record of the peoples who have left the known trials of Europe for the vague blessings of America; and of how they have fared

here. Two striking examples of this literature are before us at the moment. Both are plainly documentary in character, though cast in the form of fiction. Both are stories of Jewish immigrants and of what the New World does for and to them. They have little else in common. "Rebels" is a vigorous and straightforward narrative; "The Mask" is a lettered and sophisticated commentary on certain facts put in evidence. As its sub-title indicates, "Rebels" is not on the whole a document of extreme radicalism—thanks, as it appears, to the shocks of war. The story of Marie Ganz has, in substance, been repeatedly told in recent fiction. She is the daughter of a Galician Jew who has come to America to make a place for his wife and children. He plies his pushcart alone until he has saved enough to bring his family over to his wretched corner in the New York ghetto. There begins the long struggle with hunger, cold, and sickness, ignorance and the pitiless law. The white plague of the tenements presently carries off the father. Marie, the oldest child, must leave school to help her mother keep the family alive and the poor "home" intact. Eviction, the terror of the ghetto, is always menacing. Somehow they rub along. Marie grows up, makes friends among the young revolutionaries of the city. Their bitterness against want and against riches expresses itself in all ways from the preaching of the sober doctrines of the old Socialism to the open waving of the red flag of violence. Marie's initiation comes about through her personal experience in the sweat-shops of the East Side. From a leader of strikes she becomes an advocate of force. She tries to shoot the younger Rockefeller as a protest against the Colorado "atrocities," and against the capitalist system as a whole. Then comes the war. Her first impulse is to side with the pacifists and obstructionists, her former comrades. But her chief friend, her "pal," an educated man, turns her thoughts and her gratitude for the first time towards the land that has, after all, in some measure protected and developed her. She sees the larger issues involved, and joins her neighbors of the ghetto in their zealous enlistment in the cause of America and of the world. And, the war over, we see her preparing to "go back into the old fight to better the lives of our people, but there is to be no more violence, no more bitterness or hate." In this glowing mood of service and of good hope the narrative ends.

"The Mask" is of very different mould and temper. Our immigrant here is a Jew of the middle class. But he seeks America as an asylum after his "better days" are over. Chance and irony turn him towards the "City of Brotherly Love." There he finds no friendly hands outstretched; there, as elsewhere, is a ghetto in which his people may huddle at their risk. There is to be encountered a new poverty and a deeper squalor and fresh humiliation at the hands of a free people. Beyond free schooling for the children, there appears none of the boasted benefits of "the melting-pot." The family, and despite his outward Americanization, not least the boy, John Gombarov, remain unmelted and unassimilated. The boy, we gather (and here the veil of the autobiographer is carelessly worn), is, in the long run, by no means impressed with the superior culture or opportunities of "the new world." Much of the story is told by way of fragmentary reports of the conversations, or monologues, of the man whom years later this boy has become. He then lives in London, prefers London to all other cities, discourses eloquently of her perfections. She is "the chastely outlined queen, silver-girdled by the Thames, of the kingdom of creative chaos, beside whom Paris is an obviously beautiful woman, and New York a parvenu and a harlot." As for Philadelphia, she is "a dowdy housewife, who might be charming and respectable if she did not so neglect herself." John Gombarov, having had neither beauty nor loving kindness revealed to him in the "City of Brotherly Love," has willingly proceeded from her and from the America that contains her, to a richer civilization on his side of the seas. He has won wisdom from her: "But that," he says, "is because the experience came after my boyhood years in the Russian woods, and the contrast made America seem like a hell to me. Once you recognize your environment as hell, you can use that hell's fire to set your imagination aflame. Hell is always imagination. It was only this clash between the inner and the outer world which saved me. And in this clash the wood god triumphed over Pluto." So the wood god flutes it in a London restaurant, by the lips of one who has learned in America and elsewhere to wear "the mask." Gombarov's mask, "with its subtle contours of repose and irony," is, we gather, the best thing he has won from experience.

H. W. Boynton

War and Discipline

A Private in the Guards. By Stephen Graham. London: Macmillan & Company.

THIS book, the work of a well-known writer who served two years as a private in one of the most rigidly disciplined regiments of the British army, has fluttered the dovecotes of England not a little, provoking lively discussion in the press, the inevitable letters to the *Times*, and sundry questions in the House of Commons. The prevalent idea that Mr. Graham meant it as a deliberate attack on the British methods of military training is (we believe) quite mistaken. For the miracle of the book is that the supersensitive author seems to have convinced himself that the more or less "brutal" practices he describes are essential to the turning out of a good soldier. "The sterner the discipline, the better is the soldier, the better the army," is Mr. Graham's opening sentence. The attack, if it exists, is on war and militarism in themselves, not on what Mr. Graham conceives (erroneously, as we may hope) to be their inevitable concomitants. And it bears no mark of rancor.

Few readers of Mr. Graham's previous books would have been astonished if he had turned out a really conscientious C. O.; fewer still will find it strange that he was not among the volunteers in the early stages of the war. He says of himself he was "of a Christian temperament and more ready to be killed than to kill." As a sergeant put it: "You're too soft."

When, however, the call came to men of his age, he decided (doubtless after a soul-searching struggle) that he could take no step to evade the common lot of British manhood. He chose, too, to take his medicine in its bitterest form, joining the Scots Guards, supposed to be the most pitiless "factory" for breaking down the civilian and building him up again as a soldier. The training at "Little Sparta" (Caterham) had in severity probably no parallel short of Potsdam. He steadfastly refused all opportunities of a commission or even of a lance-corporal's stripe.

> An immense gulf seems to separate the man who wrote from the man who shoulders the rifle. It is as if he had died . . . and then been born again as a soldier. Each new man posted to the battalion is posted to the historical and spiritual inheritance of the battalion also . . . the spirit is born of many sufferings and endless patience.

It would almost seem as if Mr. Graham's career in the British army was really his first intimate contact with the ordinary man of the twentieth century. In his intercourse with his beloved Russian peasants he had certainly faced an extremity of physical discomfort that would have daunted most men; but all this happened in a mystical twilight borderland of primitive humanity where it was possible for the poet to walk, head erect, in a continuous atmosphere of haze and glamour. Among the "Jocks" he had to face the real thing. His fundamental antipathy to war led him (as it has led so many others) to deny the possibility of any fine shades in the methods of carrying it on, and so (by a natural step) to accept all the pitilessness of training as inevitable. His logic seems to be that war is so unspeakably horrible that horrible methods alone can make its instruments efficient. These "brutalities" he has probably tended uncon

(*Continued on page* 234)

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(*Continued from page* 232)
sciously to exaggerate, taking (e. g.) a too literal and serious view of the "conventional" side of much of the vile language used in handling recruits. Perhaps, too, he misses some of its coarsely "humorous" intention. Mr. Graham's enthusiastic *esprit de corps* and almost naïve belief in the superiority of the Guards facilitate his acceptance of their extraordinarily ruthless system of training; but the success of other units, trained on milder and more modern lines, gives us some right to hope that this phenomenal severity is merely a bastion of outworn tradition. Records captured on the field show that (at least in one section and at one period) the Germans ranked a Territorial Division as their most formidable opponents, with Dominion and Kitchener formations in the second and third places. One would certainly like to believe that ultimate success was in large part due to the superiority of more humane and less mechanical treatment of the private soldier.

As a book this shows Mr. Graham at his best—perhaps as a sadder and a wiser man, who has added knowledge of the common world to his insight into the spiritual mysteries. The description of the Joy Dance at Marchiennes, the spiritual interpretation of military ritual, the characterization of the various N. C. O.'s, the march into Germany behind the pipers, are all pure delight. Americans will find many interesting references, chiefly complimentary, to the American members of the battalion. The author has, of course, much to say of the British officer, the verdict, on the whole, being favorable as to his gift of leadership and his cordial understanding with his men. He has no sympathy for the view that he is really less useful than the N. C. O. His remarks on the chaplains are also significant.

As might easily be guessed, Mr. Graham's anomalous position somewhat puzzled his chums. Some of his officers had read his books; he was entrusted with the preparation of the Battalion Records; he gave lectures; he was called out of the ranks to be presented to the King. One barrack friendship was based on the fact that the other man remembered waiting on Mr. Graham at a fashionable dinner. One day he sat at table beside an English princess; the next he was on sentry-go at Buckingham Palace, measuring his to-and-fro marching by repeating Gray's Elegy—two lines up and two lines back again.

Mr. Graham does not gloze over the horrors of war, and some of his incidents are gruesome indeed. There is no flavor of Kiplingesque rhetoric about him, but he can write that "no matter what blunders our leaders made, the common soldier always felt the Cause was good." He has no illusions as to where the real guilt lay; he does not belong to the six-of-one and half-a-dozen-of-the-other school. His account of how the British hate of the German melted away under the rays of peace is significant.

"How do you account for it?" I asked the sergeant. "If any hated the Germans more ruthlessly than others, it was you." "Well, I don't know; they just knock us off our Gawd-damned feet."

The first chapter, on Discipline, is a noble piece of English prose, well worthy of general reading. It is hardly fair to mutilate it by quotation, but this passage is characteristic:

If we had all understood Christianity as Tolstoy understood it, Germany would have won. If we had all been merely brave and gone out to fight moved by the Spirit, we should probably have lost. These facts we knew, and although the seeming defeat of the ideal might have been more glorious and even more serviceable to humanity as a whole than the prolonged conflict, we chose to fight Germany in Germany's way. . . . What our men of all ages, professions, and temperaments had to go through to become soldiers! And then how stern and choiceless the road to victory and death!

J. F. M.

The Run of the Shelves

SURVEYING the welter of the world, Professor Leacock says:

"This is a time such as there never was before. It represents a vast social transformation in which there is at stake, and may be lost, all that has been gained in the slow centuries of material progress and in which there may be achieved some part of all that has been dreamed in the age-long passion for social justice" (p 13).

The problem could hardly be more succinctly or correctly stated. What we call "Western civilization" has to find some way whereby it may contrive to retain the material fruits of the "industrial revolution" and at the same time establish a state of reasonable contentment on the part of the many stratified constituent parts of the industrial organization. Such a state of contentment can result only when it is founded upon a general recognition that the existing order corresponds to the dictates of "social justice." It is manifest that we are very far at present from entertaining any such idea concerning the "existing order"—therefore the problem is to discover wherein the "existing order" is wrong and wherein we are wrong in our ideas with regard to it. This is the subject of Mr. Leacock's book, "The Unsolved Riddle of Social Justice" (Lane).

We are to-day in a position somewhere between that of the "Manchester School" and that representing the Socialist idea. Professor Leacock rejects both the "Manchester School" and "Socialism" as exemplars of the ideal social order, the former because it has demonstrably worked badly, and the latter because it will not work. "On either side," he says, "is on the brink of an abyss. On one hand is the yawning gulf of social catastrophe represented by Socialism. On the other, the slower, but no less inevitable, disaster that would attend the continuation in its present form of the system under which we have lived. . . . Somewhere between the two lies such narrow safety as may be found" (p. 124). He sees certain things that should be done. The state must see that there is work for all who are able and willing to do it, and society must bear the burden of supporting the sick and the infirm. Recognizing the moral value of human personality, Professor Leacock rejects Malthusianism in all its forms and the extreme proposal of eugenics. He demands for every child born into the world equality of opportunity. The principle of the minimum wage follows logically upon that of a moral worth in personality, as does that of legislative regulation of labor hours. But "the chief immediate direction of social effort should be towards the attempt to give to every human being in childhood adequate food, clothing, education, and an opportunity in life. This will prove to be the beginning of many things." These words are the closing sentences of his book.

It is sound common sense doctrine that he preaches, and for that reason it will be popular with but few people in these days of emotional "thinking." The Bourbon will curse him for a "radical," the radical will bark "reactionary!" at him, the "scientific" person will scoff at his notions of "moral worth" in human personality. But, if the world does win through, it may very well be in some such way as that to which he points.

The latest number of the Paris semimonthly, the *Mercure de France*, offers further evidence of the solid way in which this interesting periodical, after a thirty years' struggle, has finally established itself in public favor, thanks chiefly to the fine business capacity of its editor, M. Alfred Vallette, who sacrificed his career as an independent writer in order to devote all his time and energy to the *Mercure*. Before 1914 each issue consisted of 224 pages, which were reduced to 192 during the war; but henceforth, beginning with the current number, there will be 288 pages. M. Vallette states that though the *Mercure* now offers the public about one-third more matter than its principal rivals in France, it will continue, in the future as in the past, to do this at a cheaper rate than these rivals.

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Unlocking the Great Lakes

THE problem of opening a thoroughfare from the Great Lakes to the sea is one that has appealed to the imagination of farsighted Americans and Canadians for several generations. It has, indeed, been partially solved by successive enlargements of the St. Lawrence, Welland, and Sault Ste. Marie canals, and the Erie canal and its branches, but the governing depth of the St. Lawrence canals is to-day only 14 feet, and of the Erie 12 feet, while the draught of modern lake freighters now exceeds 20 feet, and they are more than twice the length of most of the existing locks. The existing canals on the St. Lawrence, and between the lakes and the Hudson, are, in fact, only adapted to the smaller lake craft and barges.

At Sault Ste. Marie, the Poe lock, and what are known as the Third and Fourth locks, on the United States side, and the Canadian lock, have respectively lengths of 800 feet, 1,350 feet, 1,350 feet, and 900 feet, and depths of 22 feet, 24½ feet, 24½ feet and 22 feet. The channels in St. Mary's River have been excavated to 21 feet. The large lake vessels can, therefore, pass freely between Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan, and improvements in the channels in the St. Clair River, Lake St. Clair, and the Detroit River, have also carried the deep waterway down to the foot of Lake Erie. Here Canada has at present a canal with 25 locks, each 270 feet long and with a depth of 14 feet, and is now building the Welland Ship Canal, which is to have 7 lift-locks each 800 feet long and 25 feet deep, with provision for increase to 30 feet. With the completion of this canal, the Great Lakes will be opened for large craft from the head of Lake Superior to the first rapids on the St. Lawrence.

There will then remain only the effective enlargement of the St. Lawrence canals, or the canalization of the river, to open a way for large lake craft or ocean-going vessels between Duluth and the Atlantic seaboard, the Canadian Government having already deepened the ship channel below Montreal to 30 feet, and work now being well advanced on a 35-foot channel.

At a public hearing before the International Joint Commission in the summer of 1918, the Canadian Solicitor General urged on behalf of his Government the desirability of the two neighboring countries uniting in a coöperative scheme of development of the Upper St. Lawrence in the interests of navigation and power, and shortly afterward two members of the Canadian Cabinet went to Washington to suggest similar action directly to the United States Government. Nothing was done at the time, probably because of the overwhelming demands of war emergency measures, but in March, 1919, Congress requested that the International Joint Commission should investigate the practicability and cost of creating a deep waterway for ocean-going ships between Lake Ontario and Montreal, and, after some negotiation between the two Governments, the whole problem has been now referred to the Commission. This body, as noted in a recent article in the *Review*, is composed of three Americans and three Canadians, and is charged, among other important duties, with the investigation of just such questions as this, more or less vitally affecting the interests of the people of the two countries.

Public sentiment toward the proposed development seems to be, on the whole, rather markedly favorable. It is, perhaps, obvious that this should be so in Canada, although the long-standing agitation for the development of an alternative route to Montreal from Georgian Bay by way of French River, Lake Nipissing, and the Ottawa River still has many warm advocates, and Western Canadians are somewhat loath to support any project that might interfere with the development of the Hudson Bay route; but one could not so readily anticipate a favorable verdict on the United States side of the boundary for a waterway which must necessarily find its outlet through foreign territory. The fact seems to be, however, that outside the State of New York, where public sentiment naturally views with a degree of suspicion any undertaking that might interfere with the success of the State's own water route to the sea, the feeling towards the proposed deep waterway is remarkably friendly. A very aggressive Association to support the project was organized some months ago under the name of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Tidewater Association, with headquarters at Duluth; it is said already to have the official endorsement of fourteen States: Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin, Indiana, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Colorado, and Nebraska. A similar body has since been formed on the Canadian side under the name of the Canadian Deep Waterways and Power Association, with headquarters at Windsor, Ontario.

At the meeting of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress held in Washington in December the deep waterways scheme was discussed very fully from both the navigation and water-power standpoints, and Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, devoting himself entirely to the latter point of view, brought together some extremely interesting and significant figures as to the incidental value of the waters of the Upper St. Lawrence when harnessed for the production of power.

It may be conveniently noted here that the reference to the Commission contemplates four different general schemes or methods of improvement: (a) by means of locks and navigation dams in the river, or, in other words, by canalizing the river; (b) by means of locks and side canals similar to the existing canals; (c) by a combination of the two preceding methods; and (d) by means of locks and power dams. The engineers appointed by the two Governments will

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prepare plans and estimates for each of these alternative schemes, and, on the basis of their reports, supplemented by information obtained at public hearings and otherwise, the Commission will decide and report which of these schemes will be the most practicable, most economical and in the best interests of the people of the two countries.

As Mr. Vogelsang points out, the State of New York on one side and the Province of Ontario on the other are particularly interested in the possible development of power from the Upper St. Lawrence, while the other States bordering on the Great Lakes are more directly interested in the creation of a deep waterway which would enable ocean-going steamers to ply freely between lake ports and ocean ports.

To appreciate the probable importance of a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea, it is necessary to have some idea of the phenomenal growth of commerce on the Great Lakes. In 1850 the entire volume of freight on the Great Lakes amounted to about 25,000 tons, carried by a handful of small-draught vessels. In 1916 there were 37,852 passages of vessels through the Detroit River, with a registered tonnage of over 76,000,000, carrying one hundred million tons of freight of an estimated value of something over $1,000,000,000. These totals were slightly reduced in 1917 and 1918, owing to causes arising out of the war, but there are already indications that they will be greatly exceeded within the next few years. What proportion of this enormous traffic, many times greater than that annually passing through the Suez Canal, would find its way to and from the seaboard by way of the St. Lawrence is a moot point on which there are very wide differences of opinion. But as a large percentage of both eastbound and westbound traffic is at present subject to transshipment at Buffalo and other ports on the lower lakes, there would seem to be more than sufficient traffic available for a route that would enable shipments to be made without breaking bulk to offset the cost of the proposed waterway.

L. J. B.

Books and the News

Mr. Wilson

FEW books are written about an American President which are not written by admirers. The opponents express themselves in speeches, in articles in newspapers or periodicals; the books are written by friends. The bound volumes about President Wilson fill about half a shelf in the average library, and probably there is not one which he would not read with pleasure. The same holds true of the larger number of volumes which have collected about Mr. Roosevelt. He was subjected to attack which for bitterness makes all that has ever been said about President Wilson sound like a symphony of praise, but only a trifle of it got between the covers of bound volumes. In two full shelves one may find only one or two insignificant volumes of abuse.

The following books about the President are all recent; many of them are by foreign writers. Campaign biographies, and the faithful press-agent work of Mr. Creel, are not mentioned:

H. Wilson Harris's "President Wilson" (Headley Bros., 1917) is a little out of date now, but it is interesting as an English commentary upon American politics, and as a biography which has been drawn upon by two or three other writers, English and European. A. Maurice Low can hardly be classed as a foreigner; his "Woodrow Wilson; an Interpretation" (Little, 1918) is a skillful defense of Mr. Wilson's foreign policy. A brief book, with one English view is William Archer's "The Peace President" (Holt, 1919). Daniel Halévy's "President Wilson" (Lane, 1919) has been translated from the French by Hugh Stokes. It represents a French opinion probably more favorable than that of the average European writer. A Swedish admirer, who responds to the religious appeal, is Lars P. Nelson, author of "President Wilson; The World's Peace-Maker" (Norstedt, Stockholm, 1919).

Two American books, both published in 1916, when an election was approaching, yet hardly to be called campaign biographies, are Henry J. Ford's "Woodrow Wilson; the Man and His Work" (Appleton, 1916) and Eugene C. Brooks' "Woodrow Wilson as President" (Row, Peterson, 1916). Of these, Professor Ford's is the more important; one of the best biographies published up to that time. Professor Brooks' is a fat volume, fortified with Mr. Wilson's speeches.

Professor George D. Herron wrote, in 1917, "Woodrow Wilson and the World's Peace" (Kennerley), a series of essays during the war, and, of course, without reference to the Peace Conference. Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, author of "What Wilson Did at Paris" (Doubleday, 1919) was formerly one of the writers whose method in approaching the President was to:

> Weave a circle round him thrice
> And close your eyes in holy dread.

But there is not so much of this in his present little sketch. He makes such statements as that the President consulted freely with his advisers, but he makes them calmly. It is the book of an idolator, but it is an interesting book.

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¶ What Theodore Roosevelt and the Kaiser talked about ten years ago is told in the Colonel's own words, in the March number of Scribner's Magazine. He calls the Kaiser "A curious combination of power, energy, egotism, and restless desire to do, and seem to do, things"; and adds, "there were many points in international morality where he and I were completely asunder." ¶ John Fox's last novel, "Erskine Dale—Pioneer," contains a remarkable horse race in this number. ¶ General Charles H. Sherrill recently visited Korea and Shantung. He says in the March Scribner's that the United States should try to see the Japanese point of view. ¶ Robert Louis Stevenson is portrayed sympathetically by his very old friend, Sir Sidney Colvin. ¶ The Turkish situation and Armenia are discussed by Major E. Alexander Powell. ¶ Professor Laughlin says that a change in the state of mind of the laboring man is necessary for a true solution of the Labor Problem. ¶ Judge Stafford has an eloquent plea for the college man in public service. ¶ A country governed by United States marines, Haiti, is pictured by Horace Ashton. ¶ The stories in the March number of Scribner's Magazine are by Leonard Wood, Jr. (a son of the General), Gordon Arthur Smith, and Ralph D. Paine, all vigorous, manly writers. ¶ Henry van Dyke in his third "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" in the March Scribner's discusses national and individual selfishness, with a preachment about the unseen Silent Partner. ¶ Distinguished writers deal with important subjects in all numbers of Scribner's Magazine.

THE REVIEW

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THE President's letter to Senator Hitchcock is interpreted on all sides as designed to make the treaty the paramount issue of the Presidential campaign. But there is only one way to make it the paramount issue. If Mr. Wilson were himself the candidate, he could unquestionably keep it in the foreground of people's thoughts. But even then it would not be the controlling factor in the election. It might be paramount among the declared issues, but there would be an issue that would transcend all those contained in any platform. That issue would be the reëlection of Mr. Wilson. We find it impossible to imagine a majority, or anything distantly approaching a majority, of the American people deliberately imposing upon themselves another four years of Wilsonian autocracy. The treaty issue can not be paramount without Wilson, because he alone can give it life; and it can not be paramount with him because he himself would overshadow it. He would carry it down to ignominious defeat, not because the people want to defeat *it*, but because they have had enough of *him*.

SENATOR JOHNSON seems to have a real grievance against the Minnesota primary law and its administration. The law permits the holding of a primary any time between the hours of 2 P. M. and 9 P. M., an arrangement amply elastic for almost any abuse which the secret purpose of machine politicians might devise. The Minnesota Republican State Committee has set the Presidential primary for the single hour from 7:30 to 8:30 P. M., March 15, with the gracious permission to county chairmen to extend the period an additional half hour. Senator Johnson's comment is, "In plain language this is no primary at all, but an endeavor by the organization in control to disfranchise the Republicans of Minnesota." The criticism in this case is just, but it does not follow that political juggling of this kind is altogether responsible for the poor results, so far, of the primary system. In fact, this very juggling of so much of our primary legislation is only another proof of that lack of intelligent popular interest in nominations without which no primary system can obviate the difficulty of getting the right sort of men into public office.

THERE are welcome signs that the American Legion is making an earnest effort to discover where it stands on the "bonus" question. Just as it was no solution of the matter last November to put it up to Congress to decide, so it is no solution of the matter now for Congress to say in effect, "The country is too poor to accommodate you just now, but later on, when we have a little more money to spend, you have only to apply again, and then see what we'll do for you!" The Legion must decide now whether it is out for itself (or, rather, whether it is going to allow itself to be dominated by an element which is out for all it can get for itself), or prepared wisely and energetically to strive for the realization of the fair promise which presided over its inception. Only if it clearly chooses the latter course will its organization be anything but a menace to the country. Already, it may be noticed, the chief priest of high protectionism in the House is of all people the most convinced that the "bonus"—the whole "bonus"—must and will be granted at once.

THERE is nothing like figures to give an air of finality to an argument, and nothing like figures to trip their own proponent up if not used with becoming care. We find the following sentence in last week's *Nation*, concerning the return of the railroads to private management:

> According to Mr. George P. Hampton, director of the Farmers' National Council, there must be an increase in freight rates of from 25 to 40 per cent., and that will result in an increase in the cost of living of about $200 a year per family.

Whether this $200 represents the figuring of the *Nation* or of Mr. Hampton, is a little uncertain, but the *Nation* apparently accepts it, in any case. Let us look at it: $200 per family means a total increase in living cost of about $5,000,000,000. Setting off one-third for extra profits taken by dealers on the score of increased freights, the freight carriers would have $3,333,000,000 left, in round numbers, or just about what the figures of the railroad administration give as the grand total of freight receipts for 1919. To make the *Nation's* figures fit into the actual facts of freight receipts, we must as-

sume that for every dollar added in freight charges, there would be added a charge of about five dollars to the consumer. But what pleasure would there be in editing a journal of opinion, and upholding unlimited freedom of speech, if one were not free enough to make such an assumption as that?

IF strong measures against the Turks are justified by the recent massacres in Marash, there should never have been any question of leniency towards them. For the late outrages were only child's play compared to the wholesale extermination of more than half the Armenian people which was perpetrated during the war. This policy of fits and starts, determined by Turkish provocation and submission rather than by principles of international justice, is bound to defeat the ends which the Entente professes to have in view. The Turks, from long experience, know exactly how to steer their devious course against these intermittent blasts of western indignation. They will humbly submit and promise to mend their ways, well knowing how easy it is to placate a group of Powers which desire nothing better than to be placated, as each is afraid lest the problem how to dispose of Constantinople after the expulsion of the Sultan should lead to international friction more dangerous to the rest of Europe than any patched-up compromise with the Sublime Porte.

THE article by Dr. Paul Rohrbach which appears in this week's issue of the *Review* is valuable and illuminating, not only because it gives the German point of view, but because it sets forth a number of fundamental facts of the political and economic situation in Eastern Europe that can not be dodged, despite the unpleasant conclusions to which they point. Unerringly he tears the mask from the legend of the Greater Poland and shows how completely doomed to failure must be the efforts to build up a buffer state between Germany and Russia within the boundaries of the Poland of 1772. Such a state would contain elements of weakness of such a character that they would undoubtedly lead eventually to a Fourth Partition.

DR. ROHRBACH'S analysis of the present attitude of Russians toward Germany is undoubtedly accurate. On the other hand, his interpretation of certain other factors in the Russian situation shows some noteworthy misinformation. He exaggerates the proportion of non-Russian elements in the Russian Empire and the extent of their separatist nationalism. Especially is this the case with reference to the Ukraine. His conclusion that Great Russia, shorn of her border Provinces, will continue to exist as a sort of peasant republic seems to be the result rather of his desire than of a careful study of the history and psychology of the Russian people. In this matter, the writer falls into the all-too-common error of assuming to voice the sentiments of the inarticulate peasant masses. What is only too true is that the Balkanization of Eastern Europe has created a series of petty States which, while they may maintain the outward semblance of political independence, must, sooner or later, inevitably fall under the economic domination of Germany.

Recalling Dr. Rohrbach's profound studies of Russia, and the fact that he has in the past been one of the greatest exponents of German expansion, particularly in the East, one is led to inquire whether he is entirely candid in the statement of his belief that a Russia now broken up will not regain its unity and power. He can scarcely have recanted so quickly, and his present views can not be regarded apart from his well-known and frequently expressed opinions. Dr. Rohrbach knows better than anyone else that only a powerful Germany could overcome the natural forces making for cohesion in Russia. Finding herself incapable of achieving this dismemberment by force, does it not seem likely that Germany will attempt it by keeping alive the fires of dissension and separatism? The propagation of such ideas in the Allied countries, therefore, may not be wholly foreign to Dr. Rohrbach's purpose.

EXCELLENT progress has been made by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association in the work of restoring, and opening to the public use, the Roosevelt birthplace at 28 East 20th Street, New York. The house, together with number 26, next door, has been purchased, and plans for making of the two a single monumental building which shall perpetuate the atmosphere of an unpretentious city home of the middle of the last century are well under way. Between the spacious Colonial mansion of George Washington and the pioneer cabin of Lincoln there is room in America for such a shrine as this; not a place for losing oneself in a reverent *"O altitudo!"*—Roosevelt himself would be the last to desire that—but a place amid whose books and portraits citizens of all ages may take heart of grace to search yet more deeply into what it means to be an American. Some money is still desired, to complete the work of restoration and to provide for maintenance. Opportunities for the country to purchase so much potential good for so little present cash are not many. Contributions may be sent to the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, No. 1 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York.

AN interesting and novel suggestion in President Lowell's recent annual report was that of the inauguration of some system by which teachers at Harvard may be relieved of at least a part of their classroom duties, for a year or more, for the express purpose of preparing for publication the results of their special studies. He gives warning, however, in making the suggestion, that the number thus helped to write must be very limited, and that the humanly imperfect wisdom which is alone available for making selections is sure to result in many disappointments. Furthermore, resources are not limitless, and if departments insist on multiplying courses, relief from teaching in order to promote production will hardly be a possibility.

"Idealism" at its Worst

THERE is a great deal of fine sentiment in Mr. Wilson's letter to Senator Hitchcock. There is even a great deal of really moving language. But there is not a trace of recognition of the duty which is laid upon him by the situation that he actually confronts. Not one ray of light does the letter shed on the question whether our country and the world would be better off if the treaty were ratified in the only way in which it can be ratified, or if the treaty were rejected. And that is the only question which, as President of the United States in this month of March, 1920, he is called upon to decide.

The assertion is, indeed, made with an abundance of rhetorical emphasis that America would do better to keep out altogether than to go in with reservations. But on what kind of grounds does the assertion rest? There is not one of them that can stand a moment's calm examination. The President tells us, for instance, that he is compelled to act as he does because otherwise he "could not look the soldiers of our gallant armies in the face," since "it was to this cause [the cause of Article X!] they deemed hemselves devoted in a spirit of crusaders." Everybody knows that, so far as regards all but a minute fraction of our two million fighting boys, his is pure balderdash.

Take, again, what the President ays about the attitude of the Allied iations:

> It must not be forgotten, Senator, that this rticle constitutes a renunciation of wrong amition on the part of powerful nations with hom we were associated in the war. It is y no means certain that without this article ny such renunciation will take place.

Nobody proposes to cut out Article X, o far as "renunciation" is conerned. In so far as the Article proides that the members of the League hall *respect* the territorial integrity nd political independence of all its embers, no reservation that has een proposed in the Senate weakens e obligation in the least. It is only relation to the means to be used this country to *preserve* that ingrity and independence that the reservations are of any effect. If the Allied Powers are really on the watch to fly at one another's throats, as the President so strongly implies, and if their pledge to refrain from so doing is in itself worthless, the degree of protection afforded by a blanket promise that the United States will force them to desist—a promise which the President admits must depend for its performance upon the will of the American Congress at the time—must certainly be but a slender reliance. Our country's participation in the League—Article X, or no Article X, reservation or no reservation—would, in the nature of things, be a mighty factor in averting such evils; but if it were not so in the nature of things, it would not be made so by the presence or absence of a phrase.

Mr. Wilson says that, with Article X weakened, the League of Nations "might be hardly more than a futile scrap of paper, as ineffective in operation as the agreement between Belgium and Germany which the Germans violated in 1914." Surely this is a most unfortunate parallel. It was not owing to any defect in the wording of the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium that that document became "a futile scrap of paper." If the League is not backed by the spirit of the nations that compose it, the letter of the Covenant will be quite impotent to make it a potent reality.

The President is not content with failing to say a single word calculated to illuminate the subject, or to clear up the practical difficulties of the situation that confronts him. He hits right and left at real and imaginary enemies. He tells us that "every imperialistic influence in Europe was hostile to the embodiment of Article X in the Covenant of the League of Nations." This will be news to at least the majority of the American public. In Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's panegyric on "What Wilson Did at Paris," a little book chiefly devoted to showing the difficulties which the President overcame, we find nothing about opposition to Article X. Was England opposed to it? Was France? Did either of these countries, or any of their statesmen, entertain so desperate a longing to snatch territory from their fellow members of the League that for the sake of the opportunity to do so they wished to refuse the protection of their own territories which Article X undertook to provide?

Coming nearer home, Mr. Wilson indulges not only in a peculiarly contemptuous characterization of reservationists in general, but, towards the end of his letter, takes pains to make an especially vicious dab at the mild reservationists. "I can not understand," he says, "the difference between a nullifier and a mild nullifier." Such is the recognition which he gives to a group of men who have labored in season and out of season to save the treaty with as little impairment as possible. Both from the standpoint of intellectual merit and from that of a respect for the decencies of human relations, there is in this short and easy dismissal of the mild reservationists a strong reminder of the President's recent behavior toward Secretary Lansing.

The President does not absolutely declare that he will reject the treaty if the Senate ratifies it with reservations that are not to his liking. He comes as near that as possible without actually saying it. It is conceivable that the letter is a last desperate effort to preserve Article X without serious reservation, and that having made this effort the President will, if the treaty comes before him, still regard the question open. This seems extremely improbable; yet it is not absolutely out of the question. If the Democratic Senators could rise to the height of their duty, they would do what they think is right and let the President shoulder the responsibility for the final fate of the treaty. We earnestly hope that this may yet happen, improbable as it seems. If it does, Mr. Wilson will be confronted with one of the most awful responsibilities that any man has ever faced. May that love of righteousness, and that lofty sense of duty, which he constantly protests so solemnly, protect him, not against the wickedness of the outside world, but against the promptings of his own arrogant self-sufficiency!

The Protest Against the Eighteenth Amendment

THE protest against national prohibition by Constitutional Amendment has begun to assume large dimensions. The first important sign of it was the Ohio election in November. Shortly after this came Rhode Island's manful and impressive assertion of the fundamental principles of our Federal Government. Governor Edwards' aggressive campaign, vigorously followed up after his installation in office, next attracted the attention of the country. In his message to the New York Legislature at the beginning of this year, Governor Smith gave a leading place to his proposal of a State referendum on the subject. The town elections in Vermont and Massachusetts last week showed, as many town elections in New England had done in November, the existence of a strong sentiment of dissent from the prohibition régime. And finally there comes the prospective inquiry at Albany into the methods of the Anti-Saloon League, which bids fair to focus the attention of the nation upon an aspect of the story which may not unreasonably be accounted as important as any.

To the *Review* these signs that the nation is awakening to the seriousness of the issue, even if too late for any immediate practical result, are extremely welcome. In one of the first editorials that appeared in this journal, we gave expression to our sense of the injury that had been done to the Constitution of the United States, and to the whole spirit of American institutions and American life, by the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. It may not be amiss to quote here one short passage from that editorial:

> 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 inconceivable 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.

When Rhode Island entered her suit before the Supreme Court we felt that, even if her action accomplished no juristic result, it would do "an important service in at least showing the country that the Eighteenth Amendment was not being accepted without serious protest." To our mind the most distressing feature of the whole story of that amendment was the manner in which it was put through—the country standing idly by, as if this were routine legislation, instead of the most vital change in the character of our institutions since their formation, and one which only a few years ago every normal American would have seen to be wholly repugnant to their spirit. In connection with Rhode Island's protest we said:

> 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.

Some very good people say that it is wrong to protest. The amendment having been adopted by Congress and the requisite number of States, they urge, it ought to be quietly accepted by all good citizens. To the testing of its validity by the Supreme Court, they of course do not seriously object; but beyond that, they insist, nothing should be done. In so far as these objections relate to any unlawful practices we entirely agree with the objectors. But vigorously to subject to every lawful test the validity of the amendment and of the laws enacted for its enforcement, we consider to be not only the right, but the duty, of those whose convictions are like ours. Nor is that all. The principles themselves of which the amendment is a violation should be asserted and reasserted on every legitimate occasion. It is a misfortune to the country that this issue should be injected into our national politics at all; but the blame for that misfortune rests upon those who, in their fanatical pursuit of a single object, were regardless of all other considerations, and upon those who either through thoughtlessness or through supineness allowed them to have their way.

Many opponents of the Eighteenth Amendment have laid chief stress upon the claim that it is not approved by a majority of the American people. This is a point which, so far as we can remember, the *Review* has never so much as mentioned, and certainly one upon which it has laid no stress. Much might be said of the way in which Congress, and Legislature after Legislature, has acted upon this great question. In a large number of instances members voting in the affirmative have reflected neither their own convictions nor any mandate from their constituents. But that is not the main point. It matters not whether fifty-one millions or forty-nine millions of the people of the United States are opposed to drink We should consider it just as wrong for fifty-one millions as for forty nine millions to impose upon th whole people of the United States and to imbed into their organic law this iron rule.

If we are to remain a free peopl the majority must instinctively fe that there are some things which has no right to impose upon th minority. There have unquestionabl been times when a majority of th voters of this country have felt, could with a little agitation have bee made to feel, that the Catholic Chur was a terrible danger to the natio Of those who have been of this mi a large proportion have been po sessed with the conviction that t Catholic Church was profoundly i imical not only to the temporal but

the eternal welfare of the people. No anti-Catholic movement, however—though there have been many of them—has made great headway. The First Amendment to the United States Constitution, the amendment protecting religious freedom, was a recognition at once of the possibility of such attempted proscription and of its wrongfulness; but it would be a mistake to suppose that our chief protection from such evils has been in the written injunction against them. It has lain in the instincts and traditions of the people themselves. But, such as it is, the protection of the First Amendment will, as our experience with the enactment of the Eighteenth has shown, be swept away easily enough by any great tide of popular prejudice, real or factitious, if we lose our sense of the rightfulness of those restraints which the majority should gladly and of its own free will respect.

There is one more aspect of the case upon which it is important to speak at this particular juncture. The investigation of the Anti-Saloon League at Albany may amount to much or little; it may clear the League of the specific accusations made against it, or it may confirm them. All this remains to be seen. But everybody knows that, whatever the precise character of the methods pursued by the League, their effect has been intimidation, moral and political, on a grand scale. Its agents, and especially the most conspicuous of them, William H. Anderson, have constantly flaunted in the faces of those who opposed, or those who hesitated, the power of the churches as being the foundation of the power of the League. Anderson himself has acted and spoken like a ruffian. He has not disguised the terrorist character of his tactics. It was not upon persuasion of the minds of legislators, but upon the threat of evil consequences to themselves that he chiefly relied for the attainment of his end. Unless the good people of the churches, for whom he has professed to be spokesman, believe in the doctrine that the end justifies the means, or unless they are blind to the moral degradation which submission to such threats involves, they can not, in so far as he has truly had their backing, absolve themselves from the guilt of having helped to bring about what they regard as a good end by abhorrent means.

It is not the first time that good people—the good, religious people of a whole country—have done such a thing. An infinitely more intense religious fervor swept all England into a frantic agitation of which the leader was an infinitely worse terrorist. Between the zeal of the prohibition campaign and the frenzy of the "Popish plot" crusade there is only the resemblance that there is between a headache and a raging fever. Between the terrorism of Anderson and the bloodthirsty criminality of Oates there is only the resemblance that there is between a misdemeanor and a frightful crime. But all of Protestant England was swept into the tide of the Popish plot madness. Those who think that the Eighteenth Amendment must infallibly be right because all the "good people" are for it, would do well to think of the error into which the good people of England fell, with far greater unanimity, in the days of the Popish Plot and Titus Oates.

Fighting the Symptoms

The proposed statute that will make hoarding unlawful is aimed to prevent the withholding from the market of necessary foodstuffs and also the destruction of food when the purpose of destruction is to enhance the price or restrict the supply.

THIS sentence from a special message sent by Governor Smith to the New York Legislature is typical of a great deal of the well-intentioned but futile effort that has been made for many months to bring down prices, or "the cost of living." With the last part of it no fault can be found. The destruction of food for the purpose of enhancing its price is a practice which, in so far as it may exist on a large scale, it would be perfectly proper for the law to repress. That it does exist on a large scale we have seen no trustworthy evidence; but this is simply a question of fact. On the other hand, the idea that "hoarding" should be made unlawful rests on an error of principle. There are, indeed, some kinds of hoarding which it may be to the public interest to forbid; but ordinary hoarding of foodstuffs, by persons whose business it is either to produce or to buy them for the purpose of selling at a profit, is a process which it is to the public interest to permit to take its own course.

There are two types of hoarding, extreme opposites of each other, which may constitute a serious public evil. Where there is monopolistic control, or an approach to it, the withholding of supplies from the market may be so managed as to give to the manipulators an extortionate profit which could not otherwise be obtained. This evil, in so far as it exists, should be attacked through the means which the law provides for the prevention or the curbing of monopolies. At the other extreme there is the possibility of hoarding for private use, a practice which may conceivably result in the withholding from consumption, at a time of real or supposed scarcity, of large supplies when nothing in the condition or prospects of the market justifies such withholding. When there is reason to fear that such a thing will happen on a sufficient scale to be of serious public concern, regulations like those which from time to time have been adopted in regard to the sale of sugar to consumers are desirable and efficacious.

But it is to neither of these extremes that the agitation against hoarding is usually directed. It is aimed simply at hoarding as such; and it is not only useless, but positively injurious. The man who withholds supplies from the market at a given time because his trained judgment leads him to believe that the price of the commodity in question will be higher at a future time, as a natural result of the free play of supply and demand, is doing not an injury but a service to the public. If his calculation is correct, he will make his profit by selling what he has withheld, at a price higher indeed than he could have got in the first instance, but lower than the price which, had he not previously

withheld a portion of the supply, would have prevailed in the market at the time of still greater scarcity when he makes his sale. In the case of perishable commodities, it is true, the consideration of actual destruction of them comes in and may justify special measures. But this must be regarded as the exception and not as the general rule. Judging from the newspaper summary of the bill to which Governor Smith refers, that particular bill appears to be carefully drawn, and not in violation of the principle we have laid down; but many bills, and many administrative acts, *have* ignored that principle, and popular opinion is in line with Governor Smith's apparent belief that it is a good thing simply to "make hoarding unlawful" and to "prevent the withholding from the market of necessary foodstuffs." It is much safer for the public to take the chances of injury from the miscalculations of professionals who, if they hoard unnecessarily, do so at their peril, than from the mistakes of legislators who by a cast-iron rule prevent hoarding which may be eminently desirable.

The great source of relief to which we must look, in all those matters that press most heavily upon us in these days of high cost of living, is the increase of supply, the increase of production. To strike at the symptom when and where we see it may afford a relief to our feelings, but it does nothing toward effecting a cure. On the contrary, it is very apt to aggravate the disease. The attempt to fix the price of milk is a conspicuous instance of this vain endeavor to get rid of the trouble by fighting the symptoms. If the distributers are charging extortionate rates under cover of monopolistic control of the field, something ought to be done about that; but, though the subject has been up for years in the State of New York, and though every opportunity has been given for exposing the facts, it has not yet been shown that the profits of the distributers constitute any considerable percentage of the price that consumers have to pay for milk. Recently the attack has turned largely toward the farmer producers; but here, too, the corresponding facts, at least so far as public knowledge is concerned, are conspicuously absent. Simply to decree lower prices, without any assurance that the requisite amount of milk is going to be produced and delivered at those prices, is to scratch the scab in the hope of healing the wound.

The same kind of thing has been going on in regard to the housing situation. It is all right to prevent sharp practices by which individual landlords, or go-betweens, take advantage of the ignorance, or the exceptional difficulties, of particular tenants; no doubt many individual cases of injustice and hardship have been thus prevented or relieved. But as a means of lowering rents in general, profiteer-hunting is worse than useless. If the supply of housing continues to be short of the demand at existing prices, landlords will get higher prices, because there will be thousands of people willing and able to pay them. And in the meanwhile, such encouragement as there may be to builders—speculators, if you will—in the existing high rents is seriously diminished by every threat of repressive measures, and even by the odium which the constant cry of "profiteer" places upon them. There is another injury, too, perhaps quite as important. There *are* possibilities of improving the housing situation—not by penalizing profits, but by diminishing expenses. The emergency quite justifies special exemptions from tax burdens for all new projects of housing for the poor and for people of moderate means. But legislative proposals of this nature fail to receive the attention which they ought to get, because of the diversion of interest to futile schemes and to idle denunciation. When you stray off on a false track you are not merely as badly off as if you had stood still, you are much worse off. For the time and energy which you have been spending on this aimless wandering might, if properly employed, have got you at least somewhat nearer to the goal toward which you had fondly imagined yourself to be tending.

What Has Come of "Blood and Iron"

REPRESENTATIVES of the Schleswig and Holstein organizations, together with members of various political parties, proclaimed on March 2 the emancipation of Schleswig-Holstein from Prussia and the establishment of a new State. This is an interesting piece of news, affording an object lesson in political history. No matter whether this declaration of independence takes effect or not, the fact that a large group of representative citizens of the old Elbe Duchies have voiced a desire to sever their connection with Prussia is in itself important enough to call for comment. The action of these men proclaims to the world that Bismarck's immoral policy of "blood and iron" can not build lasting empires.

The possession of Schleswig-Hol stein was for Prussia of vital impor tance, as it would give her control o the coast and of the harbor of Kiel the only one which could be made int a maritime base for the Prussian flee which Bismarck was planning t build. A long and patiently con ducted policy of intermittent intrigu negotiation, and armed force led t the coveted result. The Austro-Pru sian war with Denmark was the fir move in this skilfully conducted can paign. Bismarck's ally did not i tend to fight the Danes "pour le R de Prusse"; Austria posed as a cha pion of outraged German rights, a hoped to add a new member to t "Bund." On August 1, 1864, t King of Denmark ceded all his righ to the Duchies of Holstein and Schl wig to the Austrian Emperor and t King of Prussia. By the treaty f Gastein, of the following year, H stein was placed under Austri Schleswig under Prussian rule, t Kiel, with Friedrichsort, was pro sionally ceded to Prussia as a ma time station. Bismarck never loo d upon this treaty as a permanent t tlement. But he waited for a pre t to substitute Prussian rule for e newly established condominium. is was given him by Austria it f, which on June 1, 1867, publish a

declaration to the effect that it wished to let the "Bund" decide the future status of the two Duchies. Bismarck denounced this as a breach of the treaty of Gastein, which consequently had ceased to have any binding force on Prussia. He ordered Prussian troops to march into Holstein. The Austrian forces of occupation retreated without giving battle, thus leaving the King of Prussia sole and absolute master in both Duchies. Prussian despotism asserted itself at once: the convocation of the Holstein States at Itzehoe was repealed, all political societies were disbanded, several papers suspended.

With iron alone Bismarck, this time, had achieved his end. But streams of blood were to be spilt in the impending war with Austria, which was, indirectly, the outcome of Prussia's act of usurpation. And now, after sixty years of Prussian rule, after having shared for half a century in the greatness and the glory of Bismarck's Prussia, the people of the two Duchies appear to be still so little devoted to the usurper as to wish for a severance from the kingdom.

Welfare or "Hell-fare"?

CERTAIN activities of the Goodyear Rubber Company for the welfare of its employees were described by a correspondent in the *Review* last week. This is but one of the many instances in which manufacturing concerns have deemed it wise to devote large sums of money and the energy of trained and well-paid officials to work of this kind. The movement is not new in its fundamental character, but it has reached an extent and a systematization hitherto unknown. It has been warmly approved by public opinion, but the more radical labor leaders question its motives, hold it up to ridicule, and endeavor to turn against it the laboring men who, with their wives and children, receive its benefits. Parodying the name by which it is commonly known, they have maliciously characterized it as "hell-fare work," and even Samuel Gompers has publicly repeated the jibe.

In the case of Mr. Gompers, let us hope that this was no more than a momentary lapse of judgment under the stress of the steel strike. Those who launched the epithet, however, had a more logical reason for their attitude. Having in view, not such an improvement in wages and conditions of work as will make the workman prosperous and contented, but a fundamental revolution eliminating the private ownership and management of productive industries altogether, they judge of "welfare work" only as it tends to promote or retard the overturn of existing institutions. If it were found to inculcate a discontented and revolutionary state of mind, their attitude at heart would be that of welcome, though good strategy would forbid them to say so. The fact that it meets with their disapproval is a tribute to its success.

In establishments where such work has been intelligently and liberally carried on, with sincere effort at genuine coöperation with employees in selection of activities to be undertaken and in management, laborers are more prosperous and contented, strikes or friction of any kind is less frequent, and agitators from without or within are at a discount. This normally means an improvement in quantity and quality of the average output per unit of labor, an avoidance of the loss occasioned by strikes, and, therefore, a return to the company of at least a considerable portion of the cost—in some cases probably a net financial profit of considerable importance. But the agitator seizes upon this fact to arouse prejudice against the work as mere selfishness, as though it were not permissible for the employer to benefit his employees except at the cost of actual loss to himself.

Another line of attack is that this work is paid for out of the workman's wages, and to the detriment of his right to seek his welfare in his own way. But the laborer can have this freedom at any moment, by giving up his position and taking employment with some company by which no welfare system is maintained. Incidentally, he will discover in making the transfer that wages average no higher in industries which spend no money on welfare work. The criticism, however, comes almost wholly from the outside. We have yet to learn of a case in which the employees of any great industry carrying on a well-managed work of this kind have met together and said to the management: "Sell your welfare buildings and equipment, close your athletic fields and parks and children's playgrounds, abolish your savings bureau with its attendant bonuses to persistent depositors, drop your assistance to would-be home owners, dismiss your physicians and nurses, and in place of it all divide pro rata among us in wages the same proportion of the cost as we now get out of the income of the plant exclusive of this work."

At bottom, such work is simply one of the ways of creating conditions favorable to a profitable operation of the plant. An ill-adjusted workman and an ill-adjusted piece of machinery are alike harmful to such operation, and time and money spent in better adjustment are as rational in the one case as in the other. The human as well as the mechanical side is always present, and the most skillful technical care of the latter can not bring the best results if the social, moral, and economic welfare of the former are going awry. It need not be argued that on the human side the problems of the manager are more delicate, the opportunities for harm through tactlessness and lack of understanding more numerous. Welfare work is not wholly a matter of altruism, as we have already shown; but though it must be made in general to pay its own way, the highest success will be attained only by a management which shows a genuinely sympathetic spirit. Modern thought is recognizing more and more the inherent difference between a man and a machine, and the growth of attention to the personal welfare of employees is one of the most evident marks of that recognition. It is a movement that merits hearty encouragement from all except those who find in its tendency to promote stability and contentment in industrial circles a stumbling-block to their plans for revolution.

What Constitutes a Poem?

CRITICS of the past have striven for a satisfactory definition of poetry, by stating the positive ingredients which it must contain. But the literary market-place has continually refuted them by paying good money for "poems" minus any one, or all, of the qualities enumerated in these proffered definitions. In this day of anti-everything which involves a *must*, either in literature or in life, the idea has arisen of getting at the matter the other way round, by eliminating the various qualities which are *not* necessary, thus arriving at the irreducible minimum. Rhyme, of course, was never a *sine qua non*, though if used at all, a certain degree of regularity has been considered necessary. Even this *must* no longer holds, as witness any number of our newest poets, skipping from *vers libre* to verse in the ankle-fetters of rhyme from one line to the next.

Of course, the very term, "vers libre," implies the kicking out of metrical regularity; but it may creep in again at any crevice of line, page, or poem, and a passage that might have fallen in faultless cadence from the lips of Tennyson himself may suddenly tumble you off, in the middle of a sentence, upon a declivity of vocal jags and crevasses in comparison with which "bumping the bumps" at Coney Island is a nerve-soothing recreation. Martial borrowed the germ of this trick from the Greeks, in his occasional Latin scazontics, or stumblers; but he kindly trips you up only once to the line, and after the second or third fall you foresee the danger and brace yourself, like the circus girl in the heels-over-head automobile stunt. The most you can claim now for metrical regularity as a poetic ingredient is that a sample now and then, dropped in with a carefully guarded air of *insouciance*, is not necessarily fatal to a poet's reputation.

Has length of line any vital relation to poetry? A variation of from eight to twelve syllables did not suggest either rejection or revision of a "sonnet" offered a year or two ago to so careful a periodical as *Art and Archaeology;* and the free sonneteering spirit of our great Mexican border State, we were assured not long since by a student of poetic tendencies among the Texans, has even cut the wires of the fourteen-line barrier. If the inspiration of boundless cow-pastures swells the outburst to nineteen lines, or a sudden raid of Villista bandits cuts it short at nine, who has the authority to tell the free American citizen that it is any the less a sonnet for either reason? As to length of line in general, Walt Whitman long ago pushed its possibilities out into regions where only an Einstein may safely range, while at the opposite extreme, the very High Priestess of the temple of Twentieth Century muses has shown that the one word *Damn*, with the aid of an exclamation point, will fill all requirements. We are forced to the conclusion, then, that with the modern poet length of line, as well as the regulation or non-regulation of its vocal ups and downs, is as wholly at the discretion or non-discretion of the individual writer as the cut or non-cut, the dress or un-dress, of his or her hair or beard. Even capital letters at the beginning of lines, sentences, and proper names are non-requisites, as the *Dial*, in its new and exclusive devotion to art and letters, proceeds to show by example, though the same authority shows that the capital is not to be despised merely as such, by allowing it to head a few harmless prepositions in the procession.

We say "procession" with some misgiving, for the word may be taken as implying that the author intends the reader to begin at the physical beginning of these particular poems and read through in regular order to the physical end, an assumption possibly altogether too conventional. We had almost said that this order in reading would enable one to get at the thought of the poems better, but this would imply that thought is a necessity in poetry. Now the whole campaign of the most modern modernists has had the primary object of clearing away every barrier that may hamper the freedom of the poetic impulse. But the requirement of genuine *thought* has always been a far more hampering restraint on poetic impulse than any of those mere conventionalities of form to which the boot-toe of the modernist has been so vigorously and successfully applied. Are we then to sacrifice the fruits of victory already in our grasp by leaving poetic Hohenzollernism in possession of its one really powerful stronghold, the requirement that poetry *must* (odious, imperialistic word!) really mean something? No, *must me no musts!*

And so the attempt to get at the essential substance of poetry through definition by elimination finally breaks down, just as did the earlier efforts to define it by positive characteristics. We may be sure of no more, perhaps, than that a poem is some undefinable thing (thanks to the language-builders for the non-committal vagueness of that word thing!) which its author can sell on Mount Vernon Street, Boston, or West Thirteenth Street, New York, or somewhere between. We had almost called it "an aggregation of words," rather than a "thing," but the haunting suspicion arises that the one-syllable line already quoted in full in a previous paragraph might, under suitable conditions of modern poetic inspiration, become an entire poem in itself. If poetry shall follow such a course as this, there will be a manifest conservation of ink and paper, but it will be necessary to work out some scheme of pecuniary compensation by emotional intensity rather than by linear measure.

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Bolshevism in Holland

According to recent despatches from Holland, the Netherland Government is enforcing a rigid control of the frontiers so as to prevent the intrusion of Bolshevist agitators from Germany. The unrest in the country must be pretty serious if the authorities have recourse to preventive measures of suppression, as political tradition in Holland is opposed to official discrimination between native and alien, and between desirable and undesirable foreigners. Even during the war, when there was reason for the Government to be on its guard against the intrigues of foreign spies and agents, free access to the country was subject only to a few limitations of simple formality, and no protests from watchful citizens in the border districts, alarmed at the traffic that was allowed to go on, could avail against the rooted aversion of the authorities to rigid interference with the liberty of interstate communication.

This extremely liberal conception of the duty of hospitality was frightfully abused by Russian and German refugees and deserters. In return for the safety and shelter which Holland afforded them, they sowed discord and discontent among the natives. Even the man at the head of the bureau for relief to Russian prisoners of war in Germany, whom the Government allowed to export large quantities of foodstuffs which the Dutch themselves were badly in need of, was, early this year, placed under police control, being strongly suspected of abetting secret Bolshevist propaganda. However, this agitation by foreigners would have been of little avail to the cause of communism in Holland, if they had not found a soil already fertilized for the cultivation of Trotskian doctrines. The gravest danger to the country's recuperation from the unsettled war conditions and its undisturbed economic development is not the alien but the native agitator, who speaks to the worker in his own tongue and with a thorough knowledge of the country.

First among these is Mr. David Wijnkoop, an Amsterdam Jew of a fiery, impetuous temperament, a great orator with a strong hold on the masses. He is the Dutch counterpart of his Russian comrade Trotsky, whom he resembles even in outward appearance, and a faithful henchman of his Moscow *alter ego* in the spreading of the latter's international propaganda. Before the war he was, as a politician, the laughingstock of the country, the butt of jocose criticism whenever he formulated his absurd demands on behalf of a negligible flock of followers. But the war, with its privations and unemployment, was the making of Mr. Wijnkoop. He is a political war profiteer. In Amsterdam, always a hotbed of radicalism, he carried it over his opponent of the Social Democratic Labor Party at the July elections of 1918, and with him two other Communist leaders were preferred by the electorate for a seat in the Second Chamber.

Here they were given a platform from which they could address the entire nation, as their parliamentary speeches—and they are among the most voluble orators—are faithfully reported by the daily press. The three together form an isolated group in Parliament. They profess to despise the legislative body of which they are members, and abuse their high office to denounce that capitalistic system under whose liberal rule they have obtained the right to expound their doctrine in Parliament. Their criticism being exclusively destructive, they contribute nothing to the legislative work of the House. But their presence there has, indirectly, a fatal effect upon its proceedings: some Social Democratic Labor members, afraid lest Mr. David Wijnkoop should take the wind out of their sails, are tempted to outbid him in revolutionary demands, Mr. Troelstra, the leader, being the chief advocate of this competitive policy. Wijnkoop, with his sarcastic sallies against his irritable rival, ridiculing his inconsistent, half-hearted adherence to the teachings of Marx, knows exactly how to exasperate the other into the formulation of demands which go far beyond what more moderate labor leaders, such as Schaper and Albarda, recognize as the legitimate maximum.

But the floor of the Second Chamber is not the only platform from which the Communists can address all classes of society. The Church is also open to their propaganda. The Reverend Schermerhorn, Minister of the Dutch Reformed Community in Nieuweniedorp, the centre of a prosperous agricultural district north of Amsterdam, is an ardent believer in the tenets of Bolshevism. He is a powerful preacher and attracts many a churchgoer who, though averse to his doctrine, wishes to listen to his eloquence. "Take as much liberty as you can get" is one of his maxims, and portraits of the revolutionary "dominee" with these words underneath are circulated among his admirers. When last year the Amsterdam police came upon the track of a gang of bomb manufacturers and munition smugglers, they found this portrait as a wall decoration in the criminals' den. The preacher, of course, had nothing to do with these militant anarchists, but the incident shows what close affinity there is between unrestrained idealism and crime.

More balanced minds than the fiery pulpiteer are the two scientists who, by their membership on the Executive Board of the Communist Party, lend an academic dignity to its doctrine. They are Dr. Pannekoek, a distinguished astronomer, and Dr. Mannoury, professor of mathematics in the Municipal University of Amsterdam. The support which Communism receives from these two prominent intellectuals may have a deeper and wider influence than the sermons of the Reverend Schermerhorn. Though they may carefully abstain from bringing propaganda into the lecture room, the fact of their approving the Communist doctrines can not fail to impress the susceptible minds of young admiring pupils. And as these, at the completion of their studies, are scattered all over the country,

the ideas of their masters are imperceptibly spread among the intellectual milieus of even the smallest towns.

Still, the Government would make itself unpopular if it deemed this a reason for depriving them of their chairs and the university of their learning. The present conservative Cabinet, apparently alarmed at the spread of Communist thought, took just recently an exceptional step to prevent the promotion of one of these Communist professors. Dr. Pannekoek had been proposed by the trustees of Leiden University for appointment to the vacant chair of astronomy in that city, and the Government by refusing to appoint him on the ground of his political convictions exposed itself to severe criticism by the entire Left of the Second Chamber and the principal organs of the liberal press. The Amsterdam *Handelsblad*, a paper which has never betrayed any leanings towards Socialism, declared itself in agreement with Dr. Van Ravesteyn, one of the three Communist members of Parliament, in asserting that, generally speaking, in the appointment of educational functionaries, political or religious considerations should have no weight. There might be some reason for deviating from this general principle in the case of a vacancy in the department of law or economics, where the appointee is expected to teach a doctrine and ideas to which a Communist candidate is confessedly opposed, but no such consideration could be valid in the case of Dr. Pannekoek. The heavens are his field of research, and his claim to distinction in that domain of science can not be impaired by whatever radical views he may hold concerning sublunary affairs. Freedom of thought and speech is dear to the nation, and it will uphold it even when that freedom must be granted to those who aim at the overthrow of its established institutions. Because of native impatience and distrust of control, the people are apprehensive of greater danger resulting from the abuse of the power to suppress such freedom than from the abuse of the freedom itself.

Into this league of the politician, the preacher, and the pedagogue for the establishment of the communistic state enters, as a fourth ally, the poet, the greatest among the living poets of Holland. Mrs. Henriette Roland Holst will live in the people's memory when the names of her male co-militants shall have passed into oblivion, and her poetry is the monument by which posterity will be reminded of a revolutionary phase in the nation's peaceful history. She has written other things than verse, propaganda literature for the enlightenment of the masses, a history of revolutionary action, a biography of Rousseau. But poetry is her true domain.

If Communism can be justified in the eyes of the intellectual élite of Holland, it is as the source of inspiration for the most powerful verse of modern Dutch literature. She is a past master in moulding her vigorous thought into plastic language. In her latest volume of verse, "Verzonken Grenzen" (Submerged Bounds), she has surpassed all her previous work. The disillusion of modern man and the promise of a better world are her theme. Between the dream and the deed our lives are divided. Dreams can not lift the world to a higher plane, and when we are active the beauty of the dream vanishes. There is no escape from this disillusionment except by the self-sacrifice of love, the only deed by which the dream can be realized.

> Blessed the man who goes to the sacrifice,
> In him dream and deed are reborn into one.

Man must dare to die for the dream of the communistic millennium, go through the ordeal of bloodshed and revolution, that the next generation may live united by a common love, in which all the barriers that hatred now raises between man and man shall be submerged. It is the symbolism of the Gospel translated into terms of latter-day Communism. Instead of the One Man who died on the cross, it is the holocaust on the barricades that must bring peace on earth and good will among men.

A. J. Barnouw

The Troubles of th "Politicians' Union"

THE present demoralization of all gov ernmental activities at Washingto makes a situation that lends itself t moralizing. Even before Mr. Wilson s peremptorily sacked Mr. Lansing th pace of routine administration was slo enough and efficiency was at low eb The President's flare-up will not quicke or hearten those who remain. No Cab net officer or other underling will dar except in the most chastened and ci cumspect way, attend to any affairs c state that require initiative and ente prise. So it befalls that this harbo and refuge and centre of politicians i given over to discussion of politics.

The game of politics, like the game c chess, while intricate and susceptible c many variations, is governed by fixe and ancient rules and conventions. A Persian chess master having no languag but his own, and no contact or aquaint ance or understanding or even fain knowledge of the western world, coul yet come to Washington, Georgia, an there in the shade and repose and peac of that fine old town meet and play th local expert in the perfect ease and se curity of a meeting on thoroughly know ground. With the chessmen arrange between them the players would kno without a spoken word or any othe channel of communication what to d next. The Georgia villager might soo find himself in closer mental communio with the Persian than with any of hi neighbors.

Politicians among us are set apar like that. Many of them, a great many too many of them, follow the game fo a livelihood. They become professional in their engrossing vocation. Politics i the only game that has no penalties o suspension or disbarment for fouls an unfair practices. There are no rule against gouging and biting and scratch ing and hitting below the belt. Me seek to rise, to attain temporary ag grandizement and office, to overcom their opponents by any guile or subter fuge. In their old age they are embit tered and their lives are ashes in thei mouths. Their days of activity are spen in the vain pursuit of illusions and no in solid achievement. In the end the are "lame ducks" who must be "take care of," or if they fall out of the gam inopportunely when their old cronie and associates are not in power, they g back where they came from and "re sume the practice of law."

Their daily life is one of appallin transitions. On one day it takes thre or four messengers to conduct them i proper state from the entrance of the offices to their desks and relieve the

of hat and coat. To see the great man appointments have to be made well in advance through a reluctant secretary, and the time of audience is restricted. It may be that the next time you see him he will be hanging precariously on the rear platform of a street car and oh! so eager to talk about anything and as long as you like. The heavy curse that hangs over the "ins" is that sooner or later they will be "outs," and the one hope that sustains the "outs" and prevents them from giving way to despair and going to work to earn a living is that presently a turn of the wheel will bring them "in."

As a chronicler of the Washington scene, my days were spent seeking out the notables and being besought by the ex-notables. One favorite device for "getting one's name in the papers" in other days when the President's office was a centre of activity was to come to Washington in the off-season while Congress was not in session and pay a visit to the White House "to confer" with the Executive on this, that, or the other thing that was uppermost in people's minds. It was a cheap and sure way to get the news back home. "Conferring with the President" is one of the oldest sure-fire tricks of the trade. It has virtually fallen into disuse at this juncture.

Being what they are, and permeated with the instinct for their guild, the politicians resent the intrusion of amateurs and persons with new ideas and new plans. They hate anything new like the very devil. They can not cope with it. They like established and familiar issues such as the tariff. They like to deal with other professionals. They disliked intensely the prohibition contests in the States a few years back, because "you never can tell which way the darn thing is going to cut." State fights between the "wets" and the "drys" spoiled the alignment of the more or less docile electorate. The professionals always more or less distrusted Roosevelt and Hughes, and Wilson, too, when he first emerged. What the politician always wants to know of any new man who is brought forward "to pander to the moral sense of the community" is whether he will "recognize the organization." It is the same instinct and motive that leads to a demand on employers for a recognition of the union. The politicians are strongly unionized. I am indebted to Mr. William Bayard Hale, who is, perhaps, not now remembered as one of the earliest "authorized" biographers of Woodrow Wilson, for an account of the scene when the question of "recognition" was first put to the emerging President of Princeton:

On Tuesday, July 12, 1910, a number of gentlemen gathered in a private room of the Bankers' Club, 120 Broadway, New York, to inquire of Mr. Wilson whether he would allow his name to be presented to the New Jersey Democratic State Convention. At that meeting were present Robert S. Hudspeth, national committeeman for New Jersey; James R. Nugent, State chairman; Eugene F. Kinkead, Congressman; Richard V. Lindabury, George Harvey, and Milan Ross. But one practical inquiry was made of Mr. Wilson; it was voiced by Mr. Hudspeth and was in substance this:

"Doctor Wilson, there have been some political reformers who, after they have been elected to office as candidates of one party or the other, have shut the door in the face of the Organization leaders, refusing even to listen to them. Is it your idea that a Governor must refuse to acknowledge his party organization?"

"Not at all," Mr. Wilson replied. "I have always been a believer in party organizations. If I were elected Governor I should be very glad to consult with the leaders of the Democratic Organization. I should refuse to listen to no man, but I should be especially glad to hear and duly consider the suggestions of the leaders of my party. If, on my own independent investigation, I found that recommendations for appointment made to me by the Organization leaders named the best possible men, I should naturally prefer, other things being equal, to appoint them, as the men pointed out by the combined counsels of the party."

Such fluid, changing times as these daze the politicians. They don't know what to do. Particularly they are at a loss to meet the projection of such figures as Hiram Johnson and Herbert Hoover into the scene. Johnson knows the conventions of the political game but will never abide by them. He doesn't consort or league himself with professional politicians. He does not number himself among them, nor do they claim him. He has been in politics and in office since 1910, not because but in spite of the politicians. He has been getting himself elected by going directly and in person to the voters in his own State and telling them what he would do if given power. When elected he has kept his promise and done what he said he would do. Now he is offering himself for the Presidency on the same terms without the aid or through the offices of any "organization." The managers of his party do not want him. They can't, as they put it, "do business" with Johnson. They think they have him headed off, for as they say, "He may have the votes but he hasn't got the delegates." They mean that politicians must nominate Presidents before voters can elect them.

But the horrid fear and spectre that makes the politicians so nervous and jumpy these days is that the voters may insist on nominating as well as electing a President. That is why the projection of Mr. Hoover is so baffling and bewildering. They can't make head or tail of the posture in which he has put himself. They dislike him because they fear him, and they fear him because they can't understand him. Not for a minute do they believe Hoover is not a candidate. The more frequently he repeats that he is not seeking the nomination the surer they become that he is putting over some new "deep stuff." And it is both pathetic and amusing to see them nosing about trying to find "Hoover's press bureau." They are sure that he has one concealed somewhere about these precincts where "sentiment" is being manufactured for him. They can't understand why any man should be talked about for the Presidency, as Hoover is being talked about, unless he is actively fomenting the whole movement. The Lowden boom, the Wood boom, the Harding boom, the Palmer boom, the Cox boom, they can understand. In each case there is clearly visible and apparent all the apparatus—the press agent, the managers, the Western headquarters, the Eastern headquarters—in fine, the candidate's organization. The whole apparition is familiar to the politicians. It's the sort of thing they understand. But they can not understand why such diverse journals and channels of public opinion as the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New Republic*, the *Review*, the *World*, the *Springfield Republican*, and *Life* should all at once be found saying in various ways appreciative, friendly things about Hoover, unless Hoover has some dark, mysterious underground organization applying pressure and stimulating sentiment. That all of these editors should have come separately to the belief that Hoover is worth serious consideration for the Presidency simply on his record of accomplishment and his character and capacities, as they have been revealed since 1914, passes their understanding. The politicians won't nominate Hoover unless they have to, but they can be made to name him if the pressure of public sentiment is strong enough.

The wary, timorous, stupid creatures will do in the end, as they always do, whatever aroused opinion demands of them. Meanwhile they talk politics and con over the stale chicane of their ancient and outworn subterfuges. Washington is dull and flat, and they make it duller and flatter.

EDWARD G. LOWRY

Poetry

On Record

I WOULD not hand a baby face,
Smooth and unscarred, to God on high,
And say: "Hereon You will find no trace
Of living, now I come to die."

No, battered up and down the ways,
I give Him back this proof of me;
Record of keen, tumultuous days,
Life's scars, for man or God to see!

RICHARD BURTON

Germany's Future Relations with Eastern Europe

AFTER the collapse and dissolution of the Russian Empire, the Entente Powers found themselves faced by the problem of how they could create a new system of forces which might act as a check on a reviving Germany. Having once recovered from her enormous losses, Germany would, in the long run, derive great advantage from the fact that her immediate neighbor in the east was no longer a great power of the first order. The Entente policy naturally demanded, as a substitute for this loss, that Poland should be made as strong as possible. If, however, the Polish State remained limited to the ethnographic boundaries of its nationality, it would only be a secondary Power, little more important than Rumania. The Entente requires a strong Poland, and to that end German territories must be added to it in the west, Ukrainian land in the south, and a white Russian area in the east, so that the size of Poland should be doubled and her population increased by fifty per cent. beyond the extent ethnographically justified. If the present Polish claims were to be satisfied, the future Poland would contain seventeen to eighteen million Poles, two million Germans, six to seven million Ukrainians, several millions of white Russians, an indefinite number of Lithuanians, and four to five million Jews.

The aggrandizement of Poland, however, though an end in itself, is part also of a larger scheme, the exclusion of Germany from Eastern Europe by the formation of a barrier of Germanophobe States running from the Baltic to the Adriatic and the Black Seas. France and England are at one in supporting this policy, but they are actuated by different motives: England hopes thereby to exclude Germany from the Russian market, France to prevent a political alliance between Russians and Germans which might jeopardize the Entente's victory.

The Entente policy with regard to Russia is handicapped by a general ignorance of conditions in Eastern Europe. A better knowledge would have saved its statesmen from the mistake of believing it possible that Russia, barring the recognition of an independent Poland and Finland, could be restored in its entirety under a democratized Tsarist Government. The attempt to bring this about by supporting the military campaigns of Kolchak, Denikin, and Yudenich was doomed to failure from the outset. It was based on two fundamentally wrong assumptions, one being that the dismemberment of Russia into its component nationalities could be undone again, the other that a democratized Tsarist rule would be welcome to the bulk of the Russian nation and even to the alien nationalities. Not until the new East-European States have become established on a firm and lasting foundation will people in West-European countries and the United States cease to believe that Russia ever was an internally unified realm. The Russian world empire has always carefully concealed the fact that Eastern Europe was populated by a great variety of nations and tribes, of which the great Russians or Muscovites formed only 47 per cent. Fifty-three per cent. of the inhabitants of Tsarist Russia were not of Great Russian stock. The most important of these alien peoples, the Finns, the Esthonians, the Letts, the Lithuanians, the Poles, the Ukrainians, the Georgians, the Armenians, have realized their craving for a national independence, and it seems a psychological and political impossibility that they should ever voluntarily be reunited with Moscow. And to coerce them into a reunion by violence is not in the power of Soviet Russia.

The alleged loyalty of the bulk of the Russian peoples to Tsarism has not stood the test of the late anti-Bolshevik campaigns. The failure of Kolchak and Denikin was largely due to the people's refusal to support them. In the rear of both armies followed the landowners whom the peasants had expelled, and demanded restitution of their land, their cattle, and everything the peasants had robbed them of. When Denikin penetrated into the Ukraine he was at first hailed by the peasants as a deliverer from Bolshevist requisitions, but when the returning landowners claimed not only the value of the poultry stolen two or three years before but also the value of the eggs which the hens were reckoned to have laid during that time, the peasants began to realize that Denikin brought no change for the better. The expelled landowners in the Ukraine were Great Russians, who had been in possession of the land ever since the Ukraine was forcibly brought under the rule of Moscow; so a national element added strength to the agrarian and social motives counteracting Denikin's enterprise. The peasants know that the chief issue is the land problem and that a success of the Tsarist generals would have meant a restoration of the landed gentry, and a return to the old social order. To that old order they are bitterly hostile. It is a grave mistake to expect loyalty to the Tsar from the Russian peasants. Nicholas II and his Ministers, believing in their loyalty, granted the peasantry the right to vote when they drafted an electoral system for the first Duma in 1905. The result was a Duma with a radical majority of peasant deputies elected on a platform in which the chief plank was the surrender of all land in Russia to the peasants, if possible, without any compensation.

As to the chief aspects, therefore, of the future of Eastern Europe there can be little doubt: (1) The dissolution of the old Russian Empire will be permanent, and attempts to restore it by force, though they might have a short-lived success, will only tend to establish the new order on a firmer basis; (2) the largest of the future East-European States, Great Russia or Moscow, will most probably assume the status of a peasant democracy. It is less easy to make a forecast as to the duration of Bolshevist rule. It can hardly be permanent, as it is the dictatorship of a minority, and even of a small minority. Eighty per cent. of the Great Russian population are peasants, and these will have nothing to do with Bolshevism. Soviet Russia consists, as it were, of two separate areas, a Bolshevist one, which is limited to the large cities and the control of the railways, and an agrarian one, which has relapsed into the most primitive economic conditions, without manufactures, even almost without iron. A dozen sewing needles, the only iron implement the peasant absolutely needs, can not be bought for less than a hundred rubles. Of the middle classes in the cities little is left, as part of them have emigrated and the rest have become pauperized and decimated by diseases and starvation.

In nearly all parts of the former Russian Empire the Entente is very unpopular. Especially towards France the people's feelings are bitterly hostile, and the English are feared and distrusted. It is generally believed that the Entente is responsible for Russia's downfall. Among the better educated elements of the Russian masses the idea of a union with Germany is very popular, not a political or military union for an aggressive policy of revenge, but an economic and cultural alliance. The Russians have come to realize that the gulf between their own mentality and that of the western peoples can never be bridged, and that, in spite of their aversion to the Germans, which was very pronounced before the war, they have more in common with them than with any other European nation. Before the war the Russians used to complain that their country was being exploited by Germany by means of an extorted commercial treaty. But now one can hear them say

that the British and French schemes with regard to Russia are worse than exploitation and amount to downright plunder. It is no secret in Russia that the British Board of Trade has recommended a plan for a general State insurance of all goods to be exported to Russia. The English manufacturer naturally distrusts the uncertain condition of affairs in Russia, and objects to his bearing the risk of the export. This insurance scheme, it is thought in Russia, is meant to act as a check on future German competition. The Russian officers who belonged to the former army of Colonel Avalov-Bermondt, who made the abortive attempt to enlist 20,000 German soldiers for his projected march against Moscow, say quite openly that the Entente did not permit the Germans to join Avalov's forces for two reasons, England being afraid lest that military campaign should open a Russian-German trade route, and France foreseeing the growth of a Russian-German alliance out of this joint armed action. Both apprehensions have no real foundations, as far as Germany is concerned. Both the people and the Government in Germany are too passive to conceive such far-reaching political schemes. But this Russian talk is significant of the prevailing feelings among the Russians, and helps one to understand the anger of the French Colonel who, according to a dispatch from a Swedish journalist, had an interview with one of Avalov's officers, in which he bitterly complained of the Russian people who, he said, seemed to know only one feeling, that of hatred against France.

Germany's future position in Eastern Europe, therefore, will not be decided by any definite schemes now on foot, but by the existing facts, both political and ethnographical, and by the prevailing sentiments of the Russian people. Not even Poland will probably be able to persist economically in her hostile attitude towards Germany. The intensity of national contrasts in Poland and the peculiarities of the Polish character will soon create a very unsettled state of affairs in that country. Poland as it has been set up by the Entente will never form a stable element in the future East-European system. With the Czecho-slovak State, in spite of the resentment felt among Germans on account of three millions of their countrymen being forced into Czechoslovak citizenship, Germany must also, sooner or later, enter into close economic relations. The Czechs are on three sides surrounded by German territory, through Germany they must keep in touch with the rest of the world, the German language is for them the medium by which they acquire their knowledge of western culture. Neither can Hungary and Jugoslavia exist permanently without economic and cultural relations with Germany. Their history and geographical position preclude a lasting estrangement. In the Hungarian and Slav territories of the former Dual Monarchy German has for centuries been a second vernacular; it is too firmly established to be suddenly and arbitrarily replaced by another language. Neither Eastern Middle Europe nor Eastern Europe proper is able to exist without a close relationship to Germany, to German commerce, to German industries, to German intellect. The attempt to make English-French interests and culture prevail in those parts is doomed to failure for the simple reason that the East European peoples will never take to them. It is a common error to think that French is the favorite foreign language of the Russians. It was that only among court circles and the aristocracy. When the Russian businessman, the scholar, the official learned a foreign language, it was, in four out of five cases, German. Before the war Russians loved to pretend that they knew no German, but they understood it quite well all the same. In the days of German militarism much harm was done to German interests in Russia by German "Schroffheit" and "Schneidigkeit." But these are ill manners of the past. A change also in the German mentality will help to open up a peaceful way towards the East.

Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Berlin, January 7

Organization in Scientific Research

"ORGANIZE research? Why you might as well try to organize the production of poetry, or sculpture, or painting! It can't be done, and if it could, it oughtn't to be!" Thus spoke a very clever and intelligent friend of mine, whose opinions tend strongly toward the indicative and imperative moods, with only the rarest sprinkling of subjunctives. And I suspect that his opinion, while ludicrously untrue as to the facts, is shared by many of our *intelligentsia* to whom research is identified with the occasional epoch-making discovery which they visualize to themselves as the inspiration of some solitary genius. The mere term "organization" smacks to them of repression and coercion, suggests the strait-jacket and the boss, and other unpleasant things well known to be hostile to initiative and individuality. But let us consider the situation.

Merely to satisfy one's instinct of pugnacity, it would be gratifying to take up the gauntlet cast down by my dogmatic friend, and to note how many great works of plastic art have in a fair sense been made to order. Even the poet laureate has been known to rise to an occasion requiring celebration in verse. But time fails to pursue this trail, and, moreover, the completeness of the analogy of research with creative art may be called in question. At all events, it is for us to come at once to grips with scientific research and the conditions of its effective prosecution.

As a noted botanist says: "Science has thus far progressed by purely guerilla modes of warfare. It is time that it organized and conducted its campaign as intelligently as do other human interests." If one thinks of such organization as implying a director-general of research who doles out to each individual his particular job in the programme, then undoubtedly the result would be disastrous. Intrinsic intellectual interest would inevitably be slighted and snubbed, enthusiasm and energy would be sapped, and in place of vigorous and fruitful endeavor we should have a process of purely mechanical time-marking. But, fortunately, there are quite other methods of securing the desired end which avoid most, if not all, of these difficulties.

Let us suppose that a group of the leading men in a given field of science get together and survey the most urgent needs or the most promising possibilities in their own line of work; suppose they outline a general inclusive programme of research which affords opportunity to pursue the most varied interests, and still to knit them all into one central project; suppose, finally, that invitations be issued to a group of competent scientists to participate in such a programme. There is nowhere any coercion, no one takes part who does not desire so to do, and no one suffers under any restrictions save those of his own imposing. But the result of such a coöperative undertaking is inevitably more inclusive in the breadth and thoroughness of its achievement than the wholly uncoördinated efforts of the same group. Nor is this assertion a matter of mere opinion. It was proved to be true over and over again in the war, and in other nations as well as among ourselves. Such methods speed up research, and produce far more symmetrical and conclusive results. This is one of the things which the National Research Council, representing as it does in its membership all the great scientific societies of the country, is successfully undertaking. It involves simply a voluntary programme of scientific men for enlarging, energizing, and expediting their own productivity, with a consequent gain for society as well as for science.

But let us return a moment to my friend and his conception of research

as something wholly esoteric, individualistic, and inspired.

No doubt there are individualists in science, as in art, and even in business—men who make personal contacts with difficulty or not at all. Some of these men are geniuses, but most are not. They are simply folk who have to make their human contribution, large or small, as it may be, in their own peculiar way. They must be largely neglected in any coöperative programme. But it would be a gross perversion of the historical facts to assume that all the seriously useful contributors to science, even all the geniuses, are of this type. Quite the contrary is the case. And moreover, the natural sciences have for several generations been at the point where they could advantageously employ in their advancement research capacities extending all the way from that of a Newton or Darwin down to the freshest tyro with the ink not yet dry on his doctor's degree. Organization is the clue, and the only clue, to securing some approach to a full-interest return on the intellectual capital represented by these very diverse abilities. In a well-conceived general programme of research, place can be found for even mediocre ability, which, if left to itself, is certain, for the most part, to be sterile. As a matter of fact, much of the best research in the great scientific laboratories has emanated from the planning of the master at the head, who throughout a long period of years, perhaps, guides and directs the research of his disciples with the result that knowledge of the highest value accrues from the integrated work of men, many of whom if left unguided would have produced little or nothing and even that of an accidental and incidental character, sustaining no significant relations to the main currents of scientific progress.

One should not be confused in thinking of this situation by assuming that such coöperative research as we have been discussing need tend toward purely practical issues. The direction which such investigation takes rests on wholly other considerations. Scientists may in a given instance decide that for the moment the most urgent need is research in a field of applied science. But they well know and fully appreciate that only in pure science are the revolutionary discoveries to be made, and that no one can predict in advance whence such a discovery may come nor what its implications may be. A discovery in the physiology of the organic cell may revolutionize the conceptions of physics and chemistry. There need, therefore, be no fear that if scientists work in more intimate contact with one another than heretofore they will, in consequence, tend to neglect the interests of pure science.

Still more convincing as to the needs and possibilities of organization in scientific research are considerations regarding the problems set by society and the conditions of modern life. Many of the most important issues confronting the contemporary community inevitably involve for their solution the coöperation of scientists in quite distinct fields. Illustrations without number will suggest themselves. For example, sewage disposal is in part a problem for the sanitary engineer, in part for the chemist, in part for the bacteriologist, in part for the expert in soil fertilizers or in the industrial utilization of end products. No one individual is or can be a competent investigator in all these directions. The problem of improvement in fuels and their use is similarly in part a question of geology, in part one of chemistry, in part one of engineering, to say nothing of the economic aspects of the issue. Public health questions generally involve the bacteriologist, the hygienist, the epidemiologist, the chemist, the engineer, etc. These are not fictitious illustrations. They are drawn from actual practice, and exhibit some of the simpler, rather than some of the more complicated, requirements. Often the State or the city calls together such a group to study its own special practical problems, but no agency has hitherto attempted to assume any general leadership in securing coöperative attack upon the underlying fundamental scientific issues in such problems without regard to any immediate practical exigencies. Here again, the National Research Council is offering its services and bringing together, by the voluntary action of representatives of our leading scientific societies, groups of competent investigators to attack such problems. If left to the accidents of individual initiative, they are likely to be indefinitely postponed, and just because they involve so wide a range of scientific interests. Obvious are the opportunities for coöperation among State and Federal scientific agencies, among the great private research institutions and the like.

A very conspicuous field of coöperative endeavor in applied science is met in the case of the smaller industries. The great industrial corporation can afford its own research laboratories, and many have such. But the small producer can not afford such a luxury. There is, however, no reason why he should not join with other firms in his line of work and establish conjointly a central research laboratory, to the support of which each contributes; or if that form of procedure be impracticable, these groups may employ scientific men working in their own laboratories to undertake such research as is required. Plans of these types have already gained headway both in England and in the United States, and the National Research Council is giving such aid as it can.

By no means the least important aspect of the whole case is the producing of trained personnel for research. Broadly speaking, the universities are the only agencies from which such personnel is now derived. Moreover, they serve a double function in producing the larger part of the research in pure science at the same time that they train research personnel. It is well understood, and requires no further emphasis, how extensively many of these institutions have been raided by business and industry as an aftermath of the war, in which it was suddenly discovered that the occasional college professor has a tangible economic value. But it is impossible to exaggerate the disaster which will overtake our entire national programme in science, if there be not prompt steps taken to attract and retain for the academic profession a fair share of men of the highest ability.

Quite apart, however, from this matter is the problem of securing a more rational distribution of research facilities. As matters now stand, the larger universities tend to expand into every field of research with relatively little regard to the conditions in other institutions. The temptation is to make each institution a university in a somewhat literal sense. Now, it requires only the most superficial knowledge of the conditions in science to recognize that some forms of research are eminently appropriate in one institution and grotesquely inappropriate in others. One would be hard put to it to justify the development of marine engineering in a region hundreds of miles removed from any navigable water; and with several large medical schools in a community of moderate size, the establishment of another could hardly be viewed as judicious. Nevertheless, this is exactly the sort of thing which has been going on, and which will go on indefinitely unless our university authorities get together and arrive at some kind of gentleman's agreement, if it be nothing more formal, which will prevent the dissipation of financial and scientific energy represented by the present practices.

It is absurd to have every university attempt unlimited varieties of research work. The wastage in material equipment is unjustified, and it is quite impossible in this generation at least to secure the necessary calibre in the scientific men needed to provide so many institutions with competent directors of research and trainers of fresh personnel in every department of science. There must be coöperation and organization here if wholly unwarranted wastage and inefficiency are to be avoided.

All things considered, therefore, we may safely conclude that research can be organized in ways which exercise only beneficial influences on initiative, that

without such organization our science will remain in the condition of mediæval industry, that by improving the methods already employed the boundaries of knowledge may be pushed forward with unprecedented rapidity, and finally, that for the solution of certain types of problems, organization is wholly indispensable.

For the realization of such ends, the National Research Council was created. It has just received a very generous endowment, which will allow it in perpetuity to carry forward and develop the efforts it has already initiated to provide such a mobilization of research talent as may best contribute to the welfare of the nation in times of peace, and be ready at a moment's notice for the nation's defense in time of peril.

JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL
Chairman, National Research Council

Correspondence

Mr. Lansing's Statutory Rights

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Let me congratulate you on your editorial on the Lansing incident. In all the discussion of this question, it seems to be assumed that the President has complete power over his so-called Cabinet officers. It seems to be the general impression that, as the President nominates the head of a department and can remove him at pleasure, he is peculiarly the instrumentality of the Executive and that his rights and obligations are as the Executive may require.

The assumption that Cabinet officers derive their powers solely from the President is erroneous. Even his power to appoint them is qualified by the requirement that the Senate shall consent, and his power to remove is to some extent shared by Congress, which can at any time impeach a delinquent head of a department, and thus remove him from his position.

The head of a department has a statutory office with statutory rights and obligations. The official status is created by the Constitution itself, and the power to determine the duties of a department head is delegated to Congress, and not to the Executive. Neither by statute nor by the Constitution does the Cabinet officially exist. It is a mere colloquial term.

The Constitution (Art. I, Sect. 8) gives to Congress the power

> to make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, *or in any department or officer thereof*.

Under this grant of power, the departments, whose executive heads constitute the so-called Cabinet, were established by Congress. Thus, it is provided by R. S. Sect. 199:

> There shall be at the seat of Government an executive department, to be known as the Department of State, and a Secretary of State, who shall be the head thereof.

Similar provisions are made for the other departments of the Government, and Congress prescribes by various statutes the respective duties allotted to these departments, and the rights and obligations of the officials connected therewith.

Secretary Lansing, therefore, did not owe his office to President Wilson. He did owe his nomination to that office to the President and his final appointment to the Senate, which confirmed it. He had an official status, which Congress had created, and he had rights and duties which Congress prescribed. No one could question that the illness of the President in any respect impaired the right, power, and duty of the Secretary of State to continue in the administration of his department. The President, however, contended that the Secretary of State in the discharge of his statutory duties could not confer with the heads of other departments in a so-called session of the Cabinet without the consent of the President, even though the President were unable to give his consent. Of all Mr. Wilson's extraordinary manifestations of one-man power, this is easily the most indefensible.

While each department of the Government has its own province, yet coördination between them is required, as their duties overlap. The balance wheel is the Department of Justice, and nearly all the department heads, other than the Attorney General, would find it difficult to discharge their duties unless they could confer with the Attorney General with respect to their legal obligations. Congress compels the Attorney General to advise the departments, when requested by their executive heads. This generally involves conference and coöperation. If the Secretary of State had the right to confer with the Attorney General, without the request of the President, then it follows that he had an equal right to confer with any other department head whose coöperation was necessary in the discharge of his duties. Thus, no department can function without the coöperation of the Treasury Department. If two heads of departments can confer in the discharge of their statutory duties, without asking the permission of the President, it must follow that all could do the same. If this right and duty of coöperation exists when the President is not disabled, *a fortiori* it exists in the event of his disability.

The opposing theory is due to the fact that, in the popular mind—and apparently in Mr. Wilson's idea of the Constitution—the Cabinet has an official status as such and that its decision carries with it a collective influence as such; but, as I have said, the Cabinet is, from a legal standpoint, non-existent. Each department head has a power which is limited to his own sphere of usefulness, and is defined by statute, and the heads of departments can not *collectively* take any action that would have any greater legal force than that which each head of a department takes separately, except where otherwise specifically provided. Thus, if a Secretary of State were to take a certain action which in itself was legal, no court could nullify his action because the Cabinet was of opinion that it was inexpedient. In any legal proceeding, no cognizance could be taken of the Cabinet, as such.

The executive head of a department, therefore, is something more than a mere automaton of the President. He is a servant of the Government, with rights, duties, and limitations prescribed by Congress and not by the President. If Congress requires him to do a certain act or to refrain from doing a certain act, and such command or injunction is within the legislative powers of Congress, then the Cabinet officer must obey the command or respect the limitation, without regard to the wishes of the President. Thus, if Congress were to pass a law forbidding the Secretary of the Treasury to compromise a claim against the United States except after conference with and by the advice of the Attorney General, the President would be powerless to direct his Secretary of the Treasury to compromise the claim in any other way.

All this is so trite and obvious that its statement would be the idlest superfluity had not the President gravely called into question the power of the members of his so-called Cabinet to confer with each other. Undoubtedly the joint meeting of the heads of the departments, which collectively we call the Cabinet, while having no Constitutional or even statutory status, has acquired in the practical administration of the Government an unofficial status, and, therefore, it may be open to fair question, as a matter of official etiquette, whether the heads of the departments, except in an extraordinary emergency, could, on their own motion, jointly meet as a Cabinet without discourtesy to the President. If the President had rested his complaint against Mr. Lansing upon a question of courtesy, more could be said in justification of his contention; although, even then, the contention is surprising that, with the President stricken by a serious malady, the so-called Cabinet could not meet to determine what the public inter-

ests required. The President, however, did not rest his complaint upon a question of etiquette or courtesy; but contended that the meeting of the Cabinet without his knowledge and approval—although he was then incapable of either knowledge or approval—was a violation of our form of government, and sufficiently grave to justify the summary removal of a Secretary of State. Its unsoundness can be tested by an extreme illustration.

Suppose that the Cabinet of the United States, in time of war, became convinced that the President of the United States was conspiring with the enemies of his country and that for this and other grave misdemeanors was justly subject to impeachment, and let us suppose that the facts with reference to the President's dereliction, which fully justified his removal, lay exclusively in the knowledge of the various heads of departments. If, under these circumstances, the Cabinet met formally, reached the conclusion that the President should be impeached and removed, and communicated their joint judgment to the Congress of the United States, what Constitutional provision would be violated? Indeed, would they not, under the assumed circumstances, simply discharge an undoubted duty that they owed to their country?

JAMES M. BECK

New York, March 8

How to Meet the Revolutionist

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your issue of February 28, the editorial entitled "Hillquit on the Socialist Programme," presents the urgent question, What is to be done as to the Socialists and their revolutionary propaganda?

One difficulty encountered is the adroit use of language found among professional Socialists. The language of the Socialist agitator to his "proletariat" audience may probably be received in a different sense from that which he assigns to it if called to account by constituted authority. The terms "mass action," "direct action" and "revolution," used repeatedly in Socialist writings, are illustrations.

Mr. Hillquit himself is hardly the type of "proletarian" for whom the social "Revolution" is advocated. His successful law practice of 27 years and his residence on Riverside Drive are not an obvious identification with the "exploited" labor masses. It is not surprising that his announced definition of Socialism falls short of that current in Russia, and expressed by other leaders of the Socialist party in this country and in the manifesto of that portion of the Socialist party in this country (claiming to be a large majority in numbers) which set up a separate organization less than a year ago. The "Revolution" once loosed, it would be idle to expect it to stop at the limits assigned by Mr. Hillquit. Any answer to the problem of what we should do requires the best thought of our wisest and most experienced leaders. The following, however, are suggested as lines of action:

1. Let us clearly understand and see to it that the public understands the difference between Reform and Revolution. They are sharply differentiated by Socialists themselves, but a lack of comprehension of this distinction is responsible for ill-considered action by sentimentalists. In the manifesto and programme of the Communist party of America, which in August, 1919, separated from the titular Socialist party, and claims to have taken more than two-thirds of its membership, we find the following:

> Participation in parliamentary campaigns, which in the general struggle of the proletariat is of secondary importance, is for the purpose of revolutionary propaganda only. *Parliamentary representatives of the Communist party shall not introduce or support reform measures.*

In the fundamental Communist Manifesto of Marx and Engels occurs the following reference to one class of activities which they differentiate from their own objectives:

> A part of the bourgeoisie is desirous of redressing social grievances in order to secure the continued existence of bourgeois society. To this section belong economists, philanthropists, humanitarians, improvers of the condition of the working class, organizers of charity, members of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, temperance fanatics, hole and corner reformers of every imaginable kind.

And elsewhere it states:

> The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions.

In the manifesto of the Communist International adopted at Moscow in March, 1919, bearing, among others, the signatures of Lenin and Trotsky, appears the following:

> Decades of organizing and labor reformism created a generation of leaders most of whom gave verbal recognition to the programme of social revolution but denied it in substance. They were lost in the swamp of reformism and adaptation to the bourgeois state.

And again:

> Socialist criticism has sufficiently stigmatized the bourgeois world order. The task of the International Communist party is now to overthrow this order and to erect in its place the structure of the Socialist world order.

2. With a knowledge of what the "Socialist world order" means, let us encourage and promote social and economic reforms. Much has been done through legislation respecting child labor, hours of labor, factory legislation, tenement legislation, workmen's compensation, etc. More remains to be done. The world war leaves us in a state of world-wide unrest, perhaps on the threshold of a new era; there is a spirit abroad that challenges established traditions and the conditions demand wide vision and wise and far-reaching plans.

3. Even as we give our earnest support to wise reforms, we should inflexibly combat the noxious revolutionary propaganda. However fair its promises, it inevitably unchains terror and social chaos. Promote in every proper way the spirit of holding fast to the fundamental guaranties and securities upon which our Government and social structure have been built. Let us not be fearful of changes that will improve and strengthen, but let the changes be step by step. True progress consists in holding to what we have until we have tried out that to which we propose to change.

4. Let us purge our civic bodies, schools, churches, and other organizations of the poisonous and destructive propaganda of revolution. Easy-going tolerance and lax indifference have allowed the propagandists of these doctrines to insinuate themselves into what should be the temples and citadels of our social structure. Let us supervise those who instruct and develop the thought of our children, and those of riper years as well, and if they are false prophets, let us brand them as such. Side by side with this attack upon those who menace our institutions, let us provide wholesome teaching for those whose energies may now be misdirected and ill-spent. Afford an outlet for the natural zeal of the reformer which will make him a supporter of our Government and institutions, not an ally of their enemies.

5. Let us also firmly exclude the aliens who come here to preach sedition. The effort is now organized on a large scale. Lieutenant Kliefoth, a former attaché of our Embassy in Russia, is quoted as stating that the Committee on Propaganda and the Suppression of Counter Revolution spent in the past year 400,000,000 rubles for propaganda, printed in every known language. Lenin's foreign policy was based, he said, on foreign propaganda and world social revolution. As to alien agitators who have already obtained or hereafter may obtain admission, through our ignorance of their real character and motives, let us provide a swift and certain return to their homeland, and let it be made clear that this will be done with all who thus abuse our hospitality.

HERBERT BARRY

New York, March 3

Book Reviews

Roosevelt's Imperishable Youth

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE spirit of adventure and the spirit of domesticity, good things in themselves, are perfect as correctives to each other, and the perfection of their union and the fruitfulness of that perfection are abundantly manifest in this muscular and spirited autobiography. These two elements so shaped and colored the man that politics remained for him from first to last the superb adventure, and patriotism itself took form as the extension of marital and fatherly care to a widened household. There is an incipient outlaw in every adventurer; there is a potential dictator in every parent; it was curious that the exemplar, Theodore Roosevelt, whose life-formula might be summarized as the application of courage to disinterested ends on a world-scale, should have become the illustrator of both tendencies.

He was in some respects a most democratic person; he valued manhood apart from class or wealth. He would have embraced Theodore Roosevelt in blouse and sweater; he would probably have embraced Theodore Roosevelt in blanket or loin-cloth. He loved the other man of his type; what he could not love or see was the other type. He thought, with some reason, that he lived a very good life himself, and his object as patriot, like his object as father, was to distribute that form of life in the utmost possible abundance through the widest possible area. He was a man-breeder, man-feeder, man-builder. When he was President he wanted to do something to season the savorless and stupefying life of laborious women on the farms. This is more than paternalism; it is grandmotherliness. It evokes a smile possibly, but, on the absolute genuineness of Theodore Roosevelt on this side, its conclusiveness is exhilarating. Demagogues and hypocrites are not mindful of this sort of hardship; they hear only the moans which can be distilled into bravos.

The danger, the drawback, in all this lay in the subjection to things. The subjection is natural to mankind. The boy in his playground, the man in his workshop, are actualists; what society feebly tries to do in the brief interval of so-called higher education is to call geometry with its *line*, algebra with its *letter*, language with its *word*, law with its *rule*, logic with its *formula*, science with its *class*, to chasten or counterpoise the domination of the brute thing. This education Theodore Roosevelt, to all appearances, needed and lacked. He was graduated from Harvard University, he studied law, and he had acquirements and versatilities on which stress is duly and affectionately laid. But his relation to things remained elementary; he could not gain a second point of view. Efficient at an age when other men are fumbling, he was rigid at an age when other men are pliant. The gods drive their bargains with the best of us, and perpetual boyhood was the price paid by Theodore Roosevelt for imperishable youth. Hence a nature that is always, in the French phrase, on "le premier plan." Culture in the sense of modulation—the sense in which every chord in a man's being is audible with a difference in every other chord—is not the property of his mind. In style his fist is always powerful, but the hand is not versatile or supple, and there is no trace of his ownership of a musician's ear. His remarks on books, while sensible enough, are not so good as the remarks of an energetic mind on a subject that skirted its own field ought to be. Of individuality in character he seems to have had little sense. The certificates of efficiency which he deals out in lavish abundance with fraternal pleasure are curiously alike in their matter and their diction. Men to him became largely tools; he knew the difference between a good and a bad tool, but the distinctions between good tools were negligible. The sense of humor which enables a man in a sort to pursue and overtake, to waylay and circumvent, himself, was not found in high quality or large amount in Theodore Roosevelt. Something of this elemental, boyish character is visible in the plunge from deed to deed, the rebound from task to task, which marked his hurried, eager, improvised career. His fight for righteousness was a form of Roughridership; he was the moral raider, the Prince Rupert, the Morgan, the Mosby, supreme in the inspiration of a charge, less certain in the sinuosities of a campaign.

The "Autobiography" of Theodore Roosevelt may be viewed in a double aspect. On the one side, it is a strong, bright, simple book, a saga, a *chanson de geste*, with altered settings and properties. On another side, the side of the author's unconscious self-revelation, it has the effect of profound and artful satire, the work of a Swift or Pascal or Voltaire. The author is simple, but the book—or Nature behind the book—is cunning. When, on pages 250-1, we find Theodore Roosevelt as Lieutenant-Colonel rescinding the act of a major-general, and escaping the penalties of that violated discipline which he enforced for smaller offenses on lesser men, we can not but shudder at the peril to the Republic latent in the puissance of a man capable of the presumption of that deed and the nonchalance of that confession. The same quality is evident in milder form in the quiet bitterness of the frequent allusions to the failure of his "successor" to carry out the Rooseveltian policies where they bruised, or seemed to bruise, the Constitution. Theodore Roosevelt was so much the thrall of the concrete that the notion that a word could stand between a good man and a good act was to him incomprehensible and monstrous. It never occurred to him to ask himself seriously if the same word that stands between a good man and a good act to-day may not stand between a bad man and a bad act to-morrow. He could not understand that an *unselfish* act might be *wrong;* he felt his own acts to be thoroughly unselfish, and he accepted that artless guarantee of their virtue. This temper of mind is primitive, and its association with powers so extraordinary and with aims so magnanimous gives to his own case that subtlety and ironic point which was so curiously wanting in his own view of the world and himself.

All Sorts of Adams's

THE DEGRADATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC DOGMA. By Henry Adams. With an Introduction by Brooks Adams. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, in one of his scoffing moods, speaks disrespectfully of poor Francis Horner because he "maintained an atmosphere," whereas if he had been asked what he had done since he was breeched, he could only mutter something about the currency. That artificial atmospheres have been maintained we do not deny; but, after many years, they acquire permanency, and posterity accepts the verdict of contemporaries as final. That an atmosphere has surrounded the elder members of the Adams family is certainly true, and we do not think it should be dispelled; nor did we think it likely that at this late day any attempt to dispel it would be successful.

We must say, however, that by the publication of this book Mr. Brooks Adams has seriously disturbed this atmosphere. So far as he himself was protected by it—not that it was in his case very impenetrable—he has completely dissipated it. The world had forgotten that he was a violent devotee of "free silver"; but he takes this opportunity to renew his vituperation of the "gold bugs," and to drag Henry Adams into the extinct controversy. He bemoans his pecuniary losses in the panic of 1893—brought on by the agitation in which he was active—but as no one but himself was to blame, his sufferings arouse more contempt than pity, for, after all, he did "crawl in with the bankers on the rise." He had better let oblivion do its kindly work.

That he did not deserve to keep an atmosphere is also shown by the title of this book. We took it up anticipating pleasure if not profit in getting Henry Adams's views on democracy. We have been disappointed. Whatever views on this subject Henry Adams may have else-

where expressed, he expresses none here. He discourses on views of the universe in general, and the philosophy of history in particular, but he has nothing to say of the degradation of the democratic dogma, or of the democratic dogma itself. Nor do we find that Mr. Brooks Adams increases our knowledge of these subjects. He allows himself 122 pages of discursive lucubration, and spares Henry Adams less than 200 pages; but to offer this matter under the title he has given it is to practise a deception on the public worthy only of the late P. T. Barnum.

Dr. Holmes, we believe, maintained that to reform a man you must begin with his grandparents. Proceeding on this theory Mr. Brooks Adams undertakes to explain Henry Adams in terms of his grandfather, John Quincy Adams. We confess that we do not understand the explanation. It may be that "what is most remarkable is the persistence of the same cast of intelligence in the grandfather and grandson, the scientific mixed with the political, which made the older man reject with horror a scientific theory forced upon him by circumstances, which the younger man has accepted, if not with approbation, at least with resignation, and at so relatively short an interval of time." The laws of heredity are, it is true, somewhat obscure, but why the same cast of intelligence should produce such contradictory results is passing strange, if not past belief. Other explanations are offered which might be reduced to coherency with patient study, but the game is not worth the candle. Possibly the phenomenon is caused by the Adams's atmosphere.

To sweep aside the atmosphere in which John Quincy Adams has been comfortably shrouded appears to us as an act of gross impiety. The "old man eloquent" really amounted to something; he was conceited, but that does not excuse his grandson for using him as an illustration of the proverb, "seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him." Why should attention be called to the fact that the grandfather declared that if his "conceptive power of mind" had been greater, his "diary would have been, next to the Holy Scriptures, the most precious and valuable book ever written by human hands," and he "would have been one of the greatest benefactors" of his country and of mankind. He would, "by the irresistible power of genius and irrepressible energy of will and the favor of Almighty God, have banished war and slavery from the face of the earth forever." He concluded with the prayer: "May I never murmur at the dispensations of Providence." After his political downfall, according to his grandson, he never did much else but murmur.

With the result, if not the purpose, of writing down his grandfather an ass, his grandson submits extracts from his diary, some of which we quote. They do not suggest heroism, and make us skeptical as to what the diary might have been, even with the special favor of Almighty God. "I was up at three and again at four, and wrote on the arrears of this diary from that time till seven. . . . I passed a night of torture, with a hacking and racking cough, and feverish headache. . . . I went to bed at nine and was up with fits of coughing at 11, at 1, at 3, and at 5 this morning, and finally lay till near 6 utterly dispirited. . . . I ate nothing the whole day." The lapse of 80 years has deprived these events of interest, and what they have to do with the "heritage of Henry Adams"—unless he was subject to fits of coughing—is conceivable only by the "conceptive power of mind" possessed by Mr. Brooks Adams. Our own theory of "heritage" is that John Quincy Adams was somehow derived from Louis XIV. After the overwhelming defeat at Ramillies, that monarch exclaimed: "Has God then forgotten all that I have done for him!" When John Quincy Adams found that his political theories failed in practice, he considered (according to his grandson) that he had been betrayed by his God. The failure of God to support him in his policy of constructing highways and canals through the national Government caused him even to doubt the existence of a supreme being. Such incapacity to regulate the affairs of this country in accordance with the Adams's ideas showed that God was really unfitted for his position. The poor old man was disappointed, embittered, and broken in health; but why, as Mr. Birrell somewhere observes, "should the universe be stretched upon the rack because food disagrees with man and cocks crow?" But God is merciful. He spared the old man knowledge of what his grandson was going to do to his remains. Had he foreknown it, any murmur at the dispensations of Providence would have been blotted out by the Recording Angel.

John Quincy Adams was, in the opinion of his grandson, "the most interesting and suggestive personage of the early nineteenth century," and Henry Adams in his philosophy "certainly one of the most so of the present century." We do not understand this stinted praise of Henry; although, as it incidentally appears that he found Brooks a bore, there is room for conjecture. It is understood that the "Education" has been read, or partly read, by a great many people. We are not confident that all these readers could give a clear statement of the principles of education, as a result of their labors, but it is reasonable to suppose that they found Henry Adams an interesting and suggestive personality. Such they may find him here. His essays, to be sure, have nothing to do with Democratic Dogma. One is entitled "A Letter to American Teachers of History." The other is "The Rule of Phase Applied to History." Those who are concerned to reconcile the mechanical theory of the universe with the existence of a vital principle, Sir Isaac Newton with Sir Oliver Lodge, and who succeed in their attempts, may possibly develop a philosophy of history satisfactory to themselves from these essays. To others it may not be satisfactory.

For neither a history nor a philosophy based on the meditations of the anthropoid ape a hundred thousand years ago deserves attention. This being is represented as employing his time, not in cracking nuts, but in considering the problem—"How long could he go on developing indefinite new phases in response to the occult attractions of an indefinitely extended universe?" Even if the problem is "the same as that addressed to the physicist-historian of 1900"; especially if he foresaw that in 1921 "thought will reach the limit of its possibilities," and that "only a few highly trained and gifted men will then be able to understand each other," we are sure that this ancestor of ours, although illiterate, knew enough not to spend his time over a riddle that after a hundred thousand years was to get no better answer than this. He probably tried hard to understand his brother apes and was proud of his progress; but if he had known that this was to be the long result of time he would have been discouraged at the start.

"You may be sure," Henry Adams tells the American Historical Association, "that four out of five serious students of history who are living to-day have, in the course of their work, felt that they stood on the brink of a great generalization that would reduce all history under a law as clear as the laws which govern the material world." At the same rapid progress in history which has been made during the last fifty years, another half century would carry historians over this "brink," our author tells us. He doubts if this rate can be maintained. "If not, our situation is simple. In that case we shall remain more or less where we are." This is sound reasoning, and as most terrific results will follow to church, and state, and property, and society itself if history is to continue its progress, we insist that it must remain where it is, "be the same more or less."

On the brink of one generalization the author not only has stood but has fallen over. "Man has always flattered himself," he tells us, "that he knew—or was about to know—something that would make his own energy intelligible to itself, but he has invariably found, on

further inquiry, that the more he knew the less he understood. . . . He knew nothing at all! . . . No one knew anything." This is mere dogmatism. The author may speak for himself as to the limits of his own knowledge; he may possibly generalize correctly concerning anthropoid apes; but he has no right to measure the intelligence of his fellow creatures by his own ignorance.

The world has listened with equanimity, so far as it has listened at all, to warnings of philosophers as to the final crack of doom. One tells us that it is the height of imprudence not to see that—after some preliminaries—"the inevitable death of all things will approach with headlong rapidity." Our author inclines to this view, but at first he allows us time to get used to it, if that is any comfort. "Man and beast can, at best, look forward only to a diversified agony of twenty million years"; but it is miserable comfort to know that "at no instant of this considerable period can the professor of mathematics flatter himself or his students with an exclusive or extended hope of escaping imbecility." Still, this leaves a ray of hope to that large part of our race that has always despised mathematics and questioned the pretensions of its professors; but this ray is quickly extinguished. For another authority says, "An insane world is looked forward to by me with certainty in the not far distant future."

Yet even the most stolid of mankind may be startled to hear that the "catastrophe of civilization" is so near at hand as 1921. This date is indicated by the career of the comet of 1843, which is shown by an illustration to have whisked around the sun in twelve hours and flown off into space. Now a comet "resembles Thought in certain respects, since, in the first place, no one knows what it is, which is also true of Thought, and it seems in some cases to be immaterial. . . . If not a Thought, the comet is a sort of brother of Thought, an early condensation of ether itself, as the human mind may be another, traversing the infinite without origin or end, and attracted by a sudden object of curiosity that lies by chance near its path. If such elements are subject to the so-called law of gravitation, no good reason can exist for denying gravitation to the mind."

With this basis, by using the law of squares and some conjectures which space does not allow us to present, the conclusion is reached that Will and Reason "must submit to the final and fundamental necessity of Degradation."

In a review of Mr. Pinmoney's poems, *Punch* says of the most consummate of them, "Here we have the whole philosophy of life and the life hereafter summed up." As this poem also contains in a compendious form the whole of Henry Adams's philosophy, we present it for the use of readers whose time is valuable:

"Man comes
And goes.
What then?
Who knows?"

D. McG. Means

War-Time Reactions

The Call of the Soil. By Adrien Bertrand (Lieutenant Chasseurs Alpins). Translated by J. Lewis May. New York: John Lane Company.

The Judgment of Peace. By Andreas Latzko. Translated by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The Secret Battle. By A. P. Herbert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Up and Down. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

WAR-TIME reactions and experiences are not for the moment of burning interest to most of us. Being no longer agrope among them we should more or less frankly like to put them out of memory for a time. Yet it is certain that their best records are still to come. Most of the immediate literature of the war was, and had to be, shortsighted, fragmentary, and often hysterical, whether with rage or with pity—when it did not cultivate a protective nonchalance, and a kind of hard tonelessness of style, also protective.

"The Call of the Soil," in French "L'Appel du Sol," won the Goncourt prize in 1916. Already it is a little quaint, like, say, a motor-car of that date. It is a story of the emotional order. Like Berger's "Ordeal By Fire," and many other French war novels, it expresses the triumphant merging of individual will and destiny in the service of France. Without going afield in pursuit of larger ideals—the preservation of civilization or democracy, or the vindication of an universal brotherhood—it is content to exalt love of country. It finds in patriotism a motive sufficient to justify if not the war, certainly the French citizen's part in it. The Frenchmen of the story, whatever their rank, or their personal characters, willingly die for France: "the power which guided them all was the call of the soil of France." To those who have faith in the validity of this species of sacrifice, the horrors of war do not cease to exist, but may be accepted like the natural horrors of whirlwind or earthquake. It is only those who see no meaning in war who gloat over its monstrous physical cruelties to the individual. . . . This is not an infallible distinction, after all, as witness "The Test of Scarlet," by W. Coningsby Dawson, than which nothing more naturalistically sanguinary or more romantically sanguine has come out of the war. But it will hold in the main.

Witness "The Judgment of Peace," by Andreas Latzko, a Teuton who significantly inscribes this work "To Romain Rolland, my great compatriot in the love of Man." His earlier war novel was acclaimed by all those who set the hatred of war above the love of anything whatsoever—or rather identify it with the love of humanity. That an Austrian officer in war-time should express so vividly, so furiously, his loathing for war and for the militarist spirit which brought the world to this war, was, to put it vulgarly, nuts for the pacifists. "Men in War" was indeed a fine and impassioned utterance of that *saeva indignatio* of the humanitarian which so ruthlessly visits itself upon all who are not professionally humanitarian. Latzko is an eagle of peace. The air winces under the buffeting of his wings, and echoes with a cry that might be curse or blessing. "The Judgment of Peace" does not release us from the bloody turmoil of "the front."

Here, as was the case in the war-fiction of Barbusse and Duhamel, are pitilessly exposed the squalor and the agony of forced marches, of trench life, of useless raids and unmeaning brutalities. Here, to the confusion or incredulity of non-Teutonic readers, are various incidental allusions to "atrocities" on the part of the Allies, all the more disturbing for being so unstressed. Ill-treatment of prisoners at French hands is alluded to as a matter of course, and as for the wounded: "With the hands of a veritable hangman the hate-maddened French staff surgeon had probed his wound and torn off his bandages. The attendants of both sexes had done their best to equal their commander in patriotic zeal until his vigorous organism had remained victorious and the hated boche had ceased spitting blood and was discharged." How familiar this would sound with the substitution of "Prussian" for "French"! However, there is solace for the other side in the picture of the devoted French Sister, who gives her tears as well as her tireless care to the dying German officer, while his wounded comrades curse him as a traitor for not playing the stoic to the end. . . . Shrill above the author's hatred of war as a crime against humanity rises that familiar note of rage against war for its indifference to the precious individual. Why should anyone so unique, so inviolable as I myself be thrown into the cauldron?

In a very different temper "The Secret Battle" is a study of the injustice of war to the individual. Being the work of a cultivated Englishman, it has the restraint of the famous public-school tradition. It wishes to betray too little rather than too much feeling. Its manner is tense with sympathy, but its matter approaches dryness. Its theme is the tragic fate of an ardent young Briton entangled in the meshes of the

military system. He eagerly offers himself to England at the beginning of the war, with God knows what dreams of heroic service and its attendant glory. At Gallipoli he serves his bitter and disillusionizing apprenticeship in the drab trade of modern warfare. His valor is at first unquestionable, but his fortitude is not proof against the long strain of perilous service and the determined enmity of certain "superior" officers, the one a martinet, the other a slacker, in whose black books chance and malice have placed him. His nerve is broken before a wound sends him home. There, on his recovery, he is urged to accept a safe post. But his doubt of himself drives him back to the front, and this time chance and malice make short work of him. Now the author does not base upon this incident an indictment of warfare so much as record it for what it may be worth. "This book is not an attack on any person, on the death penalty, or on anything else, though if it makes people think about these things, so much the better. I think I believe in the death penalty—I don't know. But I did not believe in Harry being shot. . . . That is the gist of it; that my friend Harry was shot for cowardice—and he was one of the bravest men I knew."

Mr. Benson's "Up and Down" is a study of lighter tone and texture, but it is in no trivial sense of the term that we may call it a comedy of two friends in war-time. May, 1914, to April, 1917, are its containing dates. The scene shifts from Italy to England and back. The older person is (approximately) Mr. Benson himself; the younger a clever and indolent individualist who is perfectly happy in his Italian villa, means to live there always, and speaks of England as an unpleasant place from which he happens to have escaped. In July, 1914, the older friend is in England, and as the war cloud gathers he has a letter from the younger, in which he calls himself "a denationalized individual." He thinks he might fight for Italy—but how could he take arms against Germany, who "taught mankind how to think"? He thinks England ought to be able to keep out of it, though it will be "particularly beastly" there, "with all these disturbances going on." Why doesn't his friend pack his comb and his toothbrush and come back to Alatri? Then in a few days come the facts of England's entry into the war and Italy's declaration of neutrality—and on their heels a letter from our young dilettante, which says simply, "Of course we had to come in when Belgium was invaded. . . . By the way, if it is true that we are sending an Expeditionary Force to France, just send me a wire, will you?" So perishes the denationalized one, while a patriot is born for England. . . . The rest of the book is of less firm texture. The younger friend serves, and dies, though not at the front; and thereafter, by agreement, communicates fragmentarily, through a medium, with the older man.

Upon this episode Mr. Benson bears not too heavily. He believes it possible that on occasion we may be "brought into connection not with the soul of the departed, his real essential personality, but with a piece of his mere mechanical intelligence." . . . "I believe the door between the two worlds not to be locked and barred; certain people—such as we call mediums—have the power of turning the handle and for a little while setting this door ajar. But what do we get when the door is set ajar? Nothing that is significant, nothing that brings us closer to those on the other side. If I had not already believed in the permanence and survival of individual life, I think it more than possible that the accurate and unerring statement of what was in the sealed packet might have convinced me of it. But it brought me no nearer Francis." All of which is worth the consideration of both the bulls and the bears of the spiritualistic, or spiritistic, or psychical exchanges of the hour.

H. W. Boynton

Lessons from the Progress of Science

The Whole Armour of Man. By C. W. Saleeby. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

THE war-like title of this book was suggested no doubt by the author's experiences in the great war, but the conflict that he has in mind is the struggle between man and his adverse environment. The armor with which man must gird his loins is the knowledge furnished by the progress of science. At the end of the book, and in a way as a summing up of the whole truth of the matter, the author quotes almost with reverence the noble address delivered by Pasteur some thirty years ago, a message in which he declared his belief that "Science and peace will triumph over ignorance and war." To this belief the author is glad to give his enthusiastic adherence in spite of the untoward events of recent years.

The book consists for the most part of a series of papers and addresses previously published or delivered and brought together in this volume in a somewhat haphazard form. The author apologizes for this loose arrangement on the plea that the urgency of the matter treated did not permit time for the composition of an "organic volume." Hence the selection and publication of miscellaneous papers which cover the whole field of sanitation and preventive medicine, with something to spare, since he throws in such things as tributes to Carrel and to Horseley and disquisitions upon the evils of speculation and the solution of the world's wheat problem. In spite of this heterogeneity and much repetition, the volume is most readable. The author has a wide knowledge of the biological sciences, which, if not always accurate in details, is sufficiently sound in general; and, added to this, he has in high degree the gift of expression. His English is vigorous and epigrammatic. The latter quality is possibly too much in evidence. The author at times seems to succumb to the temptation to air this gift, as, for example, in his "slams" against the ancient and honorable game of golf, which he characterizes as "not a game but a treatment."

The conservative scientist lacking a personal acquaintance with Dr. Saleeby will infer from his writings that he belongs to that group of whole-souled reformers whose virtuous enthusiasm may make them at times uncertain guides, but there can be no doubt that he possesses to an unusual degree the art of popularizing scientific knowledge. It is a rare gift. The writings of most reformers, especially in matters of public health, are likely to be deadly dull, even though tricked out with a good deal of yellow science. In this country we need very much men who possess the gift to arouse our reading public to a realization of the extraordinary opportunities now available in the application of the results of science to the prevention of disease and death. Dr. Saleeby's breezy essays, although written especially for the British public and applicable in detail only to the conditions there prevailing, are entirely pertinent in general to the conditions existing in this and other civilized countries. In such matters we are all in the same boat. The author is very savage with the English as contrasted with the Scottish public, and particularly with the English politicians, on account of their alleged contempt for science. He finds evidence for this accusation, of course, in the conduct of the war.

He attempts to stimulate his fellow countrymen by pointing out how much better such things are done in France or in this country. But, so far as we are concerned, it is to be feared that the compliment must be passed back to him. In sanitary methods and in social economics we must award first place to Great Britain, and the book under review gives sufficient evidence, perhaps, for this belief. They have a Minister of Health, whom we have not, and the things done, together with the things contemplated, as set down in this book, are of a kind to provoke envy as well as congratulations.

The Run of the Shelves

THE dramatic editor of the Indianapolis *News*, Oliver M. Sayler, visited the theatres of Moscow and Petrograd in the winter of 1917-1918. His book, the "Russian Theatre Under the Revolution" (Little, Brown and Company), is said to give "the first complete record in English of the foremost dramatic movement of our time." In that winter Russia was staging a revolution. A visitor who should choose the moment when a man's house was on fire to inspect his cameos would not be a commonplace person. The exhibitor of cameos under those circumstances would likewise be exceptional. Mr. Sayler found his theatres. Escape from the Russian Revolution, which seems impracticable in Paris or London or New York, appears to be entirely achievable in the stalls and boxes of the Small State Theatre (conservative), which plays Shakespeare and Schilling and Hugo, of the Moscow Art Theatre (liberal), which features Tchekhov, and of the Kamerny Theatre (radical), which plays Kalidasa and Synge and Goldoni and Calderon and Beaumarchais and Benelli (of the "Jest"), and, to the unspeakable delight of the rhapsodic and phosphoric Mr. Sayler, Oscar Wilde's "Salome." A country which can maintain a literary art at the summit of histrionic perfection at a time when famine pinches and discord reddens its capital is a country to whose possibilities it is difficult to fix a bound.

For part of this miracle—that is for the unsurpassed artistic merit of the acting—we are obliged to trust to Mr. Sayler's word. His sincerity is unquestionable, but his temper runs to hyperbole. Moreover, he has the theatrical field in Russia for the moment all to himself—a dangerous privilege. No foreigner is by to check him up, and we suspect him of a tendency to that enlargement of vision and speech to which human nature is prone in the absence of challengers. Monopoly always raises the price of its own wares. His criticism is not daunted by his evident ignorance of the Russian language. In the point of analysis he is easily satisfied. For the acting at the Moscow Art Theatre his formula is "spiritualized realism." Spiritualized realism, at the first glance, would seem, like sentimental or mystic realism, to involve a contradiction in terms. Realism is uncolored fact, and spirituality and sentiment and mysticism are all colorings. Very possibly the point is answerable. No wise man will declare war on a phrase, any more than he will capitulate to one. But should not Mr. Sayler have given us something more than a phrase to make war on or make peace with? Sometimes his remarks (see page 78) reveal that artlessness with which sophistication is now and then so strangely companionable. In spite of all doubts and deductions, Mr. Sayler's book should be read by all students of contemporary drama. If it is not a striking history, it is a spirited and curious novel.

Poe has found much warmer admirers abroad than at home. American critics, from his own day to yesterday, invariably spill a bit of gall in the honey. Foreign recognition, says Brownell, rewards to a disproportionate extent the merits that especially appeal to foreigners. In the case of Poe, these merits, notably the single-eyed preoccupation with beauty, were of a sort which goes straight to the heart of Frenchmen in particular. Baudelaire, perhaps the only other poet in the world who was Poe's euphonic equal, put Poe's verse into marvelous French; and Frenchmen have ever since been charmed by his genius and shocked by his own country's callous ingratitude.

A new book by M. André Fontainas ("La Vie d'Edgar A. Poe": Mercure de France) is a biography of Poe, not a study of his writing. It is an enthusiastic retelling of his pathetic and often noble life, involving a passionate attack on his traducers. Poe was the only champion of art for art in his country and generation. Hence, it was inevitable that the Philistines, the materialists, the preachers, the reformers, all they who love dollars, decorum, or doctrines more dearly than art, should have misunderstood him, disliked him, attacked him, especially in view of his proneness to attack first. It is probable that few Americans can even yet read such a study as this of M. Fontainas with full appreciation, since most Americans are still enrolled in one troop or the other of the army against which poor Poe tilted single-handed. To most of us it makes little difference—since by his zealous biographer's own admission he was discharged from one magazine for drunkenness—whether or not he was dismissed a second or third time for a similar offense. We admire his genius, disapprove of his irregularities, regret sincerely that we have been inclined to exaggerate them, and take national pride in a detail which has apparently made no great impression on his French champion—the fact that, whatever his personal life may have been, and though utterly bare of didacticism, his writings, prose and poetry, are absolutely clean and pure. But for all our Philistinism, we can see that M. Fontainas has written a valuable book, accurate, abreast with the most recent discoveries, and pleasant to read. If we had been given our choice we should have preferred that the twenty-five pages given over to the sentimental poems of Poe's friend, Mrs. Whitman, had been devoted to a continuation of the, to us, much more interesting main subject in hand. Otherwise, the book is well-planned and skilfully executed.

In compiling the volume "Great Artists and Their Works by Great Authors" (Boston: Marshall Jones Company), Professor Alfred Mansfield Brooks has hit on an excellent idea. Excluding, in the main, artists' utterances, and giving rather little from professional art critics, he gleans general literature for comments on art in general, the particular arts, or individual artists and masterpieces. Thus he brings together for the use and pleasure of the art lover many significant passages which would otherwise escape him. So far as it goes, the book is acceptable, but the principle of selection seems pretty casual, and the omissions are disquieting. If it was worth while to collect a number of Goethe's rather commonplace observations on art, surely such real critics as Lessing, Winckelmann, and Schopenhauer should have been considered. The French list is blank as regards Diderot, Gautier, Taine, and Zola, not to mention the notable romantic, Baudelaire. On the English side why lug in Lord Leighton and George Clausen, when Rossetti, W. E. Henley, and R. A. M. Stevenson are ignored? To substitute in a second edition extracts from these writers for the present superabundance of Ruskin would remedy its somewhat parochial flavor.

"Lettres d'un Soldat" (Paris: Chapelot) first appeared in 1916 and has gone through several editions. It immediately attracted attention in both England and America, and two separate translations were brought out in 1917 by two different houses and under two different titles. Here the book was called "A Soldier of France to His Mother" (McClurg), in England, "Letters of a Soldier" (Constable); and now, oddly enough, a second London edition, newly translated and with still another title—"Letters from a French Soldier to His Mother"—appears from still another London publisher—Alexander Moring. It is also surprising that the present editor and translator still leaves the authorship of this book cloaked in anonymity, although it has been publicly admitted by the family for a year or more that these remarkable letters are from the pen of Sergeant Eugène Lemercier, an artist-soldier of great talent, killed on the Western front. Furthermore, his mother, also an artist and the one to whom the letters are addressed, is now engaged in making a selection from all of her son's writings which will be published next year in America, accompanied by a biographical introduction and a number of reproductions of the artist's best work.

Of Woodpiles

WE were walking, the poet and I, past a low white farm house and a tall red barn. Between the two was a woodpile, a noble one, ten or fifteen cords of straight, clean maple, hickory, oak, and birch.

"There's a handsome woodpile for you!" I exclaimed.

Even as I spoke, I was conscious that I had said something of the sort before. The poet had not forgotten it; he turned a curious eye on me.

"What are you so interested in woodpiles for?"

I found it hard to explain in a word. "Aren't you?" I countered.

"No more than in piles of coal," he returned, and with the word he forfeited all my poetic faith.

When I got home, I took up the emaciated volume he had given me, and discovered that he is in the habit of attaching a set of rather pale emotions to characters one seldom meets outside the appendix to the classical dictionary; I doubt, for example, whether he is to this day more than "half assuaged for Itylus" (whoever Itylus was). My heart does not leap up for such as these, but it warms to a woodpile. If I had ever with my own hands inducted a ton of coal from its lair to my hearth and warmed myself by its heat, I might love a coal pile as I do a woodpile, but I doubt it—I think it much more likely that I should hate it. I have toiled over woodpiles when the flesh was weary, but the spirit did not revolt. I have followed steep trails, and no trails, among the high snows with a heavy pack from dawn till "barely time to make camp," and down to timber-line with every muscle aching. I should have been glad to spread my blanket and let someone else rustle the night's supply of wood, and cook supper. But in the end, after putting my last ounce of energy into every log I brought in, when with a full stomach and a full pipe I watched the sparks eddy upwards among the pine tops and the stars, then the woodpile was not the smallest item in the sum of self-congratulation over the day's achievement, and scarcely less agreeable to contemplate than the fire.

My feeling for woodpiles has a background with which the poet's experience did not supply him. I am an amateur if you like, but I am a veteran. Under paternal supervision, I began early in life on a load of cottonwood logs from the head of the canyon. On them I worked hard, not for money, but because Jim Corbett was training just then with a bucksaw. There are years vacant of woodpiles between that time and the conveyance to me and my heirs of sundry acres (be the same more or less) of sprout land on the New England hillside where I still swing my axe, but always my devotions have been as steady as fate would allow. I do not boast of accomplishment worth while in itself, but merely of experience that makes the woodpile, which to the poet was nothing more, to me a stimulus to the imagination and a delight to the eye.

First, doubtless, for its flattering testimony to worthy accomplishment. The man is not human who, after a day with the axe, does not smoke his evening pipe in the presence of his woodpile to estimate in complacence the well-earned increment. In sympathy or emulation his spirit echoes the experience when he sees another man's woodpile. To Thoreau, the feeling was almost enough in itself to justify the accumulation of firewood. At the woodpile stage of the process he felt that he had had all the pleasure he was entitled to, and for any further glow to be obtained from his fuel he must render account in the form of tasks sternly done in the warmth of his fire. 'Tis the voice of the Puritan, the word of the miser. Thoreau is not of the true fraternity of axe and saw, for the woodpile teaches no creed of asceticism, but releases its treasure to whosoever will come. He was a miser if the accumulation of goods as a means became to him in itself an end. And to borrow a turn from one who had ever an answer ready for the Puritan: If to burn mine own wood freely be a sin, God help the wicked. If you cut your own wood, your fire can hardly beguile you to unearned idleness, and there can be nothing wrong with the man who in contemplation of his woodpile anticipates ease, or before his fire remembers industry. I like to meet the sticks on my hearth as old friends, and to recall former meetings. "I remember you well," I say to a gummy stick of wild cherry; "you are more affable than when I saw you last. I found you difficult of approach as you stood in the angle of the wall." Of course, almost any stick is companionable in the atmosphere of the fireplace, but those you have brought up yourself are always the most so. They are like college students as their teachers see them, sometimes a bit difficult when you are licking them into shape, but warmly responsive as you meet them later.

In days of exile the woodpile stood among the fondest of memories. Traveling inland from Brest on a raw January day, not a few of my shivers were anticipatory as I saw the woodpiles of Brittany and Normandy, bundles of twigs that no American would feel that he could afford to handle except to burn as slashings, hoarded like counted money against the winter's firing. In Paris as I paid seven francs a basket for wood that at home I should not have wasted time in cutting except for riddance, and burned it in a tiny roll-top fireplace, I fondly dreamed of the woodshed I had so warmly lined with solid sticks before I left home. At a hospital camp in Burgundy I saw the only woodpile that looked real to an American eye. A trainload of firewood had backed in on the camp siding, and squads of husky doughboys were pitching it off—the air was thick with it; it fell in a huge drift nearly as big as the train. It was poor stuff by American standards, but at least it was cordwood, and I took off my hat to the S. O. S. with something like my first realization of how highly France prized our help; nowhere did I see her burning such wood to keep herself warm. A few days later I learned the feel of a French axe. Three of us out for a walk came upon a peasant felling a poplar beside a ditch. We gave him cigarettes, took his axe, and worked by turns, two talking with him of his service and his wounds while one chopped. The axe had a long, narrow bit and straight helve; it drove like a chisel into the narrow cut, wasting little in chips and stumpage. We met its owner afterwards on many a white road thereabout, and always had from him a cheerful password of the universal brotherhood of the woodpile.

It was a serviceable axe and a thrifty, but I missed the sinuous, slender helve of my own "weapon shapely, naked, wan." Give me a blade that suggests the concave of a razor, and a helve of at least twenty-eight inches with no treacherous cross-grain to weaken its double curve. An axe like a pendulum has its rhythm according to its length, and if it does not suit me I can not keep step with it. With an axe that fits, a proper stance, and the right swing, chopping is not heavy or exhausting work. The feeling is that of controlling rather than exerting force, like swinging a weight round your head by a string. After the lift and poise, a twist of trunk and shoulders give the axe its planetary motion and speed; the arms hold it to its arc, muscles stretched taut by the centrifugal pull as if they were an extension of the helve, but neither they nor the grip may have the slightest rigidity. As in golf, do not "push" to gain force, but drive the bit deep by a flick of the wrists at the end of the stroke. Thus you may chop all day with a merry heart, laying each cut to a hair where you want it to fall, leaving the end of each stick as clean as if you had sheared it with a single blow. And when you read in your "red-blood" novel of what the hero performs "with a few well-directed blows of his axe" you will wonder whether the novelist knows as well as you do whereof he speaks. As you pile the freshly cut sticks, you become aware that the rows of upturned ends present a rather odd view of your wood-lot in cross section; almost as if you could see your village with the ends of the houses removed. Here are the intimate life-histories of

the trees revealed in the tale of the concentric rings, stories of poverty-stricken years you never suspected, hoarded wealth you never knew, healed scars and hidden wounds, secrets of the birth of new branches, and revelations of the means of supporting them from the parent trunk.

Of the wood-lot in winter, normally its busy season, I have not had full experience. I know, indeed, the austere joy of a brilliant morning with the mercury near to zero, the air twinkling with snow-sparks, electric to sight and touch, when even double mittens can not protect finger-tips from aches as poignant as ever haunted a tooth—but as Uncle Everett, my neighbor philosopher, sagely remarks, "S'long as they keep on a-hurtin', you know they ain't relly damaged much," and you swish your saw *prestissimo* to drive the blood into every last extremity. Here the woodpile is as neat between its upright stakes as a box of dominos, till there comes the slow creaking sled and its "dumb old servitor" to bear it at a foot pace down the hillside, down the valley, to the scene of its translation into ashes and ethereal parts. But most often I must cut my wood out of season, in summer when it is heavy with sap. A morning in a tiny cubicle which represents "the study" at camp, at monk-like labor laying words end to end, brings me to the limit of my endurance. With axe and saw I retire to my laboratory where trees too thickly congregate. The sun slants shafts of powdered gold through the greenery overhead; the song of the woodthrush ripples the placid air; jay and chickadee cock beady eyes at my proceedings, one squawks derision, the other pipes companionship. I spy through the shot-windows of my high room tiny vistas framed in leaves, the far curve of a hill's bosom to the north, or a brush-point of Chinese white representing a church spire down the valley to the west. Here in reflective peace I fell gray birch and redundant maple, or plot and execute engineering feats to reduce the trunk of a big blighted chestnut. I hear a cautious rustling, and a terrier's towzled face peers round a laurel bush. He rejoices on me with flying paws and quivering tail, then retires beyond range of the chips. Next come small bipeds, proprietors and managers of the dog, and there follow endless tea-drinking ceremonies with clean chips and stumps, much sitting on logs and talking of things in general with observations on the theory of tittlebats. If there is the less wood cut, there is the more left standing.

With the saw as with the axe, "easy does it," or in Uncle Everett's words, "It's all right ter try 's hard 's you've a min'ter, but it ain't no use ter try no harder than ye kin." "Best recipe I know," he told me, "ter keep a saw runnin' smooth, is ter slip it back 'n forth through a log a little while every day." No stick ever pinches his saw, for he has the only perfect sawbuck, an old scarred veteran that looks like the vaulting horse in the gymnasium, with hickory pegs set solidly in its back to hold the log as in a mitre-box. Next best is one you may make but can not buy, with three X-shaped supports so spaced that your stick is held firm its whole length and can not sag where you saw it. If you would know comfort, make this creature with legs so long that when you have set it a foot in the ground for rigidity it is still high enough not to kink your back. For a saw, get a "one-man cross-cut" with teeth like a shark's, and you will find sawing a contemplative recreation, for you may handle your saw as lightly as a fiddle-bow with no fear of its sticking, and discharging your batteries of nervous energy in crackles of profanity.

My fireplaces are genially catholic in their tastes. I could call over the whole catalogue of the trees and find scarce one, however commonly despised for firewood, of which they have not at one time or another made good use. Of elm, for example, I have never heard a good word spoken, but I have had praiseworthy service from it as a green backlog "to hold the fire." Its unpopularity is due to its tough, interwoven fibre which makes it almost impossible to split, and slow to season. Of blighted chestnut I have burned my share or a bit more, and well I know its skill in high-angle bombardment with incendiary sparks. It does not suit all moods, for it makes of sitting by the fire a lively, hilarious game instead of a period of innocuous coma. Use your chestnut sticks with discretion; put one on the fire when you have a caller who needs periodical awakening—he will talk fast enough when a cubic inch of red-hot charcoal lands in his lap, and will display great agility in hunting sparks off the rug while you apologize for the misbehavior of your fire. Of course, the best wood for other purposes is also the best wood to burn. Hickory seldom comes on my andirons, but rock maple is nearly as good, burning with an intense, steady glow to a fleecy white ash. But gray birch, almost useless for anything else, is the staple of my woodpile when I go after firewood *per se*. If it burns fast, it is also fast to grow and fast to cut, and to take it out of one's woods is as good a deed as to weed the garden. The trouble is that cutting only encourages it; Hydra is a pale figure for its performances at producing in incalculable ratio many heads for every one you lop. Pear, cherry, and apple, when bad luck in the orchard brings them to the hearth, make the best of fires, slow-burning, but with abundant, steady heat. Oak and ash, butternut and poplar, even tag alder and pussy willow, I have burned them all as chance and change have brought them under the axe, and all, whatever their faults, give out warmth and glow, and provide excellent wood-ashes for garden and lawn.

Breathes there the man who does not deem himself competent above all others to manage his fire; who is not jealous of it as of his honor at the hands of another? So I feel about my fire, and scarcely less so about my woodpile. To carry heavy loads of wood with aching arms from the shed to the study is no joy, but even when I have the choice, I do it myself rather than leave it to one who does not understand the blending of firewood. He will bring it to me all green or all dry, all birch or all chestnut. The result is either no fire at all, or else a fire that is about as comforting as a cocktail made by a man to whom all bottles look alike. Besides, I like to keep an eye on my woodpile in its waning no less than its waxing. Even now I have more words laid up than cordwood; I ground my axe yesterday, and I know where stands a wild cherry tree that is waiting its chance to corrupt the orchard with caterpillars.

ROBERT P. UTTER

Music

"The Birthday of the Infanta"—D'Erlanger's "Aphrodite"

THE end of the short season at the Lexington was more sensational than important. Apart from two ballets, by Americans, and some remarkable singing by Titta Ruffo, Bonci, and others in old-fashioned operas, it brought the production (the first performance in this country) of Camille d'Erlanger's much advertised "Aphrodite." Before touching on the work last named, a few words about the new American ballets.

In "Boudour," Felix Borowski, the Chicago critic, proved his ability to compose vivacious music for a theme which, although modified and changed in various ways, was plainly suggested by the Russian ballet, "Scheherazade." Technically, Mr. Borowski did credit to himself. But he said nothing new.

Vastly more interesting, musically and in other ways, was "The Birthday of The Infanta"—a charming and effective reconstruction, in ballet form, of one of Oscar Wilde's most fanciful tales for children. The creator of this very dainty dance-poem was John Alden Carpenter (like Mr. Borowski, of Chicago). He had himself arranged the plot to suit his purpose, while Adolph Bolm, the Russian, had devised the dances.

Nothing that our composers have in-

vented has been more satisfying than "The Birthday of the Infanta," which, by the by, is Mr. Carpenter's first effort to write music for the operatic stage. It gives one hope of even better things to come—perhaps good operas. The story that it tells concerns the love of the grotesque and tragic Pedro for the young Princess, before whom he dances. To reward him, the Princess sends him a gift which he construes into a sign of love. His broken heart and death wind up the tale. Incidentally, we have light and amusing dances, quaint pageants, and costumes such as Velasquez has immortalized. Above all, we have a burlesque bull fight in an improvised Plaza de Toros and, at the end of the first scene (there are two scenes in Mr. Carpenter's witching ballet), a pageant, full of monstrously hooped skirts and lights and color.

In his score Mr. Carpenter has expressed many moods with unusual eloquence; some humorous, others dainty, graceful or tragical. His music has subtility and elegance. It is sometimes brilliant, often sad and haunting. The most serious charge that can be brought against it (and that must be brought) is that it is not always really new and personal. In one episode the composer quotes Debussy with too much subserviency. In another he harks back to the "Carmen" and "L'Arlésienne" of Bizet.

The success of the whole work was much enhanced by two stage scenes—each of them simple to a fault and very modern—invented by Robert Edmond Jones. The first showed a conventional outer court or garden, with a mountainous background. The second gave a hint of the interior of a gloomy chapel. Each picture seemed to harmonize with the moods of Wilde and his interpreter. Each was a model of unforced and fitting taste.

If stage pictures of themselves could kill an opera, those which distressed the eye in the "Aphrodite" of d'Erlanger would have been deadly. They were crude and rude, and very "cheap" indeed. But they were good enough as accessories in the performance of a worthless work.

The interest of the public had been whetted by the high prices charged for the rather doubtful privilege of hearing the opera. And many who attended the performance doubtless did so hoping for scandalous improprieties. Nor can they have been greatly disappointed. The operatic version of the story by Pierre Louys, now familiar to the general public in another and much more spectacular form, through the entertainment now on view at the Century Theatre, is quite unabashed and odiously frank. I need hardly say that it revolves around Chrysis, the courtesan, who, as the price of her sophisticated favors, forces Demetrics, her lover, to commit murder and sacrilege. As to details, there are analogies between "Thaïs," "The Jewels of the Madonna," and "Aphrodite." But, in the opera of d'Erlanger, things are far more cynically harped on than in the other works.

The composer's setting is strangely futile—a vague and tame rehash of Massenet and Charpentier, devoid, except in the long overture, or introduction, and at moments in the lascivious orgy served up as a ballet of inspiration. A Temple scene and a brutal Crucifixion episode, contrived for the opera, were omitted. For this most in the audience should have felt grateful to the Chicago management. A closing scene—a sort of epilogue—in which two sister courtesans of the seductive Chrysis were seen sorrowing at her grave, after she had expiated her ill deeds by drinking poison, might also have been spared us. It was rank anti-climax. No analysis of the music is called for. Only by the least musical and most debased in taste will it be remembered, except with weariness.

The one redeeming feature in the performance of "Aphrodite" at the Lexington was Mary Garden, who sang the difficult and often exacting rôle of the ignoble but quite irresistible heroine with charm and expression. Miss Garden was a picture of half-veiled and unveiled loveliness. She had dressed (I use the term for the sake of decency) the part most conscientiously. So far as the chief character was concerned, no one could grumble.

Edward Johnson, the American tenor, was less romantic and less lyrical than he might have been as Demetrios; and, in a minor part, Marie Claessens sang impressively.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Drama

Problem-Plays in New York

RACHEL CROTHERS IN "HE AND SHE"—LIONEL BARRYMORE IN "THE LETTER OF THE LAW."

IT is very difficult to stage a play in one's brain. I had read Miss Rachel Crothers' "He and She" with sympathy, in 1917; I read it two weeks ago with a pleasure which my occupancy of a sick-bed at the moment did not blur. I thought it a genuine, though chastened and reticent, stage-play. My surprise was accordingly great to discover that on the boards of the Little Theatre the play visibly blanched and pined. I still nurse the hope that the guilt lay in the cast rather than the play. The actors, inexpert as a group, saw that the play was quiet, feared that a quiet play might drowse, and hallooed and whistled to keep it awake. The great mistake, however, lay in the decision of Miss Rachel Crothers to impersonate her own heroine. The artist and mother which Miss Crothers, the author, had put into Ann Herford, Miss Crothers, the actress, was unable to re-discover or reclaim. Ann Herford is a sculptor, a shaper of things with the hands, and I have never known an acted part that seemed to me so obviously manipulated. There was plenty of study and determination; there was no substance on which that study and determination could effectually act. In the final effect there was something hungry and grasping which belonged neither to Ann Herford nor, in all probability, to Miss Crothers, but to Miss Crothers' convulsive but imperfect hold upon her part. It is unlucky for "He and She" that its subject should have been anticipated, not in composition but performance, by one of the eminent stage-successes of the season in New York, Mr. James Forbes' "Famous Mrs. Fair."

Both these plays deal gravely with a timely and serious problem—the relation of executive or artistic force in woman to the claims of motherhood. War-work in Mrs. Fair's case, sculpture in Mrs. Herford's, detach the mother temporarily from the child. The daughters rush into unimaginable follies, and are saved in the end by the mothers' passionate repudiation of every claim except the claim of contrite and self-spurning motherhood. This conduct is dramatically sound; the trouble is that, in seeming at least, the cry of an impassioned heart in the exaltation of a critical moment is presented as the final solution of a difficult and many-sided problem.

You may draw from "He and She" a thesis that is sound and tame, that in a conflict between motherhod and art the claims of motherhood are first. You may also put its thesis in a form which is bold, interesting, certainly questionable, and probably false, that no mother has the right to be a sculptor. It is not the first time that the problem-drama offers us the sorry choice between a sound but futile generality and a vivid but untrustworthy particular. To grant the priority of motherhood in case of conflict is not to grant that conflict is inevitable. In nine cases out of ten what is wanted is not heroism, but common sense, not sacrifice, but wise accommodation. Drama insists on the tenth case; that is its right as drama; the tenth case, the extreme case, is its property. If it wrote "Tenth Case" over its play, its conduct would be quite honest and quite harmless, but the more it poses as social instructor, the harder and harder do such acknowledgments become. Social science insists on the middle case, the type-case; that is its right as social science. What is left for drama, in its rôle of social philosopher, to do except to declare that the extreme case is typical?

(*Continued on page* 264)

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(*Continued from page* 262)

Miss Crothers proves her theorem by a special case the particulars of which are, of course, absolutely at her own disposal. But even here her embarrassments are great. The mother sends her daughter to boarding-school. Miss Crothers, however, has to reckon with an audience that knows that girls are sent to boarding-schools by mothers who are not sculptors, and are very good mothers indeed. What is left? The sculptor-mother refuses to let her daughter come home for the Easter vacation, and in this invaluable fortnight the Devil and Miss Crothers get in their work. The girl is at the school, and we get forward only on assumption that girls are unsafe in vacation in the same places and hands in which they are safe in school-time. But we are thankful to get forward at all. The girl's brains have next to be immolated to the thesis, and one regrets that in a drama which sets out to prove that friezes are worth less than girls, the frieze should be excellent and the girl vapid. I will not follow the case into all its details; the difficulties, as I think, are plain. Miss Crothers herself is less to blame than the disparity between drama and social science, the difficulty of adjusting an art which is anything but discriminative to the necessities of a science of which discrimination is the soul. The trouble lies in the fact that drama, if it teaches to any purpose, must teach common sense, and that the business of common sense in this unromantic world is to destroy the occasions for drama.

Eugène Brieux is one of the most honest men alive, and the hope of a decent, kind, and upright France, which might be clouded by a perusal of his works, is rekindled by the thought of their author. The retort to Brieux's France is—Brieux. The largeness of his spirit is finely evident in the hand reached out to America in "Les Américains chez Nous," from which the February number of *La France* has reprinted a discerning extract. The man is half artist, half dramatist, wholly crusader. Such a rôle might have made a German, possibly an Englishman, intolerably heavy; but this man sprang of a vivacious and dramatic race, and, if Brieux himself be a trifle solid, France is sprightly even in Brieux. He has given himself to the problem-play with a Dickensian mixture of artlessness and energy, and some of his work reveals the peril of a combination of drama and science both in the weight which it takes from science and the weight which it adds to drama. One might wish, perhaps, that the scope of Brieux's attack on social evils had been less extensive. It is hard to believe that a man whose work proves that he was half a novice in his own specialty was an expert in a dozen other fields. The combination of philosopher and dramatist may sometimes evade the censure which either part would severally attract. Has he defects in knowledge? We excuse them in a dramatist. Has he blunders in dramatic art? They are venial in a philosopher.

Brieux's art is best when simplest; the "Red Robe," inaptly called the "Letter of the Law" in the English rendering at the Criterion, is a play of large area—and, what is more to be dreaded—ill-defined frontiers. It is a large, loose, decentralized attempt to prove that the French judiciary—impenetrable to gold—is pervious to every other species of corruption. Its power is less the power of a play than of a speech; Brieux is the prosecutor of the whole judiciary. Narrative of a kind is present, but there is no current in the narrative; it loses itself in the exposition as a stream merges in a pond.

A further difficulty arises from the fact that there are primary and secondary interests in the play, and that the interests which are primary in importance are secondary in power. At the end a judge is stabbed by a peasant woman, and his colleagues, pouring in from the corridor, exclaim: "Another vacancy." Murder is subordinated to epigram. It is as if Brieux had taken up the dagger reddened by the crime, and slit an envelope with the still dripping edge. In the second act, likewise, a man accused of murder is examined by a magistrate. Brieux's eye, the play's eye, is on the prosecutor, but who can persuade an audience to look at a magistrate when a cutthroat, real or supposititious, is in the field of view? A lighter treatment, a treatment modeled on that of Gogol in the "Inspector-General" or perhaps on that of Le Sage in "Turcaret," would have been deadlier in the end. Indeed, in this play, the rare comic strokes are the strokes of power. In Madame Vagret a society that eats, drinks, and breathes promotion is caricatured, and its passage into caricature completes the proof of its reality.

An inoffensive and uninteresting cast, to which Miss Doris Rankin and Mr. Charles White impart vigor in certain episodes of peasant life, need not arrest us in our passage to Mr. Lionel Barrymore's exuberantly sordid Mouzon. Mouzon is a vulgar rascal; the actor's task is to make him odious, yet keep him tolerable; and Mr. Barrymore's success in this ticklish enterprise is considerable. He made Mouzon despicable, yet protected him from our contempt. The original point in Mouzon is that he is both jovial and stony; or, if the reader pleases, he is hard and unctuous like a waxed floor. In the rendering of this combination Mr. Barrymore was happy; he even put shading into a character to which Brieux has not been liberal of shades. Mr. Barrymore's Mouzon is a really able performance. Whether ability spent on such an object is finally remunerative is a point on which I can not free my mind from indecision.

O. W. FIRKINS

The Advertisees

YOU know them, of course. Every magazine devotes pages and pages to them; you are sure to find some member of the family in any newspaper you may pick up. They are the Advertisees.

It was my good fortune to visit them during the printers' strike recently. Many of them were taking their first vacation in years, and time hung heavily on their hands. But they were happy, very happy, so happy that they seemed not quite—well, you know.

Grandfather met me at the door. As he opened the door he rattled the knob proudly and said, "It locks." I remembered that that was the slogan of the Yell & Pound Lock Company. (A rival firm had been campaigning with the slogan "It unlocks." Grandfather did not approve of this.)

I had been walking fast. "Rather warm," I remarked as we entered the sitting-room.

"Ah, not if you wear Neverich Underwear. See?" He rolled up his trousers to show me. At that moment practically the whole family trooped down the stairs, and like a well-trained chorus, shouted, "So do we! We wear Neverich." Smiling, they surrounded me and started to undress. I assured them that I could believe without seeing. And I was relieved when Father slapped me on the back and exclaimed heartily, "You are just in time for dinner. Come in and sit down with us."

I followed him into the dining-room and took my place at a large table. As I pulled back my chair to sit down, it slid from my hand and caromed across the floor.

"Oh, I should have told you before," Mother apologized. "All of our chairs are fitted with Nobs of Noiselessness. 'They glide.'"

Thinking that I might not believe her, the rest of the family coasted about the room on their chairs until I began to fear a collision and begged them to stop.

With indelible cheerfulness they gradually composed themselves, and a servant in a handsome livery brought in a silver tureen and set it on the table. Father raised the cover and beamed with satisfaction as the steam floated up. "I eat Macpherson's Macerated Mushine," he murmured devoutly. "I also," added Grandfather, who looked exactly like Father except that his hair was white. "I have always used Macpherson's Macerated Mushine," echoed Baby, who

(*Continued on page* 266)

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W. A. DAY
President

(*Continued from page 264*)
looked exactly like Grandfather except that he didn't have any hair.

I was given a large plate of the tasteless, colorless stuff, and as I was endeavoring to choke down a hunk of it I became alarmed at the apearance of Aunt Clara, who sat opposite me. I had never seen any one so haggard and emaciated; her skin was yellow and there were dark circles about her eyes. For a moment I expected her to faint, but she summoned strength enough to reach for a glass of water. Dropping a blue pill into it, she gasped "Before," and drank. Immediately her cheeks grew pink and plump, her gray hair turned to gold, and crying "After!" in a triumphant tone, she dashed to the sideboard and wrote a testimonial.

Cousin Ralph was late. He came in just as Baby was pleading, "More Mushine, please. And be sure that it is Macpherson's. Seven thousand eminent physicians state that it can not harm the growing child."

Ralph dashed into the room with his face half lathered, and a safety razor in his hand. When he saw me he grinned and shouted, "It shaves!" All the family applauded; Ralph says such clever things, and he has appeared on the back-cover of every magazine in the country.

"My dear," said Grandmother to little Bobby, "you may run the Simpo Washing Machine. 'A child can operate it.'"

"Oh, thank you," said little Bobby, "and may I develop my power and personality in ten days, if I be good?"

Grandmother's reply was interrupted by a confusion in the hall. Edythe, the eldest daughter, the beauty of the family, entered and flung her arms about Father.

"Why, darling," Father exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"I asked for a tube of Molar Sunshine."

"Naturally," commented Father. "We use no other brand."

"But this brute, this scoundrel, offered me something he said was 'just as good.' *He tried to sell me a substitute!*"

"Good Lord!" Father jumped to his feet in anger. "It's a crime against your honor and your copyright! The fiend! I'll get him for this."

Murmuring something about "the unwritten law," he started for the door, brandishing a revolver.

"Be careful with that gun!" I cried.

He stopped and turned to me with the same benevolent smile he had worn a few moments before. His old habit had conquered his new passion.

"There's no danger with this revolver," he explained. "It's a Hitt & Missen Automatic, and it's perfectly safe. You can jiggle the trigger. 'It won't shoot.' For sale at all dealers."

WEARE HOLBROOK

Books and the News

Turkey

ONCE more the Turkish Empire seems to be drawing back into Asia, and again its claws cling around Constantinople. Will our Allies permit this? Can the American Executive, whose prestige is so diminished, prevent it? The severest indictment of Turkey can be found in the histories of Armenia (some of which were named in this department of the *Review* on November 1, 1919), but a few books on Turkey will be interesting now. Many of them are by writers influenced by the romantic charm of the East, or by the amiability of the people they knew, and these, if read alone, without the antidote of history—especially the history of Armenia—do not lead to clear thinking on international politics. One may be too far from a country and its people to see the truth—or too near. Witness a number of learned gentlemen in America who were unable to see anything evil in the events in Belgium in 1914-15, because they viewed affairs through a prismatic glass created for them by an hour or two at the Kaiser's luncheon table, where the food was evidently good and the Imperial host most condescending. So the romantic writers upon the charm of the Orient must be salted with the bitter salt of historical fact.

A brief history of Turkey is Stanley Lane-Poole's "Story of Turkey" (Putnam). A longer, older work is the "History of the Ottoman Turks," by E. S. Creasy, which derives from the learned German, von Hammer Purgstall. Two commentaries upon recent history are F. G. Aflalo's "Regilding the Crescent" (Lippincott, 1911), concerning the results of the revolution prior to the great war, and E. F. Benson's indictment, "The Crescent and Iron Cross" (Doran, 1918).

For the history, family life, and religion of the Ottomans, as well as of other races in the Turkish Empire, there is Sir Edwin Pears's "Turkey and Its People" (Methuen, 1911). The writings of Lucy Garnett upon Turkey are important. They include "Turkish Life in Town and Country" (Putnam, 1904), "The Turkish People" (Methuen, 1909), for the social and domestic life, and "Turkey of the Ottomans" (Scribner). In "Turkey and the Turks" (Pott, 1911) Z. D. Ferriman describes the people, their life, and customs. Stanwood Cobb takes a favorable view in "The Real Turk" (Pilgrim Press, 1914). Sidney Whitman's "Turkish Memories" (Scribner, 1914) tells of his visits to Turkey between 1896 and 1908, with historical chapters for that period, and comments upon the land and the people.

Two famous stylists have described Constantinople—Edmondo De Amicis in his "Constantinople" (Putnam) and Théophile Gautier in a book with the same title. Both books have been rendered into English. Three recent writers upon the Sultan's capital are H. G. Dwight, whose "Constantinople, Old and New" (Scribner, 1915), is interesting and well illustrated; W. H. Hutton, who, in "Constantinople: the Story of the Old Capital of the Empire" (Dent, 1900), has written a brief and attractive history (it is in the Medieval Towns Series), and Alexander Van Millingen, whose "Constantinople" (Black, 1906) is also notable for colored pictures by Warwick Goble. Art, architecture, history, and travel are combined in Anna Bowman Dodd's "In the Palaces of the Sultan" (Dodd, 1903).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Aranha, Graca. Canaan. Translated from the Portuguese by Mariano J. Lorente. Introd. by G. Ferrero. Four Seas Co. $2 net.
Bain, F. W. The Substance of a Dream. Putnam.
Brooks, Charles S. Luca Sarto. Century. $1.75 net.
Daviess, Maria T. The Matrix. Century.
Hewlett, Maurice. The Outlaw. Dodd, Mead.
Hutten, Baroness von. Happy House. Doran.
MacNamara, Brinsley. The Clanking of Chains. Brentano's.
McKenna, Stephen. Sheila Intervenes. Doran.
Miln, Louise J. Mr. Wu. Stokes. $1.75 net.
Serao, Matilde. Souls Divided.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Aslan, Kevork. Armenia and the Armenians. Macmillan. $1.25.
Boswell, A. B. Poland and the Poles. Dodd, Mead.
Firkins, O. W. Jane Austen. Holt. $1.75.
Pepper, Chas. M. The Life and Times of Henry Gassaway Davis. Century.
Van der Essen, Léon. A Short History of Belgium. Univ. of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC

Huneker, James. Bedouins. Scribner. $2 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Brasol, Boris. Socialism vs. Civilization. Scribner. $2 net.
Goricar, Joseph, and Stowe, Lyman Beecher. The Inside Story of Austro-German Intrigue. Doubleday, Page.
Keynes, J. M. The Economic Consequences of the Peace. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Lippman, Walter. Liberty and the News. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Lynd, Robert. Ireland, A Nation. Dodd, Mead.
Montgomery, R. H. Excess Profits Tax Procedure, 1920. Ronald Press.
The American Labor Year Book, 1919-1920 Vol. III. Edited by Alexander Trachtenberg Rand School of Social Science. $2 net.
York, Thomas. Foreign Exchange: Theory and Practice. Ronald Press.

LITERATURE

McFayden, Donald. The History of the Title Imperator Under the Roman Empire University of Chicago Press.

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BY the time this issue of the *Review* reaches our readers the treaty vill probably have arrived at the inal stage of failure in the Senate. That faint possibility which, two veeks ago, we pointed out has not developed, as indeed there was little eason to hope that it would. On neither side of the quarrel has there been manifested any trace of that argeness of mind which befits the ssue, and for the lack of which the ountry has been dragged through an xperience upon which one can not eflect without a feeling of shame almost as deep as of regret. It ought ot to be necessary for the *Review* to xplain that in saying this we do not mpute low aims or dishonest purose to those whose position was at ither extreme or in the middle. What we do mean is that, from whatver standpoint the subject may be viewed, those upon whom the duty chiefly rested of bringing matters to some kind of tolerable conclusion in a reasonable time fell shockingly far below any respectable standard of statesmanlike conduct. The President's arrogant and offensive attitude, and his failure to bring to bear upon the question any resources either of argument or of conciliation, form one side of the picture. The meaningless shiftings of position, and the absence of the essentials of leadership, on the part of Senator Lodge form another side, on which it is hardly pleasanter to dwell. There were deeper elements in the case, to be sure. The discussion of these may be postponed until the final result has actually been recorded. In the meanwhile, one can but be filled with mortification at the story so far as it has gone, while cherishing a faint glimmer of hope that the end of it may prove other than now seems certain.

THE ease and swiftness with which the counter-revolution at Berlin was put through has proved to be no evidence of its strength. The plot was evidently well engineered, and was carried out with all the advantage of the discipline and skill which the Prussian militarists have so abundantly at their command. But they seem once more to have underestimated the power of the human factors against which they are arrayed. If, as seems highly probable, they counted on powerful support from the Socialist extremists who hated the moderate Ebert régime for reasons opposite to their own, they have been disappointed in their sinister calculation. In the chief German states other than Prussia they encountered immediately the resistance of the established Governments. As for the masses of the German people in general, it seems clear that they are ready to use against the Junkers the weapon of the strike, a weapon peculiarly powerful in the present economic condition of Germany. As we go to press, the indications are that the Ebert Government will put up an uncompromising fight, with the prospect of a speedy dislodgment of the usurpers.

"AN overdue attempt" the Junker party's coup d'état was called in the proclamation issued by the new Government. Overdue it may have been from the standpoint of internal politics, for the militarists might have made an even more successful haul, perhaps, in the troubled waters of last year's labor unrest, when the Spartacans seemed not averse to an alliance with the reaction. But in the light of the international situation the adventure seems rather immature than overdue. Dr. Kapp and his associates chose a most inopportune moment for what he calls "the laying of the foundations for the economic resuscitation of Germany." This is the voice of the incorrigible Prussian. At the very time when, partly under the impression of urgent representations of both the authorities and the press in Germany, the British and Italian Premiers, under protest of their French colleague, draw up a plan for the economic rescue of the Empire, the bankrupts announce to the astonished world that they will resuscitate themselves. The manifesto of the Supreme Council is impertinently scorned as a superfluous act of unsolicited generosity. Thus that "most influential leadership" which, according to President Wilson, has of late gained "ascendancy in the counsels of France" is entitled to a frank admission, by those who accused it of militaristic aims, that events in Berlin have justified its insistence on military preparedness against a revival of Prussian militarism.

FOR that is what this revolution, if it should be maintained or revived, will come to. Cheap promises to "use every effort to maintain internal and external peace," gratuitous phrases about "the vital interest to foreign countries not to have a Government in Germany which in any way could or might endanger the peace of Europe," can not delude anyone as to the real purposes that these "Umstürzler" have in view. A Government headed by the founder and former president of the "Vaterlandspartei" is bound to initiate, sooner or later, a policy of revenge. That outspoken character is, indeed, also its great weakness. For to the non-Prussian German it means a resumption of Prussia's military and political leadership, and the other states are not at all inclined to support a policy for whose success that hated supremacy is a *conditio sine qua non.* "Attempts to separate from the Empire," the new Government immediately found it necessary to announce, "will be dealt with by court-martial as high treason."

EVERYTHING is going well with the Turk. Lloyd George's threat of drastic measures to be taken at Constantinople appears to have been an empty word, having no other effect than heightened self-confidence for the Porte. Syria, which was to receive a French protectorate as a blessing from Allah, has proclaimed her independence, and takes to the blackmail policy of demanding her recognition from the Powers under threat of joining the Turkish Nationalists under Mustapha Kemal, if she does not get her wish. The Christian population in Jerusalem protests against the Zionist invasion, and seems ready to support the Mohammedans in their agitation against the severance of Palestine from Syria. In Mesopotamia plans are said to be on foot to proclaim the country a state, which, under the regency of a younger brother of Prince Feisal, now King Feisal of Syria, is to form a joint Government with the latter country. The revolution in Berlin has brought the associates of Enver Pasha and Talaat Pasha into power again, and causes France to concentrate all her watchfulness on the further development of affairs in Germany. And meanwhile the Premiers of the three great Powers are patiently waiting for the opinion of Washington on their decisions with regard to the Sublime Porte.

IT is reported that Congress will this year abandon the free distribution of seeds. The apartment dweller will no longer receive his five tiny packets—beets, usually, and lettuce, and marigolds, were there not? We forget the others. But there was always the touching request that in return for its bounty the Government would dearly like to know of our success with the little seeds. We, too, always felt a desire to know what became of them. We trust they fell on good ground, and that the earth was made fruitful and glad by their power. But of course we never did know what ultimately happened to the contents of the waste basket. Congress no doubt regrets the discontinuance of the practice; it loves to give things away. Perhaps it is trying to console itself for the lost seeds by taking an interest in a bonus for the ex-soldiers.

Seed distribution began with the laudable motive of aiding in the testing and introduction of new or improved varieties of useful plants. This was a perfectly legitimate aim, but the development of agricultural experiment stations, both national and state, furnished a far more effective instrument. Deprived thus of its one possible reason for being, seed distribution from Washington sunk rapidly into one of the pettiest of all pilferings of public funds for the purpose of making the folks back home think that their Congressman had not forgotten them. In just what remote corner of the country the game any longer has the pragmatic sanction of "working," no one has been able to find out; and yet the farce has gone on. One of the blessings of an intelligently organized national budget system should be its facilities for discovering and checking a multitude of treasury leaks of this kind.

THERE will be no general strike in England to force nationalization of the mining industry, *not just yet*, as Mr. Veblen would put it. Last week, 524,000 miners voted in favor of such a policy, and 346,000 against it. The miners agreed, however, to abide by the decision of the Trade Union Congress, to be rendered the following day. In this body the miners' demand for "direct action" was presented by their Secretary, Mr. Hodges, and opposed by J. H. Thomas, leader of the railwaymen, Thomas Shaw, Secretary of the textile workers, and John R. Clynes, President of the National Union of General Workers, and former Food Controller. Tom Mann supported Mr. Hodges. In the vote immediately following, cast by the delegates in attendance, who held proxies for the entire membership of their local unions, the general strike lost by the overwhelming majority of 2,820,000 in a total vote of 4,920,000; in other words, those who took the conservative side of the question immediately at issue outvoted the radicals by nearly four to one.

WE have no very full report of the discussion which led up to this vote, but cabled extracts from the speech of John R. Clynes are significant. "The man who would most welcome direct action," he said, "is not at this conference, but is in Downing Street. If we announce a general strike, the Premier will give us a general election, in which we would find our class rent in twain, while the other classes would be united to fight what would be called this aggressive move by labor." The issue in such a contest, he predicted, would be the conduct of the laboring classes themselves, and not the question whether nationalization would work an improvement in industry. "Force, as it has been proposed to employ it," he added, "is not a British but a Prussian characteristic."

When a speech of this kind is sustained by almost a four-fifths vote, it is evident that the British laboring classes are in no mood to seek nationalization of industry at the cost of violent revolution. In choosing, as

they did by a second vote, to work for nationalization through ordinary political methods, they voluntarily assume the burden of proving to the majority of British voters that it is wise. And in the open and protracted discussion thus insured, they of course assume the risk of having it proved to the satisfaction of a very large portion of their own number that it is unwise. This is genuine democracy in action, and gives promise that England may settle down to the work of *post bellum* reconstruction with some assurance of industrial stability and prosperity.

THE vogue of evolution was supposed to have put an uncompromising "never" into the old saw that "history repeats itself." North Dakota's Commissioner of Immigration, however, who has been in the East hunting up prospective citizens for the realm of the Non-Partisan League, tells a story to the contrary. League politics has gone back to the simplicity of primitive Rome. Like Cincinnatus when summoned to the dictatorship, Lynn J. Frazier was at home at the plow, wholly unsuspicious of any impending change of fortune, when men came to tell him that he had been nominated to be Governor of his State. We are not told whether, like Cincinnatus, he was first enjoined to send his wife back to the house for his toga, that the news might be received in raiment sufficiently dignified for its importance. But Virgil's *nudus ara*—plow naked—is a detail of Roman simplicity a little too exacting for one who has to plow in the blasts that come down from Medicine Hat over the plains of North Dakota. And for still other reasons Governor Frazier's friends can not afford to press the parallel too closely. Cincinnatus was once more called away from his plow, this time to quell by force an uprising of the discontented masses, then known as "plebeians." A little study of the original sources may convince Governor Frazier that it will be well to switch the Cincinnatus parallel of his nomination at the first available sidetrack. The Roman farmer who could get his name into the official calendar in the days of Cincinnatus was altogether too individualistic and aristocratic to hold the respect of the socialistic Non-Partisan Leaguers, if once they find him out.

THE smallest newspaper in the world is called *Better Times*. It is a monthly magazine, rather, with illustrations, special departments, the whole apparatus, in fact, "and are to be sold," as the bibliopoles put it, for half a dollar a year. Its aim is to keep the public aware of the work of the Neighborhood Homes of New York. Settlement work comes to the present problem of "Americanization" with thirty years of experience behind it. The public should accept the modest and highly proper invitation to examine the work of the Settlements in this and other fields.

WITH this issue, the *Review* initiates a special Educational Section. It has for its purpose careful discussion of the manifold educational tendencies which are observable throughout the nation to-day. Like the good democrats they are, the American people, having done their duty in the conflict of arms, now turn with renewed enthusiasm to the one institution which can safeguard their future—education. The impulse is commendable, but it harbors a danger which, if not seen, may produce a mass of disillusion comparable to that which political "idealists" are already beginning to experience from having built up hopes of an entirely new world emerging from the war. Education is now relied upon to create simon-pure Americans. It is charged with propaganda which may set our teeth on edge, if it is not checked by common sense discussion. In its Educational Section the *Review* plans, by means of collaborators throughout the country, to keep in touch with the new impulses. It desires to promote the effort to increase and vivify instruction, both of youth and of adults, but at the same time to help to keep education within the bounds which it must respect if it is to be a truly vital and wholesome force in our life as a nation.

What Kansas is Doing About Labor

THE police strike in Boston made Governor Coolidge a national figure. The crisis in Kansas, brought about by the great bituminous coal strike, has made Governor Allen a national figure. Between the two situations, as well as between the proceedings of the two governors, there were striking points of resemblance. In both cases the vital interests of the community were acutely menaced. In both cases the head of the State planted himself on the paramount rights of the commonwealth, and appealed with signal success to the support of the great mass of its citizens. In both cases the lesson was impressively taught that no group, however strong its apparent position, can, in an American State, achieve its end by methods which arouse the resentment of the great body of right-minded citizens.

But the problem with which Governor Allen had to deal was incomparably broader and more complex than that which confronted Governor Coolidge. In Massachusetts the issue was that of the supremacy of government in a domain which belonged unquestionably and exclusively to it. In Kansas it was necessary to assert the jurisdiction of the government in a field in which its functions are of limited application—to extend them beyond their usual bounds on the ground of imperious public necessity. Governor Allen did not hesitate. The people were not to be allowed to starve and freeze while the mine owners and the mine workers were fighting out their differences. As a temporary measure he obtained through the courts the power to operate the mines; and to prevent the recurrence of similar evils he procured from the Legislature the passage of a bill establishing a "Court of Industrial Relations," with powers so broad that, if it shall prove a success in practice, no such disturbance of the life of the people can again be possible.

Both phases of this remarkable story are worthy of the most serious

attention. It is worth noting in the first place that Governor Allen, in his writings and speeches on the subject, clearly recognizes that there was wrong on both sides in the coal dispute itself. The miners had a just grievance—as the *Review* has stated all along—in that holding them to their war contract long after the real close of the war was grossly inequitable and based on the worst kind of technicality. On the other hand, the demands of the miners themselves were utterly unreasonable. But the thing that was intolerable was their attempt to extort what they wanted by a threat designed to intimidate not the mine owners but the whole people of the State and of the country. What made Governor Allen's achievement so splendid was the promptness with which he asserted the paramount rights of the public, and the effectiveness with which he marshaled in support of them the voluntary efforts of thousands of stalwart Kansans. It would be hard to find a more inspiriting picture of patriotic energy, and cheerful sacrifice, than that presented by the host of young men from town and country who responded to the Governor's call. They at once began operating the mines, flooded and dismantled as many of them were, in the midst of bitter winter weather. It took but a few days of this to bring the miners to their senses. Within two weeks the strike was over. The example is one that will long remain a landmark, a guide to the people of every State in the Union.

The establishment of the Court of Industrial Relations raises questions that are more difficult. As an experiment, it will undoubtedly prove of great value. Its object is broadly stated in the following declaration:

> It is hereby declared and determined to be necessary for the public peace, health, and general welfare of the people of this State that the industries, employments, public utilities, and common carriers herein specified shall be operated with reasonable continuity and efficiency in order that the people of this State may live in peace and security and be supplied with the necessaries of life.

The chief means by which this object is to be attained is the substitution of the decisions of the court for the methods of the strike and the lockout in the settlement of disputes in the industries coming within its scope. There is nothing in the law that interferes either with labor organizations or with collective bargaining; but neither the strike nor the lockout can be resorted to. If the parties can not settle their differences by mutual agreement they must refer them to the court. The law makes no provision for arbitration. On the contrary, Governor Allen assigns as perhaps the chief reason for the establishment of the court the inefficacy of arbitration, which he feels that experience has shown to be incapable of bringing about just and stable settlements. "Arbitration," he says, "holds no guaranty of justice to either side," and adds:

> When each side appoints an arbitrator and these two select a third party, this umpire may do one of three things: He may join one side or the other and obtain a partisan decision, or he may dicker back and forth and obtain a temporary compromise which does not satisfy either side.

On the other hand, the Court of Industrial Relations "represents government, with all its pledge of justice."

If one inquires as to the principles by which the new court will be guided in its decisions, one finds little in the way of an answer except that it will be governed by the principles of common sense. It will feel its way. It will try to settle each case in such a way that plain men will feel that it has given a "square deal" to both sides—or rather all three sides, labor, capital, and the public. The three members of the court are to be appointed on the same principle as the members of any court are appointed, not as representatives of any side, but simply as men pledged to do what is right. The result will be watched with keen interest. Kansas will be doing what our Federal system has enabled so many of our States to do in so many directions—working out an important experiment within her own borders, the trying of which on a national scale would involve great difficulties and enormous risk. The rest of us should look on with every wish that the experiment may, either directly or through the lessons that it will teach, prove a great contribution to the solution of the labor problem. But to acclaim it, in advance of experience, as being manifestly the key to the situation, would be rash in the extreme.

"Justice" is an easy word to say, but a very difficult word to define. Governor Allen's enthusiastic reliance on the analogy between the decision of civil and criminal cases by judicial process and this proposed settlement of labor disputes by judicial process overlooks an essential element. It is true that the time was when individuals used to fight out issues which now everybody leaves to the courts; but the justice which the courts mete out does not consist in an assignment to each party of what the court thinks is naturally his due, but in a determination of what the law commands. When a court decides that a certain piece of property belongs to A and not to B, it does so on the basis of contracts, or title deeds, or the like. When A sticks a knife into B, the court does not inquire whether he stuck it no deeper than his grievance justified, but whether he did it at all. Of an entirely different nature are those questions which come up in the chief labor disputes. The work that this new court will have to do will, after all, be essentially of the nature of arbitration.

It does not in the least follow that the court will be a failure. On the contrary, the more it confines itself to that modest function, and the less it attempts to dispense anything like abstract "justice," the more likely it is to succeed. We must wait and see. When New Zealand introduced compulsory arbitration, and for a number of years after, that country was pointed to as the pioneer that was blazing the way for the rest of the world to the goal of industrial peace. All that has gone by; and now here is our own progressive Kansas basing *her* new departure chiefly on the fact of the failure of the New Zealand idea. In this there need be no discouragement, but sensible men must see in it a warning. Let us watch Kansas with hope and with friendly interest, but let us keep our heads. And in the meanwhile, the best of good luck to Governor Allen, a right-minded, stout-hearted, and level-headed American!

The Stock Dividend Case

THE reasons why a stock dividend can not justly be regarded as income are stated with such lucidity and force by Mr. Justice Pitney, who delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court, that the first feeling one must have in reading that opinion is a feeling of wonder that the decision was made by a five-to-four vote. That feeling, however, is considerably modified when one notes the character of the two dissenting opinions. The opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Brandeis, and concurred in by Mr. Justice Clarke, controverts the conclusion of the majority that stock dividends are not in any true sense income. But that is not the case with the dissenting opinion delivered by Mr. Justice Holmes and concurred in by Mr. Justice Day. On the contrary, the first sentence of the short paragraph which constitutes the whole of Judge Holmes's dissenting opinion is as follows: "I think that *Towne* v. *Eisner*, 245 U. S. 418, was right in its reasoning and result, and that on sound principles the stock dividend was not income." Accordingly, upon the question whether stock dividends really should be regarded, "on sound principles," as income there is no dissent from the opinion of the Court except on the part of Judges Brandeis and Clarke. We shall endeavor briefly to indicate the grounds of the decision, and to discuss the objections made to it in the two dissenting opinions.

So far as the decision is concerned, it is needless to do much more than make a few quotations from Judge Pitney's opinion. In the case of *Towne* v. *Eisner* the Supreme Court had decided that stock dividends were not income within the meaning of the law as it stood at that time (1916). The Revenue Act of September 8, 1916, made a change in the law, designed to bring stock dividends within its definition of income. In the case decided last week the crucial question was whether, under the Sixteenth Amendment to the United States Constitution, Congress had power to tax such dividends as income. The Court adheres to the view it took in the case of *Towne* v. *Eisner*, "not because that case in terms decided the Constitutional question, for it did not; but because the conclusion there reached as to the essential nature of a stock dividend necessarily prevents its being regarded as income in any true sense." Nevertheless, in view of the importance of the matter, and of the subsequent legislation by Congress, the Court not only reviews the argument in the previous case, but enters afresh into its merits.

A few extracts will suffice to give a clear impression of the basis on which the decision in both the cases rests:

> A stock dividend really takes nothing from the property of the corporation, and adds nothing to the interests of the shareholders. Its property is not diminished, and their interests are not increased. . . . The proportional interest of each shareholder remains the same. The only change is in the evidence which represents that interest, the new shares and the original shares together representing the same proportional interest that the original shares represented before the issue of the new ones. . . .
>
> In short, the corporation is no poorer and the stockholder is no richer than they were before. . . .
>
> The essential and controlling fact is that the stockholder has received nothing out of the company's assets for his separate use and benefit; on the contrary, every dollar of his original investment, together with whatever accretions and accumulations have resulted from employment of his money and that of the other stockholders in the business of the company, still remains the property of the company, and subject to business risks which may result in wiping out the entire investment. Having regard to the very truth of the matter, to substance and not to form, he has received nothing that answers the definition of income within the meaning of the Sixteenth Amendment.

It is impossible, of course, to do justice in a brief space to the whole argument; but there is one more point of great interest which we can not omit. The case against the Court's view rests essentially upon an ignoring of the difference between income accruing to the corporation, and retained by it as part of its assets, and income actually put into the hands of the shareholder. On this point the Court says, among other things:

> We must treat the corporation as a substantial entity separate from the stockholder, not only because such is the practical fact but because it is only by recognizing such separateness that any dividend—even one paid in money or property—can be regarded as income of the stockholder. Did we regard corporation and stockholders as altogether identical, there would be no income except as the corporation acquired it; and while this would be taxable against the corporation as income under appropriate provisions of law, the individual stockholders could not be separately and additionally taxed with respect to their several shares even when divided, since if there were entire identity between them and the company they could not be regarded as receiving anything from it, any more than if one's money were to be removed from one pocket to another.

In opposing the view of the Court Judge Brandeis makes not a frontal attack but a series of flank movements. His argument is of a complicated nature, but it is safe to assume that he regards as its *pièce de résistance* what he puts forward at considerable length, and with a good deal of a flourish, at the beginning of his opinion. The point of this argument is that it has been customary in the past for corporations to adopt, with apparent indifference, as though they were substantially identical, either of two methods in issuing new stock. One is that of the stock dividend, by which the new stock is distributed *pro rata* to shareholders according to their existing holdings. The other is to give the shareholder the option of taking his *pro rata* amount of the new stock or a cash dividend equal to the par value of that amount of stock. "Whichever method was employed," says Judge Brandeis, "the resultant distribution of the new stock was commonly referred to as a stock dividend"; the fact being that, as a rule, the stock was worth so much more than par that the cash option was hardly more than a formality. Until the Federal Income tax made a difference between the two methods they were regarded in practice, says Judge Brandeis, as substantially identical; and from this circumstance he draws the inference that the stock dividend must be regarded as income.

But the conclusion does not follow from the premises. Corporations, in adopting either one method or the other, were not concerned with drawing any distinction regarding the classification of the dividend as income or not income. The fact that they treated the two things alike—granting that it is a fact—has no force whatever in determining the question. So far as that mere circumstance is concerned, it might as

logically be argued that because stock dividends are *not* income cash dividends are not income, as that because cash dividends *are* income stock dividends are income. Neither conclusion would be justified; the point has to be determined by consideration of the real nature of the facts, and not by the action taken by corporations or anybody else in transactions which did not involve the point at all.

There is only one more point of which we can take notice in Judge Brandeis's discussion. He says:

> It is argued that until there is a segregation, the stockholder can not know whether he has really received gains; since the gains may be invested in plant or merchandise or other property and perhaps be later lost. But is not this equally true of the share of a partner in the year's profits of the firm or, indeed, of the profits of the individual who is engaged in business alone?

It is difficult to believe that so acute a thinker as Judge Brandeis can have put this forward as a serious contention. The gains of an individual, and even of a member of a partnership, belong to him, and it is not in any way the concern of the law what he may do with them. The gains of a corporation belong to the corporation, and do not accrue to the individual until they are distributed. He has no way of claiming control over them. If they are lost, they will be lost not by him, but by the corporation. And, what is also to the purpose, but what Judge Brandeis does not in any way refer to, those gains are taxed as income of the corporation, while the gains of an individual, or of a member of a partnership, can not be taxed except as his personal income, partnerships not being legal entities subject to taxation.

Judge Holmes's dissent rests on an entirely different ground. As we have already said, he admits that "on sound principles" the stock dividend is "not income." His dissent rests exclusively on a broad interpretation of the Sixteenth Amendment itself. He says:

> The known purpose of this Amendment was to get rid of nice questions as to what might be direct taxes, and I can not doubt that most people not lawyers would suppose when they voted for it that they put a question like the present to rest

On the other hand, the Court states its view of the Sixteenth Amendment as follows:

> A proper regard for its genesis, as well as its very clear language, requires that this Amendment shall not be extended by loose construction, so as to repeal or modify, except as applied to income, those provisions of the Constitution that require an apportionment according to population for direct taxes upon property, real and personal. This limitation still has an appropriate and important function, and is not to be overriden by Congress or disregarded by the courts.

Judge Brandeis's dissent is, in our judgment, invalid because it does not stand the test of sound logic. In Judge Holmes's dissent the issue is not one of logic, but of good sense and sound public policy. Is it right to call a thing income which is not income, simply because of a supposed intention of "most people" to get rid of "nice questions as to what might be direct taxes"? Would not the natural way to get rid of all such "nice questions" have been simply to repeal the clause of the Constitution forbidding (except by apportionment among the States) the imposition of direct taxes? If, as the Court declares in its opinion, "this limitation still has an appropriate and important function," is it sound policy to destroy that limitation by the rough-and-ready process of brushing aside the distinctions upon which it rests?

Irish Surprises

THE Government of Ireland bill has a "bad press" in the country which it is meant to benefit and pacify. That is the best reception which could befall it. Praise on one side and detraction on the other would rouse a suspicion of partiality on the part of the British Government. Unanimous disapproval, on the other hand, is the highest commendation any Home Rule proposal could meet with in Ireland. Lloyd George had no illusions as to the welcome his new Bill would receive. In the course of his speech in the House of Commons on December 22, 1919, he said: "Looking around I find no section that can accept anything except the impossible. There is no section in Ireland who will stand up and say: 'We accept this,' or 'we accept that,' except something which you can not put through."

The sudden *volte face* of Sir Edward Carson must, therefore, have come to him as a pleasant surprise! The motive which Sir Edward is quoted as having given for his change of attitude does not seem altogether convincing, for it leaves one important fact out of account. "It must be remembered," he said, "that the Home Rule act of 1914 is on the statute book, and unless an amending measure be passed, it will automatically come into force the day peace is officially declared, and then Ulster would be placed under the control of the Dublin Parliament." In other words, of two evils he chose the lesser one. But when the act of 1914 was placed on the statute book, Mr. Asquith, with the assent of the Irish Nationalist members of the House, gave an undertaking that it should not be brought into operation until an act of Parliament had been carried dealing with the peculiar position of Ulster. It was, therefore, not so much a choice between the act of 1914 and the present bill, but one between the two birds in the bush which he might catch with that promised act of Parliament and the one bird which the present bill places in his hand.

The features that recommend the bill to the Carsonites will naturally make it an object of suspicion to the Nationalists. The attitude of Sinn Fein can not be materially affected by Ulster's acceptance or rejection of the proposals. They demand the impossible, regardless of the consequences which the realization of their wishes might have for the Empire. To every fair-minded outsider it must appear as a matter of course that England can not possibly agree to an absolute severance of Ireland from the United Kingdom without recklessly jeopardizing her own existence. The experience of the late war has shown what would be the fate of Great Britain, if, with an independent Irish Republic at her very door, she would have to defend herself against an enemy's submarine fleet, which could use the Irish coasts as a maritime base. Sir Horace Plunkett, in a recent speech in which he assailed the Government's proposals, did the American people the justice of representing them to his audience as in

favor of "as large a measure of self-government as is consistent with the military safety of the British Empire." This estimate of public opinion in America is doubtless correct. The average Englishman has a different impression. The active German-Irish propaganda for Sinn Fein has created the belief abroad that the United States is a hotbed of anti-British agitation. That evil force, which was Germany's accomplice in the big crime, continues, quite openly now and undisturbed, its sinister work for the estrangement of the two great English-speaking nations. Sir Horace, in the speech from which we have quoted, told as "a matter of personal knowledge that, from 1911 onward, the Prussian Government was organizing the German-Irish alliance in American politics with the view of the coming attack on the world's freedom."

These words are worth putting on record as coming from an Irishman who, though no Sinn Feiner and opposed to all plans for an Irish republic, is an ardent patriot and an advocate of Home Rule for his country. From the short summary of his speech that has appeared in the press it is not sufficiently clear what his chief grievances are against the new bill. One is the privileged position which Ulster would command, it being made "a virtual mandatory over Ireland without responsibility." Sir Edward Carson's support of the bill seems to add force to this charge. But it may be brought against any Home Rule scheme which does not propose an absolute surrender by the Imperial Government of all its powers. Sir Horace evidently fears that the Ulstermen, under the leadership of Sir Edward Carson, thanks to the favored position which their loyalty to England secures them with the London Government, will control the execution of the reserved powers in Ireland.

There certainly is some ground for his fear; but for a patient, sick to death, to refuse the experiment of a new treatment because of the possible danger to his health, is not the way to get better.

Ireland is, indeed, rapidly approaching a crisis in its chronic illness. "It is obvious," said Ian Macpherson in the House of Commons on March 5, "that we are up against a tremendously dangerous situation," and he added, by way of illustration, that "the Sinn Fein had at least 200,000 men prepared to commit murder at any hour of the day or night." There may be gross exaggeration in the *oratio pro domo* of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, but even if one-hundredth of that number were a more correct estimate, he would still be justified in characterizing the situation as grave. The aims of Sinn Fein are only negative. They know that their independent Irish Republic is a castle in the air, which even American money can not help them to build. But, their own scheme being impossible, they want to make any other plan impossible too. If they were in earnest about their Irish Republic they would not employ assassins to lay its foundations. It is the usual tactics of all revolutionary minorities. Not being able to rule by right, they try to overrule the right of others by a reign of terror. The results of the recent municipal elections in Ireland have shown that Sinn Fein, of a total number of 322,244 of valid votes, polled only 87,311. If the total poll of Labor, which is mainly Republican, be added to that number, the total Republican vote is less than 145,000, or a good deal less than half the country's total poll.

The Unionists have taken the first step towards a reconciliation. The Nationalists might spare their unhappy country endless misery if they would follow that example and submit to what they call the insult that Ireland should be given a start on self-government instead of the full measure of Home Rule which they desire. The bill offers to a divided Ireland the means of setting up divided legislatures, but paves the way for both parts to unite at what time and to what extent they choose. The very prospect for both parties of being able to discuss their common internal affairs without the interference of their present ruler should be an inducement for the Nationalists to accept any plan which made such freedom possible.

However, their opposition to the bill is not likely to subside, the less so since they have received the unexpected support of Mr. Asquith. Asquith naturally prefers his own Home Rule act of 1904 to the bill now before the House. But it is strange to find him reject the latter because of its plan for a dual government, as he himself, in 1914, conceded the justice of the Unionist demand for an Amendment act providing for separate legislative treatment for Ulster.

In the exciting game of politics strange surprises will happen. Who could have foretold that a Home Rule bill for Ireland would be opposed by the Homeruler Asquith and receive the support of the leader of the Irish Unionists?

Russia's Substitute for "Wage Slavery"

THANKS to extremely industrious propaganda, the idea has been very widely spread among American workingmen that the Soviet Government of Russia is a workingman's government. It is not fair to assume, perhaps, that the more intelligent workmen and trade-union leaders believe this. But there can be no question that the rank and file of labor is convinced that Lenin and Trotsky, exercising a "dictatorship of the proletariat," are acting as trustees for the power seized by the workers. Furthermore, they have had set before them roseate pictures of the labor Utopia which has been brought about by the communist experiment in Russia.

At the same time the propagandists hit upon a clever plan to prevent the enlightenment of the workman on this subject. They convinced him that all the reports derogatory to the Soviet Government, or exposing the failure of the Communist system, were lies circulated by the capitalist press, a press paid by the capitalists as a means of protecting their own interests. The result was that all the best sources of information were virtually closed to American work-

ingmen. If a man came out of Soviet Russia, no matter what his experience or reliability, and told the simple story of the ruin wrought by Bolshevism, he was set down as the hired tool of the hated capitalist. But if a man like Arthur Ransome, or Isaac Don Levine, whose relations with the Bolsheviks were only too well known, came out with stories whitewashing the Soviet Government, though the stories continually contradicted themselves and were on the face of them lacking in credibility, they were exploited by the radical press and believed by the duped workingmen.

During all this time, the most damning evidence against the tyrants at Moscow was contained in their own official decrees and newspapers. But now there has been put out by them a document, which, if it is carefully read by American workingmen, must completely disillusion them. This is the Soviet Government's Code of Labor Laws, published in *Soviet Russia* in its issue of February 21.

To be sure, this Code makes some pretense at protecting the laborer and assuring to him some of the advantages for which labor everywhere has been agitating, such as the eight-hour day, disability and unemployment insurance, the right to labor, and the protection of women and children in industry. All of these advantages, however, are carefully circumscribed so that they can be suspended at any time by the higher authorities under the plea of necessity. In reality, the Code introduces labor serfdom of a sort far more tyrannical than even the peasant serfdom of half a century ago.

Article I of the Code provides that all citizens of the Russian Socialist Federated Soviet Republic between the ages of sixteen and fifty, unless incapacitated by injury or illness, are "*subject to compulsory labor.*" This is the keynote to the whole Code, and the other sections, no matter how disguised in the wording, are merely provisions for carrying this tyranny into effect.

So, for example, each workman is assigned to a specific group or category, with corresponding wages, by the higher authorities, and he is required to carry a labor handbook in which must be entered his name in full, his category, when he goes to work, when he is paid, when he is absent, or when he is changed to other employment. It is, in fact, a sort of labor passport, an instrument of oppression to which no American laborer would submit for an instant. He must produce it on all occasions when demanded by the authorities, and the entries in it must be countersigned by his employer.

The laborer is bound to his job and can change from one employment to another only by permission of the authorities. Furthermore, he is not allowed to earn any extra pay under any pretense whatsoever while working at his job, and any remuneration so received must be deducted from his regular pay. Under the guise of the enforcement of the right to work, careful regulations provide for the assignment of laborers to their jobs, and especially for the distribution of the unemployed.

Ostensibly provision is made for the trades unions and works councils to have a hand in determining conditions of labor, wages, etc., but these are all subject to the approval of the higher Soviet authorities. Anyone who has read Mr. H. V. Keeling's account of his personal experiences in connection with the present trades unions in Russia will realize that these bodies are in no sense representative of the workers, but are dominated entirely by the Commissars. It is interesting also to note that the works councils have been abolished.

It is not only from the standpoint of labor that the Code is interesting. It also throws a light on other aspects of Soviet theory and practice. In the section dealing with rules for the determination of disability for work and the payment of sick benefits to wage earners, it is provided that the resources of the local hospital funds shall be derived:

(a) From obligatory payments by enterprises, establishments and institutions employing paid labor.

(b) From fines for delay of payments.

(c) From *profits on the investment of the funds.*

It is evident, therefore, that the hated institution of capital and interest, against which Lenin and Trotsky fulminated so violently, is now recognized as a necessary part of their system.

To one who has followed the previous Bolshevik propaganda addressed to labor in other lands, the question insistently presents itself as to why this Code of Labor Laws should be published at the present moment. The reason for putting into effect such a Code is evident. The Bolshevik experiment in Communism has failed and its industrial system is unable to produce. Partly this is due to the lack of fuel and raw materials, as well as to the breakdown in transportation. But according to official statements of the Bolsheviks themselves, one of the greatest of all difficulties has been the labor problem. It is therefore to put an end to labor troubles, and to put out of the heads of labor all pretensions to rights and liberties, that the Code was adopted. Why it was published abroad just at this time is less evident, but it seems reasonable to assume that it is addressed not to workingmen but to capitalists, and that the intention is to assure the latter that they can now invest their money in Russian enterprises in full confidence that there will be no strikes or other difficulties with labor. In other words, the Soviet Government, facing utter economic collapse, and begging the capitalists of foreign countries to come in and save the situation, offer, as a special inducement, to provide slave labor.

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Experimental Allegiances

(IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE)

FOR several years I have been striving to attain a workable understanding of the theory of the state known variously as Pluralism, Federalism, Administrative Syndicalism, and the Federationism of Experimental Allegiances. I have lingered curiously over the pages of Mr. Graham Wallas's "The Great Society" and of Mr. Harold J. Laski's "The Problem of Sovereignty" and "Authority in the Modern State." I have never failed to read the occasional expositions of the theory in the columns of the *New Republic*, sometimes anonymous, but usually signed by Mr. Laski, Mr. Herbert Croly, or Mr. Walter Lippmann. The faint foreshadowings of the theory appearing in the *Nation* at various times during the last year and in the *Dial* during its twelve-months' fling in the metropolis as an exponent of intellectual radicalism, have not escaped me. I have read them all, but I am still dissatisfied with my progress toward a rounded comprehension of this blend of theory, doctrine, and vision. In the belief that somewhere there may be some other person—some forlorn and baffled brother—who has striven as hard, with results as incomplete and unsatisfactory, and who, seeing, may take heart again, I set down this record of steps taken in the sands of endeavor.

Mr. Laski is by common consent the protagonist, the chief pleader, of the cause. In the columns of the *New Republic* and elsewhere, from time to time, he pays tribute to Mr. Croly and Mr. Lippmann as worthy coadjutors. But the reciprocal tribute from Mr. Croly and Mr. Lippmann to Mr. Laski is always the more glowing and expansive, and it points to the chieftainship of the cause in a way that is unmistakable. In a day when, particularly in the field of radical journalism, there is so much questioning of motives, detraction and sharp accusation, this frequent public exchange of encomiastic courtesies stands out as a wholesome and altogether admirable survival of more spacious times.

Mr. Lippmann concedes (*N. R.*, May 31, 1919, p. 148) that the theory is not a popular one. All the stupendous labor Mr. Laski has brought to its formulation, and all that the *New Republic* has done for its propagation, have not availed to dispel the reigning prejudice against it. Of "Authority in the Modern State" and of Mr. Laski he writes:

> Dealing with matters which, if called by the names used in current headlines would arouse a fury of partisanship, arguing for a theory that is widely and deeply resented, he has protected his argument from the dust and heat of the outer world, from the anger of opponents and the clamorous approval of advocates, by the expedient of enormous scholarship. . . . The learning in which his ideas are contained is so vast and so recondite that I imagine even the sleuth-hounds of Mr. Easley will hesitate.

What "the sleuth-hounds of Mr. Easley" will do in the matter I can not guess. But I suspect that if they hesitate (to attack Mr. Laski, I presume Mr. Lippmann means) the cause of the hesitation will be found not so much in the brave show of vast, enormous, and recondite scholarship as in the difficulty of determining exactly what Mr. Laski is about. That he has "protected his argument from the dust and heat of the outer world" seems evident enough. But I suspect that the "protection" is more or less an involuntary one, and that the "expedient of enormous scholarship" is no expedient at all. Why, anyway, a pleader should seek to "protect" his argument, I do not understand; one would naturally suppose that the main business of propaganda is to get itself disseminated—from Severn to the sea and to all its shores the wide world round. By locking itself up in an academic vocabulary, fortified with a tremendous bibliography, it would seem merely to suppress itself.

No, the "protection" that encases Mr. Laski's argument seems to me largely that of unintelligibility. One may admit the scholarship—if by the word is meant the learning which enables him to cite innumerable passages from many volumes of forgotten lore which have only a conjectural relation, if any, to the subject in hand. But something more than scholarship (in this narrow sense) is needed for exposition; and that is the ability to set down, out of its accumulated stores, an understandable statement. Mr. Laski deals largely in abstractions, which may mean a number of things, and in generalizations so sweeping that sometimes they mean nothing. He hurries along with a copious rush of words—often unconsidered words, they seem to me—and the breaks in his sequences are sometimes so complete as to make one wonder what possible relation a certain sentence can have with the one on each side of it. He finds an enormous number of "obvious" things, some of them so obvious as to be banal and others the obviousness of which I have to reject; and he finds so great a number of "fundamental" things as to make one wonder if he is not frequently mistaking some part of the superstructure for the foundation. I do not say that there may not be others who fully comprehend him, despite Mr. Lippmann's testimony to the invulnerability to friend and foe alike of the armor in which his argument is encased. I say only that, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Lippmann is in this one matter approximately correct.

When Mr. Laski writes (*A. M. S.*, p. 386), "For the obvious fact is that men will not peacefully endure a situation they deem intolerable," I think I understand. The statement seems to me to embody a simple thought simply expressed. Its obviousness seems conspicuously obvious, and as a datum of political science it seems to me one on which Bolshevik and anti-Bolshevik, Christian and Mohammedan, atheist and deist, Judge Gary and Mr. Gompers, President Wilson and Senator Lodge could all cordially agree. But when he writes (*ibid.*, p. 385-86, "It ['the movement towards administrative syndicalism'] is not a revolt against authority but against a theory of it which is, in fact, equivalent to servitude," I confess that I am baffled. I can not comprehend how under any circumstances, in the world as we now know it, servitude may be equiv-

alent to authority or even to a theory. When further he writes (*ibid.*, p. 188), "Certainly if there is one truth to which all history bears witness it is that unity is the parent of identity," I am worse than baffled; I am tantalized by a fair, round abstraction which seems to mean something, but may mean anything or nothing. I could cite, if to do so were to the purpose, hundreds of such examples.

But not always is Mr. Laski so futile or so unintelligible. In his review of Professor Giddings' book on the State a year ago and of W. F. Willoughby's recent book (*N. R.*, Jan. 7, 1920, p. 175) he has expressed himself in an "unprotected" way. The manner in both cases is arrogant, hoighty-toity, intolerant, and unfair; but at least there is some definiteness of substance. Further, and more to the matter in hand, is a statement in the *New Republic* for May 31, 1919 (the issue from which the Lippmann passage above is taken) in which he gives us something sufficiently clear and definite to afford us a starting point. Mr. Lippmann indites his glowing eulogy of "Authority in the Modern State" and then pauses. After all, there are some further considerations. Is it all so simple as it seems? May not Pluralism create new evils, or restore the old ones in a new guise? "In attempting to substitute coördination for hierarchy," he writes, "the result may well be a new hierarchy. And the reason is that since a man can not give equally steady allegiance to two authorities, he will end by exalting his immediate allegiance." He is troubled, and he suffers a momentary lapse of faith. Will Mr. Laski come to grips with the matter, solve it, and reconfirm the faith of a disciple?

Mr. Laski will; and obligingly and courteously he does so. That is, he responds. He fails utterly to meet the question, but he does something as well. He sums up, in fairly concrete terms, uncabin'd, uncited, and unencased, what he is trying to mean by the Federationism of Experimental Allegiances. From this statement, with help from other expositions by the three coadjutors, one may get something like the following:

"Personality is a compex thing, and the institutions—religious, industrial, political, in which it clothes itself—are as a consequence manifold." Human beings give allegiance, in varying degrees, to these institutions. They constantly experiment with new allegiances. The sovereign state demands a paramount allegiance to itself. The individual may or may not grant this demand. He may instead yield his paramount allegiance to an organization—local, national, or international—such as a church, a trade-union, a secret society, or a political party. The sovereign state is sometimes unable to enforce its demand, and by insistence may wreck itself. What society needs, in accord with its institutions and its psychology, is a system of coördinated and federated allegiances. "The pluralistic state is an endeavor to express in terms of structure the facts we thus encounter. . . . It destroys, if you like, the sovereign state, that it may preserve the personality of men."

All this is, in a sense, simple enough. It is merely an introduction to our old friend, Group Autonomy—older than Karnak or Cnossos, old as the first rude association of primitive men. It has a new vocabulary and a new bibliography—and little else. But these autonomous groups are to be federated, and the matter is no longer simple; for in what manner and to what degree they are to be federated there is little to show in all the writings of Mr. Laski, Mr. Croly, and Mr. Lippmann. On this, the crucial point in any social scheme, the expositors are nebulous or self-contradictory. On the matter of keeping allegiances coördinated and at par, which lately has troubled Mr. Lippmann, there is an utter absence of exposition. In the earlier days of his discipleship Mr. Lippman was more positive. He acknowledged the dilemmas, but he proposed an heroic remedy. *"The dilemmas themselves have to be abolished,"* he wrote (*N. R.*, April 14, 1917, p. 316), "and forms of coöperative allegiance devised." How? Even in his more confident days he did not know. "We have as yet," he then said, "only the vaguest notions as to how this is to be done." The other members of the firm, as I shall later show, are no better off. If during the intervening three years this vagueness has to any degree been clarified, the evidence has not yet been confided to the printed page.

W. J. Ghent

[*To be concluded next week*]

The Plight of Russian Peasants

WITHIN a brief cablegram, received last week from Harbin and scarcely noticed in our press, there is contained a story of pathetic heroism that deserves the attention and admiration of workingmen in all lands. The cablegram relates simply that thirty thousand Russian workmen and peasants from the Urals and Western Siberia, who formed a division in the anti-Bolshevik army, and who, it was feared, had been destroyed by the Bolsheviks since the defeat of Admiral Kolchak, had succeeded in cutting their way through the enemy forces and marching two thousand miles to Verkhne-Udinsk. The story of these fighting workmen is one of the romantic episodes of the war. They were chiefly the laborers of the Izhevsky and Vodkinsky works in the neighborhood of Perm. Last June, by resolution of the Ural Trade Unions, they sent a mission of four of their members to inform the people of England concerning conditions in Russia and of the Russian working classes. This mission was sent by the Unions themselves, without funds from other sources, and after great difficulties it finally reached England in December. It consisted of Upovalov, the president of the Vodkinsky Union of Metal Workers; Strumilov, a director of the Metal Workers' Union of Perm; Zhandarmov, vice-president of the Federated Trades Unions of the Ural, and Menshikov, member of the Executive Committee of the Izhevsky Union.

The statements of the delegates in which they explain the reasons why the peasants and workmen of the Ural region rose against the Soviet rule are clear and definite.

The Bolsheviks established their power by bayonets and broke the strength of peasants and workers, broke the Constituent Assembly, which was elected on the principle of universal, direct, equal, and secret voting; broke all the societies of a democratic nature, such as the Zemstvos, that self-governing body elected by universal, direct, and secret voting The Bolsheviks ruthlessly, like autocratic gendarmes, killed all labor, political, and Socialist organizations; throttled the labor press and finally established by decree the dawn of their own Tsarist Socialism. Who split up

the reserve funds of the trade unions? The Bolsheviks. Who split up the trade unions as a class? By whose orders were all strikes put down by force of arms, amid plentiful executions? It was the Bolsheviks who broke the coöperative societies and converted their shops into Communist stores.

The Bolsheviks promised the working people peace, bread and freedom. Actually, in place of peace, they gave civil war, which destroyed all manufactures and stained the country with blood; in place of freedom—prison, exile, and the firing squad; in place of bread—famine and the grave.

So it was that, having drunk to the full the cup of humiliation and tasted this red-bayonet Socialism, the Izhevsky and Vodkinsky workers recognized that further life of this sort was impossible, and, though without weapons, and armed only with the armor of right, with only their blistered hands to fight with, united in spirit, to a man they rose against the oppressors, and, by virtue of their strength of will, snatched the rifles from the hands of the Red Guards and began the battle for citizens' rights and the freedom of the Russian people.

It was this division of workmen soldiers that bore the brunt of the Bolshevik attack last summer when the forces of Kolchak, without munitions and undermined in the rear, crumbled, and it was this division, faithful to the end, that covered the great retreat. Now, after untold privations and sufferings, they have, like another Ten Thousand, fought their way through to possible safety. It is to such sturdy champions of liberty that the new Russia must look hopefully when it is possible again to face the tasks of reconstruction. This episode is the best answer to those who would decry the qualities of the Russian peasants, and who would judge by the present supremacy of the Bolshevik minority that they were incapable of organized patriotic resistance and political self-assertion.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Erzberger-Helfferich Trial and the Aftermath

ON Saturday morning of last week the cables brought the news of the verdict in the suit of Mathias Erzberger, until recently Secretary of State for Finance in the German Republic, against Karl Helfferich, former Vice-Chancellor and Secretary of State for the Interior and for Finance in the time of William II. Helfferich, a pronounced reactionary, was condemned to a nominal fine, three hundred marks and costs, yet he left the courtroom amid prolonged applause; and the trial amounted virtually to a condemnation of the plaintiff, for Erzberger had sued for slander and defamation of character, and Helfferich's fine was imposed, not on this count, the judge stating that Helfferich had acted from "patriotic motives," but because he had "shown hatred" in his persecution of the plaintiff.

The same evening brought the news of a reported and seemingly unexpected *coup d'état* by the German reactionary parties, the details and effects of which must for a time remain somewhat vague. The American press in general had paid but little attention to the Helfferich-Erzberger controversy, regarding it more or less as a private quarrel between politicians; whereas there is a close connection between the two events.

Helfferich's attitude, which differs little, if at all, from that of the counter-revolutionists, may be briefly stated as follows: Germany was not defeated through the military superiority of the Entente and the United States. She met disaster through her own internal dissensions, especially the unpatriotic attitude of the Social Democrats and those who, like Erzberger, sided with them, particularly in the crisis of 1917. This crisis, which forced Bethmann-Hollweg out of office, gave Prussia universal suffrage, and passed the famous Reichstag Peace Resolution, broke down the "*Burgfriede*," or truce of parties. On that occasion the Reichstag for the first time showed itself strong enough to prevail against the Emperor, Chancellor, and General Staff. From that time on, the Reichstag continued to undermine the power and authority of William II and of the German General Staff, which had been the secret of Germany's strength. The multiplication of stupid activities and pretensions by this incompetent Reichstag finally overthrew the German Empire and brought Germany to her present pass.

The feeling of Helfferich and his class is much less severe against the Social Democrats than against Erzberger and what following he may still have. The Social Democrats were an evil to which the old régime had been accustomed, and their status had been formulated once for all when William II on a famous occasion characterized them as "enemies of the Fatherland." From them nothing, therefore, had been expected. It had surprised no one that as the prospect of a German victory became more and more remote they should have protested more and more vehemently against the old régime. Ebert and Noske had always done this, and after the armistice had merely run true to form. They had balked at voting the war taxes in July, 1917, and had worked consistently to bring about parliamentary government. It was to have been expected that, after the revival of Socialistic hopes following the Russian Revolution of the spring of 1917, they would favor the Reichstag Peace Resolution. Indeed, they were its earliest advocates. Yet in the eyes of the reactionaries they could not have succeeded either in passing the Peace Resolution or in introducing parliamentary reforms without the assistance of other parties. It was, therefore, more reprehensible to support a Social Democrat than to be one, for to countenance such outlaws not only gave them political standing but also a *cachet* of respectability. Hence Erzberger's position as arch-villain in that tragedy, The Junkers' Overthrow.

It was excellent political policy, from the reactionary standpoint, to attack Erzberger. The move promised success, since as a personality he was, beyond doubt, the weakest spot in the Government's armor. The question of finance in Germany being particularly pressing, if it could be proved that the head of the Treasury was himself dishonest, self-seeking, and a war profiteer, all economic policies of the Republic would be discredited.

It seems that Erzberger was a sufficiently astute politician to realize the weakness of his position. If the verdict has in essence gone against him, he can at least urge in extenuation that unwillingly he came to sue. Helfferich, in his three volumes of "Der Weltkrieg," which has been very widely read in Germany, made statements that no respectable politician could allow to pass unchallenged. Yet Erzberger remained silent. Helfferich then published a pamphlet "Down with Erzberger," and has since improved every opportunity to insult him in public. Erzberger was probably forced by his colleagues to take action and, shortly after it was instituted, to withdraw from the Cabinet. The pamphlet, which reviews Erzberger's career, was read at the trial, and easily made him, not Helfferich, appear as the defendant in the suit. Hence the charges, which seem to have been virtually substantiated, not only have resulted in a personal triumph for Helfferich, but carry the implication that Erzberger's colleagues in the Government are likewise condemned. This assumption is, I believe, unfair to men like Ebert and Noske, who in their political life have acted consistently, and, on the personal side are respected.

Much which can only now be disclosed had been happening behind the scenes unknown to the Reichstag generally and, of course, to ourselves. At the beginning of April, 1917, Emperor Charles, Empress Zita, and Count Czernin appeared at the German General Headquarters at Kreuznacht and suggested peace. They made it plain that Austria's position was exceedingly serious. Not only did they talk of peace, they even suggested important cessions of terri-

tory. The Emperor and Empress and their Minister evidently returned home with the conviction that it was hopeless to obtain any concessions from the German General Staff. Shortly after, on April 14, a personal aide of Emperor Charles delivered to Emperor William a letter written in his own hand which was accompanied by a memoir from Count Czernin to the following effect: Austria-Hungary's clock was running down. Morale was bad and the revolutionary danger was increasing. The raw materials for war munitions were giving out and American intervention had rendered the situation still more acute. French, English, and Italian offensives were to be expected. "Before America can destroy the military situation for us we must make a far-reaching and detailed proposal of peace and not shrink from making eventually extensive and grievous sacrifices." Undoubtedly England and France were likewise tired, and, though the ruthless submarine warfare would not be decisive, the statesmen of the Entente would ask themselves "whether it was expedient and wise to carry on this war *à outrance* or whether it was not more statesmanlike to cross golden bridges if these were built for them by the Central Powers. In that case the moment had come for far-reaching, painful sacrifices by the Central Powers." These included, on Germany's side, the cession of Alsace-Lorraine, and on Austria-Hungary's part the giving up of the whole of Galicia and the Trentino. Austria-Hungary could not possibly look forward to another winter's campaign, and it was feared that such a campaign might likewise bring about in Germany political changes which the responsible defenders of the dynastic principle must consider as more serious than a poor peace negotiated by the monarchs.

The Emperor and German Headquarters refused to take so serious a view of the situation, because of the promising aspect of developments in Russia and also because of an alleged remark of Ribot's to the Italian Ambassador to the effect that France was bleeding to death. On German policy the most serious immediate effect of this communication was to arouse that bitter feeling against Austria which was to become more and more pronounced as the war progressed.

Czernin's memoir, like the visit of the Imperial pair to German Headquarters, proved unavailing for reasons that cannot here be discussed. Evidently the German militarists either were confident of a victory or believed that peace overtures would be made by the Entente. The developments in which Erzberger was to take so large a part came, therefore, as a most unexpected shock. The parties of the Left were to prove "ungrateful" and were to demand more than the Emperor had promised in the way of reforms in the Prussian system of elections. Also, a political cross-current set in; Ludendorff, Hindenburg, and the reactionaries demanded the removal of von Bethmann-Hollweg as Chancellor, whom the Left seemed quite willing to keep. In the Main Committee of the Reichstag the Social Democrats, with Ebert and Noske taking prominent parts, demanded a peace resolution announcing a programme of "no annexations." At this point Hindenburg and Ludendorff, growing impatient, sent in their resignations to take effect immediately unless von Bethmann-Hollweg were dismissed.

The storm would have been weathered, Helfferich believes, but for the fact that Erzberger of the Catholic Centre party joined with the Social Democrats and brought them an unexpected accession of strength. He painted an exceedingly dark picture of Germany's prospects. It is impossible to analyze in detail his actions in this crisis, and it is simplest to believe that he was improving the occasion to fish in troubled waters. He had been particularly close to von Bethmann-Hollweg and the German Foreign Office. Yet he suddenly turned against the Chancellor and was instrumental in his dismissal, as well as being the most important factor in the passage of the Peace Resolution. In the general turmoil the further reform of the Prussian system of elections was also carried. All of these measures were effected against the will of the Emperor and his Government. They were the most important concessions ever forced from him, and clearly indicated that his authority was beginning to wane. This undermining of the Imperial and military authority is quite properly regarded by the German reactionaries as the beginning of the end. Erzberger symbolized to them everything that is reprehensible in the new parliamentary régime. As he was, in addition, one of the plenipotentiaries who negotiated the armistice with Foch, he is regarded as one of those most responsible for the peace.

It will hardly assist us in our attempt to understand the present psychology of a large wing of German opinion to consider Erzberger, as has sometimes been done, a disinterested lover of peace and a thoroughgoing republican. Helfferich's charge that the German Republic's Minister of Finance frequently directed his political activities to his personal financial advantage must be taken seriously. Erzberger's support of the Peace Resolution was the more unexpected because of his previous attitude. He had in September of 1914 presented to von Bethmann-Hollweg, to von Tirpitz, von Falkenhayn, and others a programme of annexations which was excessive, even from the German standpoint. It included not only the annexation of the Flemish and French coast, but also the English islands of the Channel, as well as the French mining fields. Helfferich accused him of having accepted bribes in the form of directorates and other considerations from corporations whose interests he was to further in the Reichstag and in cases in which he acted as referee. Erzberger admitted having received a hundred thousand marks as a director in Thyssen's Iron and Steel Works. It was charged that he was paid this sum to purchase his influence for the company, and that in advocating the annexation of the French ore basins he was merely rendering his *quid pro quo*. It is probably true that Erzberger resigned after the passage of the Peace Resolution, though under what circumstances and for what reasons it is impossible to say at present.

Erzberger has also been accused of making unlawful use of Czernin's confidential memoir to Emperor William II. It was through him, according to Helfferich, that news of Austria's desperate situation reached Germany's enemies. On this count, certainly, Erzberger must be acquitted. Czernin had intended that his memoir should be seen only by the two Emperors. At the time of Emperor Charles's visit to Headquarters and of his letter to William II, Austria's situation was certainly desperate. Charles knew that he must make peace. His experience at German Headquarters made it impossible to entertain much hope of success from the "military masters of Germany," and both Czernin and Charles felt that if they were to obtain any result whatever it must be through the Reichstag. It was only natural that they should have attempted to act through the Catholic Centre party, and it has since been disclosed that Erzberger received his copy of the Czernin memoir through no less a person than the Emperor Charles himself. It was given him to use, the only injunction being that he should not reveal the source from which he had obtained it. Since at the same time the Emperor had written the well-known Prince Sixtus Letter and had sent Count Mensdorff, his former Ambassador at London, to Switzerland to establish contact if possible with representatives of the Entente Powers, it could hardly have been a secret in Entente circles that Austria was decidedly weary of the war and that her clock had "very nearly run down."

It is undoubtedly true that Erzberger was an exceedingly important factor in bringing about peace and in establishing the parliamentary régime in Germany. We may regret that his personal character seems to be so far from admirable, for it is useless to blink the fact that his overthrow will, temporarily at least, do much to increase reactionary sentiment in Germany.

Christian Gauss

Correspondence

Loose Talk Within the Church

To the Editors of The Review:

Turning from your thoughtful editorial on "Religion and the World's Need," in the *Review* of February 21, I happened to pick up a copy of the *Churchman* of the same date, wherein is reported an address before "the younger clergy of the metropolitan district" by the Rev. J. Howard Melish, of Brooklyn. Here are some of the things he said:

> Mark my word the time is at hand when men who speak as I speak, unwilling to compromise on the subject of the inherent rights of the laboring man, will be thrown out by the Church which is demanding suppression and end of free speech in this free Republic. . . . Is the Church's purpose a partisan one, or does it exist for religion? Is it to be buttressed by the rich and then used to exploit the poor? . . . As it is now, some men who are living on interest, rents, and coupons—and still not producing—are getting the cream. Until that sort of thing is brought to an end it is the Church's business to see that we are always on the edge of revolution.

"Mr. Melish took his seat," says the reporter, "amid prolonged applause, although several present were heard to say that they were in some respects directly opposed to the speaker's conclusions."

Talcott Miner Banks
Williamstown, Mass., February 21

Keynes and Dillon

To the Editors of The Review:

It does not appear to be realized by the general reading public that the two most ambitious and most entertaining volumes on the peace treaty which have thus far appeared—those of Mr. J. M. Keynes and of Dr. E. J. Dillon—are seriously untrustworthy in their statements of fact, and even in their accounts of the provisions of the treaty. Both writers set out with a manifest determination to prove that the treaty was conceived in sin and born in iniquity; that, under some hypocritical concealments, it repudiates most of the terms of the armistice agreement; and that, in essential matters, the principles and programme of President Wilson were set aside. Mr. Keynes, it is true, has done a useful service in urging—as others have done—that the framers of the treaty overestimated Germany's power of economic recovery under the conditions proposed, and that, in the general interest of Europe, many of the economic clauses require revision. But his attack upon the treaty is much more sweeping than this; and many of his other strictures upon it, especially on the score of good faith, are based upon misstatements or omissions of pertinent facts. As for Dr. Dillon, one is tempted to surmise that he regards his conversations with eminent personages in Paris during the Conference as absolving him from the tiresome task of reading the final text of the treaty; at all events, he presents singularly erroneous accounts of some of its most important provisions.

I give some examples of these inaccuracies:

1. By the clauses which reserve to the Allied Governments the right to take property of German citizens or corporations in ceded territory, "a wholesale expropriation of private property is to take place," says Mr. Keynes, "*without the Allies affording any compensation to the individuals expropriated.*" In Alsace-Lorraine, for example, "the property of the Germans who reside there is now entirely at the disposal of the French Government without compensation, except in so far as the German Government itself *may choose* to afford it" (italics mine). In point of fact, the treaty makes provision for compensation to all Germans whose property is taken. Only by a breach of faith on the part of their own Government can they fail to receive such compensation. By Art. 297 (1), "Germany undertakes to compensate her nationals in respect to the sale or retention of their property, rights, or interests in Allied and Associated States"; and by Art. 74 the same provision is applied specifically to Germans in Alsace-Lorraine who may be dispossessed. Expropriated property, moreover, is to be used primarily to pay private debts owed by Germans to citizens of Allied countries through an international clearing office; if any balance remains and is retained by an Allied Power, it is to be credited to Germany on the reparation account.

2. As an example of the perversion of the plain meaning of the Fourteen Points through "sophistry and Jesuitical exegesis," Mr. Keynes points to the clause making Danzig a free city, with the proviso that it shall be included within the customs frontier of Poland and that its foreign relations shall be conducted by the Polish Government. Yet this clause merely translates into the concrete Point 13, which required that "the Polish State shall have free and secure access to the sea." This requirement, it is manifest, could not be effectually and lastingly realized by leaving the mouths of the Vistula in German hands; nor could it be realized by establishing a completely independent port, with its own customs system and the power to make commercial or other treaties on its own account. Under the treaty the town becomes self-governing, but with restrictions indispensable if Poland's access to the sea is to be really "free" and really "secure." Mr. Keynes's complaint seems to be that the Allies kept faith with the Poles.

3. "Clemenceau brought to success," says Mr. Keynes, "what had seemed to be, a few months before, the extraordinary and impossible proposal that the Germans should not be heard." That the German delegates were not "heard," in a physiological sense, is true. It is not true, as the reader would naturally suppose, that no hearing was given to their side of the case. They were in Paris for some seven weeks; during the whole of this time they were busily engaged in drafting and laying before the representatives of the Allies a voluminous series of notes in criticism of the treaty-draft, and in submitting counter-proposals traversing the entire field of the peace settlement. All these communications were received, published, considered, and answered in detail; and some alterations in the treaty were made in consequence, the most important being the provision for a *plébiscite* in Upper Silesia. The objections to the holding of a series of public oral debates (in three or four languages) between the Allied and the German delegates were surely obvious and sufficient.

4. Both Mr. Keynes and Dr. Dillon represent the arrangement concerning the Saar Valley as (in the words of the former) "an act of spoliation and insincerity"; and both, in order to prove it such, give misleading accounts of the provisions of the treaty. The reason officially given for the arrangement is that it was made "as compensation for the destruction of coal mines in the north of France and as part payment towards the total reparation due from Germany." Mr. Keynes, however, charges that this explanation is disingenuous. For, he asserts, "compensation for the destruction of the French coal mines is provided for elsewhere in the treaty." "As a part of the payment due for reparation, Germany is to deliver to France 7,000,000 tons annually for ten years," these deliveries being "wholly additional to the amounts available by the cession of the Saar or in compensation for destruction in Northern France." If these statements were accurate, they would, doubtless, convict the framers of the treaty of a deliberate attempt to mislead the public. But it is Mr. Keynes who misleads the public. The clauses to which he refers merely give France for ten years an option for the annual purchase, at the market price, of diminishing quantities of coal from Germany. The maximum (27 million tons) possible in any one year under the option about equals the 1912 output of the Nord and Pas de Calais mines; after five years the deliveries can not exceed 60%, and may fall to about 25% of that amount. These clauses provide an offset for France's *future* loss in coal production, but they manifestly propose no reparation whatever for the malicious destruc-

tion of the mines themselves, or for the loss of their output, or of that of the iron mines of Briey, during the past five years. Moreover, France is not assured of the fulfillment of this option. For the treaty provides that if the Reparation Commission "shall determine that the full exercise of these options would interfere unduly with the industrial requirements of Germany, the Commission is authorized to postpone or to cancel deliveries." And, as Professor Haskins has already pointed out, Mr. Keynes elsewhere seeks to prove that these clauses are an illusion, since it is impossible for Germany to furnish the coal required; so that his own arugments go to show that the Saar Valley provisions alone afford France a substantial guarantee of compenstion for the ruin of the greater part of her coal-mining industry. It becomes, in truth, increasingly evident that they give almost the only security for prompt reparation, of any kind, that France possesses.

Dr. Dillon, however, asserts (what Mr. Keynes apparently implies) that the purpose of the clauses relating to the Saar Valley was less to obtain reparation than to mask a design of eventual annexation. "For fifteen years," he writes, "there is to be a foreign administration there, and at the end of it the people are to be asked whether they would like to place themselves under French sway, so that a premium is offered for French immigration into the Saar Valley." But by Art. 34 "all persons, without distinction of sex, more than twenty years old at the date of the voting, *resident in the territory at the date of the signature of the present treaty*," will be entitled to vote in the *plébiscite* of 1934. No other class of voters is provided for; and no extension of the suffrage beyond the class thus defined could be accomplished without the vote of a majority of the Council of the League of Nations. Nor can it be assumed that the League will disregard the *plébiscite*. There is therefore no likelihood of annexation to France fourteen years hence, unless the *present* population of the district then desire it. Why the believers in "self-determination" should wish to withhold from this population, at the close of the existing temporary arrangement, the privilege of determining freely their future allegiance, is difficult to see. Dr. Dillon still more grossly misrepresents the facts when he repeatedly asserts that the treaty "makes over the German population of the Saar Valley to France at the end of fifteen years as a fair equivalent of a sum of money payable in gold." What he means to convey by this is that if Germany fails to repurchase the mines, the district and its inhabitants will be transferred to France. The treaty in its final form contains no such provision.

5. The confiding reader of Mr. Keynes's book could gain no other impression than that President Wilson's part in the Conference was essentially a passive one; that he gradually surrendered the substance of almost all the principles which he had previously so eloquently enunciated, content if only, by ingenious glosses and interpretations, some verbal show of conformity with the "Fourteen Points" were maintained. And Dr. Dillon quotes with approval the words of an American journalist: "Clemenceau got virtually all he asked. President Wilson virtually dropped his own programme and adopted the French and British, both imperialistic." The easy verifiable truth of the matter is that, while the treaty, as might have been expected, was made possible only by concessions on the part of all concerned, the concessions obtained by Mr. Wilson were of far greater significance than those which he yielded and that, but for his tenacity of purpose, the treaty would be immensely different from what it is, and incomparably more "imperialistic." A too easy plasticity is scarcely the fault with which the members of the Conference are most likely to reproach Mr. Wilson. It is indubitable that, up to April 6, the French delegation demanded the restoration of "the frontier of 1814," *i. e.*, the actual annexation of the Saar district; and that on the morrow of the President's sending for the *George Washington* this demand was withdrawn. It is also a matter of official record, in the report of the *Commission de la Paix* of the Chamber of Deputies, that until the middle of March the representatives of France insisted that all German territory on the left bank of the Rhine should willy-nilly be separated from the German Empire. The Government explained to the Committee of the Chamber its reluctant abandonment of this demand on these grounds, among others: "That it had been objected that, without violating the principles adopted on November 4, 1918, as the basis of the peace [*i. e.*, the Fourteen Points], it was impossible to separate from Germany five and a half million Germans with a *plébiscite*—which, moreover, if held, would result in favor of Germany;" and that "for these reasons certain governments refused to associate their troops [indefinitely] in the occupation" of the Rhineland or "to recommend to their parliaments the breaking of the bond between Germany and the left bank of the Rhine." It was, however, only after President Wilson's suggestion of the special treaties with England and the United States, as an alternative guarantee for the security of France against German aggression, that the French Government finally yielded the point.

Now these two French demands, for which M. Clemenceau seems to have fought with all his skill, resourcefulness and pertinacity, were obviously the supreme danger-points of the Conference. Their acceptance would have meant a clear repudiation of the principles of settlement agreed to by the Allies before the armistice; it would have made probable, and justifiable, a German irredentist movement of the most formidable proportions; and it would have been in the highest degree threatening to the peace of Europe. In this crucial issue, it was not Mr. Wilson who yielded the essentials of his position. This fact alone compels one to regard both Mr. Keynes's and Dr. Dillon's picture of the President's rôle in the negotiations as little better than caricatures. There are many other facts, easily ascertainable by any unbiased student of the treaty and of the history of the Conference, which justify the same conclusion. Like all clever caricatures, Mr. Keynes's picture has its touches of verisimilitude; but in the main, it can most charitably be described as a brilliant exercise of the creative imagination. But the public, it is to be feared, cares much more for brilliant exercises of the creative imagination than it does for facts.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

Baltimore, Md., March 6

[As regards the facts mentioned in Professor Lovejoy's last paragraph, the reader is referred to an article in the *Review* for December 20, 1919, by Mr. Frederick Moore, who attended the Peace Conference, and who holds a very different opinion as to the amount of the President's yielding.—EDS. THE REVIEW.]

Fuel in Germany

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In noting your issue of December 27 last under the heading of "Impresssions from Hungary," I was surprised at the following statement: "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."

No statement could be farther from the truth. During the latter part of last year I was in Germany for about four weeks, and I was unable to make my purchases because of the fact that there was no paper to be had, on account of lack of fuel. In one factory, in Nürnberg, they were fighting desperately to keep the boilers going by using a combination of the poorest grade of coal, wood, and peat, and after I got to Paris I received word that the factory had closed down on account of this supply having become exhausted, and that they could not predict when they would resume.

W. J. LOWENSTEIN

Atlanta, Ga., March 5

Book Reviews

Republicanism in China

Modern China: A Political Study. By Sih-Gung Cheng. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

In Part II of this volume Mr. Cheng has dealt with China's foreign relations, extraterritoriality, tariffs, economic concessions, and foreign investments, but, with regard to these topics, has furnished no considerable information not already available in other works. In Part I, however, which deals with constitutional developments in China, he has presented a new and valuable account of recent political events in his country, an account which, besides being informing, raises questions which deserve some discussion because in the answers to them will appear not only an explanation of the happenings in China of the last few years, but a basis for judging whether a rapid development of constitutional and republican institutions in that country may be expected in the near future.

It has now been more than eight years since the Manchu monarchy was overthrown and a government, republican in form, established in its place. During these years, the domestic situation in China—not to speak of her foreign relations—has gone from bad to worse. As yet it has been found impossible to put into force a permanent constitution. The so-called "Provisional Constitution," hurriedly drawn up and promulgated early in 1912, and admitted by every one to be seriously defective as an instrument of government, is still in force as the fundamental law of the Republic. Twice the attempt has been made to reëstablish the monarchy: the first time by Yuan Shih-Kai, and the second time by the bandit general, Chang Hsun, who actually succeeded in maintaining the deposed Manchu boy emperor upon the dragon throne for something over a week. Twice the Parliament, without a shadow of constitutional warrant, has been dissolved by Presidential mandate, and, at the present time, most of the southern and southwestern Provinces refuse to admit the *de jure* character of the new Parliament at Peking or the legal title to office of the President elected by it. Instead—in form if not in substance—they give their allegiance to a body sitting at Canton which claims to be composed of a majority of the members of the old twice-dissolved Parliament. Attempts, continuing for nearly two years, have been made to compromise the differences between the Canton and Peking Governments, but as yet without success.

Meanwhile, there has been a steadily increasing domestic demoralization. The control of the Government at Peking over even those Provinces which acknowledge a nominal allegiance to it has almost disappeared; the civil authorities have not been able to control the military forces (the second dissolution of the Parliament by President Li Yuan-Hung was directly due to military threats); the construction of railways and other public works has been at a standstill; and the national revenues have been wholly inadequate to meet even primary governmental needs, with the result that repeated foreign loans have been a necessity, and these having been obtained in large measure from Japan have carried with them concessions not only economically onerous, but politically dangerous. In short, as yet the Chinese people have not been able to give substance and full constitutional operation to their republican form of government, but have been forced to endure a progressive breakdown of their civil administrative services, to see their northern and southern Provinces at war with each other, and to submit, as they did in 1915, at the time of Japan's Twenty-One Demands, to serious inroads upon their sovereignty and integrity as an independent nation.

Beyond doubt China has been greatly hindered in her efforts to develop constitutional government and to give reality to republican principles, by the constant interference of Japan in her domestic affairs; but, in addition, it is evident that the Chinese people were far from prepared by previous political experience and long-established conceptions of law and government for the plunge which, in 1911, they took into the troubled, if stimulating, waters of democracy. This is a matter which deserves some discussion in view of the statement so often made that the Chinese people were peculiarly qualified for the republican experiment by reason of the extent to which, for many generations, they had practised self-government in their local affairs, and because of the essentially democratic character of their social and economic life.

The truth is, paradoxical as it may seem, that it has been precisely because of these facts that the Chinese have found it difficult to maintain an effective central government founded upon a democratic basis. In the first place, republican or representative government, to be successful, must rest upon a constitutional basis; that is, it must be a government of laws and not of men. Now this very idea of government by uniform, imperative law, as opposed to personal authority, has, in the past, played a peculiarly small part in Chinese notions of rule. It has been said by one of the most philosophical of the writers upon Chinese history (Meadows) that "of all races that have attained a certain degree of civilization the Chinese are the least revolutionary and the most rebellious." By this statement the author evidently means that the Chinese have ever laid emphasis upon the personal character of their rulers and have consistently maintained their right to rid themselves of emperors or provincial governors as well as of lower public officials by whom they have conceived themselves to be oppressed or under whose rule they have, for any reason, failed to prosper. But not until 1911 did they show any desire to change the forms of government under which they lived. Personal rule they understood and seemed to prefer, and, having got rid of an incompetent or tyrannical ruler, they were satisfied to replace him with another ruler, with equal powers, from whom they might hope to obtain more beneficent government.

Again, in the adjustment of their personal differences, the Chinese were not accustomed to resort to law, as the western world understands that term, or to tribunals maintained by the state. Disputes between members of a family or clan were settled by the heads of the family or clan. Controversies between inhabitants of the same villages, or between the villages themselves, were settled by the "village elders," who owed their station and authority rather to tacit recognition of merit than to formal election by the villagers. Differences between merchants were almost always settled by the guilds, of which practically all the merchants were members. And, finally, even when there were orders issued by the political authorities, the obligation to obey was conceived to be a moral or rational, rather than a political or legal, one. It is true that these orders were issued as commands, and often had attached to them the admonition "tremblingly obey," but, in fact, they were commonly prefaced by argumentative statements which indicated that they were intended to be persuasive in character; that is, to appeal primarily to the reason and sense of moral obligation of the persons to whom they were directed. In this important respect, then, the Chinese were not, by their past practices and political philosophy, prepared for that rigid rule of law which a constitutional régime imports and which is a prerequisite to a Government which is to be legally as well as politically responsible to the governed.

In the second place, and closely connected with the first point, the Chinese in the past had been habituated not so much to self-government as to doing without government at all. It has been seen that the Chinese were wont to make comparatively little use of the judicial branch of their Government. The legislative branch meant even less to them, as they found the substantive rules of conduct in custom rather than in statute law. And as for the executive branch, they demanded very little of it. To the central Government they were willing to

pay their very moderate taxes, but from it they expected little beyond protection against foreign aggression, and a few public works of too great magnitude for local undertaking, a general direction of state examinations for entrance to the public service, occasional aid in cases of great crop failures, floods, or other disasters, and protection against banditry when this evil became too serious to be met by the local authorities. And of their local Governments the Chinese people asked almost nothing—no administration of such local affairs as sanitation, education, fire protection, road building, and the like. Even as to local police protection, only a minimum was expected. Thus it happened that in many of the villages long periods elapsed during which, except the collection of taxes or the recording of land transfers, no distinctively governmental functions were exercised from one year's end to another.

The third respect in which the ground in China had not been prepared for representative government—and here another seeming paradox appears—was that the Chinese constituted such a socially and economically democratized people that there did not exist clearly defined classes or interests upon which political representation might be based. This was a feature emphasized by Dr. Frank J. Goodnow in an important memorandum which, as constitutional adviser, he submitted to the President of China.*

Finally, and perhaps the most important of all the circumstances which have made the republican experiment peculiarly difficult to the Chinese people, has been the lack of a politically effective national patriotism. No people have been more proud, and, in many respects, justly proud, of their civilization and national attainments than the Chinese, and few peoples in the world have been more clearly entitled to be deemed and treated as a single nation when viewed from the standpoint of an ethnic and cultural homogeneity reinforced by a long and unbroken history of political unity. But this feeling of national oneness had not, prior to the revolution of 1919, led to a patriotism that had made the Chinese willing to sacrifice individual, or family, or local interests to those of a national character. The Chinese were, and are, not without idealism, but they also have a very keen conception of what is of direct and immediate practical value to themselves. And thus, obtaining almost nothing for themselves from their central Government, and viewing, indeed, their political rulers in a peculiarly detached manner as concerned with matters with which they, the mass of the people, were not personally concerned, they were not willing to make considerable sacrifices in their behalf or in behalf of the political organization which they represented and operated. Politically, as well as economically and socially, their primary allegiance had always been to the family, the clan, or the village. The result was that, even prior to the revolution of 1911, the control which the central Government had been able to exercise over the Provinces and their lesser administrative divisions had always been a precarious one. Since the revolution that control has been almost non-existent. Because of this the central Government has been unable to obtain adequate revenues, and this in turn has tended to demoralize their administrative services and to place them at the mercy of the foreign Powers to whom they have had to resort for loans.

A false impression would be left, however, if it were not pointed out that, upon the credit side of the political ledger, there are important and growing items which, if allowed to increase, without foreign interference, may be expected, in time, to overcome the debit entries which have been spoken of. The mere fact of having a government that, in principle, is based upon the will of the governed, has had an enormously quickening effect upon the minds of the Chinese people. The remnants of the old antipathy to things western are disappearing with increasing speed. The idea that governments exist in order to advance, in an affirmative manner, the welfare of the whole people, and not simply to provide places of profit to those who happen to occupy the seats of power, is rapidly making its way. Government has become a matter of public discussion, and its acts are subject to a sustained, even if not as yet, in many instances, an effective public criticism. A true general will with reference to matters political is developing; the people are more and more tending to think nationally—a point that is of importance from the international as well as from the national point of view. And, in this connection, it is significant that, despite the contest and even open warfare that has existed between the northern and southern Provinces, there has been evinced upon neither side a desire that the solution should be found by dividing the country into two independent States. With the further development of means of communication and transportation this national solidarity, thus strikingly exhibited, will inevitably become more and more manifest. The Japanese, by the attacks which they have been constantly making against the territorial rights of the Chinese, are doing much to hasten the development of this national patriotism, for, uncomplimentary though it may be to the races of men, it seems to be a fact that a sense of injury or danger from an outside source is the most effective of all forces in creating a strong national feeling. If then, it be true, as has sometimes been asserted, that a centralized, energetic Chinese state will be a menace to Japan, or, at any rate, will render impossible the realization by her of certain of her ambitions, Japan, from the practical point of view, has been pursuing during recent years a highly inexpedient policy toward her neighbor.

W. W. WILLOUGHBY

*Later published in the *American Political Science Review*, VIII, 541.

A Treatise for the Man in the Shop

THE FLOW OF VALUE. By Logan Grant McPherson. New York: The Century Company.

MR. McPHERSON's subject is of such high importance that it is a pity he lacks an ingratiating style. Who could read the following without effort: "The ratio to the dollar of man-hours—that is, the wage of the employee—is determined by interrelations between the supply of and the demand for effort of the quality he is capable of applying toward the production of final utilities; and the ratio to the dollar of final utilities is determined by the interrelations between the supply of and the demand for final utilities of the respective kinds which find expression in the proportions of man-hours applied that final purchasers pay for final utilities of the respective kinds." Other passages quite as tedious could be quoted from the work before us. They impair the effectiveness of what is in many ways a very valuable treatise.

Mr. McPherson is justly entitled to this mild censure because it is obvious that his aim is to reach the man in the shop and the factory. That his intention is to be elementary is disclosed by his opening paragraph, in which he imagines the effect which our earthly affairs would have on a man from Mars. The presumption is, of course, that the man from Mars is utterly unfamiliar with the course of things in this world, but is the personification of that intelligence which enables him to perceive, prompts him to inquire, impels him to logical conclusion. Our author attempts to outline certain phases of human existence as they would have appeared to the Martian at any time during the years which preceded the outbreak of the war of 1914. This is not the way an economic writer would present the situation to economic thinkers; it is, however, one of the best ways to present it to those who are about to begin to think economically.

Mr. McPherson may be said to think aloud. We participate in the whole mental process by which he reaches the conclusions here embodied. Economics, supposititiously the driest of subjects, is

related to the commonest and most necessary facts of life. The commonest facts of life, however, are the most instinctive facts and the ones which the ordinary mind cares least to think about. The difficulty of proving the obvious is, after all, what makes economics trying to most persons. Now, it is the obvious that Mr. McPherson is trying to prove, and perhaps we are a trifle unfair in calling him hard reading.

We hasten to add that we can recall no one who has been more successful in proving the obvious. Essential to property is the application of human effort, which first brings into possession that in which there is property, and the putting forth of effort, when necessary, to protect the rights of property in that which has been brought into possession. Such effort is primarily exerted by the person in protecting his rights. The right to property is not only the right to hold, use, and dispose of that in which a person has property, but also to hold, use, and dispose of that which is produced through the utilization of that in which he has property. Man not only uses and disposes of forms of matter, but he uses and disposes of measures of force. The very use and disposition of matter necessarily involves the use and disposition of force. The results of his efforts are due as much to the application of force as to the matter to which force is applied. The right to property in the force which man directs to his ends has an implied recognition in the law. In the sense that a man has the right either to use or to dispose of the right to use the force thereof, he has property in his body and his brain.

This is a common-sense deduction from the facts of experience and from a study of the mental constitution of the race. But the fact that it is common sense may not enhance its value in a revolutionary period, when the fact of individual ownership of matter, including gray matter, is generally questioned. Mr. McPherson declares, however, that the written law has defined the rights to property in matter, though it has not as yet fully defined the rights to property in force. There is lack of general recognition of the fact that to the mental effort of those who direct and coördinate the application of force, is due the production in greater volume than otherwise would be possible of the things that men use and consume. "It is not only the concrete things in which a man or a business organization has property that conduce to the most effective production of things and services that meet the wants of humankind, but in greater measure the brains of those who give that arrangement to these concrete things which enables their most effective utilization, and so direct and coordinate the application of force to them and through them that the most effective result is obtained."

Such is the theme of the present work. The development of the theme involves much minute investigation of the promptings and processes of human nature. Effect is traced back to cause; step by step the genesis and development of prices, wages, and profit are noted. "Toward meeting his wants," says Mr. McPherson, "man utilizes matter in vast aggregates, in manifold combinations, and in minute subdivisions. He utilizes force in mighty currents and in infinitesimal pulsation." And he tells us why and how. He deals with "utilities," showing why they come into being and how they are diffused. The exchange of utilities connotes "want," and in economic phraseology "want" signifies not only that a person desires a thing but that he has that in exchange for which it may be obtained. Similarly, in economic parlance, "demand" signifies the offering of that in return for which that which meets a "want" may be obtained.

The value of the present work lies in the clearness with which the fact is developed that all commodities and services are the product of human effort, and that the greater the production as compared to the effort the greater will be the supply, and thus the greater the well-being of every individual. The vigorous enforcement of this truth at a time when the world seems bent on a hunger strike is a real service.

L'Affaire Caillaux

The Enemy Within. Hitherto unpublished details of the great conspiracy to corrupt and destroy France. By Severance Johnson, special investigator and correspondent at the Peace Conference. New York: The James A. McCann Company.

THIS lamentable work reveals for the first time, if we may accept the publisher's announcement, "the ramifications of the vast conspiracy to destroy France" and "points out that the fate from which France escaped may befall the United States." These are praiseworthy objects. Caillaux is at the present moment on trial for treason during the war; it is well that we should know something of his career, his associates, and the charges brought against him. The book is lamentable because it defeats its ends by illiteracy and sensationalism.

The book contains a number of undoubted facts; it might be possible for a reader well acquainted from other sources with the history and politics of France for the last ten or fifteen years to compile from it a fairly accurate account of *l'affaire Caillaux*. But these facts are presented in such disorderly fashion, so blended with fiction, so unbalanced by reason of omissions, that they must inevitably fail to carry weight except with minds already as assured as the author's of Caillaux's guilt. For Mr. Johnson has no doubts whatever in this matter. He assumes from the beginning not only that Caillaux was in secret correspondence with German agents and statesmen during the war—very probably the fact, although it yet remains to be judicially proved—but also that even before the war he was the "Arch-German conspirator (p. xv), planning to become the Lenine of France" and building up a party "to set France aflame with a Bolshevist revolution as soon as Berlin gave the command."

It will be useful, in view of the exaggerations and distortions of this unhappy book, to state briefly what is known and what is merely suspected of Caillaux. His pro-German sympathies are nothing new nor strange. As far back as 1911 he advocated a policy of mutual concessions and a good understanding with the old enemy of France, as opposed to Clemenceau's policy of the *Entente Cordiale* with England. As Premier he negotiated over the head of the French Ambassador in Berlin a treaty which in return for Germany's recognition of France's position in Morocco ceded to the Empire a large part of the French Congo. There can be little doubt that Caillaux's policy was dictated by financial considerations. The long continued hostility between France and Germany and the ever-increasing cost of armaments was imposing on France a greater financial burden than Caillaux believed she was able to bear. A financier to the finger-tips, this seems to have been the only aspect of the rivalry that he considered, and there is no reason to doubt that he was sincere in his belief. His great influence with the Socialist parties in France sprang also, strange as it may seem, from his financial policy. His advocacy of an income tax by way of shifting to the *bourgeoisie* the burden of taxation made him as popular with the Socialists as he was detested by the respectable middle-class. He held the position of Minister of Finance under various Premiers, and was generally acknowledged as unrivaled in his knowledge and skill in this field, so much so that even to-day one hears voices in France asserting that only Caillaux can solve the financial problems confronting the country. Forced out of public life in 1914 by the scandal of his wife's murder of Calmette, editor of *Le Figaro*, he was still represented in the war-cabinet from 1914 to 1917 by his faithful henchman Malvy, who was continued in his post as Minister of the Interior to placate the large and powerful Socialist groups which had in the past followed Caillaux. As the war took on its long and indecisive aspect of trench-warfare, Caillaux seems to have resumed, naturally in profound secrecy, his policy of a *rapprochement* with Germany. There is

little doubt that directly or indirectly he was in touch with German agents and statesmen, seeking to secure a statement of such German terms as would make it possible for a war-wearied France to conclude peace, with or without the consent of her English ally. In Italy, in particular, his conversations with various Italian politicians were so pessimistic as to the successful prosecution of the contest by arms that it is believed that the Italian Government was deterred from ordering his instant arrest only by the fear of the bad effect of such an action on her ally, France.

Meanwhile, a daring and scandalous defeatist propaganda sprang up in France itself. A group of adventurers flooded the country with journals, tracts, and handbills calling for peace at any price, and actually appealing to the troops in the trenches to turn their arms against a Government that persisted in prolonging the war. That this propaganda was financed by German gold there is no longer any shadow of a doubt, and the chief traitors, Bolo, Duval, and Lenoir, have already paid the extreme penalty. How far was Caillaux connected with this treasonable attempt? That is exactly the question which remains to be answered at his trial. All that is certain is that his creature, Malvy, who as Minister of the Interior was bound in duty to keep watch upon and suppress any such propaganda, not only failed to suppress it, but actually maintained friendly relations with one of its leaders, Almereyda of the pacifist *Bonnet Rouge*, and repeatedly interfered with the military police in their attempts to break up and punish the gang.

Finally, in 1917, after the terrible losses of the French offensive early that year, the situation grew impossible. It became plain that if the army was to be held to its task its morale must be delivered from pacifist propaganda and must be assured of a Government as determined as its own leaders, Pétain and Foch, to continue the struggle to the bitter end. Malvy was driven from office and later tried and condemned—not, be it remarked, for treason, but for dereliction of duty. Clemenceau was called to power, and one of his first acts was to initiate a thorough investigation of the defeatist movement. The band of wretched traitors whom Malvy had at least shielded were brought to trial and convicted, and Caillaux himself was arrested and imprisoned, in January, 1918. He has remained a prisoner ever since. Why was he not brought at once to trial? Nothing could have given better proof to the world of the determination of France to crush domestic treason than the conviction and punishment of so well known a figure in international politics. The only plausible answer seems to be that the French Government was altogether uncertain of being able to convict him of actual treason, and believed, no doubt correctly, that the acquittal of Caillaux would do more harm than his trial could do good. Circumstances have changed now; the acquittal of Caillaux will hardly cause a ripple on the sea of international politics. In the spring or summer of 1918, it might well have sufficed to overthrow the only Government capable of leading France to a victorious conclusion to the war.

Three Ways of Looking at Ireland

Irish Impressions. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The Soul of Ireland. By W. J. Lockington, S.J. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Elizabethan Ulster. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

EACH of these three books has an interest of its own; they represent three types of mind which are occupied just now with Irish affairs. We know what to expect from Mr. Chesterton: vividness, color, wit, epigrams often a little strained but not seldom such as make one catch one's breath and wonder; clear-cut antitheses—sometimes cut too clear to correspond accurately with situations that are complex and confused, but always a stimulant to thought, and not least arousing when they are most provoking. And it is the true Chestertonian humor that greets us in these "Irish Impressions." G. K. C. paid his first visit to the Green Isle two years ago, and came back with his mind full of Irish romance and of well-intentioned Anglo-Irish blundering. He has set it all before us.

Everything he saw gave him food for reflection, and most of the things he seems to have seen—after his own habit of seeing—in contrasted pairs. There are two monuments near each other in Dublin, one to a hard-faced old monarch of German descent, which is fast falling into neglect, the other to the thriftless but lovable poet, Clarence Mangan, which is tended with affectionate care. Mr. Chesterton may be trusted to look at these together, and to point the moral about Irish temperament. He draws our attention to such facts as that the English think of people individually, while in Ireland they are considered in families—never Murphy or O'Sullivan, but always the Murphys and the O'Sullivans. Somewhere in the records of Grattan's Parliament he has unearthed a rather nasty illustration of this habit. It seems that in those hot days an orator while denouncing his opponent in the House caught sight of the sister of his enemy in the Ladies' Gallery. He at once burst into his peroration, invoking wrath upon the whole household of them "from the toothless old hag who is grinning in the gallery to the white-livered poltroon that is shivering on the floor!" It consoles one's wounded national pride to remember that this happened in the Anglo-Irish Parliament of the English pale.

Mr. Chesterton tells how he went on a mission to stimulate recruiting in 1918, and how he found that the gross mistake had been made of sending "elderly English landlords" to carry on this campaign in the south and west of Ireland. He whets an appetite, which he will not gratify, by saying that it would be too cruel to "recount their adventures." He drives home his own favorite lesson against Socialism by describing a road along which he passed, and which on its left side showed a modern estate lying waste, while on the right side peasant proprietorship was successfully garnering the harvest. And he has stories for us about "Belfast and the religious problem" which set the capital of Ulster in a most unkind similitude with Berlin. We must not take everything he says too seriously; for, if we did, Mr. Chesterton would feel that he had said it wrong. But even when he jests there is a background of sober meaning. He rather neatly says of himself: "My life is passed in making bad jokes, and seeing them turn into true prophecies."

Father Lockington's book is quite different, and a critic who does not belong to the author's faith must not dissect too minutely a work that is in essence one of Catholic devotion. The "soul of Ireland" is for this writer to be found in Irish fidelity to the ancient worship, and he presents us with a moving scene of priests and nuns, of the festival of Corpus Christi and the cloisters "lit by the soft glow of the tabernacle lamp," of the long years of martyrdom for conviction and the innate joyousness which the Church sustained in her children throughout their trials. Even those who stand outside the sacred circle for which he writes and who can not share the glowing devoutness of his symbolism must be moved by the enthusiastic tenderness with which this Jesuit priest idealizes the land of his ministry.

If there is genial humor in Mr. Chesterton and poetic pathos in Father Lockington, the reader must not expect much of either spirit in the brochure by Lord Ernest Hamilton. It is in cold facts that this historian has endeavored to specialize, and he often makes them so cold as to excite suspicion that he has given us those half-facts which are the most misleading things of all. If mere hard work could produce a good history, Lord Ernest Hamilton would have done very well indeed, for beyond doubt he has been industrious, though his labor is rather of the kind which makes a Blue Book or a catalogue. It is a dull thing that he has given us, but not without its

value. Tale follows tale about the misdeeds of Shane O'Neill and Hugh Roe, and other Irish chieftains, whose deplorable addiction to strong drink the author dwells upon again and again with most decorous regret. He does not fail, indeed, to chronicle some corresponding defects in the English and Scottish settlers of the period, and it is but fair to say that his record of the efforts to Anglicize Ireland under Elizabeth has brought together in compact form much that is of antiquarian interest, not easily accessible to the general reader elsewhere. The chief fault of his work is his obvious inability to think himself back into an environment and a mode of life quite different from that of the year 1920; so that he has produced a criticism of Irish character in Elizabethan days such as might be given of Homeric warriors by one who judged them in the light of modern methods of warfare. This is not what is known as the "sympathetic tone" in history. But we must remember that Lord Ernest Hamilton is an Ulster member of Parliament.

HERBERT L. STEWART

The Run of the Shelves

During the war, Professor W. S. Davis, who is as favorably known for his historical novels as for his more serious work in history, began a little sketch intended to tell the men of the American Army something of the past of the great French nation, on whose soil they were battling for liberty. The early armistice enabled him to expand this into a considerable volume of six hundred pages for all Americans: "A History of France from the Earliest Times to the Peace of Versailles" (Houghton-Mifflin). Though very sympathetic to his subject, and though he often animadverts to the ravages of the Hun in the present when telling of the past, his tone is scholarly and his attitude sufficiently impartial. In his survey of twenty centuries he has skillfully selected only those events which were of permanent importance. He believes in using the past to interpret the present. He suggests, for instance, interesting analogies between the Jacobins of Revolutionary France and the Bolsheviki of Revolutionary Russia. He supplements his narrative with a number of good illustrations, and for those of his readers who are stirred to a further study of French history, Mr. Davis has added an excellent select bibliography. Unfortunately, there is almost nothing of French literature and art—virtually nothing of the Chansons de Gestes, nothing of the Renaissance under Francis I, and only a scant page given to the dazzling age of Louis XIV. Yet who can doubt that this great national literature has been one of the strongest, though perhaps quite unconscious, forces in giving the French those splendid national traditions and ideals which fortified their spirit so remarkably during the dark months following 1914?

"Spain's Declining Power in South America" (Berkeley: University of California Press), by Bernard Moses, Emeritus Professor of History and Political Science, presents a consideration of the last decades of colonial dependence in Spanish South America. He finds that during the period in question, in spite of certain measures of economic progress, the authority and efficiency of the Government were declining. The policy of the Crown to confer important offices in America only upon persons sent from Spain led the creoles and mestizos gradually to constitute themselves a society apart from the Spaniards and in opposition to the established administration. Revolts against the policy of this administration and against its imposition of specific fiscal burdens constitute a feature of this history, and indicate that the colonies were slipping away from the grasp of Spain, even before the creole-mestizo elements in the population had clearly formed a design for emancipation. The author gives a somewhat extended account of the expulsion of the Jesuits as an act depriving the dependencies of their ablest and most effective teachers, as well as of their most energetic and farsighted industrial and commercial entrepreneurs. By this act, moreover, the Government removed the only body of residents who manifested any clear conception of the proper relations to be maintained between the Spaniards and the Indians.

Writing recently from Paris, where he now resides, Professor Moses says:

> Since my last book was finished, I have been studying the colonial literature of Spanish South America; but this is only for the fun of doing it. No normal person in these times is likely to be interested in this subject, and when the book is finished it will have to take its place in the morgue of subsidized publications, such as the universities are supporting nowadays.

The *Bulletin Italien*, devoted to things Italian, was issued for eighteen years under the auspices of the University of Bordeaux; "but we were forced to suspend publication at the end of 1918," writes Professor Georges Radet, dean of that institution, "for two reasons. In the first place, and principally, for lack of funds and the increase of fifty per cent. in the cost of printing, and in the second place because the managing editor of the *Bulletin*, Professor Bouvy, who filled the chair of Italian literature, was transferred to the University of Paris and no successor was sent us."

But the suspension at Bordeaux really meant only enlarging the field of the *Bulletin*, for it soon followed Professor Bouvy to Paris, where it began, in January, 1919, to appear under another title, *Etudes Italiennes*, and has become "the only French review whose sole object is the historical study of Italian civilization." The editors, three Sorbonne Italian scholars—Professors Henri Hauvette, Eugène Bouvy, and Edouard Jordan—unite in declaring that they owe much of the success of their undertaking to the support of their well-known publisher, M. Ernest Leroux, "whose habit of taking the initiative outweighed any hesitation he might have felt in continuing the good work of the *Bulletin* in the midst of the printing crisis through which we are now passing." The editors also announce that the number of pages of the periodical, now some 130, will be increased "as soon as this crisis ends."

The editor-in-chief, M. Hauvette, is the leading Italian scholar of France, where he organized the Italian courses and studies of the colleges and universities and where he has been since 1893 a professor of the Italian language and literature, assuming the chair at the Sorbonne in 1906. He is also the president and founder of the Union Intellectuelle Franco-Italienne, under whose auspices the new quarterly appears, and the author of many volumes on Italian literature and art, his new translation of Dante's "Inferno" being now in press.

The three or four numbers of *Etudes Italiennes* which have reached this country speak well for its present character and its future success. The articles are printed either in French or Italian, though the first of these languages largely predominates. The third number contains a very eulogistic review of the three books on Dante by Professor Grandgent, of Harvard, who was recently chosen a corresponding member of the famous Florentine Accademia della Crusca, and who was an exchange professor at the Sorbonne in 1915-1916. At the end of the review his former colleague pays him this very high compliment: "May we not expect some day from Professor Grandgent a complete translation for the American and British public of the poetical works of Dante?"

Mr. Brand Whitlock, American Ambassador to Brussels, writes in a recent letter, apropos of his two remarkable volumes, "Belgium: A Personal Narrative," in many ways the best of the American war books:

> Payot is about to bring it out in a French edition at Paris, as well as a French edition of my little "Life of Lincoln," which I translated myself. By the way, I had hoped to stay on awhile in America, but the King asked me to accompany him home, and so here I am.

The Company Stores at Lawrence

ON the banks of the Merrimac at a point where its busy waters take a slithering slide of some twenty-six feet and in the process produce annually $200,000,000 worth of woolens, stand the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and the great hills that dominate it not otherwise than anciently the cathedrals dominated the towns that gathered in their shelter. The carvings are not there, nor the painted windows, nor choirs to chant their orisons in the still, chill air of winter mornings. But for all that, he who finds in the contrast of the elder day with our own no sign but of spiritual decadence, should pause to consider many things before he seals his judgment, and not among the least of these, some very recent happenings.

Just at present those in the little Massachusetts city who are looking for some new thing may be abundantly satisfied. The streets, in fact, are all agog with the *pros* and *cons* of the newly established Company Stores of the great American Woolen Company.

Is the whole thing a bluff? Will it last? Was it justified? Will it do any good? —these are but a few of the innumerable questions that are on every tongue and they are asked in English, French, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, Russian, Syrian, and languages even more foreign to American ears. For of the ninety-odd thousand inhabitants of Lawrence, seventy-eight thousand are foreign born or of foreign parentage. It is not quite true that these various nationals live in separate quarters—the city is too small to allow of that. Nevertheless, there is a natural grouping of that sort, and in each neighborhood are several small, "one man" stores where the people may bargain in their native tongues. Then, of course, there are the main streets, where the larger and more pretentious emporiums keep company, and carry on a thriving trade—rather too thriving, according to William Wood, president of the American Woolen Company, who challenged them, one and all, to show cause why he should not take a hand in the game, to prevent the alleged exploitation of his employees.

Now, the uneducated foreigner with his pocket full of good American wages is not often miserly. He lounges into the best store in town—it is shirts he wants—that fine silk one with the broad stripes—too large? No matter; it is what he wants. Out of his pocket comes an enviable "roll" and the requisite number of bills are proudly peeled off. Under such circumstances human nature does, sometimes, I doubt not, profiteer. Temptation of that sort is rather more abundant in Lawrence than in most Massachusetts cities, so that it seems not altogether improbable that the charge made by the head of the American Woolen Company to the effect that the cost of the necessities of life was higher in Lawrence than elsewhere was not without some justification.

But that is really a very small part of the story; the cost of living is always highest at the point where one happens to be paying one's bills. The merchants of Lawrence met Mr. Wood's demand for lower prices by a denial of his statements of fact, and, after one or two rather sharp passages, it was formally announced that the American Woolen Company would reduce the cost of living for its employees by establishing stores where they could buy without paying retailers' profits. A beginning was made and enthusiastically received by the workers, an organization is being perfected to enlarge the scope of the enterprise, and the merchants of Lawrence are out of luck—that is about all that the public knows of the matter.

The talk that froths and foams about these surface facts follows the partisan sympathies of the talker. Some say that Mr. Wood is caught in a trap of his own setting, that by a hastily and ill-advised statement which pride has compelled him to back up, he has forced his own hand, and that he will soon weary of the experiment. Others say that the merchants of Lawrence misjudged their man, and have got themselves into a scrape from which many will not come out with whole skins. As always, there is the man who buttonholes you and leads you aside to insinuate darkly that organized labor has got the big corporation into a corner and forced it to act against its choice and better judgment.

A few who think more deeply say that the president of the American Woolen Company is not a man to make an important move from impulse, or under the stress of outside compulsion; that he would not commit the great company of which he is the head to an important business policy merely to put a few town merchants in a pickle; they say that Mr. Wood is a "policy man," and acts only with some farsighted aim. This aim, according to these knowing ones, is to hold his labor for the evil day that draws nigh when immigration will no longer afford an unfailing supply.

It does not appear to be in the nature of the "nigger in the wood pile" type of thinker to accept so simple and luminous a statement as that which Mr. Wood himself made at the dinner of the National Association of Clothiers:

"I will not trouble you with the narration of what we have already done, but I will say that we intend to lose no opportunity to promote wisely and justly, the happiness and prosperity of those upon whose labors this great industry depends. . . . In the past we have had our disagreements. Demands have been made by the workers which I have felt, in justice to the investors and to the public, I could not grant. But sometimes, no doubt, I myself have been mistaken. . . . I am happy to say that with the experience of these years I think I now know my job better. . . . Things have happened of late in the relations of our employees and the management that have touched me very deeply and that have given me a new confidence in the future as well as a deep satisfaction. I indulge in no illusions. I know that we shall have our troubles and disagreements in the future somewhat as we have had in the past, but I hope and believe that we shall approach them with a new spirit and a new appreciation and a new regard each for the viewpoint of the other."

In few words, it would appear from this that the company has moved in the direction of really helping its employees, and the workers have shown a disposition to meet the company half way; that the conduct of so great a business has had an educative effect on all concerned; that the experiences of the great war have deepened and quickened these lessons; and that the prosperity brought about by war-time profits has softened the way and opened the door for a new attitude, first on the part of the employer, and, in response, on the part of the workers.

If the American Woolen Company persists in its enterprise—and it is generally believed that it will, as it is reported to have the solid backing of organized labor and of its own workers —the weaker merchants may be forced to close their doors, but the stronger ones and the better ones will remain, and perhaps make more money than they ever did—why not? For the more wholesome the conditions, the better for all concerned.

As to the future—well, they are a mercurial lot, these Italians, Poles, Russians, and Syrians of whom only about one-half speak English well. It is more than probable that the waters will again be troubled. It is not inconceivable that again, as in 1912, wild mobs, led on by wilder leaders, may surge down the streets of Lawrence calling for the destruction of the mills, of the city, of the Government. All of this may happen. But it is the belief of your correspondent that the corner has been turned in the Americanization of this cosmopolitan mass of workers, and at the same time in their relations to the industry by which they are supported. The company stores are an incident only of a movement that has in it a very real promise of better things.

STAFF CORRESPONDENT

Church Unity

THE movement of present-day thought about church unity offers many striking analogies to that noticeable in the ideas of political reform. In the world of politics we find at once the widest internationalism and the narrowest nationalism. On the one hand we are exhorted to learn the difficult art of thinking internationally; on the other we are urged to shun all such vague generalizations and to lend all our energies to the fostering of an aggressive national spirit. And then, of course, between these two apparently irreconcilable opposites there is a "new school" of mediators who insist that there is here no opposition at all, but that internationalism is only nationalism in its social expression. I need not love my country less because I love "humanity" more.

Precisely the same lines of thought are followed by those who concern themselves with the subject of church unity. Here, too, we find the party of frankly avowed sectarianism and the party of intersectarianism, or, as they are more prone to call it, "non-sectarianism." And then between the two we have the mediators again, those who would maintain their allegiance to their several sects, not merely out of a traditional loyalty, but because they believe, or would like to think they believe that only through this narrower loyalty can the remoter end of a true Christian unity be attained.

Within this body of mediating thought, however, there is one rather nice distinction not always clearly perceived, but worth careful attention. It is suggested by the two words "unity" and "union." Unity, we are often told, we all desire and may all attain. It rests upon such a deep and complete conviction of the real nature of Christianity that all differences of form and expression become of no importance. Provided only that the true Christian spirit be preserved, the varieties of creed and of organization are of no account. They are only the natural outcome of those diversities in human nature that save it from stagnation and decay. "All very fine," replies the other wing of the mediating party, "but where are you to get a definition of this abstract unity? How are we to know when any single body of persons has attained thereto, much less the whole multitude of those who confess themselves and would like to be called 'Christians'?" There must be some outward signs by which this unity can be recognized. In other words, there must be some form and some degree of union to give a tangible body to what is otherwise only a vague and impracticable ideal.

We once heard the very liberal pastor of an American church abroad give an invitation to the celebration of the Lord's Supper which, for breadth and inclusiveness, left nothing to be desired, had he not seen fit to conclude with the request that his hearers "would partake with ungloved hands." It was only the other day that the Episcopalian Bishop of New York publicly reproved a clergyman subject to his direction for lending his church building for the purpose of a political discussion. The offense lay, not in providing a room for discussion nor in the nature of the opinions expressed, but in the desecration of a building specifically consecrated to a religious purpose. It is not long since a building thus consecrated was sold to worshipers of another communion and, before it was handed over, solemnly *de*consecrated. The principle of unity is very apt to break down at the critical point and the emphasis to shift over to some tangible kind of union in outward form.

These reflections are suggested by the appearance of a little volume* bearing the modest title of "Approaches Toward Church Unity." It contains a group of articles by four clergymen, three Congregationalists and one Episcopalian. Its declared aim is not to lay down any one definite programme of action, but rather to suggest various possibilities of helpful effort toward the end of unity. It is not consummation but "approach" that we are asked to consider. Two leading motives are followed: one, the historical, another, the speculative or ideal. The former is the subject of the first article, in which Professor Walker, of Yale University, deals with the infinitely vexed question of the development of "officers" within the body of the early "charismatic" Church.

On the nature of these officials Dr. Walker speaks with no uncertain voice. He reviews in the light of the best information we have, meagre as this is, the emergence of an official class from the simple charismatic leaders of the first generation to the monarchical parish (not diocesan) episcopate of the Ignatian letters. He concludes that here is no trace of an apostolic succession, but rather evidence of a leadership resting upon personal quality. If Dr. Walker is right, and we think he is, the whole structure of claims to church authority resting upon apostolic succession falls to the ground. No chain is stronger than its weakest point, and, if the defective link in a chain of evidence occurs at the very beginning of it, we need not concern ourselves greatly about the rest.

The historical "approach" is continued by Dr. Raymond Calkins, a Congregationalist minister of Cambridge, Mass. His contribution here takes the form of an exhortation to all apparently opposing branches of the Christian family to study the history of great dividing epochs, notably in the Church of England, and thus to reach such an understanding, each of the others' points of view, that they may come to think of their own peculiar ideas and practices as of no account compared with the great aim of realizing the ideal of the One Holy Catholic Church. He thinks that some approach can and ought to be made to Canon Rawlinson's dictum that real unity of church worship "can not take place until the Pope of Rome appreciates and values the Methodist prayer-meeting or until the Puritan learns to worship with insight and devout intelligence at Mass in St. Peters." Dr. Calkins would say "and until" rather than "or until," but he does not seem to realize that if ever this gorgeous ideal could be reached both Pope and Puritan would long before have disappeared. His historical approach only demonstrates that after two thousand years of struggle the Protestant, even "though he be educated in church history," still wants to be a Protestant and the Catholic wants to be a Catholic, but that neither wants to be both.

Dr. Calkins does not hope that "this or that experiment of reunion shall succeed" but only that these two forms of the Church shall "understand each other." He has faith that out of such mutual understanding there shall arise the one Church, etc., but he seems to forget that one of the postulates of this whole volume is that the one Church already exists and only seems to be divided because its varied aspects have, in fact, worked out into those differing forms which reflect the happy varieties of human nature itself. What is going to happen when this much-prayed-for understanding is reached does not appear, and we suspect that our authors have only the vaguest idea of this themselves. We incline to think that the wicked people to whose infirmities of temper Dr. Calkins attributes the divisions of the Reformation period had a great deal clearer understanding of the meanings of their partisan conflicts than we have, or than our successors educated in the doctrine of development are likely to have. The heat of their partisanship came largely because they understood what was involved in their controversies, and we are profiting both ways from the steadfastness of their faith.

Where Dr. Calkins's real sympathies lie seems to be rather more clearly disclosed in another article on Creeds. He shows quite accurately that creeds are historical formulations, not metaphysical inventions. His special concern, however, is not to have them preserved for defensive purposes, but to have them frequently repeated as a means of edification and as reminders of the unity of all Christians. That the creeds contain positive affirmations of belief in things which the

*APPROACHES TOWARD CHURCH UNITY, edited by Newman Smyth and Williston Walker. New Haven: Yale University Press.

rational sense of our time knows to be impossible does not trouble him. "Say them over often enough" is the obvious inference from his words "and you will come to believe them in some sense that is good enough for the one supreme end of unity." The virgin birth, the descent into hell, the physical resurrection—these all mean something "more" than they say, and what this something may be every individual "believer" is at liberty to determine for himself. Dr. Calkins says "this is not to toy with language," but there will be readers who will think that it is toying with things more important than language, with honesty of thought and the sanctities of true belief. The church that says "No matter what you believe so long as you are willing to say you believe what other people say they believe" is planting the seeds of its own damnation.

Dr. Newman Smyth's chief contribution is in several short articles on the general thesis of biological analogies in the life of the Church. It is a method rather suggestive than positively constructive. The Church is an organism with a development going on from the beginning and destined to go on forever. Schism, which Dr. Smyth seems to agree is a sin, is not so much the lopping off of one limb from an otherwise perfect organism as it is a separation between members equally responsible for the maintenance of unity and, therefore, equally guilty of the sin of division. The application of this idea to the modern Church is obvious. There is no single tribunal that can decide in the matter of schism. It is the duty of all the churches, frankly admitting their sinful state, to "get together" under the guidance of the one spirit they all profess to follow.

Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in a chapter of three pages, expresses general good will toward any workable project of church unity. He makes also a hopeful, but non-committal, reference to a scheme of approach to this end by a conference of Episcopalians and Congregationalists. Dr. Smyth, too, prepares us for a study of this scheme by a selection of cases illustrating the possibility of episcopal ordination in addition to that already received from some other source. The scheme itself is given in the Appendix, and we can not escape the impression that here we have the "nub" of the whole matter so far as this volume is concerned. The essence of the proposals here contained is, that any minister who has not received episcopal ordination, with the approval of "the ecclesiastical authority to which he is subject," may under certain conditions receive ordination from a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church without, however, ceasing to be a member of the communion to which he already belongs. Here is obviously the danger of a conflict of jurisdiction, but this is cannily provided for in advance. In case this luckless servant of two masters be "charged with error of faith or of conduct," he shall be tried according to episcopal procedure and sentenced by a bishop, with due notification to the other communion and acceptance of its findings as "evidence of facts."

This scheme has been accepted by men calling themselves Congregationalists, but to the unregenerate it looks like a very one-sided bargain. It seems to him that the principle of episcopacy would be gaining a practical recognition from that body of Christians which has been most distinctly opposed to it, and that the principle of congregationalism would in fact be surrendered. Now these two principles are not reconcilable. Any working arrangement between them would be possible only by trimming away from each all that makes it valuable in the adaptation of the Church to the varied needs of various types of men. If ever that trimming process shall be completed the sham unity that will result will not be worth having. The real and fortunate diversities of human nature will then proceed to re-assert themselves, and the ancient struggle of liberty against uniformity and of honesty against wordy compromise will begin again. The only true unity is that unity of the spirit which thrives upon diversities utilizing them for its highest ends.

THEOLOGIAN.

Drama

Percy Mackaye's "George Washington" and St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg"

At the Lyric Theatre last week I saw Percy Mackaye's "George Washington" received with moderate approval by an audience whose size hinted only too plainly that the play's weeks, if not its hours, were numbered. Washington is the first, or second, of our men of state, and Mr. Mackaye's name is bright on the roster of our active men of letters. Rumor says that Mr. John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" has been known to earn six thousand dollars a week at the Cort Theatre, and the emptiness of two-thirds of the seats in the Lyric orchestra gapes for explanations. One might begin by suggesting that Mr. Drinkwater's relation to "Abraham Lincoln" is that of chaplain; the relation of Mr. Mackaye to "George Washington" might be defined in the word "herald." Heralds had their solemnity in the old Roman and mediæval days, and Mr. Mackaye is studious, solicitous, and earnest in his fashion. But in Mr. Drinkwater the design and the temper are equally grave; in Mr. Mackaye the design is graver than the temper. Both plays with entire wisdom omit formal story, but the theme of Lincoln has offered Mr. Drinkwater rich compensations in character and atmosphere. Washington has not been quite so generous to Mr. Mackaye.

In history I think one has the sense that Washington does not quite embody Washington, that there is a sheath or glaze about the man which resists the passage of the soul outward. In life he seems already monumental. Now Mr. Mackaye, whose gift is "buxom, blithe and debonair," might have seemed to be nature's own appointee for the task of enlivening and diversifying a slightly heavy theme. What has been the issue? Mr. Mackaye has added the condiment freely, but he has forborne to *stir it in;* and the result is that part of the dish is overseasoned, and part of it is relatively savorless. For example, the madcap George, in his very first appearance, frightens an old negress out of her wits by masquerading as a feathered Indian. Plainly, we are to have a live George; I am thankful for a live George; but I could have spared this particular guarantee. Moreover, I have a feeling that the liveliness has a certain resemblance to the Indian feathers in the ease and completeness with which it falls off, leaving us, for long periods at least, to the expected and accustomed sobrieties.

The Washington is acceptable, but scarcely noteworthy, and there is still another point which raises mild remonstrance in the critic. The play begins in fantasy, and there are three whimsical people, Quilloquon and his boy and girl, who, always on the stage and never in the play, and proving by their saucy charm how soon the superfluous can become the indispensable, never allow the play to escape from the realm of the fantastic. This is all very well in certain parts, but what can fantasy do at Valley Forge or Trenton? Elfland surely does not skirt the Delaware. In one scene Mr. Mackaye makes Washington play the flute in the rigors of Valley Forge. The flute at Valley Forge—in a sort it is symbolic of the play. Mr. Mackaye's diction, which is hardly surpassed in its kind, afforded me the customary pleasure; I could only regret the apparent blindness of the audience to the fireflies that shone and darted in his verse.

Mr. Walter Hampden took the part of George Washington. There is something of the Roman, of the magistrate, in Mr. Hampden as in Washington himself, and the rigidity which is felt in both is both a help and an impediment to Mr. Hampden. It enables him to produce without trouble a respectable Washington; it hinders him in the suggestion of that Washington whom Washington

himself could not reveal. The emotion, when it arrives, is mannered; the personage obscures the man.

Mr. St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg," which the Theatre Guild is now presenting at the Garrick Theatre, is a real play and a good play. It is less moving than "John Ferguson." The note of "John Ferguson" was an intense family solidarity; the note of "Jane Clegg" is a family division so profound as almost to make the characters impervious to joy or sorrow from each other. It is the story of the relation of a husband and a wife. That relation, tacit at the beginning, is explicit at the close; at its depths the play is stationary. On the surface, however, there is motion enough; the means by which this tacit relation becomes explicit is a compact, crisp, and energetic drama. Another point of interest is that the dramatic force of the separation in the last act lies less in the rupture of a tie worn so thin on both sides that it parts without a snap than in the originality of the conditions under which this division is accomplished. Husband and wife both want the same thing, a concord which is sometimes thought to stifle drama. But agreement may now and then be dramatic if the agreement itself be in conflict with expectation and the normal course of things. In exactly the same way a quiet curtain (of which there are three in Jane Clegg) may be dramatic, if it is quiet enough to make its quietness surprising.

The play is very simple in its mechanism. The scene is immovable; the action includes three days and fills three evenings; the transaction is single. Of the scant cast of seven characters, two, the children, are entirely useless, and a third, the grandmother, is nearly so. The actors in the play reduce themselves to four, the lying, bullying, and whining husband, the grave, unfaltering, clear-sighted wife, the cashier of the bank which the husband has robbed of one hundred and forty pounds, and the bookmaker who presses the husband for the settlement of a racing bet. Behind this group there lurks in the shadow the other woman, for whose sake the husband is prepared to rob his employers, to desert his family, and to flee to Canada, and whose existence is disclosed in the final act by the vengeance of the unpaid bookmaker to the laconic, Draconic, and unswerving wife. The bookmaker, who in his last scene, as elsewhere, is a mere utensil, is allowed by Mt. St. John Ervine to make rather more clatter than a utensil should. The closing passage between husband and wife, in which the wife sends him off or lets him go, is of a delicate originality and a rare penetration. A fine moment arrives when the husband is shocked at the wife's failure to be shocked by the misdeeds which he grossly commits and delicately deprecates. The play is essentially a play of character without obvious thesis; one of those wise plays in which the plot is to the characters what the scenery is to the plot. Some day I shall read the play to test my present impression that the grandmother is memorable among the figures of the contemporary stage for the mixture of crackbrainedness, shrewdness, cynicism, languor, peevishness, mawkishness, and self-complaisance.

The performance was equally remarkable for vigor and symmetry. Mr. Dudley Digges as Henry Clegg was good, though the human nature in the auditor writhes a little at the exhibit of its own dishonor. Miss Margaret Wycherly's Jane Clegg was the prolongation of one note, but that note was judicious and imposing. Mr. Henry Travers was excellent in the whip-cracking part of the bookmaker. Mr. Erskine Sanford as the cashier was really subtle in the circumspect, circuitous and deprecatory manner which cloaked, yet could not hide, the undeceivable and unflinching man of business. Miss Helen Westley's portrayal of the old grandmother left admiration groping for words.

O. W. Firkins

Music

David Bispham's Memoirs

A Quaker Singer's Recollections. By David Bispham. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A SINGER who can write with ease and style is rarer than that rare bird, the black swan. One artist of the kind is David Bispham.

For thirty years and more David Bispham has been prominent, here and abroad, as a baritone of note, a singing actor, and an advocate of the use of English speech in opera. In these recollections he has packed into one volume the record of a long and busy life—a life of many strange and varied experiences. Unlike most men who have their hour in opera, he has had his in society. He has traveled far and wide, and mixed with people who were worth knowing and far-famed in many ways. To this it may be added, unreservedly, that he has more than an instinctive turn for setting down, in plain but vivid words, what he would tell. He writes attractively of art and men and things. And if at times he dwells at undue length on minor matters (such as his family crest and ancient Norman lineage), we can forgive him.

On both his father's and his mother's sides he comes of Quaker stock, tracing back his ancestry to the Biscops and the Biscophams of Lancashire and the English Lake District. The descendants of those English Quakers settled in Pennsylvania; and it was there, in Philadelphia, that the future singer was born into a rather weary world. From his early childhood he was strongly drawn to drama and music. It seemed uncertain for some years to which of these he would devote his life. He did well enough in amateur theatricals. But his taste leaned much more strongly towards singing. While still quite young, he visited Europe and some parts of the Near East, heard Verdi's operas in Italy, and halted in Athens. Thence he was taken to Constantinople, where he had glimpses of Dancing Dervishes. He saw Fechter, Barry Sullivan, and Adelaide Neilson, and lost no chance of reading all the dramas, new and old, he could lay hands on. Then, after a few brief commercial interludes, he devoted himself to oratorio and studied hard for a time under the best teacher of the day in England, William Shakespeare. His Quaker friends soon looked on him as lost. They prophesied that little good would come to a young man who was always "fooling around after music." But, sometimes in Boston and his home town, sometimes in Europe, he persisted in singing. In Europe, at the outset of his career, he met many celebrities; among them, Salvini, Irving, Cellier, Gilbert, Sullivan, Meredith, Watts, Ellen Terry, Sargent, "Ouida," Browning, Mrs. Burnett, Booth, and Barrett. At the advice of various friends, he extended his activities from the concert hall to the opera house, and, at the age of thirty-two, made his first bow in opera, as the Duc de Longueville, at the Royal English Opera House (now known as the palace), in "La Basoche" of the French composer, André Messager.

"Planchette," which anticipated the now popular "ouija board," then took a hand in David Bispham's art life. At a dinner given in London, the young baritone sat down to consult the spirits. When his turn came, but, as he assures us, before he had touched the planchette board, he read these words: "Opera, by all means." It was the answer to a question he was about to formulate. Planchette next urged him strenuously to study "Verdi and Wagner"—more particularly "Aïda," "Tannhäuser," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Meistersinger." Going further into detail, Planchette bade him learn the parts of Amonasro, Wolfram, Kurvenal, and Beckmesser. To his great surprise, he was soon after engaged by Sir Augustus Harris, of Covent Garden, to sing all those rôles.

It was to Mr. Maurice Grau, when temporarily director of Covent Garden, he owed his engagement at the Metropolitan, where he repeated some of the successes he had scored abroad. He made his New York début as Beckmesser, in "Die Meistersinger," with Jean and Edouard de Reszke, Pol Plançon, and Emma Eames.

Americans had not yet fought their way on to the opera boards. Indeed, at one time David Bispham was the only male American in opera. He gave more care than most, too much as some have thought, to the dramatic aspects of his interpretations, even at the sacrifice of vocal urgencies. He agreed in theory, no doubt, with "Jean," who invariably reminded himself that opera was neither pure drama nor pure music, but a compromise, and that acting in opera should, for that reason, be largely conventionalized.

Like Maurice Renaud, the French baritone, and Saléza, the French tenor, David Bispham was too prone to overstrain in order to interpret thoroughly. Had he been less devoted to the acting art, he might have stayed some years longer on the opera stage. He cut a wide swath, none the less, in opera before leaving it for the concert field. Among other parts in which he gained distincton may be mentoned Wolfram, Wotan, Vanderdecken, Kurvenal, Alberich, Falstaff, Amonasro, Beckmesser, and Gomarez (in Floridia's "Paoletta").

These recollections abound in pertinent anecdotes. They are handsomely, lavishly illustrated. Above all, they are well and brightly written.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

EDUCATIONAL SECTION

To meet an obvious demand for the discussion of educational matters, the *Review* plans with this issue to set up a special department. There is no intention of entering the province of technical journals; the aim will be, rather, to discuss questions of fundamental interest to the citizen as well as to the professional teacher. "Everyone," writes one of our readers, "is now thinking about educational matters as he never did before, and very few are thinking with much clearness." It is the purpose of the *Review*, by discussion of those problems about which "everyone is thinking," to serve the clear and constructive elements in educational thought. It is worth noticing, too, that the word "Education" has come to embrace legitimately a great many enterprises wholly separate from academic control. The work of the American Library Association, the organization of schools at the plants of large industries, and the amazing development of propaganda are significant instances. Notices, with editorial comment, of those phases which seem of national importance will appear from time to time in the *Review*. Obvious adjuncts of these notices and comments will be book reviews and occasional articles on educational questions of wide interest.

The wise man who said that "it takes two to make a teacher" has received possibly more praise than he deserves. He did not mention the parent and voter, who in his double capacity produces both child and revenue. At no time has this third "party" been of greater importance than now, for he has opinions and, with negligible exceptions, he suffers no inhibitions in the expression of them. The benefits which may accrue from his quickened interest in education are many. He is calling the schools and colleges to a practical demonstration of their effectiveness. Retroactively, he is realizing more and more that growth of mind and spirit can not be accomplished by a purely utilitarian course, that intellect is, after all, more important than intelligence, that capacity without character is not the end of life. He may even come to see that an underpaid teacher is an undesirable teacher. But the dangers which spring from the same cause are formidable. Sometimes the good man, whether he is a teacher or not, mistakes notions for opinions, and a clear distinction between principles and prejudices is rarely his affair. In the lively and rather muddy stream of thought which has accompanied the emergence of education from academic groves, the word "education" has come to be as loosely used as "democracy" itself. When it is employed to describe a "process which stimulates productive growth," it allows astonishing variations; but the definition is a good one for general purposes; since it reminds us of the essential nature of education. When the word is used, however, simply to describe a process, neither productive nor growth-stimulating—worse yet, to describe something which does not even proceed—it amounts to a mere dissipation of energies. Thinking on educational questions probably ought not to be returned to private control; certainly the parent and voter can not and will not be put back into the isolated modesty or indifference of his forbears. He has taken education and the future of the nation to be his province—what is he going to do about it?

Dead Culture and Live Business

A "FORMER college professor," writing in the *Century* for January on "Why I Remain in Industry," gives, among other reasons for his decision, the discovery that "culture and broad-mindedness" are more commonly to be found in the industrial world than in the university. "Ideas, instead of being confined to text-books and class-room lectures, are in a constant state of flux and competition with one another. The result is a certain mental alertness, a readiness to credit the other man's viewpoint, and an openness to new plans and ideas, no matter how unusual, which are unknown in academic life."

The arraignment of the university may not be wholly fair; the definition of culture, implied if not actually stated, may leave much to be desired. The professor's conclusion, however, supports a general feeling that certain traditional notions need radical revision. One meets plenty of businessmen who bear the marks of culture, as well as other businessmen and many college professors who bear no such marks. Do the college men lack them in spite of the atmosphere in which they constantly dwell? Did the businessmen who bear the marks acquire them at college and do they preserve them, forever indestructible, in the "sordid" atmosphere of their dollar-chasing? Or, as the professor suggests, does the world of industry, rather than the college, produce that "accessibility to ideas" which Matthew Arnold insisted on as the *sine qua non* of culture?

The poor word culture has been much abused. One might perhaps disregard as trivial the most obvious misuse of it, if that misuse were not common, even among "educated people." To a great many the word unfortunately carries the vague meaning of an intellectual adornment, accompanied by a mild disdain for things which have cash value. It is commonly used in only a negative sense, to cover a condition which is not utilitarian. Working from this conception of it, many have argued, by the facile process which used to get called *ignoratio elenchi*, that studies which are in no sense utilitarian must serve it—as, for example, reading Shelley or reciting a Latin verb; and whole courses of study have been built on the dreary fallacy. The "man in the street," who has too often been told that something of this sort is culture, has long been suspicious of its having any value, spiritual or other; it may fairly be called dead, if indeed it ever lived—that is, dead as *culture*, but still living, though moribund, as a *cult*.

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(*Continued from page* 290)

Few, but more worthy of notice, are those who adhere to Matthew Arnold's view of culture—"the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit." Such acquaintanceship should produce what our "former college professor" calls "a readiness to credit the other man's viewpoint, and an openness to new plans and ideas." But it means a sense of values, too; an instant distinction between things significant and things insignificant, essential and accidental; a sort of intellectual chastity. The point is illustrated by a remark attributed to a well-known Greek scholar when some one. eulogizing Bernard Shaw, said triumphantly, "Well, you must admit that Shaw says a lot of true things." To which the scholar replied: "Any man who allows no inhibitions in his thinking can not fail at times to strike the truth. If he thinks everything, he must include some true things. But the value of his mind depends only on the order among his ideas."

It is this unerring sense of values which perhaps more than anything else marks the man of culture. Our "college professor" found in the leaders of industry a progressive mental alertness which he had not found in the academic circle—not merely a quick intelligence in regard to things that "pay," but "a readiness to credit the other man's viewpoint," with the strong implication of at least a potential sense of values. Evidently, if he was right, culture may flourish in a factory while it languishes in a college. Mr. Lowes Dickinson says ominously, speaking of culture, "The things we do to maintain it might kill it; the things we do to kill it might preserve it."

The fact is, we have grown, since Arnold, to think of culture as a condition or state of being, and in so doing we have oftener than not treated it as dead at the start, with the result that our college courses established to maintain it have too frequently amounted to a sort of solemn obsequies. Yet this passive use of the word culture was apparently unknown before the nineteenth century. Cicero, though he used the word figuratively—that is, to speak of culture of the mind—never did so, we are told, "except with strong consciousness of the metaphor involved"; and the same consciousness of metaphor appears not only in Bacon's "Culture and manurance of minds," but in the use of the word by other writers till recent times. To be sure, the condition which we now call culture existed, happily, and was constantly being produced by cultural processes, long before men got to thinking of the condition itself, passively, as culture. Nowadays we may go the length of saying that "culture of the mind produces culture," but, instead of doing anything so foolish, though it might wholesomely remind us that a vital process is involved, we say, "the study of Latin produces culture." Culture thus becomes a full-fledged state of being, not a process; and we have only to teach Latin in any one of a dozen wrong ways to kill culture outright—if we have not already destroyed it by the very act of crystallizing it into a condition.

For it is significant that, together with the growth of the conception of culture as a condition, a state of mind, grew also the notion first alluded to, that it could have nothing to do with things of practical value. The men of culture a few generations ago studied for the most part things which had no utilitarian value, but so did everybody who went to college—so did those who acquired no culture whatever; a fact which ought to have raised the suspicion that the practical usefulness or uselessness of a subject in no way indicated its cultural value. Instead, the few sons of light were piously observed, and the classical tradition, already strong because of its "disciplinary" value, was now invoked as the handmaiden of culture. The thing was demonstrable—or nearly so. Did not the classics contain much of "the best

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that has been known and said in the world?" Where, if not in them, was to be found the intellectual chastity which the wayward generation needed? All sorts of students were, therefore, put through the process, students who in due time grew into such apostate professors as the contributor to the *Century*. Culture in colleges was nearly dead; the thing which was done to maintain it was killing it.

While the classics, properly taught, might have established contact with "the best that has been known and said in this world," they accomplished, except in a few notable cases, small signs of culture. It was then that the college champions of the classical tradition fell back on the last infirmity of their noble minds and made much of the fact that, though only a few—the children of sweetness and light—might attain unto the fullness of the stature of culture, the "vast residuum," if they did not get culture, at least got mental discipline out of the classics. A doctrine which thus set culture apart, a thing to be enjoyed only by a small and rather precious group, was calculated to hasten the process towards atrophy. Even professors became apostate.

Yet culture did not really die. Under such conditions it merely seeks pastures new, wherever its chief food, ideas, sets up a cultural process—in colleges, but perhaps in science laboratories, perhaps also in those classical courses which have broken with the formula; also in business, in the very stronghold of cash values.

It should be instructive in this connection to recall the activities of men during periods of productive culture. What wrought the desired state of being in Erasmus, in Bacon, in Milton? Certainly not the classics, which had a plain cash value. What was the process before Erasmus and the classical tradition? Latin in the Middle Ages was as hopelessly utilitarian as French is to-day. And what shall be said of Phidias and Praxiteles, to whom Greek was the necessary mother tongue? How does it come that Michelangelo and Leonardo, products of an age born of the revival of the classics, should have been so incurably utilitarian as to build fortifications and invent wheelbarrows? Was it not that they, just because of a vital culture, a culture that was still a process, were filled with creative energy, as are to-day the diggers of canals and the builders of railroads—men of vision and ideas? A good many champions of dead culture seem to have forgotten that the Renaissance, their fortress and their strength, was directly responsible for a quickened interest in this world, an interest which in time produced modern science. Science

(*Continued on page* 294)

SOME EARLY 1920 BOOKS

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By O. W. FIRKINS
Dramatic Editor of The Review

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(*Continued from page* 293)
worked havoc with their comfortable ways of thinking; they pronounced the non-utilitarian doctrine to maintain their precious culture, and so killed it; and culture went to live among the idolaters!

The trouble is not with culture, plainly, nor yet with the classics. It lies in the crystallizing of culture into a state of being and the development of a ritual to serve it—in losing that "strong consciousness of the metaphor involved" in Bacon's "Culture and manurance of minds." Business is "live" because it is vital, and as such it may produce ideas, may even produce order among ideas. But it is not cultural just because it is utilitarian, any more than the classical formula is cultural because it is non-utilitarian. Few, if any, ideas have had such transforming power as those contained in the classics. There is a strong case for them, though not the case most commonly presented—as there is a strong case for other studies which reveal man's search for truth—if their guardians will bear steadily in mind, whatever the consequences to "immemorial" prejudices, that the condition of culture has ever been produced by the process of culture, that mental pruning shears alone will not make the student grow, that there must also be "manurance of minds." Culture will flourish wherever significant ideas are brought to birth; and significant ideas are more likely to be brought to birth where men are building Parthenons and Pennsylvania Terminals than where they are repeating, with ghostly insignificance, the rituals of a perished superstition.

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IT is worth noticing that the Board of Education of Massachusetts plans to give this spring a course in "Methods of Teaching English in Secondary Schools." This course, which will be organized as a series of conferences of English teachers, will focus its attention particularly on the question of College Entrance English. Such an effort, after the publicity that has recently been given this much-mooted question, should have practical results and should prove of interest and value outside of Massachusetts. Not only have the discussions in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* shown that everyone is not satisfied with admission requirements as they now stand, but the recent flooding of the universities of Minnesota and Iowa with inadequately prepared students under the "accrediting" system has revealed that everyone is not satisfied with admission requirements as they now fall. At the November meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English, Miss Breck, of Oakland, California, urged the colleges to rely on the judgment of the high schools—to open wide their doors and have faith. The question is not merely one of English requirements, nor yet burning solely in Massachusetts; it concerns the whole question of admission requirements and is of national importance.

An honestly liberal view can not adhere exclusively to either the radical or the ultra-conservative ideas. Is a college education desirable for more than a small percentage of high school graduates? Will they really profit by the opportunity if the doors are thrown wide open? Are those who can profit really shut out by examination bars? Will the psychological tests recently set up by Columbia solve the problem? If the colleges are to become advanced high schools, where are the instructors to be found? These questions have not yet been adequately answered, but the issue between the accrediting system and the old examination system is fairly joined. The importance of the outcome of this issue must be appreciated by all who are interested in educational matters.

Books Received

POETRY

Brereton, C. Mystica et Lyrica. London: Elkin Mathews.

Lindsay, Vachel. The Golden Whales of California. Macmillan. $1.75.

Sassoon, Siegfried. Picture-Show. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Turner, W. J. The Dark Wind. Dutton. $2 net.

Books and the News

Woman Suffrage

WITH woman suffrage by Constitutional amendment all but an accomplished fact, to name a list of books upon the subject may seem superfluous. But both as a current question and for the historical interest in the long struggle, it is not inopportune to refer to the stories of the pioneers, and the arguments of the "pros" and of the "antis."

The whole question of "women's rights" from the days of Augustus to the present, is described by Eugene A. Hecker (a "pro") in his "Short History of Women's Rights" (Putnam, 1910). Anna H. Shaw, in her "Story of a Pioneer" (Harper), tells of campaigns, early and late, in America. Another American leader's work is told in "Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement" (Dana Estes, 1913), by her daughter, Florence H. Hall.

The suffragists are well represented by Mary Putnam Jacobi's "'Common Sense' Applied to Woman Suffrage" (Putnam, 2nd ed., 1915) and by Carrie Chapman Catt's compilation, "Woman Suffrage by Federal Constitutional Amendment" (National Woman Suffrage Pub. Co., 1917). Helen L. Sumner, the author of "Equal Suffrage" (Harper, 1909), made an investigation of conditions and results in Colorado, and reports favorably. Josephine Schain's "Women and the Franchise" (McClurg, 1918) is brief; it states the arguments against equal suffrage, but is itself pro-suffrage. "What Women Want" (Stokes, 1914), by Beatrice F.-R. Hale, is "an interpretation of the feminist movement," in which the question of votes occupies only a fraction of the space.

On the other side, should be read Grace D. Goodwin's "Anti-Suffrage; Ten Good Reasons" (Duffield, 1913). A remarkable monograph is Sir Almroth Wright's "The Unexpurgated Case Against Woman Suffrage" (Constable, 1913). Molly Elliot Seawell wrote wittily, on this side of the question, in "The Ladies' Battle" (Macmillan, 1912).

"The Woman Voter" (Stokes, 1918), by Mary Sumner Boyd, is a handbook about the history of the woman-suffrage movement, together with information for the woman voter. Henry St. G. Tucker's "Woman's Suffrage by Constitutional Amendment" (Yale Univ. Press, 1916) is an important legal study; without expressing an opinion of the right or wrong of woman suffrage, he attempts to show that for the country to adopt it in the manner which is now being done is subversive of the spirit of the Constitution. Samuel McC. Crothers's "Meditations on Votes for Women" (Houghton, 1914) is a humorous and pleasing essay.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

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THE REVIEW

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HAD we not grown so accustomed to the idea, the situation in which the country finds itself with the treaty's failure in the Senate would be regarded as intolerable. No practicable way of arriving at a real settlement is in sight. A mere declaration that the war is over would leave everything at loose ends, even if it could be made effective without the consent of the President, which is at least doubtful. The one resource which does remain open is a return of the treaty to the Senate by the President, with a suggestion from him of some basis upon which ratification may be obtained. But it seems certain that Mr. Wilson entertains no thought of doing anything of the kind. It is still in his power, however, by a single stroke to reëstablish himself in the regard of those who so short a time ago were his devoted admirers, and to win the approbation of millions of others. All he has to do is to recognize the duty which circumstances place upon him. If he should rise to the occasion now, nobody will begrudge him the satisfaction of claiming that he was right all along, that he had fought to the last ditch for what he held to be essential, and that, in accepting less at last, he was yielding only to the compulsion of absolutely demonstrated necessity.

ON the evidence presented, the jury at Grand Rapids promptly brought in a verdict of guilty against Senator Newberry and sixteen of the leading agents in the collection and expenditure of the funds used to procure his election. The result is of the highest public importance as an example of the powerlessness of wealth and social standing and political influence to paralyze the arm of justice. Judge Sessions imposed upon Senator Newberry and two others the maximum penalty of two years in the penitentiary and $10,000 fine. The verdict was based on conspiracy to violate the law imposing a specific limit on allowable expenditure. Senator Newberry's complicity was established by letters over his own signature to the manager of his campaign, showing that he had full knowledge of the large sums used, and gave constant advice as to their expenditure. A stay of sixty days was granted, within which papers will be prepared for an appeal. The case will be fought on the validity of the law itself, and not on the question of its violation. The possible escape of the present defendants on some technical defect in the legislation under which they were convicted would only deepen the public feeling that the expenditure of money to control the results of primaries and elections needs stringent regulation.

THE newspapers have given only fragmentary reports of the evidence in the case. Enough has been printed, however, to show that the wealth of Mr. Newberry himself, his family, and his friends was lavishly used in violation of the law and of political decency. This is not to say that Senator Newberry reached his seat by what is usually denominated as bribery. But we are coming to realize that less visibly criminal forms of attaining one's ends in politics may be more corrupting, more dangerous to the safety of the state, than direct bribery. The expenditure of large sums of money in election campaigns is not wrong merely because there happens to be a law setting a comparatively low limit, and establishing a penalty for its transgression. The moral condemnation of the practice was emphatic and general long before it found its way into the statute books. It is practically impossible to keep such lavish expenditure free from actual bribery, but even if this could be done there is ample reason for restriction. To allow the man of wealth to spend without limitation is to put a tremendous handicap on the man of small means who aspires to public office.

ACCORDING to the *Freeman*, which made its initial bow to the reading public last week, the one far-off divine event into which mankind is to evolve, with the husks of political organization stripped away, is to be simply "the idea of Society." The aristocratic state has passed, the middle-class state is hurrying towards the brink; the proletarian state is coming, but not to stay. In fact, the very word *stay* is an offense to the whole scheme of modern progress. Did not Cicero appeal to Jupiter *Stat*or to *stay* the hand of Catiline and his fellow progressives in their efforts to change the e*stab*lished order of the Roman republic? Why centre our politics around an old Græco-Roman root like that, with all kinds of reactionary ideas clinging to it? Let us away with things static,

and give full swing to the kinetic. The mere "idea of Society," uncorseted by stays of any description, is certainly fluid enough to make of life no dull museum of the magna chartas, constitutions and other establishments of the past, but one grand movie, with no police regulations, no censor, no war tax, and no reserved seats. Doubtless the architects will be able to arrange some plan by which each and all of us may have the very best seat, the one thing necessary to save the stateless future from that friction of inequality supposed to be fatal to any possible form of *state*.

NEITHER the Danes nor the Germans are satisfied with the results of the plébiscite in Slesvig. The former are bitterly disappointed by their defeat in the Second Zone, which includes the important town of Flensburg; the Germans, on the other hand, complain of the inclusion within the First Zone of such preponderantly German towns as Tondern, where the vote was 2,385 for Germany and 733 for Denmark, and of Hoyer, where 581 German and 219 Danish votes were cast. The German Government has presented a note to the Plébiscite Commission demanding a frontier line which would leave a section including these towns and some territory belonging to Flensburg's hinterland to Germany, and in Denmark a strong chauvinistic movement is on foot for a Danish Flensburg, in spite of an overwhelming majority having voted against incorporation with Denmark. The plébiscite as a panacea for frontier disputes is sadly discredited by this experiment, which leaves both parties dissatisfied and insisting on a revision.

THE refusal of England and France to recognize Prince Feisal as King of Syria has promptly been answered by the new monarch with the declaration of a boycott against countries occupying territory of Arabs. The British policy of encouraging a Pan-Arab propaganda was an excellent weapon against the Turk when military forces could not be spared in sufficient numbers to defeat him without the aid of his rebellious subjects; but now the rebels, being subjects of the Turk no longer, are naturally disinclined to acknowledge themselves subjects of any Western Power. "Freedom and independence are rights of Syria," proclaim the posters displayed on the walls of Damascus; and the Arab's origin from Ishmael, "more ancient than Moses, Christ, or Mohammed," buttresses his claim to these rights. Without strong reinforcements it will be difficult for France to maintain her position of mandatory Power, but it is doubtful whether, at the present juncture, with Germany in a turmoil, she will be able to spare any troops. For a country so exhausted, and deprived of a large percentage of its manhood, it seems a dangerous policy to sacrifice its energy, badly needed for reconstruction at home, to a scheme of colonial expansion. Winston Churchill admitted in the House of Commons the impossibility of policing Mesopotamia permanently at the cost of at least $15,000,000 a year. How, then, could France afford to keep up her protectorate over a country which strongly objects to being protected? But Churchill has suggested a remedy for this high cost of colonial living: as a modern Prospero he will send out his Ariels to guard, in inexpensive flight, the old Garden of Eden.

NO merchant fleet has suffered severer losses during the war than that of France. They amount to 930,355 tons, or 40 per cent. of pre-war tonnage. The Compagnie de Navigation sud-Atlantique, in a recent publication, gives a very pessimistic view of the country's chances of recovering its sea-trade. Only by purchasing, at fabulous prices, old or badly built wooden ships, has France been able somewhat to make up for her loss. But neither the number nor the seaworthiness of these new acquisitions suffices to enable the country to compete with its allies and the neutrals in the conquest of the world-market. The import of the chief necessaries of life is carried on largely by foreign freighters, for which the country has to disburse an annual amount of four billion francs to foreign steamship companies. Experts estimate the country's need of tonnage at 5½ million tons, which is about twice the amount before the war. No wonder the French press insists on retention of the 500,000 tons of German ships now in the hands of the French Government, of 200,000 of which the Wilson-George agreement would deprive the French.

IN his able criticism of Keynes and Dillon in last week's issue of the *Review*, Professor Lovejoy expresses the belief that "M. Clemenceau seems to have fought with all his skill, resourcefulness and pertinacity" for the French demand that all German territory on the left bank of the Rhine should be separated from the German Empire. As the former French Premier is held responsible by common opinion for all the demands which, though but partly conceded, have made the Versailles peace an execrable document to the Keyneses and Dillons, it seems only fair to M. Clemenceau that a different version of his share in the proceedings with regard to this point of vital interest should be brought to the knowledge of our readers. Stéphane Lauzanne, the chief editor of the *Matin*, vouches for the truth of this diverging account. Foch and Poincaré, according to him, were advocates of the Rhine as the strategic frontier. "Foch wrote his eloquent memorandum of January 10, 1919, which could not be suppressed; Poincaré composed an admirable note, which can not be suppressed for good, and will, one day, have to be published." But he demanded that it should, at least, be handed to Wilson and Lloyd George. They refused to concede it, "and," exclaims Lauzanne, "how could they be expected not to refuse, seeing that the French delegation shared their standpoint! In vain Poincaré addressed a personal letter to Wilson and Lloyd George to win them over to his views. But how many letters would he have had to write to convince Clemenceau, Pichon, and even Tardieu!" Only Tardieu let himself be persuaded, at last, to change his mind and became an ardent supporter of Foch and Poincaré after his con-

version. It was he who, even after France had received, as an alternative guarantee for her security, the promise of special treaties with England and the United States, insisted on a temporary occupation of the Rhineland as a guarantee for the fulfillment of the peace terms by Germany.

IT is very encouraging to be told by the Restaurant Men's Association that the price of food is coming down. From such a source it is so much more encouraging than if the hope were held out, say, by a Government official, or a mere economist. We have noticed that when the dealers in clothes or the dealers in gasoline, or the dealers in anything, say that the price of their commodities is going up, go up it does. As prophets, they never make a mistake. For that reason, when they say that prices are coming down, we are prepared to extend to them, and to them only, the fullest credence.

ANOTHER hopeful sign of the times is given forth by the New York Custom Cutters' Club, which, apparently, is charged with responsibility for setting the styles of men's clothes. Tight-fitting clothes must go, and the easy, natural-fitting coat of pre-war days will be the mode. Since pretty much everybody who is thoroughly honest and of good taste is still wearing a coat that was made before the war, concerning the lines of which it may at least be said that they are easy, perhaps the decision of the Custom Cutters is just as well.

THE attack of the New York City Commissioner of Accounts on William T. Hornaday, as director of the New York Zoölogical Park, is a matter which deserves the attention of every lover of wild life. If the Commissioner has found points in which the account-keeping of the Park could be improved, no one who knows the character of Mr. Hornaday will doubt that a proper presentation of them would receive respectful and immediate attention from him. But the tone and substance of the attack bears every mark of a desire to remove the Bronx Zoölogical Garden from the care of the New York Zoölogical Society and throw it into the hopper of city politics. This would not only strike a heavy blow at the value of the "Zoo" itself, as a place of recreation and education for the millions of New York City, but would seriously cripple the working facilities of a man who has done perhaps more than any other man that ever lived to promote an intelligent interest in wild life, and secure both legislative and private measures for its protection. It is inconceivable that public sentiment will allow the wolves of spoils politics to drive William T. Hornaday out of the "Zoo."

"I FOUND myself deeply interested," said Professor McAndrew Cantlie, "in the present effort to socialize the traffic in New York's Fifth Avenue. I regret that I had not more time in which to study its manifold bearings. It was at once plain to me, however, that whatever significance they might have in the troubled lives of the drivers of motor cars, the complicated system of lights and other signals possessed no interest for mere pedestrians. The pedestrians, indeed, do not even need to watch the incredibly numerous policemen who are strategically disposed along the thoroughfare. The pedestrian is watched by the policeman; and let him so much as start to cross the street when, as it were, he would be moving out of his turn, and a vigilant officer firmly and promptly restores him to an insecure footing on the edge of a crowded curb. When at a signal the vigilance of the police relaxed, the crowd streamed across the avenue with an unwonted sense of utter safety. At that moment—it seemed to be perfectly understood by those who were managing the game, but it most certainly was not understood by the crowd—the motors turning from Forty-second street into the Avenue began to crash into them. It was most interesting to see the crowd endeavoring, and not always with perfect success, to recover its blunted sense of individual responsibility. Here," said the Professor, "I fear we have the perfect type and example of paternalism."

The Wreck of the Treaty

WHEN President Wilson laid the Treaty of Versailles before the Senate, he knew, and all the country knew, that there would be a more or less serious struggle over its ratification, and that this would turn entirely on the issue of the League of Nations. It soon became apparent, too, that the lines would be drawn not upon acceptance or rejection of the League, but upon the issue of reservations designed to lessen the force of some of the obligations involved in the treaty, especially those contained in Article X. That the treaty would be accepted in some form was not only the almost universal wish and hope, but the almost universal expectation, of the people of the United States. A large proportion of them desired it because of their high hopes of the League as a permanent preventive of war; and all of them, with the exception of a small though not an unimportant contingent, desired it because rejection of the League meant rejection of the treaty, and rejection of the treaty meant failure of the United States to do its share in the restoration of the world. It was felt that even any considerable delay in the completion of the settlement would be a calamity of appalling magnitude, with Europe in the throes both of revolutionary upheaval and of dire economic distress.

In those first days of the treaty debate, the gloomiest of pessimists would not have dared to forecast the actual story which these nine months have presented. We have lived through month after month of dreary wrangling, relieved by hardly a single inspiring feature, and ending in melancholy failure. For this failure, while there have been many causes, President Wilson must bear incomparably the heaviest load of responsibility. He chose to adopt from the beginning, and to maintain to the end, the attitude of one who was not called upon either to pay a decent respect to the opinions of those who differed with him in judgment, or to take into serious account the power of those

who, in the exercise of their Constitutional functions, were in a position to defeat his purpose. From the first moment to the last, it seems never to have occurred to him that the higher that purpose was, the more imperatively was the duty laid upon him of striving for it, not by staking everything on a gambler's chance of winning by sheer obstinacy, but by adopting such a course as was reasonably calculated to attain so much of it as could be attained. No plea of high ideals can avail to absolve him from the guilt of having failed in that clear duty. How lamentably he did fail, a calm retrospect suffices to show.

For the outstanding feature of the whole story is that the President's hold on public sentiment has steadily diminished, from week to week, from month to month. He started out with the advantage of that almost unanimous desire for a speedy settlement to which we have referred. Moreover, his party in the Senate was solidly behind him, while the opposing party was split into three sharply marked divisions. The "mild reservationists" showed, in those early days, more anxiety in behalf of the treaty than in behalf of their reservations. These reservations themselves were couched in language which carefully avoided all appearance of unfriendliness to the broad purposes of the League. It was evident that what these men offered, and offered at the cost of arraying themselves against their party's leaders, was the utmost that could be attained. Some of the most ardent advocates of the League of Nations—men who had been devoted to the idea of it long before Mr. Wilson had taken it up—recognized this at once; others of them, like Mr. Taft, recognized it before long. The President had absolutely no reason for believing otherwise. Had he felt that sense of responsibility for the result which marks the true statesman—yes, the true man—he would have welcomed the aid of the "mild reservationists." He might not have accepted their proposal; he might have fought for more, so long as there was any hope for more; but he would have exhibited a certain degree of friendliness to those who were striving to save all they could of his programme. Instead of that, he left them out in the cold; the Democratic Senators, acting under his directions, refused to enter into any kind of understanding with them; in a word, the only hopeful element in the whole situation was deliberately reduced to a nullity.

We have said that the President had "absolutely no reason" for thinking that the treaty could be put through without reservations. In one sense this statement is not altogether correct. He did have one reason, which to his peculiar type of mind was sufficient. He thought that he could swing the country into line in a whirlwind speaking tour. No amount of experience seems to suffice to pry this notion of personal omnipotence out of Mr. Wilson's head. His speaking tour did not fail because of his physical breakdown. It was a pitiful failure from the beginning. And it was to the credit of the American people that it was a failure. Long before he began the tour, it had become manifest that the people had come to realize that there were serious reasons for misgiving about the country pledging itself unreservedly to so momentous a departure from its traditions as was involved in Article X. Instead of meeting the actual difficulties of this question Mr. Wilson simply dug himself in. Exhortation, denunciation, assertion—these were the staple of his speeches. They rested essentially on the assumption that whoever opposed his programme was actuated either by a low standard of public morality or by partisan or personal malice; and at the end of his speechmaking the League was weaker than at the beginning of it.

Apart from all this, however, the last trace of possible doubt as to the character of the situation was removed when the Senate voted on ratification four months ago. There might still be differences of opinion on specific points; but that the treaty could not be adopted without substantial reservations was then proved beyond peradventure. The President would still have been justified, nevertheless, in an endeavor to have the reservations made as inoffensive as possible; but not a finger did he stir in this direction. When he emerged from his long silence in his Jackson-Day letter, he dashed all the hopes of the friends of the treaty by adhering to his position of no compromise. In his very last word—his recent letter to Senator Hitchcock—he went even further than ever before by explicitly putting upon the mild reservationists the same brand as upon those who had been responsible for the most obnoxious proposals. The consequence has been not only the defeat of the treaty, but a practically unopposed course for a miscellaneous assortment of mischievous proposals such as the preposterous reservation concerning Irish independence. When all proposals are indiscriminately doomed to futility, there can be little energy in the effort to save the best and reject the worst. How different the result would have been if the President had not laid his paralyzing touch upon the situation may unhesitatingly be inferred from the fact that, even as it was, one-half of the Democratic Senators felt it their duty to vote for the treaty with all the sins of the Lodge programme, and more besides, on its head.

We do not by any means wish to absolve others of their share of the blame. Senator Lodge has shown himself neither a large-minded statesman nor a competent party leader; and he has given countenance to many abominable moves in the game. On the Democratic side there has been a lamentable want of manly self-assertion. In the face of a responsibility so awful in its nature that one might have hoped it would call forth on all sides a loftiness of spirit and a largeness of mind befitting the occasion, there has been a long succession of petty manœuvres. But the situation of others was complicated by the fact of divergencies to be reconciled or combinations to be effected; upon the President alone there rested a clear and simple duty and an undivided responsibility. The responsibility he shouldered with unhesitating assurance; but to the duty he has been consistently and perversely blind.

Campaign Arguments

ONE consideration must have tempted even the "irreconcilables" to yield on the treaty. The thought of the campaign arguments, with the treaty still an issue, is horrible to contemplate. An indication of what they will be like, even when prosecuted on a supposedly high plane, is given by Mr. Walter Lippmann's attack on General Leonard Wood in the *New Republic.*

Two laudatory volumes on General Wood gave Mr. Lippmann his chance. A part of this material was fair game, no doubt, though even here Mr. Lippmann shows himself to be a pretty old young man in taking exception to the use as argument of certain details which were calculated to catch the admiration of youth. For, other things being equal, Wood's athletic prowess at college and his marked success in organizing college teams might be supposed to excite approval. Truly, our youth have rapidly aged if they now regard the captain of the football team as quite like other mortals! Not so long ago even old men were rather pleased to remember Teddy's skill as a boxer and the fact that he had once floored a big bully in the primitive West.

The point would not be worth stressing if it were not involved in the broad implications of Mr. Lippmann's arguments. It unfortunately tends to discredit the advantages of vigorous manhood and carries the reader back to that whole body of doctrine sponsored by the phrase "too proud to fight." Is one of the best American instincts to be challenged anew during the campaign?

One is not pleased, either, by Mr. Lippmann's polite sneer at General Wood's proud American ancestry. In biographies it is fitting to introduce facts of birth and antecedents, and Mr. Lippmann's singling out of these for criticism reminds one of the recent tendency of representatives of other races in this country to minimize the Anglo-Saxon strain and traditions. Of such urgency is the cause of internationalism!

These are preliminary details. What matters in the writer's argument is General Wood's qualifications for President. After listening to perfunctory praise of his work in Cuba, which is shown to signify little as to his possibilities as a statesman, we are permitted the conclusion: he has not been "an administrator by voluntary coöperation like Hoover." Waiving the established fact that Wood had remarkable success in obtaining the good will of the Cubans, Mr. Lippmann's comparison can not pass without challenge. If he is referring to Mr. Hoover in his capacity as United States Food Administrator, his remark ill befits one who has for some years preached the supreme power of economics in regulating world affairs. While we do not wish to detract one jot of the praise due to Mr. Hoover, it is only fair to recognize that with his hand on the great food reservoirs of this country he held over Europe a weapon mightier than a general's sword.

"For the ulterior objects of this war he [Wood] cared nothing in particular, but for war, efficiently and triumphantly conducted, he cared a great deal. Roosevelt and he focused and organized sentiment chiefly among the upper strata of society in the big cities, in the colleges, and among the intellectuals. The mass of the people they did not convert—that was done by the President with his democratic formulas." There is a curious upsidedownness in Mr. Lippmann's reasoning. He contends, in effect, that the persons of presumably higher intelligence drew upon their instincts in order to see the light; whereas the masses were not convinced until vouchsafed the Fourteen Points. Which is to say that a farmer in Kansas withheld his son until assured that Albania was to be freed and Poland guaranteed access to the sea! What the upper strata saw and felt was, of course, the outrage perpetrated upon civilization. To infer that they had no hope of a better order of things coming out of the war is merely stupid. Stricter logic would have made Mr. Lippmann see that what the President really did was to confuse simple persons by setting their minds at work on the details of the future world settlement when they should have been focused on the central issue of right and wrong. To admonish us to be neutral in our thoughts on a question upon which no right-minded, discerning person could possibly be neutral tended to delay a popular judgment which any leader with his heart in the cause might have obtained promptly.

But to hold Mr. Lippmann down to strict logic would be hardly fair. Our new President is to be an executive in a "new world" in which even logic may be supposed to show new manifestations. What qualities he should have is not clear even to the radicals. The *Nation,* also a "new worlder," condemns the *New Republic's* choice, Mr. Hoover, because he is not what he professes to be, a "progressive independent." He is not progressive, it seems, because he clings to those hoary institutions, private ownership of railroads and competition in industry. If a man with "progressive" ideas is desired, let it be remembered that Mr. Wilson had those in abundance. One of the real dangers just now is the fact that the world is deluged with ideas, most of them too unwieldy for mortals' brains. The man of the hour is he who can reorient us safely and solidly. It is well for the chances of Hoover and Wood that they do not measure up to, or down to, the tests implied by Mr. Lippmann's campaign arguments.

The Farmers' Questionnaire

ONE is somewhat at a loss, these days, without a *Who's Who* of farmers' organizations. Here, as elsewhere, one has to be on the lookout for camouflage, for it is no more true that everyone who wears the "blue jeans" has ever held the plow handle than that every American girl who walks the streets of Lucerne with a rucksack slung over her shoulder and an alpenstock in her hand has climbed, or intends to climb, Pilatus. We have no reason to suppose, however, that the National Board of Farm Organizations, which has drawn up a questionnaire for presidential candi-

dates, does not have its roots actually in the outdoor soil, rather than in some politician's private hothouse.

The questions which these men have put are conveyed with no offensive threat, nor do they involve any temptation to an honest candidate to stultify himself, or sacrifice the interests of the whole, in order to secure the vote of a class. The candidate who does so will not be driven by superior force from without, but will be displaying his own inherent instinct for the demagogue's way of approach. The candidates are first asked to pledge themselves to work towards a more direct dealing between farmers and consumers, both sides to share in the resultant saving from undue expenses between farm and kitchen. There is no demand to abolish the middleman altogether, no railing at him as always and everywhere a profiteer, but merely a reasonable proposal to cut down intermediate expenses by such means as may be found available. The second point aims to secure to all farmers and consumers "the full, free and unquestioned right to organize and to purchase and sell coöperatively." Coöperation is not "socialism," nor is there any denial of the right to private property in the fact that a large number of individuals choose to use a part of their private property in such a combination. In claiming every such movement as an irretraceable advance towards an inevitable "socialism," the advocates of that "ism" do not state a fact, but merely illustrate their lack of mental balance.

The third question pertains to representation of farmers on general boards and commissions in whose membership various interests are recognized, even though the work involved might be only indirectly connected with agriculture. Believing that this was not intended as a mere request for a share in "patronage," we do not believe that any candidate would improve his chances by pledging himself, if elected, to place some man direct from the farm on each and every "general" board or commission constituted during his term. What is wanted is a reasonable consideration of the agricultural interest, wherever directly or indirectly involved, and this can be both promised and delivered without demagoguery or class favoritism. The next question concerns the qualifications of the Secretary of Agriculture, and suggests nothing extreme or unwise. In asking for a Secretary "satisfactory to the farm organizations of America," we do not believe that the satisfaction in mind is of the sort referred to when one speaks of a Democratic revenue collector at the port of New York, or a Republican postmaster in Philadelphia, as "satisfactory to the organization." The request for an investigation of "the great and growing evil of farm tenancy, so that steps may be taken to check, reduce, or end it," may well have an affirmative reply, without committing the candidate to the assertion or belief that tenant farming is always an evil. The real evil is the descent from ownership to tenancy; but tenancy is sometimes an intermediate station for men moving in the opposite direction.

We are not quite certain just what is referred to in the question whether the candidate will work to secure to coöperative organizations of farmers engaged in interstate commerce "service and supplies equal in all respects to those furnished to private enterprises under like circumstances"; but all right-thinking men should agree that the federal power ought to prevent discrimination of the kind, if it exists, at any point falling within its jurisdiction. The candidate is further asked whether he will favor the reopening of the railroad question "if at the end of two years of further trial of private ownership the railroads fail to render reasonably satisfactory service." We do not take it that the men who drew up this question meant to say, "Satisfactory service within two years, or Government ownership!" The candidate who should pledge himself to a hard and fast programme of that kind would hardly find that he had sensed the present temper of American farmers as a class.

"Will you use your best efforts to secure the payment of the war debt chiefly through a highly graduated income tax, or otherwise, by those best able to pay"? Here is a question on which a candidate might easily trip himself up, if at all inclined to be a demagogue in matters of taxation. A graduated income tax may be a reasonable recognition of varying degrees of ability to aid in bearing the public burdens; on the other hand, it may be a vicious attempt to hit at wealth merely as wealth. We predict that the candidate who is not afraid to call attention to this truth, and to pledge himself only to what shall appear fair and wise, will have no trouble with the farmer. The candidate who will not pledge himself, in accordance with the next question, to uphold the policy of the conservation of our natural resources and to work for some effective check to deforestation, will have trouble with others as well as farmers. Any right-minded candidate can also afford to pledge himself to do his best to secure and enforce "effective national control over the packers and other great interstate combinations of capital engaged in the manufacture, transportation, or distribution of food and other farm products and farmers' supplies." The Board of Farm Organizations wisely refrain from setting forth a detailed programme of legislation for this purpose. All they ask is a candidate determined to make as effective as possible a course of action to which the Government has long been committed.

And finally, "Will you respect and earnestly try to maintain the right of free speech, free press, and free assembly?" There is no assertion here that these rights have no limitation. Any candidate may well say to the American farmer, "I will go as far as you, perhaps even a little farther, in granting, under the head of the rights mentioned, anything that does not strike dangerously at the moral health of civilized society, or the continued existence of orderly government." The revolutionary radical will give the farmer up as hopeless when he reads this questionnaire; and herein the *Review* finds justification for the belief which it has expressed more than once, that the American farmer is, as a rule, a makeweight on the side of stable progress.

Kapp's Ballon d'Essai

FROM the various, often contradictory, reports that have reached us from several parts of Germany, one important fact stands out sufficiently clear to admit of some tentative conclusions being drawn from it as to future developments. The failure of Dr. Kapp and his associates to maintain the power which they had seized without any apparent difficulty was not due to their Government being paralyzed by the general strike or the refusal of the Reichsbank to honor their orders for money. They failed because of the freezing lack of response from the bulk of the nation. Even the immediate success of the coup, obtained without bloodshed, could not rouse the people to an impulsive declaration of loyalty to the new Government. On that the usurpers had reckoned, and realizing, after four days of anxious expectancy, that their calculation had been wrong, they saw no other way out than to surrender. More amazing than the briefness of their rule is that ignorance of the people's real state of mind which made their misreckoning possible. Prussian officialdom, trained to a high degree of efficiency in working the state machine, has always ignored the human elements of will and passion that generate the power by which the mechanism is driven. The bureaucrat Wolfgang Kapp imagined that, as soon as the expert officials of the old régime had resumed their posts at the machines in the state's engine-room, the business would revive and prosper as before. That the generating station would supply the power was to them a matter of course.

It would be over-hasty to conclude from the events of last week that the German nation has finished with monarchism and is, for good and all, republican in conviction and sentiment. Two other causes account for its having turned a cold shoulder to the herald of the restoration: the general apathy and mental lassitude prevailing among all classes except the extreme wings of Communists and "Kaiser-treuen," who, being the opposition parties, are stimulated by hatred and by hope of an upheaval; and, more important still, the lack of political thinking in the average German citizen, which makes him slow to act in a crisis of this kind. The old régime taught its subjects not to reason but to obey, and so long as their material welfare was secure they little objected to a rule which spared them the mental difficulty of choosing and deciding for themselves. But now that prosperity is gone, and with it their absolute confidence in the wisdom and infallibility of those in power, they have turned skeptical and despondent, and are helpless because of that lack of political training which is their heritage from the old régime. One circumstance only could have induced the bulk of the nation to acclaim the Government of Kapp and Von Lüttwitz: its lasting success. But as this success could not be secured by force of arms, but was itself dependent on the support of the people, the enterprise ran a fruitless course in a vicious circle.

The daring coup of the extreme right having ended in disaster, the extreme left is likely to pluck the fruits of its failure. The Independents are not strong enough to seize power, but they possess the means to make the resumption of it by Herr Ebert's Government a difficult task. The general strike, employed by the Majority Socialists as a weapon against the usurping Government, was turned by the Independents against the lawful one. The agreement between Ebert and the Federation of Trade Unions is an undeniable surrender to the Independents. The immediate socialization of all industries, involving, of course, the nationalization of the coal and potash syndicates, is a far-reaching concession to make for a Government in which both the Centre and the German Popular party have their representatives. It is to be seen whether these bourgeois parties will give their sanction to the compromise. The wisest course for them would be to accept it without demur, as their rupture with the Majority Socialists would cause the latter to swing still farther to the radical left and help to strengthen the forces of Independents and Communists.

The French may be right in distrusting the official German reports of Communist risings as a means of frightening the Entente into concessions as to the number of troops that the Empire may retain. Noske's excuse for tarrying with the reduction of the army is far from convincing. The real danger is not in the local successes of scattered Communist forces, but in a development of the political situation which should leave the Majority Socialists no other choice than to compromise with the German section of the Third Internationale. And in a compromise between opportunists and doctrinairians experience suggests that it is the former who give and the latter who take.

The failure of the reactionary coup d'état has not resulted, therefore, in a firmer reëstablishment of the Ebert régime. It has regained power at the risk of its stability. It vacillates towards the radical left, and not only the Communists but also the reactionaries will see their advantage in unsettling it still further. The reaction would see its time arrive when undiluted Socialism had make the nation realize the stern blessings of the proletariat's rule. That the late coup is to remain the only attempt of the old régime to return to power is very unlikely. The ballon d'essai, which probably Ludendorff sent up, with Dr. Kapp and von Lüttwitz as pilots, will doubtless be followed by better-equipped political aircraft when the clouds that darken the nation's destiny bring on the storm in which it can secretly manœuvre to better advantage.

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Behind the Financing of China

(IN FOUR PARTS—PART ONE)

THE consummation of a $20,000,000 gold loan to China by the Allied banking groups brings to the fore the most dangerous situation in the East to-day.

China's economic potentialities at the present time are greater than those of any other country. Yet the Chinese Republic constitutes a tremendous international liability, instead of being a stabilizing asset in a war-stained world; the blame for a state of affairs where her expenditures exceed her income by $100,000,000 annually lies between China herself and the frenzied finance of the Powers. For some time now, this deficit has been an almost fatal overload, eating up the country's resources and thwarting its development. From the first foreign obligations incurred in 1875 to the deluge of Japanese loans recklessly resorted to for running expenses during the Great War, the Chinese people have been the victims of hard international circumstances and have seen one burden after another piled upon them at the most difficult period in their four thousand years of national life.

Take it as you will, China is no longer a going concern. Almost too late, the Powers have become cognizant of conditions which threaten the peace of the world; foreign offices, it is now clear, realize that only far-reaching efforts on their part can save us from developments in the East as extensive as the breakdown of Russia.

Internally, China's position has been like that of an ancient business house using until recently obsolete methods and forced to compete with establishments running on the costs system and scientific management. Up to the Manchu conquest, the Chinese Emperors had somehow made both ends meet by levying what they could and expending what conditions obliged them to disburse. The complicated system of taxation operative during the Manchu régime accomplished little more, yet it was sufficient until the T'aiping Rebellion ravaged the heart of the Empire and tried China's resources to the limit at the moment (in the 'fifties) when the Western nations were resorting to force of arms to open the country to foreign intercourse. This initiated a series of calamities most costly to China. The war with Japan in 1894-95 carried in its wake the Boxer Outbreak of 1900, to be followed in 1911 by the Chinese Revolution and the fall of the Manchu dynasty. Republican China tried to get itself on a business basis in 1912, but ran into domestic difficulties which the Great War aggravated by its flare-back on the Orient.

Along with this went a saddling of the country with external obligations. The Chino-Japanese War left costs aggregating more than $375,000,000 gold. With this came the scramble of the Powers for "concessions," as a result of the conviction that China's hour of partition had arrived; the Boxer troubles were the direct product of the vicious circle of demands made on China for "spheres of interest," as European diplomats euphemistically called the process of provisional dismemberment. The cost to the Chinese for the rash popular protest was a new series of loans to cover an indemnity of $337,500,000. Coincidently, the Powers employed their financial diplomacy to obtain railway loans, aggregating $230,000,000, and to develop strategic ends in China.

These years saw the European rivalries which culminated in the Great War playing their part in the economic conflict of the Far East. While diplomacy had its hands full with the frictions in the West, China's troubles were naturally left unconsidered. After all, they were assets in the hands of European statesmen, and we were too detached from the game to count. European statesmen eagerly followed the leads of their foreign offices. United States bankers really played no large part, because they had neither that capability which comes from experience nor the continuous diplomatic support necessary to essay such an international financial rôle as the situation demanded if China's spoliation was to be stopped.

It was *laissez-faire* with a vengeance in China, haphazard financing subordinated to state purposes of a dubious sort. The sum-total of all this has put China under the following burden:

Debt outstanding from Japanese War, 1894	$ 150,000,000
Indemnity of 1900	240,000,000
Communications Loans	200,000,000
Japanese Loans during Great War	300,000,000
General Loans	225,000,000
Short Term Loans	85,000,000
	$1,200,000,000

The service of this debt, sinking fund and interest charges, costs China about $56,000,000 annually, or more than half of the deficit confronting her. Though China's running expenses have been met in part by borrowed capital, throughout all her troubles she has met her foreign obligations without default. But so far as the national balance-sheet is concerned, she is on the verge of bankruptcy.

China, however, is too large and too important a country to permit of a receivership in the interests of any one Power or group of Powers. In comparison with her tangible resources, China is not insolvent but in need of large-scale reorganization. The fact that she has in the past raised funds from every possible source on every kind of security at exorbitant rates does not mean desperate need and low security. Neither is the payment to reputable bankers of a commission of 6 to 9 per cent. on national loans the sign of failing credit. The truth is, as might be suspected from a glance at the list of external obligations, that China has been milked by the predatory finance of the Powers. It has been the drive of the Government-backed pound sterling, ruble, and franc; the yen diplomacy, the dollar diplomacy, which has cornered China.

What but the fears of Manchester steel mills and Osaka spinning interests for their foreign markets has made them invoke every diplomatic means to strangle China's infant in-

dustries? What nations, down to 1918, balked every Chinese attempt to secure more revenue, vetoing every plan to increase the five per cent. tariff arranged by treaty sixty years ago, though the enumerated articles increased more than four times and the volume of trade eighteen? What interests at the Shanghai Conference in 1918 made every attempt to prevent even a nominal increase in tariff revenue? It was the same forces which have made China at every turn, thanks to international high finance, accept the most onerous banking terms on record.

With the exception of Japan, these interests have overplayed their hands, for none of them can afford to have a foreclosure on China carried out. Largely responsible for China's international straits to-day because of the handicaps placed on her by them in the past, the Powers are now turning to the problem of salvaging their capital investments on a scale which would not have been necessary had there ever been constructive finance in the East. The Frankenstein of their greed frightens them.

They see a region greater than Europe still lacking the needed trunk lines, for the political railways now serving parts of China are disconnected systems personifying the national interests behind them from couplings to goods vans and bridge spans. They see a country with a population over three times that of the United States possessing but the railroad mileage of California; in China there are 107,000 people for every mile of railway built, while in the United States it is 3,800 people to each mile of line. Wheat at eleven cents a bushel exists in China's west, whereas a thousand miles away, on the lower Yangtsze, millions starve. There is not a mile of railway operating in Szechuan, a Province exceeding pre-war Germany in size, population, and basic natural wealth.

It is recognized that constructive financial coöperation in China must succeed the former practices of international bankers, who hunted in a pack only because it was easier to crowd China and then divide the spoil. Transportation and production are the foundations of the modern state; it is the problem of the new finance to bring these to China. The financial stabilizing of China means the end of maladministration aided and abetted for diplomatic objectives; then the Land Tax, which now yields $90,000,000, will increase to five times that sum; the Wine and Tobacco Administration, it is estimated, can equal the reorganized Salt Administration's $70,000,000; and so on down the list.

Just two nations are in a position to furnish the sinews for this financial renovation of China. It is a question whether Japanese yen and American dollars will devote themselves to a decade of reconstructive coöperation or will prefer to bring China into a new welter of financial imperialism.

CHARLES HODGES

Experimental Allegiances

(IN TWO PARTS—PART TWO)

GROUP Autonomy is hardly the fearsome thing darkly hinted by Mr. Lippmann. As an idea it is sufficiently heretical and revolutionary to provide ecstatic thrills for the most ardent parlor radical; but as a movement or tendency with an appreciable threat to democracy it awakens few tremors of alarm. It has had its day, even among the trade-unions of France. Certainly the I. W. W. have built their structure and doctrines around the idea; and it goes without saying that the I. W. W. are generally regarded as a menace. But it is not because of the idea itself that they are so regarded; it is because of their proneness to certain pluralistic activities such as the starting of bogus free-speech fights, the destruction of hop-fields, the wrecking of buildings, and the breaking up of trade-unions. Though over these activities the *New Republic* and the *Nation* are now and then wont to shed the halo of indulgent toleration, to the general public they are unendurable and call for suppression.

Group Autonomy is as Group Autonomy does. Under the apostleship of Kropotkin it took on the seeming of a vague but not unbeautiful dream. Under Johann Most it carried a fiery message of universal revolt; and the days of Most, though many, were full of trouble. Under Emma Goldman, the least intellectual but one of the most energetic and aggressive of its prophets, it lapsed into quite unintelligible vagueness; and, needless to say, it was not her group-autonomistic pleas that brought her into conflict with the law. Group Autonomism may be, as Mr. Lippman avers, a "powerful heresy," but unless its propaganda is accompanied by certain overzealous incitements and activities, the "heresy-hunters" of Mr. Lippman's apprehension are unlikely to set up the hue and cry.

For the thing has never, since mankind grew out of it, taken an enduring hold. Men do indeed look back upon it, now and then, as upon a long-abandoned home, a sort of universal Zion of the race, which might serve as a refuge from the irksome and troublous present. But this is a matter for the imagination, and not for the workaday world of effort. Sometimes, moreover, for a brief period, the idea inspires a movement; but the reaction follows as the night the day. The one unique opportunity for its translation into the actualities of modern life has been Soviet Russia. One finds there, instead, a rigorous, unitary, political, sovereign state in which autonomous groups have been relentlessly crushed, or, as in the case of the coöperative societies, permitted to live only under a constant persecution. There, if it had something of that vital and persistent force ascribed to it by Mr. Laski, Mr. Croly, and Mr. Lippman, should have been the place of its beginning. It should have triumphed over Bolshevist tyranny and firmly established itself. It was unable to do so, and the unitary state was its victor.

Still, new light may have been brought to bear upon the subject; and here are recondite pages and columns aplenty in which to search out answers to obstinate questionings. Is this pluralism of the state a proposed, a projected thing, or is it an inherent thing somewhat obstructed in the functioning? Mr. Lippmann (*N. R.*, April 14, 1917, p. 316) calls attention to the fact that Mr. Laski has just published a book, "The Problem of Sovereignty," which contains the "courageous assertion that the state is not absolute but plural." I fear that the answer embodies a confusion between *is* and *ought to be*, for I find in other places the most severe arraignment of the state as a unitary concern that must give way. But I pass on. How much "dispersion of power" should there be; what degree of federation; what limitation of the power of final decision by a central authority? Further, and most to the point, are there now observable tendencies in the United States toward this "dispersion of power"; toward a loosening of the reins of the central government; toward the creation of autonomous or quasi-autonomous bodies which, federated, may supplant the central authority?

I turn to Mr. Laski. "Even in America," he writes (*A. M. S.*, p. 384), "the classic ground of federal experiment, it is a new federalism that is everywhere developing." He mentions the Federal Reserve System and the Rural Credits Board, and he refers to an article by Mr. Croly in the *New Republic* for further light. I turn to Mr. Croly (*N. R.*, Dec. 16, 1916, pp. 170-72) and find an article entitled "The Failure of the States." Though it is unsigned, no doubt Mr. Laski knew who wrote it. But what I find herein is, strangely enough, a declaration, not that centralization is declining, but that it is everywhere developing. The article is a severe arraignment of the inefficiency, backwardness, selfishness, capriciousness, irresponsibility, wrongheadedness, "social obscurantism," and corruption, along with a number of minor evils, on the part of the forty-eight American State Governments. Constitutional federalism, it would appear, has broken down. But the outstanding fact is the increasing centralization of power in Washington. "Symptoms of the tendency toward centralization," he writes, "are showing themselves in every region of political activity," and he gives what appear to him to be instances. He is apparently unsatisfied to have the declaration rest upon his own assertion, and so he cites a competent authority. This authority is none other than Mr. Laski. "No wonder," writes Mr. Croly, "an English observer of American political processes inquires, as Mr. Harold J. Laski does, in another column, whether the American democracy is not consenting to the erection in Washington of an ominous and autocratic mechanism of centralized control."

I turn to Mr. Laski, in the same number (pp. 176-78), to find the confirmation of Mr. Croly's statement; and then I turn back to Mr. Croly to find the confirmation, suggested in Mr. Laski's book, of the evidence of the developing "new federalism." The evidence cited is exceedingly tenuous. There is the Federal Reserve System—nothing more—and there follows the prediction that similar bodies are sure to be organized. But the amazing part of this pluralistic argument is the insistence (or seeming insistence) upon *central political control*. The illuminating passage follows:

> The Federal Reserve system, for instance, combines regional banks, which *preserve a sufficient measure of local self-government with central political control.* Similar examples of regional independence *subject to national determination of general policy* will almost certainly be adopted when the work of reorganizing essential national industries, such as the railroads and the food and fuel supplies, are seriously undertaken.

So all the brave words about the "dispersion of power," "the neutralization of the state," "the abdication of sovereignty," "the coördination and federation of allegiances"; the dark hints of the explosive revolutionism in this tremendous new idea —all soften down into an approval of boards and bureaus under the sovereign control of the national state. M. Jourdain has been talking prose all his life without knowing it. If this be Administrative Syndicalism we have most of us been Administrative Syndicalists all our lives. The parlor radical can not but feel that he has been cruelly hoaxed, and that he must transfer his allegiance to some more thrilling proposal.

I turn back to Mr. Laski for further evidence of the "new federalism." He says (*A. M. S.*, pp. 384-85):

> There is a clear tendency upon the part of industrial and professional groups to become self-governing. Legislation consecrates the solutions they evolve. They become sovereign in the sense— which, after all, is the only sense that matters—that the rules they draw up are recognized as the answer to the problems they have to meet. They are obtaining compulsory power over their members; they demand their taxes; they exercise their discipline; they enforce their penal sanctions. They raise every question that the modern federal state has to meet, and their experience is, governmentally, a valuable basis for national enterprise.

So, it appears, you may have it both ways: the extension of administrative service under the control of the sovereign state is Pluralism; and the totally opposite thing, the functioning of bodies which decline to recognize the state (if there be any), is also Pluralism. It is hard to be patient with such a mass of preposterous assertions as are contained in the passage quoted. If Mr. Laski can furnish a single instance of a group that has become self-governing (or is in the way of becoming self-governing) in the sense required by his implication, he will do far more for his argument than by citing innumerable passages of irrelevancy from De Maistre or Lamennais. If he can show how the "consecration of solutions" by legislation is an evidence of coördination of power, he will do yet more for his argument. By a reckless manipulation of words—by the use of "taxes" where he means "dues"; "penal sanctions" where he means "rules regarding fines and suspensions"; "compulsory power" where he means a very restricted control over certain activities in a single field—he has made a showing for autonomism as an existing force. By representing it as a specifically modern phenomenon (which it is not) and as a force which is constantly

developing (an assertion exceedingly dubious) he has heightened the picture; and he has capped and crowned it with the statement that these voluntary bodies "raise every question that the modern federal state has to meet." All this is too painfully absurd for comment. But one can not pass this amazing summary without a look at the meaning of the third sentence. If sovereignty, in "the only sense that matters," is the power, for instance, of the trade-union to determine the conditions under which its members will work, then the whole structure of Pluralism as a rival of the existing state cracks and falls into fragments.

I trust that there is more to be said for it than this; for though I hold to the unitary state and am even unable to think of organized society in any other terms, I can yet wish that a theory (or more correctly, a social passion) which has captivated so many beings should be presented at its best that it might be fairly judged. It may be that this theory (or whatever it is to be called) is, as Mr. Lippmann says, "widely and deeply resented." But I choose to think that the resentment has a different object. I think it is directed not at the theory but at the manner of propaganda. A part of the prevalent resentment arises, I fear, from the arrogant and sweeping censure of system, codes, institutions, and individuals in the name and on behalf of the theory by exponents who can not intelligibly explain it even to themselves.

W. J. GHENT

The Transportation Problem in France

THE recent abortive strike of the railroad workers, the second since the signing of the armistice, has once more drawn attention to the transportation problem, one of the gravest confronting the French Government. Since the previous attempt of July 21, 1919, the condition of the railroads has steadily deteriorated, partly through the extension of the personnel with thousands of inefficient hands, partly through the growing lack of rolling stock and coal. A few months after the July strike of last year, the Chamber of Deputies, desirous to avert the spread of Bolshevism by meeting the ever-growing demands of railway men and other industrial workers, passed the eight-hour working-day law, which compelled the railroad companies to increase their personnel by 140,000 men. These had to be recruited from various industries by the lure of high wages, although they were untrained hands who had to be taught their work from the beginning. The experienced staff, moreover, suffering from the strain of four or five years' overwork during the war, gave way to a pardonable longing for leisure and laziness, a natural reaction from the hardships they had bravely withstood in the hour of danger.

The condition of the rolling stock was little better. The pre-war average number of engines under repair amounted to eight per cent.; it has now risen to twenty. The number of passenger cars under repair has gone up from nine to twenty-six per cent., that of freight cars from four to seventeen. The engines which Germany has handed over are mostly out of condition, and the adjustment of American engines to their new work has only recently been accomplished.

As a consequence of this decrease in labor output and lack of rolling stock, several passenger trains had to be taken off. But even that restriction could not bring the freight traffic up to its normal volume. And, which is worse, even if the transportation system could be restored to its efficiency and comprehensiveness of six years ago, it would not answer the requirements of new agricultural and industrial conditions created by the war. A complete reorientation and reorganization is necessary for the railroads to meet the exigencies of entirely altered circumstances.

The destruction, first of all, of the factories in the north and the east of France, a loss which it will take many years to repair, has thrown the currents of traffic out of their accustomed course. The materials which are necessary for a given industry are, in a great many cases, no longer to be found in those parts from which they used to come. The devastated provinces, which formerly were great producers, are only consumers now. And, in the second place, the abnormal proportion between export and import, the former having decreased to the lowest level ever known in the history of France, is another factor which makes for disturbance and disorganization of railroad traffic.

But the gravest problem the railroads have to cope with is the severe lack of coal. Even before the war home production remained far short of the country's needs. Now a great number of mines are ruined, and years will pass before they will have recovered their former productivity. And the output of those mines that can be worked has been considerably reduced by the introduction of the eight-hour working day. Hence France has to import her coal from abroad. But Belgium, where similar abnormal conditions prevail, can not spare her much; the export from Great Britain has been severely curtailed by repeated strikes in the mining districts, and Germany, which, under the terms of peace, had to indemnify France for her ruined pits, has failed up to now to supply the stipulated amount.

As a result of these deplorable economic conditions the railroads are faced by a financial débâcle. The amount of wages paid to their personnel has increased from 800 to 3,000 million francs, their coal expenses, from 350 to 1,500 million francs; the total cost of exploitation from 1,250 to 4,750 million francs. What return can security holders expect for the money invested in a railroad business? Two and a half million Frenchmen have placed their confidence in what, a few years ago, appeared to be a safe investment. Most of these people are small holders, the average amount of their capital thus invested not exceeding 7,000 francs. A railway strike that threatens to ruin outright a by no means prosperous concern in which one of every fifteen Frenchmen is financially interested is, therefore, bound to be unpopular.

The obvious remedy for this precarious situation is to raise the fares. On February 23, a new, greatly increased tariff went into effect. Another effective measure is the priority granted, under the freight-carriage regulations, to essentials such as foodstuffs, agricultural implements, etc. However, these remedies are only makeshifts. The whole system, which is based on a scheme drafted as far back as 1883, no longer answers present exigencies and should be put on quite a different footing. "Nationalize the roads," is the Socialists' cry; whereas the capitalists of the old régime fear nothing but disaster from any change whatever. The country, however, will not listen to either extreme. It looks to M. Noblemaire, one of the new members of the Chamber of Deputies, for a solution of the problem. He is the son of a former manager of the great P. L. M. company; his brother manages the Compagnie des Wagons-Lits, and he himself is on the board of the P. L. M. As he proudly said in the speech in which he unfolded his scheme before the Chamber, he knows what he is talking about. Seldom did the Chamber listen to a speaker so intimately acquainted with the matter under discussion; he made a strong impression on his audience by an absolute freedom from prejudice, by an honest apprecia-

tion of modern ideas concerning social coöperation, and by his expert discussion of the remedies for an evil which he has been better situated than any living Frenchman to observe and study closely. M. Noblemaire envisages the fact that the problem is not exclusively economic, but has its moral and social aspects as well. This scheme involves an entire revision of actual conditions. He advocates a strong concentration of the leading organization, together with local decentralization, guarantees granted to the security holders by the state, and coöperation between the managers and the professional syndicates. But it is a long way from the enacting of a new railway law to the blessed state of things which it is meant to inaugurate. Will life, during that long and anxious time, keep on pulsating through the arteries of the country's organism?

ANDRE ROSTAND

Paris, March 4

Correspondence

The Theory of Purchasing Power

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

William James once showed me a review of a book on ethics in a protectionist journal which declared that it was as impossible to construct a theory of conduct without religion as to expect prosperity without a protective tariff. From the bed-rock of the tariff it was possible to reason direct to the Kingdom of God. With like confidence it would seem as if the believer in the quantity theory of money relied on the sacerdotal character of the doctrine that the more money there is in circulation the greater the demand and the higher the level of prices. Believing that this dogma is neither true in principle nor workable in fact, I beg the courtesy of your journal for a brief consideration of the matter.

Purchasing power, either in the offer of money, or of checks drawn on a deposit account (the result of a credit transaction) is the mechanism through which demand operates. But economics knows no doctrine—so far as I am aware—that demand alone determines the price of anything (1). We do have a principle of demand and supply which affects price. In short, buyers may express their desire for an article through effective demand; that is, through acceptable purchasing power; but that is only one-half the problem. The price is also as much—if not more—determined by all the conditions affecting supply (2). When a millionaire contractor wishes a hammer (a type of freely reproducible articles), does he forget the state of the arts, the efficiency of modern industry in producing hammers, and make an offer at a price independent of the production-costs for hammers? (3). If he did, he would soon be out of business. The supply comes forward in competitive industries under conditions affecting expenses of production, such as prices of materials, wages, and taxes. No competent buyer pays more for goods than the price at which his rival can buy, no matter how much credit he has at the bank (4). Just because he is a successful man of wealth and has credit we have the reason why he is likely to know what a fair price should be under existing conditions of supply. What holds the price above a given level at any time is the production-costs (5). Demand and purchasing power are adjusted to them. In fact, demand varies with the price, generally falling off as price rises and increasing as price falls (6). That is, demand is always demand at a price. Production-costs are conditions influencing demand. Does not every one know that to-day, in spite of an intense desire for our goods in Europe, the demand for our exports is falling off because prices as increased by the unfavorable rates of foreign exchange are high?

But, so far, we have had in mind only the great mass of freely reproducible articles. There are goods, however, which can not be quickly supplied as demand varies. Until supply can come forward, a strenuous demand may keep prices above production-costs. This is the explanation of possible profiteering. In such cases, it is not the offer of purchasing power which is dominant in setting the price, but the scarcity of the goods; for as soon as scarcity disappears (even under a strong demand) price falls to some relation to production-costs. Of course, under absolute monopoly, supply has no effect, and demand is decisive. That is what monopoly means. On the prices of such goods changes in the quantity of money and credit are not material.

For sake of brevity, purchasing power has so far been referred to as consisting usually of money. But when loans are made on the sale of staple goods to purchasers, the bank first grants the borrower a deposit account. Thus by a credit operation, A, for instance, selling shoes, has his goods coined into purchasing power. So does B, who is selling clothing; and C, who is selling plows; and so on throughout the whole range of all our industries. That is, A's purchasing power is met by the purchasing power of B, C, . . . Y, Z, offered for A's goods. Therefore, why should A's purchasing power, arising from normal credit, raise the prices of the other's goods when met by an equalizing demand? Demand by normal credit does not come out of the blue against all goods; it is a form of a reciprocal demand of goods for each other, offered through banks and clearing houses. In its essence, normal credit acts only as a medium of exchange like money, and is not an initial cause of demand; it is only a mechanism through which goods coined into a means of payment are exchanged against each other. The initial cause of the demand is the possession of bankable goods.

But the logic of Alice in Wonderland is left far behind by the argument that the more dollars there are the more will be offered for goods. Why a sober business man with large means should suddenly act like a spendthrift and be obliged by some unseen force to expend to-day all the purchasing power he has for such goods as he may at the moment want, is beyond any intelligence but that of Sir Oliver Lodge (7). There is no such impelling economical force. Worst of all, this necessary expenditure of a man's purchasing power is supported by the amazing assumption that because of the competition of purchasers there is no limit to the ensuing rise of prices (8). But what has happened to the competition of sellers and producers? To argue as if prices were fixed solely by buyers is to assume that the whole world of suppliers are sick with influenza or have gone to each other's funerals. To talk as if sellers had no effect on price is to suppose that goods come into existence by incantation or by rubbing Aladdin's lamp (9).

When men can not follow such reasoning, they are supposed to be under the delusion that "gold is a fixed standard of value." In the first place, it is one thing to say that our currency is to-day redeemable in gold, and quite another thing to say that "gold is a fixed standard of value." The latter is impossible, and for a very good reason. Price is the ratio of exchange between any article and a given standard, like gold. A change on either side of this ratio will change price. If the production-costs of steel or shoes increase (because of the rising prices of materials, labor, etc.), their prices will rise; which is the same thing as saying that gold has fallen relatively to steel and shoes. Now the quantity theorists one-sidedly insist that only causes affecting the money side of the price ratio affect prices, utterly oblivious to what happens to the expenses of producing goods. But if driven to this point, they contend that materials and labor could rise in price (and thus raise production-costs) only because there was more money or credit in circulation offered for them. This fallacy, however, entirely ignores the influence of scarcity of materials and labor. I have already dealt with that matter above. Moreover, before we entered the war and before prices rose materially, scarcity conditions caused a higher price for materials and labor. Why ignore the supply side of demand and supply?

Then the curious point is made that, even if production-costs did rise, that "has absolutely nothing to do with the question of the relation between prices and the supply of money" (10). That is, if the question at issue—that only an increase of money raises the price of anything, labor or materials—is granted, then production-costs do not influence the selling prices of goods (11). Of course, no economist in his senses could grant this for a moment. But to the quantity theorist this method may be as necessary as for the protectionist to argue from the bed-rock of the tariff to the existence of religion.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

Boston, February 28

[The foregoing letter by Professor Laughlin is in reply to the editorial on "Prices and the Gold Standard" which appeared in the *Review* for February 21. For the sake of brevity and clearness we have indicated by numbers the points upon which it seems desirable to comment, thus avoiding the necessity of repeating Professor Laughlin's remarks.

1 and 2. Nobody that we know anything about has said or implied that "demand alone determines the price of everything," or has denied that the price is as much determined "by all the conditions affecting supply."

In the very article to which Professor Laughlin is replying, we said:

> The quantity theory of money perfectly recognizes that high prices are quite as capable of being brought about by diminution of productivity as by increase of the monetary medium. In so far as productivity has diminished in these last years, it accounts for the rise of prices. How serious that diminution has been, nobody knows. But everybody knows that there has been enormous increase in the monetary medium; and all that the quantity theory says is that this increase has caused a corresponding rise of prices.

3. The price offered by anybody for hammers is of course not "independent of the production-costs for hammers." But the relation of the price of the hammers to the production-costs is a relation not to those costs as measured in hours of labor and quantity (by weight or volume) of raw materials consumed, but to those production-costs as measured in money. Reference to rise of production-costs, therefore, only shoves one step back the question of the rise of prices, and leaves the nature of the question just the same as before.

4. This is quite true; but if both the buyer and his rivals have command of a larger amount of credit in dollars than they had before, while the supply of the commodity for which they are bidding has not increased, they will, unless there is a combination among them, bid more in dollars for it in the endeavor of each to have his full share of the business.

5. This has been treated under 3.

6. Demand does "fall off as price rises, and increase as price falls," if the monetary supply is not altered; but demand does not fall off as price rises if the rise of prices simply keeps pace with the increased volume of the monetary medium at the command of purchasers.

7. In the editorial to which Professor Laughlin is replying we referred to the fact that "some very intelligent persons experience a certain difficulty" in this matter, though we had not supposed that any professors of political economy were included among these persons. What we said with a view to clearing up their difficulty was as follows:

> Merely because I have more dollars, they ask, why should I pay a higher price for what I want? But the reason is very plain. Anybody who has more dollars than he had before wishes to do something with the extra dollars; he wishes either to spend them or to save them. Now if the things to be bought for the dollars are no more abundant than they were before, then, at the old scale of prices, he would be getting more of the things than he got before, and somebody else would have to go without. Accordingly somebody—either he or somebody else—will pay a higher price rather than forgo the satisfaction of his desires; and in this competition of purchasers prices are raised. Nor is the case different if he prefers to save instead of spending. People do not in our time put their extra money into a stocking. They invest it so as to draw interest. But to invest means, directly or indirectly, to engage in some form of production or trade; and this, in turn, means to buy either commodities or labor needed for the carrying on of that production or trade. Thus the extra money is put to just the same kind of use as the old money—the purchase of commodities or services. And if the aggregate quantity of those commodities and services remains the same while the number of dollars available for the purchase of them is doubled, the average price of them will be doubled also.

8. Nobody says that "there will be no limit to the ensuing rise of prices;" the limit to which prices naturally tend (conditions other than those affecting the monetary volume remaining the same) is that which would make the rise in the general price-level proportional to the increase of the monetary medium.

9. Nobody talks as if "sellers had no effect on price."

10 and 11. We have already referred to the matter of production-costs, under 5. But to make it plain that we said nothing that could possibly be interpreted as meaning that "production-costs do not influence the selling prices of goods," and that we did not beg the question at issue, we will reproduce here the whole of what we said on that point:

> Mr. Laughlin's idea is that the prices of commodities are high because, under the pressure of war need, high wages were paid to workingmen, both in manufactures and agriculture, in order to stimulate production, and that this had the effect of raising the prices of all commodities. But this is only another way of saying that the first thing that rose in price was labor, and that other things followed suit—which may be perfectly true, but has absolutely nothing to do with the question of the relation between prices and the supply of money. If commodities had risen first, and wages had risen afterwards in order to meet the increased cost of living, the thing that made the rise possible all round would still have been the same—the increased supply of money. As a matter of fact—and indeed of notorious fact—the events have taken place sometimes in one order and sometimes in the other. The new supply of money may flow in the first instance to any one of a hundred different points; but to insist that because it flowed first to one point rather than another, therefore the flow of money had nothing to do with the case, is suggestive of the logic of Alice in Wonderland rather than of the reasoning of political economy.—Eds. THE REVIEW.]

The Work of the South in Women's Education

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

A copy of the REVIEW containing the article "The Women's Colleges" has come into my hands, and I note with regret that there is no mention of what the South did in those early days for the education of women. I, therefore, give you a brief sketch of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.

The Legislature of Georgia granted a charter and gave the power to confer degrees to Wesleyan College in 1836, but the college was then named "The Georgia Female College." On January 7, 1839, the doors of the college were opened and ninety students entered. The curriculum was practically that of the colleges for men. On July 16, 1840, eleven young women were graduated and they received the A. B. degree, the first degrees ever given to women in the world. The first name on the list was that of Catherine Brewer, who married Richard A. Benson, and became the mother of Admiral W. S. Benson.

Harvard, the first college for men, was founded in 1636, and two hundred years later, in 1836, Wesleyan College, the first college for women, was founded. Neither Oberlin nor Holyoke was able to give degrees until some years later than Wesleyan. There were some excellent seminaries in the South, and the college drew its first students largely from them. It is thought by some that the reading of the work that Emma Willard was trying to do in the North put into the minds of some of our Southern men the idea of doing better things for the women of the South. Wesleyan has gone steadily onward and upward, its doors have never been closed, and it has sent out a great number of cultured, broad-minded, educated women whose power has been felt in this country and abroad.

LILLIAN P. POSEY

Macon Ga., March 20

Book Reviews

Public Service in the Days of Roosevelt

George von Lengerke Meyer, His Life and Public Services. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

MR. ROOSEVELT was a believer in the amenities and civilities of public as well as private life. He had a very alert and correct sense of "form." It was one of his strongly marked traits, though little dwelt upon by his many biographers. He gathered about him while he was in the White House many agreeable, pleasant, civil-spoken men whose chief apparent qualification was a distinct social background and tradition. They were not grubby, workaday persons at all, but rather men who had found the world a charming place of sojourn largely because their fathers and grandfathers had provided a solvent for the bread-and-cheese problem. For the most part they were the very best butter and acquitted themselves creditably. George von Lengerke Meyer was one of these men.

The current fiction about Washington in Roosevelt's time that sought to account for the circumstance that Meyer held one good job after another was that he was kept in by the potent influence of Senator Lodge. The amusing theory was that unless a gilded place was found and kept for Meyer his ambition for public service would lead him to make a race for Congress against Augustus P. Gardner, Mr. Lodge's son-in-law. It is true, at any rate, that Mr. Meyer was giving serious consideration to his chances as a Congressional candidate when he accepted President McKinley's offer of the Ambassadorship to Italy. It was Mr. Gardner who went to Congress.

All men in public office should keep a diary of their formal and informal contacts. It insures a measure of permanence to the memory of their activities. So few measured opinions are of value, but in any honest impression artlessly set down always inheres the distinct flavor and quality of truth. Meyer kept such a diary, and it has been skilfully used by his present biographer. Some quotations from it here will serve best to give a taste of the man's quality.

During Meyer's residence in Italy (1900-1905) the German Emperor was showing much attention to Americans, especially to rich Americans. The Emperor managed, not only at that period, but in later years, to see a great deal of our Ambassador. Meyer was of German descent; both his paternal grandfather and grandmother were German born. It is apparent that he was flattered by the Emperor's attentiveness. He has set down fairly long and detailed accounts of what happened on the several occasions he lunched and dined with the Kaiser and had long, uninterrupted, and unhurried talks with him. After Meyer had come home from Europe and was Postmaster-General in Roosevelt's Cabinet he sets down in his diary:

> The President in [Cabinet] meeting turned to me and said that he had Imperial information that I was not quite satisfied or contented being in the Cabinet, and that he, the Emperor, would be very pleased to have me come as Ambassador to Berlin; reminded the President that he had sent Speck to please him.

On another and earlier day Mr. Meyer records that one of the newspaper correspondents came to him to ask if he was going to Berlin, saying that he had heard the story at the German Embassy, where it was intimated that the appointment would be very agreeable to the Kaiser.

In January, 1905, while still Ambassador at Rome, he received a letter from President Roosevelt notifying him that he was to be transferred to St. Petersburg and also stating, with characteristic vigor, Roosevelt's conception of the functions of an Ambassador:

> I desire to send you as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. My present intention is, as you know, only to keep you for a year as Ambassador; but there is nothing certain about this, inasmuch as no man can tell what contingencies will arise in the future; but at present the position in which I need you is that of Ambassador at St. Petersburg. St. Petersburg is at this moment, and bids fair to continue to be for at least a year, the most important post in the diplomatic service, from the standpoint of work to be done; and you come in the category of public servants who desire to do public work, as distinguished from those whose desire is merely to occupy public place—a class for whom I have no particular respect. I wish in St. Petersburg a man who, while able to do all the social work, able to entertain and meet the Russians and his fellow-diplomats on equal terms, able to do all the necessary plush business—business which is indispensable—can do, in addition, the really vital and important things. I want a man who will be able to keep us closely informed, on his own initiative, of everything we ought to know; who will be, as an Ambassador ought to be, our chief source of information about Japan and the war—about the Russian feeling as to relations between Russia and Germany and France, as to the real meaning of the movement for so-called internal reforms, as to the condition of the army, as to what force can and will be used in Manchuria next summer, and so forth and so forth. The trouble with our Ambassadors in stations of real importance is that they totally fail to give us real help and real information, and seem to think that the life-work of an Ambassador is a kind of glorified pink tea-party. Now, at St. Petersburg I want some work done, and you are the man to do it.

Within two months of his arrival at St. Petersburg it fell to the American Ambassador to conduct in person the negotiations with the Czar which led to the Peace Conference at Portsmouth and the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese war; a little more than two months later he secured from the Czar, again in person, the agreements upon terms which brought about the signing of the treaty. He observed closely the beginning of the internal disturbances in Russia and watched the unpropitious opening of the Duma. He wrote regularly to Roosevelt. His letters and diaries written in Russia in 1905, 1906, and 1907 picture a government and a social condition now passed beyond recall. His own records of this period are more complete than those of any of his other services.

The anecdotal, gossipy record of his contacts and minor adventures in Washington, where he came in 1907 as Postmaster-General in the Roosevelt Cabinet, is heartening to read at this time, when Washington seems disorganized and demoralized. Mr. Roosevelt did bring interesting men to Washington and the governmental machine was well administered and cared for during his time. The diary reflects many of the lighter, intimate aspects of the Roosevelt official household. Here is a new T. R. epithet: At a Cabinet meeting the President said, "Notwithstanding our exact information as to Japan's preparation there were certain 'sublimated sweetbreads' who closed their eyes to any chance of trouble with Japan." And when the anti-Japanese feeling came to the surface in California, Roosevelt "regretted it because the State was too small to become a nation and too large to put into a lunatic asylum." This was also said in the close privacy of the Cabinet.

We quote at random a few other bits of the diary:

> May 11.—Ride with the President, Root, and Lodge; go way out on the Potomac. The French Ambassador and Madame Jusserand were out in the park near the hurdles. The President put his horse over the 3-foot stone wall and the 4-foot hurdle. Then he turned to me and said that we would jump them together, which we did. Lodge said my horse jumped in much better form. He was carrying, however, about 30 pounds less. After that, without realizing what effect it would have on the President, I put my horse over the 5-foot jump. I had no sooner done it than the President went at it. His horse refused, so he turned his horse, set his teeth, and went at it again. This time the horse cleared it well forward, but dragged his hind legs. Lodge was very much put out that the President has taken such a risk with his weight. I appreciated that it was my fault, for the President said, "I could not let one of my Cabinet give me a lead and not follow."
>
> October 25.—First Cabinet meeting since last June, Taft and Straus absent. President tells a story why Root, according to a certain general, is the greatest Secretary: "The trouble with Taft was that he had once been a Judge, and if he came up against the law in a policy which he wanted to pursue, he had such a respect for the law that he gave in, while Secretary Root was such a great lawyer that he always could find a way to get around it."
>
> February 16.—The President said to Root, "George Meyer, when I ask him to go to walk, refuses, but with an air which is as much as to say, 'I have been several times and I am able to do it, therefore I can refuse!'" The

President told this with one of his smiles which showed all his fine teeth.

March 20.—Cabinet meeting. All present. Decide to accept the invitation from Japan to have the fleet visit their ports. Attention was brought to the publication of a Socialist journal in Paterson. The President much incensed. It urged the use of dynamite to destroy the troops and the police. Under instructions from the President, I am to stop the transmission through the mails.

March 27.—Cabinet meeting. The Attorney General informed the Cabinet that, under the strict construction of the law, I probably had not the authority to keep certain anarchistic papers out of the mail, as the Courts had previously defined what "immoral" was.

I informed the Attorney General that it had already been done, and the President added that we had public sentiment with us, and that he should continue this policy towards the papers which threatened life and property until the Courts stopped us.

Taft telephones me to meet him at the Union Station at 3:30. Get there just as he is getting out of his automobile. We sit down on a bench in the Union Station and the secret service men [form] a cordon about us. I find he wants me to consider Beekman Winthrop for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, which is agreeable to me. He tells me Hale said to him that a resolution would be introduced, if I were appointed Secretary of the Navy, investigating my relations with the Fore River Engine Co. I told him that I never owned a share or bond in my life.

March 2.—Final Cabinet meeting. Mr. Roosevelt said, "Before we take up any business, as this is our last meeting, I want to say to you that no President ever received more loyal support from his official family than I have received. The work that you have done I have received the credit for—credit must go to the general in command. The only reward you receive is having the knowledge of doing your work well. I refuse to allow you to reply;" but Garfield said, "Whatever we have done has been inspired by your example."

While he was Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, Mr. Meyer, singularly enough, kept no diary. That is unfortunate, for it would have made an interesting contrast.

EDWARD G. LOWRY

A Modern Greek Poet

KOSTES PALAMAS: LIFE IMMOVABLE. Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

MR. PHOUTRIDES, a Harvard doctor of philosophy, who has recently accepted a professorship at the University of Athens, is undertaking the task of mediating between the souls of a native and an adopted country. He is proceeding with a tact, modesty, and good taste that are in refreshing contrast with the style of a more widely advertised interpreter who proclaims his mission in this strain: "This book reveals America to herself by interpreting Europe. I stand in symbolic relation to both Hemispheres —having navigated unknown seas of German psychology."

Dr. Phoutrides' translation of the chief work of the modern Greek poet Kostes Palamas is also of a very different literary quality from that of the volume of grotesque renderings from German poetry put forth a few years ago under the auspices of one of the most eminent representatives of German science in America:

> Naught else he loved above it,
> He emptied it every meal,
> And so he used to love it,
> The tears from his eyes would steal.

There are no *niaiseries* of this sort in Dr. Phoutrides' book. Estimates of its value as absolute poetry may vary. But there is nothing to offend the taste or provoke the smiles of a reader bred in the purest traditions of English poetry. One apparent possible exception,

> The lilies grew of marble witherless,

would be remedied by a comma after "marble." The original has—

> Bgainoun amarant apo marmaro ta krina

Omitting the rhymes and the double rhymes as too difficult to reproduce, he has given us in correct rhythm, and in singularly pure and often truly poetical English, a faithful transcript of what the Greek poet tries to say and what the strange language in which he writes will not let him say to more than a few score readers in all the world.

Mr. Phoutrides will probably not concur in this estimate. But he will pardon the sincerity that raises a most interesting psychological problem. He is able to keep in separate chambers of the mind his proved and competent appreciation of classical Greek poetry, the purity of his English taste with his mastery of English poetical diction, and his patriotic enthusiasm for the quaint language which a poet of modern Athens is driven to employ. He is not troubled by the mixture of clipped popular forms, commonplace literary modern Greek, and poetic compounds suggested by the older language and sometimes emulating its happiest audacities in which Palamas embodies his genuine if slightly Byronic inspiration of sentiment and reflection. But for all, save the very few who are capable of such division of the records of the mind, Mr. Phoutrides' version is far better than the original. It is better for me. In the sestet of the second sonnet on the lagoon city of Missolonghi I can read with pleasure unalloyed by the shock of any admixture of incongruity:

> There stands Varsarova, the triple-headed;
> And from her heights, a lady from her tower,
> The moon bends o'er the waters lying still.
> But innocent peace, the peace that is a child's,
> Not even there I knew; but only sorrow
> And, what is now a fire—the spirit's spark.

But in spite of two winters spent in Athens I can not read the original so. It is not that I am unable to construe it. But my pleasure is baffled by the *san apo purgou doma*, the *sta olostrata nera*, the *mia photia echei genei* and other aberrations from the haunting nouns that preoccupy my mind.

I can not in feeling harmonize them either with the delicacy of the poetical sentiments or with the sophistication of the compound epithets, some of them hardly intelligible to readers who would require *sta* and *san* and the like. Emerson somewhere says that the single word "Madame" spoils an entire page of Racine for him. I have outgrown that particular prejudice. But what Anatole France feels as "those exquisite lines" of Baudelaire—

> Et dès que le matin fait chanter les platanes
> D'acheter au bazar ananas et bananes

still, in spite of my better knowledge and belief, affect me somewhat in this fashion:

> And when dawn thro' the plane trees the morning breeze fans
> To buy at the bazar pineapples and "banans."

And this gross caricature, though not in strict logic a parallel, may serve to illustrate the chief obstacle to the appreciation of modern Greek poetry by English speaking scholars—the obtrusion and conflict of incompatible associations. This does not interfere with the enjoyment of the Klephtic ballads. They are too simple, too far removed from classical Greek, to invite the fatal comparison—"simia quam similis." But ordinary modern Greek verse with its disregard of quantity, its perpetual suggestion of French, English, or German idiom, the teasing approximations of its polysyllabic and often beautiful compounds to classical Greek, and its sudden lapses into what from this point of view are barbarisms and solecisms requires for its enjoyment a more agile and open mind than most of us with the utmost goodwill can achieve. The French critics who salute Mr. Palamas as the greatest living European poet are not, I suspect, more intimately familiar with modern Greek, but only less sensitive to these *disparates*, if I may borrow a word from their own language. They estimate Mr. Palamas by their sympathy with his poetical ideas—his gallicized criticism of life and letters, his twentieth-century questionings of destiny, his Wordsworthian religion of nature and tranquillity, his neo-Hellenic patriotism blended with Childe-Haroldian meditations on the departed glories of a Greece whose olives are still as green as when Minerva smiled:

> For I stood on the end of the sea, and thee I beheld from afar,
> O white, ethereal Liokoura, waiting that from thy midst
> Parnassus, the ancient, shine forth and the nine fair sisters of song.
> Yet, what if the fate of Parnassus is changed! what if the nine Fair Sisters are gone?
> Thou standest still, O Liokoura, young and forever one.
> O thou muse of a future Rhythm and a Beauty still to be born.

All these things Mr. Phoutrides' versions give us with perfect faithfulness and in a sufficiently poetical English diction en-

tirely free from the disharmonies that thwart our endeavors to do justice to the original. His book, with its thoughtful, well-written introduction, will give much pleasure to the quiet lovers of the quiet poetry of meditation and sentiment. There are still a few such left in spite of the noisy vogue of Miss Amy Lowell's "Grand Cancan of St. Mark's or the Four Horses of the Acropolis." (I quote from memory.) In the words of our author:

But still more beautiful and pure than these,
An harmony fit for the chosen few
Fills with its ringing sounds our dwelling place,
A lightning sent from Sinai and a gleam
From great Olympus, like the mingling sounds
Of David's harp and Pindar's lyre conversing
In the star-spangled darkness of the night.

PAUL SHOREY

First Youth

PIRATES OF THE SPRING. By Forrest Reid. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

COGGIN. By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Company.

THE BURNING SECRET. By Stephen Branch. New York: Scott and Seltzer.

JEREMY. By Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Company.

QUAINT enough now seems the time when a child was looked upon as a sort of unsuccessful or at best incomplete grown-up. Yet it survived by some centuries the John Evelyn who boasted that there had been "nothing childish" about the son who died of Greek and other unchildish complaints before reaching the age of five. Not until our own generation has childishness ceased to be looked upon as a blemish, and childlikeness come to be perceived as a quality in itself venerable. It has remained for us not merely to yield the infant his place in the sun, but to pay him tribute as a prophet; or at least as a celestial stranger whose undimmed vision of our makeshift world may be of value. Very recently we have been giving serious study to the tragi-comedy of adolescence.

In an earlier novel, "The Spring Song," Forrest Reid achieved a remarkable interpretation of a child who, somewhat haplessly, carries over his childish sensitiveness and imaginativeness into the years of boyhood. It is a touching portrait of an Ariel among the Stalkys. "Pirates of the Spring" belongs frankly to the Stalky-realm. Its four schoolboys are typical and inclusive rather than exceptional, very British, very much in the recognized public school manner. For the thousandth time we are here inducted into the privacies of the English school for young gentlemen, with its gentlemanly masters, its scholarly head, its cricket, its construing, its chicane. A point of novelty is that our four boys are day-scholars, a race commonly discredited in British school-fiction. The central figure is Beach Traill, son of a charming and well-to-do widow. From the schoolmaster's point of view, he is the dullest of the four. There is little for him in the insides of books, and he keeps his place in school by the merest foothold. But he has character and a kind of sturdy charm, an instinct for the right kind of people and the right way of conduct in a larger sense. For Beach's friendship the other three in their different ways contend. He has one blind spot, the result of his boyish feeling for a younger boy Evan. It is not quite an infatuation, but one of those innocent if not altogether wholesome leanings of youth to youth which are so common during the period of adolescence. Evan's beauty and half-feminine weakness are lures to the stalwart older boy. We are largely concerned with his gradual release from what threatens to become an unhealthful relation. The moral, I say, is ruthlessly British. Beach Traill and Palmer Dorset and Miles Oulton are essentially all right; (because) they are of good stock, well-housed and well-bred. The villain, Cantillon, is a bounder and a cur, and the handsome Evan is at bottom a cad and a coward; (because) they have lacked like advantages of birth and breeding. By way of offset—and, so far as we can see, without the knowledge of the author—Evan's mother, that amiable Philistine and faultless skipper of the domestic bark, is infinitely superior to Beach's pretty and well-bred mother in character as well as in personality.

She is a far more real person than the mother of "Coggin," who is held up for our admiration in the tale of that name, as a lady of low degree. Though British, Coggin is one of nature's gentlemen as well as a genius—a hard compound to swallow for the conventional novel-reader. For it seems to be generally agreed that a genius is almost always a cad, even with all possible advantages of birth and rearing. Coggin is not a cad; but he is, to tell the truth, a fearful prig, and the reader must have a patient way with priggish and humorless virtue to bear with him till the end of the present narrative. The story is told with a certain skill and polish; but it is not very clearly worth the telling, for all that. Even if you believe in Coggin, he remains little short of a bore; and the tale ends in a smother of religious emotionalism centring in the not very well-balanced parson, who is supposed to have been turned mysteriously into a sort of pseudo-Christ (what more popular figure in recent fiction?) by contact with Coggin. Coggin's merit, I take it, is that he is without guile, *integer vitae;* but surely he needn't have been an ass? He is the virtuous prodigy about whom there is nothing that is childish, and, alas, little that is human.

"The Burning Secret" is, perhaps, a "novelette" rather than a novel; the study of an episode in its bearing upon various lives—two lives really. The scene is a foreign mountain resort in a country unnamed. The persons are a Jewess on the verge of overmaturity, wife of a prosperous lawyer of "the metropolis"; her twelve-year-old son Edgar; and a woman-hunting young baron. The Jewess is the baron's only promise of sport at the time and place. As a first move in the game he makes up to the boy, who responds with passionate gratitude. But he soon finds himself pushed aside; then begins his awakening. It is he who saves his mother from her folly, and in the process leaves childhood behind him. Not altogether unhappily, for now he dimly perceives the mysterious charm of the future reaching out to him: "Once again the leaves in the book of his childhood were turned alluringly, then the child fell asleep, and the profounder dream of his life began." The story has a compactness and distinction comparable to, say, Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome," or Mr. Swinnerton's more recent "Nocturne," It is not, of course, a "pleasant" story.

I confess to having found Mr. Walpole's "Jeremy" hard reading. It is a circumstantial and doubtless faithful chronicle of the nursery life of an English household some thirty years ago. It sedulously refrains from having any special point or "idea." It records in pitiless detail the egotism, the whimsicality, the grubbiness, the fancies, the predilections of an average sort of family of children. It represents a kind of thing which has been very much done of late, and is a solid piece of work in that kind. But it adds nothing of great account to our lore of youth or to our debt to Mr. Walpole. And Jeremy is too neutral and "average" a youngster to absorb attention for his own sake.

The Run of the Shelves

MISS ELLEN FITZGERALD has translated for Doubleday, Page the French Volume of "Walt Whitman: The Man and his Work," published by M. Léon Bazalgette in 1908. Miss FitzGerald teaches English in a normal college, and her own English is a melancholy proof of the growing insensibility of educators and publishers alike to their obligations as curators of the language. M. Bazalgette is not a critic; he is a biographer, or, better, a portrait-painter, or, better still an indweller who invites the reader to share his domestication in the tenement of Whitman's personality. Personality in this case, includes and stresses the physique. There are moments when we feel disposed to say that the subject of this biography is the person of Walt

Whitman. The author can not take his hands off his poet's frame; when he is not feeling his pulse, he is testing his muscle.

The book has been prepared with some care. Every fact of weight is supported by a reference—the only means by which the exhibitor of a foreign theme can protect both himself and his readers. There are parts of Whitman's life, notably the period before 1855 and the finalities of his decline, which the devotion and perseverance of the biographer make rather vivid for us. But M. Bazalgette is inseparable from his subject; his jubilee from page 1 to page 355 is uninterrupted. Now a biographer who has chosen a subject is a good deal in the position of a man who has married a wife. Devotion is the presumable motive in both acts, but henceforth a certain chariness or continence in praise is enjoined by the publicity of the relation. When the author is too lavish of exclamation points the reader parries with the question mark. Whitman was a man who might be said by a reckless figure to bathe in humanity, as he bathed in rivers or the sea, and this book is designed after a sort for bathers in Whitman. But much of the tonic effect of the robust plunge is lost when M. Bazalgette insists on heating the water for use in his private tank.

In one sense the book is very thorough; it leaves no phase of Whitman's life untouched. The reader, however, may be reminded of a delightful pleasantry which, according to a recent article in the *Century*, was uttered to General Pershing in Mexico by some person lowly enough to be impertinent: "Well, General, I think we've surrounded Villa—at least on one side." It is in something of the same fashion that M. Bazalgette has encircled Whitman.

There is much more than antiquarian interest—though much of that, too, of an absorbing character—in Frederic J. Wood's "Turnpikes of New England" (Boston: Marshall Jones), a handsome volume of which both author and publisher have reason to be proud. A detailed history of each of the many turnpike companies, such as is here furnished, offers a great deal to interest the engineer, and, from one point of view, summarizes the economic development of the country from the close of the Revolution to the middle of the nineteenth century. To all these varied appeals of his subject Major Wood is fully and discriminatingly responsive.

The turnpikes were built by the first of the public service corporations. Scarcely one of them, though the public continued to subscribe for stock with an enthusiasm that is a little difficult to understand, ever collected enough tolls to pay even a decent interest return on the investment. Before many years, long before the competition of the railroads began to be felt, the corporations were glad to turn their highways over to the town or the county, which in turn were seldom glad to assume the responsibility. But, thanks to private enterprise, and in spite of public hostility to the payment of tolls at all and to the tendency of the corporations to lay their roads in a straight line, no matter who was inconvenienced, communication between town and town was made, what it had hardly been before 1800, a practicable every-day affair. The book is furnished with excellent maps and many photographs.

There is one community in Palestine which must be watching the Zionists with more than trepidation. As old a feud as any that exists in the whole world is that between the Jews and the Samaritans, and age has not abated its vigor. The Moslems and Christians may view the Jews as the Canaanites did the invading army of Joshua, but these can fairly take care of themselves. With the tiny body of Samaritans it is different, and only archæologists are interested in them as a strange bit of social and religious fossilization. It is, therefore, to their advantage to have their very strangeness recognized. As museum specimens, if not as a viable people, they may be saved. So every book about them helps, and especially one like Dr. J. E. H. Thomson's "The Samaritans, Their Testimony to the Religion of Israel." (London: Oliver and Boyd), for it is full of vivid antiquarian detail. He evidently likes the Samaritans as he has known them, and he has known them quite intimately. He has recast, in his mind, the whole history of Israel round them and their problems—their ritual, their history, their theology, and their sacred texts—and has gained thereby some most interesting ways of looking at that history. There is much to be said for this method of shaking the kaleidoscope of the world, and Dr. Thomson has used it skilfully. As he says himself, he has come out with conclusions which agree neither with traditional orthodoxy nor with the orthodoxy of the dominant critical school; and that is a distinct gain. The more dominant schools, orthodox or so-called critical, are criticised, the better it is for them and for everybody. When their conclusions pose as "the assured results of modern science" they invite new thunderbolts, and there are several celestial flashes in this book.

"Home, Then What?—The Mind of the Doughboy, A. E. F." (Doran) consists of thirty short essays submitted by American expeditionary soldiers in a prize competition. Able the essays are not, if one reflects on the aggregate of brains and of literary ability, tried or untried, which the conscription of the entire young manhood of an enlightened people must have sent to France. Diversified the essays are not. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, in the uncritical benevolence of a sunny "Foreword," begins his first paragraph with the assertion that it would take a thousand pens with a thousand nibs apiece to set down the variety of thoughts in the minds of two million doughboys. He begins his second paragraph by saying that their minds ran in grooves. The likeness of men to each other is modified surprisingly little by that cult of individuality in the universal praise of which we assert our difference and prove our unity. The feelings, the purposes, in these papers are exemplary. This is partly the outcome of the conditions. A prize competition is an inspection or dress parade, and it is only natural that the ideas and sentiments which appear in it should be beautifully groomed.

All this is true; but its truth has no quarrel with the other truth that lovers of America might replenish their faith in its destiny by a perusal of these manly, modest, sane, and patriotic essays. A year in military service has altered the stuff of the ideals of these young men very little, but it has done for their ideals what it has done for their persons—made them erect and robust. It is curious to observe that in these writers there is no visible mark of any lasting effect upon their spirits of the horrors and squalors to which their relation has been so intimate and painful. Not one of them finds his present world ugly.

Mr. Humphrey Milford, of the Oxford University Press, has recently issued for the British Academy two pamphlets: "Shakespeare and the Makers of Virginia," and "Sir James Murray." The first, the annual Shakespeare lecture for 1919, is the work of Sir A. W. Ward, a fellow of the Academy, who speaks in most complimentary fashion of "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America," by Professor C. M. Gayley, of the University of California. The second pamphlet is interesting to Americans because it has to do with the learned editor of the Oxford Dictionary, Sir James A. H. Murray, who, it will be remembered, died in 1915, before the completion of this great work. This interesting biographical sketch is written by Dr. Murray's principal coadjutor, Dr. Henry Bradley, who truly says of his chief that "it is to Murray far more than to any other man that the honor of this great achievement will belong."

Drama

Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love"—John Barrymore in "Richard III"

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S "Sacred and Profane Love," which is aiding Miss Elsie Ferguson to pack the Morosco Theatre, is a play of which I do not clearly grasp the purport. An outline of the plot may serve to explain my difficulties, if it explains nothing else, to the inquiring reader.

In the first act an inexperienced young girl, Carlotta Peel, gives herself to a celebrated pianist, Emilio Diaz, on the urgency of feelings implanted by an hour's acquaintance. This takes place in a house of timid and even peevish respectability, and Mr. Bennett's excuse for the dramatic impropriety is puerile. Whatever our view of the morality of the act —Mr. Bennett's unconcern about its morals is Olympian—surely we can not but feel that, on the part of two persons of the first order of human capacity, its precipitation is clownish. The mere sense of artistic process which inhibits the beginning of a symphony with its finale or a novel (the girl is a novelist) with the concluding chapter should have interposed its quiet veto. The girl, however, becomes frightened and distrustful, and the hurry of her tremulous flight in the chill of the reproachful provides a brief scene of novel interest. Afterwards she repents, but—and here lies the pith and marrow of the play—what she repents is not the deed, but the departure. She had failed in faith.

Act II discovers Carlotta Peel, after a lapse of seven years, accumulating fame and fortune by the composition of heart-probing novels in a suburb of London. The main plot is almost motionless, but there is a curious interlude in which Carlotta finally declines an elopement with a married publisher to whom she had confessed her attachment and vouchsafed a kiss. The import of this outbreak of virtue is not clear unless Mr. Bennett means to suggest that the persons who yield magnificently can magnificently renounce.

The third act finds Carlotta Peel at the door of Emilio Diaz, whom the morphine habit has expelled from concert halls and decent hotels, and condemned to the ignominies of a degenerate life in an evil district of forgetful Paris. Diaz is brought to accept the companionship and nursing of Carlotta at the end of a long scene, which is somewhat bloodshot and disheveled for the author of "Clayhanger," and which, lying inside the story, lies outside the theme. Indeed the theme and story in this play remind one of those fellow-travelers who rejoin each other after frequent separations.

Act IV, in contrast to Act III, might almost be described as an element in the theme, but an interlude in the story. The return of Diaz to London, where, in the confidence of returning health and skill, he plays, amid resurgent plaudits, in an overflowing concert-hall, is of course essential to the narrative. But the real point of Act IV is the momentary revival of Carlotta's old insecurity as to the faithfulness of Diaz, an insecurity which is finally dispelled by his utterance of the tranquillizing words: "I drink to our marriage."

What does all this mean? Trust, says Mr. Bennett. Yes: but trust where and when? Are men as men to be trusted in illicit ties? The male record is discouraging. Are artists as such to be trusted in like relations? The artistic record is disquieting. If Mr. Bennett means that in illicit relations trust is doubly imperative, because the securities for the permanence of such unions are all internal, his point is sound. But a retort would be promptly forthcoming to the effect that the failure of so devoted and courageous a woman as Carlotta Peel to attain or maintain that unfaltering trust is proof of the inherent brittleness of such connections. The mischief of unauthorized relations is that their maintenance demands more character than human nature can supply. A woman should not flee from her great moment. Possibly not. But will Mr. Bennett undertake to provide the woman with some clear tests for distinguishing the really great moment from those imitations of great moments by which her sisters have been cruelly and irreparably deceived? His man and woman marry in the end—accept an external security. Trust in God, but keep your powder dry.

Miss Elsie Ferguson's success as Carlotta Peel is only moderate. Her voice in plain speech is dry and a little hard, and when she needs an emotional voice, her only expedient is to open sluices. It then becomes a rainy voice, a wading voice, sometimes a drowned voice, and the hearer is irritated by Carlotta's insistence that he join her in the celebration of her sorrow. Mr. Jose Ruben gave a life-like presentation of a Diaz in whom perhaps the original is a little lightened and reduced.

"Richard III," in which Mr. Arthur Hopkins presents Mr. John Barrymore in a notable performance at the Plymouth Theatre, is a play of restless energy and brilliant episodes. But it suffers from the fact that it is a chronicle-play in form, a character-play in essence; and, since the chronicle-play is inevitably the regulative force, the result is an exposition of character that is prolix, scattering, repetitious, and unclimaxed. Richard himself is never dull but I should have liked better a Richard who was more subtle and less complex. The complexity begins in the division of the hero into two men. There is Richard, and there is—Dickon. Richard is the dissembler, the contriver, the Jesuit; Dickon is the grotesque, the imp, the sneerer, the scoffer, the Mephistopheles. Richard and Dickon are more than once at cross-purposes; Dickon would speak when Richard craves his silence; in the fantastic scene in Act I where Richard wins the heart of Lady Anne by methods which insult both her heart and her intelligence, the derision really nullifies the subtlety.

But the division between Richard and Dickon is not the end of the complexities; Richard himself is complex. Among his brutal compeers he is not the fox among lions; he is only the lion with a vulpine streak. His policy succumbs to his wrath, as it bends to his impishness. His rage dispenses with Buckingham whom his cunning would have anchored to his side. In the crisis of his fate his craft disappears, and he is thrown back upon that valor and ferocity which was the common heritage and stronghold of his race.

Such a nature is evidently complex. It is too complex to excel in subtlety. In a man who is lion and ape as well as fox, the fox will never be perfected. Shakespeare in Richard sought to give us the artist in crime; what he gave was the criminal, but not the artist. Shakespeare's age was nowhere more artless than in the view it took of artfulness; a perfect willingness to lie and kill seemed an ample equipment for successful villainy. Richard murdered unwisely, his methods are often blunt and crude, he is quite as much the juggler or sorcerer as the tactician (see his handling of Anne and Elizabeth), and Shakespeare has not spared him the crowning humiliation of taking from Buckingham the hint for the prayer-book and churchmen scene, almost the only scene in which he bears himself with incontestable astuteness.

What does Mr. John Barrymore do with a Richard of this kind? He does a great deal, and much of what he does is fine. To begin with a detail or two, Mr. Barrymore knows how to listen; as the Lady Anne scene clearly shows he can make listening an act. Again, he has hit upon the art of soliloquizing; the "winter of our discontent" speech was admirable in the leisurely tentativeness, the obvious search of the mind for the next thought, which alone can justify or extenuate soliloquy. But the great original beauty of his work was that the Richard he portrayed was mainly thoughtful, with a mind not quick or springing, but ruminative, a self-infolding, self-embosomed mind, looking out from its covert with a curious, contented, relishing sagacity at the world and its own conduct

(*Continued on page* 314)

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in the world. His best speeches had the effect of distillations, distilled venom, it is true, but extracts and concentrations nevertheless. There were other parts of his work that seemed to me raw beside this beautiful and satisfying ripeness. He blustered sometimes, and his bluster struck me as no better than that of the ungifted actor; indeed, bluster would seem to have the property of reducing all artists to a level. The trait has its warrant in the drama, but the half-animal element in Richard, which I can not but think that the tradition of the stage has imposed on a reluctant Shakespeare, was brought out by Mr. Barrymore with a success that set a premium upon failure. I had no pleasure in the laugh, the leer, or the guttural noises, and in what might be half symbolically described as the licking of the chops after some act of blood. I felt only another recreancy to the high ideals which ruled the greater and the graver sections of his work.

The support, while respectable in the mass, was scarcely provocative of hyperboles. The settings of Mr. Robert E. Jones, on the contrary, were a support and an alleviation to the play. To a period in which history shades off into fiction at its borders, Mr. Jones was wise enough to give a legendary setting, a setting in which vivid centres fade away into marginal indistinctness. He gave meaning and animation to the Middle Ages without dispelling the twilight into which their actualities have receded.

O. W. FIRKINS

Books and the News

Sea Stories

THE National Marine League and the American Library Association are craftily inciting readers and writers to choose the best ten books of the sea. It should not be difficult to start the argument; most of us, like Hamlet, will fight upon this theme until our eyelids will no longer wag. It is inherited, perhaps, from far-off ancestors, like the love for wood fires, and though we be the mildest and least sea-faring persons going, we can hold strong opinions about nautical writers. I have always sympathized with that strange mariner, Captain Parker Pitch, in Carryl's ballad:

> His disposition, so to speak,
> Was nautically soft and weak;
> He feared the rolling ocean, and
> He very much preferred the land.

For he summed it all up:

> Says Captain Pitch: "The ocean swell
> Makes me exceedingly unwell."

And so, though I put to sea with misgivings, I am as ready as others to say which seem to me the best books about the sailor and the ocean. Here they are:

Janvier. "In the Sargasso Sea."
Clark Russell. "List, ye Landsmen!"
Clark Russell. "My Shipmate Louise."
Hamblen. "On Many Seas."
R. L. Stevenson. "The Wrecker."
Bullen. "The Cruise of the Cachalot."
Slocum. "Sailing Alone Around the World."
Kipling. "The Seven Seas."
W. W. Jacobs. "Many Cargoes."
Southey. "Life of Nelson."

Janvier, in his story of the young sailor, caught in that vast tangle of old wrecks in the mythical Sargasso Sea, not only tells a fine tale of adventure, with all the magic and wonder of the sea, but he concentrates his reader's attention upon the lonely experiences of one man, in a fashion hardly equalled since Robinson Crusoe. Clark Russell is still, to me, the first among his kind, and no psychological Mr. Conrad can equal him. It is customary to recommend his first success, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," but the two which I have named, in spite of their sentimental titles, are better examples. Both contain, though it is irrelevant to their excellence, his always amusing and eminently correct treatment of that difficult situation: the unchaperoned young lady and the resourceful hero. Mr. H. E. Hamblen, writing under the pseudonym of "Frederick Benton Will-

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iams," made of his "On Many Seas; the Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor," a capital book of yarns, a sort of latter-day "Two Years Before the Mast." It is presented as fact, not fiction. Not all of Stevenson's "Wrecker" is upon the sea; but the ocean chapters are pure gold, as a murder story its horror is unsurpassed, and as a mystery only the actual events of the cruise of the "Marie Celeste" can be quoted with it.

Of "The Cruise of the Cachalot; Round the World after Sperm Whales," Mr. Kipling said all that is needed: "It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery." Captain Slocum's "Sailing Alone Around the World" is unique—humorous and extraordinary. You have only to hunt for quotations about all the phases of ocean life and adventure to prove that there are more apt ones in Kipling's "Seven Seas" than in any other single volume of poetry. For humorous short stories of the sea, and along shore, Mr. Jacobs leads all the rest; his "Many Cargoes" contains some of his best tales. Southey's "Life of Nelson" is not apt to be displaced as a readable biography; greater accuracy, or greater fullness of historical detail may, of course, be found. Nobody has yet done so well for our naval hero, Paul Jones. The scientific historians have made it unlikely that anyone ever will.

The omission of Mr. Conrad from such a list will cause more objection that anything else. Like Meredith, he has his warm admirers and he has those who simply can not read him. The former look upon the latter as Mr. Tumulty is said to look upon Republicans; simply as boll weevils. I think that Mr. Conrad's sincere admirers have been reinforced through clever advertising — through spreading the idea that one must like him for the sake of intellectual distinction. But to those who do not find his characters interesting—and there are many such—it matters not about the beauty of his descriptions, nor the thrilling quality of some of the incidents. Quarter-deck and forecastle alike, in Mr. Conrad's novels, look to me like psychological clinics. Though I can fancy and tolerate Jesse James and his brother in a ship's crew, I do not expect to meet—I do not care to meet—Henry James and his brother, William, there.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Bowen, Majorie. The Burning Glass. Dutton.
Dreiser, Theodore. Hey-Rub-A-Dub-Dub. Boni & Liveright. $2 net.
North, Anison. The Forging of the Pikes. Doran.
Orczy, Baroness. His Majesty Well-Beloved. Doran.
Oyen, Henry. The Plunderer. Doran.
Parrish, Randall. The Mystery of the Silver Dagger. Doran.
Pedler, Margaret. The Hermit of Far End. Doran.
Sadler, Michael. The Anchor. McBride. $1.75 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Bacon, Sir Reginald. The Dover Patrol, 1915-1917. 2 Volumes. Doran.
Hobbs, W. H. Leonard Wood—Soldier, Administrator, Citizen. Putnam.

DESCRIPTION AND TRAVEL

Edwards, A. H. Paris Through an Attic. Dutton. $3 net.
Kent, Rockwell. Wilderness: A Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska. Putnam.
Kobrin, Leon. A Lithuanian Village. Transl. by Isaac Goldberg. Brentano's.

EDUCATION

Mackie, R. A. Education During Adolescence. Introd. by G. S. Hall. Dutton. $2 net.
Patterson, W. R. Colloquial Spanish. Dutton. $1.25 net.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Ade, George. Hand-Made Fables. Doubleday, Page.
Inge, W. R. Outspoken Essays. Longmans, Green. $2.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Barron, Clarence W. A World Remaking or Peace Finance. Harper. $1.75 net.
Clark, Champ. My Quarter Century of American Politics. 2 volumes. $6 net. Harper.
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THE REVIEW

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A NUMBER of prominent citizens, all of them "devoted friends of the League of Nations," have addressed to the President a respectful but urgent appeal. They ask him to accept the treaty on the best terms now obtainable, and leave to subsequent endeavor the task of securing any modifications of the terms upon which we take part in the League. The request is eminently reasonable. Had it been made in a disputatious form, it might have cited the President's own former declarations as to the desperately urgent necessity of putting the machinery of the peace, and of our participation in it, into immediate operation. What they do say, and what we are certain is the feeling of an overwhelming majority of the American people, is that the only sure way to save the treaty is to save it now. A subsequent appeal might be made to the nation in behalf of the President's own programme; an appeal which could be made "without subjecting the vital question of our becoming a part of the League of Nations to the uncertainties and perils of a partisan political campaign in which, by entirely unforeseen influences, all may be lost." That the evident cogency of this view will make any impression on the President, we are not so sanguine as to expect; but at least the effort is worth making, and it is stated that the petition will have the backing of thousands of representative citizens in all parts of the country.

HAVING "got" the Kaiser in the interests of humanity, a good many former members of the armed forces of the United States are once more in the field, thank you, to get a little something for themselves. They propose to begin where the G.A.R. left off—not compensation for disability, but a little something for everybody who wore a uniform, and the more the better. Call it not a bonus; it is "adjusted compensation," an attempt to put into the ex-service man's pocket some of the money he might have made if, instead of going to war, he had staid home to profiteer. If war is sometimes profitable to somebody, should not a fair share of the profit accrue to the men who bore directly the hardships and dangers of war? But the fight over this question within the American Legion is not yet ended. If more of the leaders in that organization will display something of the courage of George Brokaw Compton, Chairman of the New York County Committee—fight to the end, and then resign if necessary—a grave danger may yet be averted. The danger was foreseen when the Legion was organized. Responsible men chose to run the risk of it in order that the many possibilities for good inherent in such an organization might have a chance of realization. Now that the organization gives promise of destroying at the outset its possibilities of usefulness by its insistence on cash in advance, it is the patriotic duty of the leaders who can not control their creation to good ends, to destroy it if they can, and while there may yet be time.

WHAT that danger is may be made clearly to appear by glancing at the four proposals, very modestly and decently expressed by Franklin D'Olier, the Legion's National Commander.

> First, land settlement covering the purchase of farms in all States.
> Second, home aid to encourage the purchase in all States of either rural or city homes by ex-service men.
> Third, vocational education for all ex-service persons.
> Fourth, adjustment of compensation or extra back pay based on length of service.
> *The committee unanimously decided that the ex-service men should be given the choice of the four features proposed.*

The first and the third of these suggestions are reasonable propositions. There is a natural limit to the number of men who will want farms or the benefits of technical education, and there is a limit to the amount of these things which will be wanted by those who want them. For a return of this kind a man who had offered himself to his country might reasonably look. But the second proposition, which is not clear but looks like a disguised form of the fourth, and the fourth itself, are essentially different from the others. In any group of men there will be almost none who will refuse a gift of profitable real estate or of cash, once they have persuaded themselves that they can accept it without loss of dignity, and there is no limit beneath the heavens to the amount of such "easy money" that they will find themselves willing to

accept. If they accept a bonus ranging from $50 to $1,000 to-day, they will accept more the day after. The choice which the committee offers to the ex-service man is not a fair one. And the ex-service man, in shouting for his "bonus," is not playing fair. He is presuming on the weakness of Congress, which rarely has the strength to reject the easy course of granting money when votes are in sight. And he is presuming on the natural desire of the public to see their own soldiers and sailors honored by being duly helped where help is needed. Whatever Congress may do—and it might do much if the influence of the Legion were brought to bear in such matters as the rehabilitation of disabled men, the facilitation of the entrance upon the better sort of agricultural or industrial work of any who desire it, the tying up of all those loose ends which have left many ex-service men with a feeling that "the Government is not doing its part"—whatever Congress may do, the public is not going to look with complacency upon another G.A.R. before which the ghost of the old one will stand amazed at its own moderation; the public is not going to be pleased with the spectacle of men of whom it longs to be proud scrambling in the gutter for coppers.

"WHEN McKinley was shot down," exclaims Senator John Sharp Williams, addressing the Mississippi Legislature, "when Garfield was shot, was there a Democrat but expressed sorrow? Has any one seen words of sympathy for the President in any Republican paper?" Does it not occur to Senator Williams, however, that neither McKinley nor Garfield was engaged in ruling the country —not to speak of the world—with a rod of iron from his sick-bed? The country can hardly be asked to submit to the dictatorship of a sick man who, even when well, was distinguished for almost unparalleled self-will; and if he is to be resisted, it would be more offensive for his opponents to be constantly expressing solicitude over his illness than to pass it over in silence.

THE real situation in Germany is more clearly revealed by the list of Ministers in the new Cabinet than by any dispatches concerning the movements and local successes of Communist forces. The inclusion of members of the Centre and Democrat Parties in Herr Hermann Müller's Government may be taken as evidence of the failure of the radical left to impose their will on the men in power at Berlin. Ebert's recent compromise with Legien, it is true, binds the new Cabinet to a plan of socialization which will make its members the executives of the Independents' instructions. But when the Red revolt, which the French were obviously right in declaring exaggerated, has subsided into its former state of brooding discontent, the work of legislation will gradually decrease both in speed and radical tendencies, under the pressure of those elements which are for moderation in reform. Bauer's Cabinet fell far short of the expectations even of his own friends, the Majority Socialists; and Hermann Müller, unless he proves to be a stronger man than he is believed to be, is not likely to carry through legislation which will satisfy the Independents. There is a wide chasm between his undertakings and the chances of their fulfillment, and his failure to bridge it, which seems next to certain, will mark the beginning of a new period of domestic upheaval and revolt.

SHORTLY after the Paisley election, the *Daily Chronicle*, Lloyd George's speaking trumpet, made an attempt to claim Mr. Asquith for the Coalition—on the ground of his having received the votes not only of the Liberals, but also of a great many Unionists, because of his opposition to nationalization. Besides, the journal opined, there was hardly any difference in the policies of the two. The Premier himself repeated this bid for the support of the Independent Liberals when he called upon all the old parties to unite against their common enemy, the Bolshevist spirit of Labor. Mr. Asquith has made a reply to these approaches which precludes any reconciliation between the two leaders. He denounced Lloyd George's call to arms against Labor as an "appeal for class cleavage and the most mischievous thing that has been done"; and in order to leave no doubt as to the cleavage between Mr. Lloyd George's policy and his own he repeated, in the strongest terms, his condemnation of the Irish bill, calling it "the greatest travesty of self-government ever offered a nation." This outspoken language will have its beneficial effect upon British politics. It traces with unmistakable distinctness the lines which divide true Liberalism from the false variety of the Coalition, and may help many a Liberal who went astray in this "transient era of organized insincerity" to find again his lost bearings.

A SPECIAL Federal grand jury, sitting in Indianapolis, has returned indictments against 125 coal miners and operators for violations of the Federal conspiracy laws. The exact nature of the charges, and the evidence on which they were based, have not yet been given to the public. Comment on the validity of the indictments is of course out of place until the trial develops the character of the evidence which the prosecution has in hand. The fact that both employers and employees have fallen into the net of the law together, however, furnishes proof that the grand jury was actuated by no animus against the miners and their organization in its enquiry. If operators have violated the law, they must take their punishment. Under the circumstances, the case may surely be allowed to proceed to its conclusion, whatever this may be, with no attempt to inflame public opinion in one direction or the other in advance.

THE word "soviet" has a little more to do than ordinary labor union standards would seem to allow, even if kept strictly within its own limits. An untold quantity of printer's ink and paper, and some editorial energy to boot, was wasted last week in applying it to a temporary wave of student horse-play in a Kansas college.

Ebullitions of the kind, where masses of young men are gathered together, are as old as human history, and the colleges have less serious trouble with them to-day than they have had in days gone by. In times when events of real importance are crowding the mails and wires beyond the limits of the paper supply for printing, the news agencies may well allow tales of college "soviets" to pass unheralded into the oblivion which, at least in the place of their origin, would swallow them up in a week. Isn't the exploiting of college mare's nests growing just a little stale for real newspapers?

THE *Review* is very glad to give space to the Interchurch World Movement of North America to tell its own story. In its campaign for a third of a billion dollars it will undoubtedly be successful. But the very magnitude of its assured accomplishment, the very ease of it, once the efficient machinery is put in action, give rise to more doubts than can fairly be disposed of in a paragraph. In the first place, a third of a billion is a large sum of money; if that amount is needed to enable the churches to do the work they ought to do, so much is not too much to ask for and to receive. But is there any assurance that it will not fall into the hands of leaders who are energetic and resourceful rather than well-balanced and mindful of the vital importance of pursuing only right methods and appropriate objects? Will the church, with this great increase in material prosperity, steadfastly refuse to aim at political power? Will it cling to its spiritual treasures and avoid the temptation—which has been alluringly placed before it by sentimental radicals having their own notions as to what a regenerated church may accomplish—to become the clearing-house of industrial disputes? On the answer to such questions hinges the success or failure of this enlarged programme. It is not impertinent to remind the ministers of religion that their own estate is subject, in this period of change, to the same dangers that beset the body politic.

The Anomaly at the White House

THE question of what constitutes "inability" of the President to perform the duties of his office, which greatly exercised the public mind a few weeks ago, ceased to be acute when the marked improvement in Mr. Wilson's health set in. This improvement appears to be maintained. It is manifested both by his occasional appearances in the public streets, and by a number of vigorous acts in relation to great public questions. Even at the worst, there was a marked absence of pressure for action of any kind on the subject, and now nobody is thinking of disturbance of his executive powers during the remainder of his term of office. There is even serious thought of his candidacy for a third term.

Nevertheless, the situation at the seat of government is in the highest degree abnormal. The mighty power of the Presidency is being wielded, and there is every prospect of its continuing to be wielded for eleven months more, by a man apparently in full possession of his mental vigor, and certainly in possession of a will of extraordinary inflexibility, but almost completely withdrawn from all those influences and aids which are supposed, as a matter of course, to be indispensable to the wise and safe exercise of those faculties in the direction of that tremendous power. There is abundant reason to believe that, even if the President were by nature as much inclined to take advice as in point of fact he is disinclined to do so, the state of his physical health would forbid this being burdened by the consideration of the complex, troublesome, and often intensely trying developments of a situation of unexampled difficulty and seriousness. Unless it be supposed that the judgments at which he arrived many months ago are infallible guides for his conduct in the present and in the future—subject neither to revision on their merits, nor to modification on account of the emergence of new facts and new problems—we have before us the spectacle of the ship of state being steered by a helmsman who gets but meagre indications either of its position or of the state of things by which it is surrounded. The discharge of Secretary Lansing on the ground that he called the Cabinet together in informal meetings has not been followed by the holding of Cabinet meetings, either formal or informal, at the call of the President. The access to him of public men, whether from the Cabinet or from Congress, is so slight as to be practically *nil.* Senators of his own party, who had faithfully stood by him through months of struggle over the treaty, are as much in the dark as anybody else concerning his intentions on that subject, as well as on all others.

In his insistence upon carrying on the Government after this fashion, Mr. Wilson is violating no provision of the Constitution. But for the wholesome working of any system of government, something more is required than observance of the positive injunctions upon which it is based. Great as is the inherent power of the Presidency, and comprehensive as its expansion has been, owing to the ever-increasing scope and importance of governmental functions, such an exercise of that power as we are now witnessing has never been contemplated as possible. It is, indeed, a distinguishing feature of our system, as contrasted with the parliamentary régime of which the British Government is the great model, that the American chief executive is absolutely independent of any outside control. Our history has furnished many notable instances of the aggressive and inflexible exercise of that independence. Andrew Jackson in his uncompromising determination to destroy the United States Bank, Grover Cleveland in his unflinching stand for sound money, are outstanding examples of adamantine firmness on the part of American Presidents. But these were assertions of executive power relating to single definite issues of fixed policy, by Presidents who maintained normal relations with their Constitutional advisers and who were in normal touch with the events and with the influences of their time.

They involved no arrogation by the President of the right to wield supreme power without those safeguards for its proper exercise which are prescribed not only by the spirit of our Constitution, but by the obvious principles of rational government.

It may be objected that it is idle to make these criticisms when nothing can be proposed by way of remedy. But surely the recognition of a grave and unexpected evil is one of the first requirements of intelligent public opinion among a free people. Nobody knows what the coming eleven months may bring forth. The oversight of our foreign relations has lately been transferred from the hands of a trained and seasoned public servant, and placed in charge of a man not marked out for the post either by experience or by personal qualifications. At any moment the most crucial decisions may be taken without proper consideration either in the State Department or at the White House. There is no reason to expect that, when such a question arises, there will be that grave consideration, that effective taking of counsel, which is supposed to be the special function of important meetings of the Cabinet. In sweeping aside everything which, in the course of our history, and indeed as a result of the most elementary principles of human relationship, has grown up as a mitigation of the absolutism of the Presidency, Mr. Wilson has opened up possibilities of danger in our system of government which no previous experience had given reason to apprehend. Against the possible aberrations of a self-willed sick man, entrenched in the seclusion of the White House and wielding without abatement the immense power of the Presidency, our Constitution and laws furnish no protection. If we can not count on the good will of the incumbent and on his recognition of the undefined, but nevertheless universally recognized, obligations of such a situation, we are helpless. Whether anything can be done about it or not, it is manifestly the duty of the American people to recognize the fact and to take account of the possibilities which it discloses.

Labor and the Industrial Conference

To understand what the Industrial Conference at Washington has done it is essential constantly to bear in mind two vital points—one relating to the general conditions of industry, the other to the settlement of disputes.

In its treatment of the general problem of improved industrial conditions, the Conference confines itself to recommendations the efficacy of which will depend solely on the weight that the report of the Conference may have in swaying the minds of employers and employed, either directly or through the influence of public opinion. No mechanism whatever is provided for putting into effect any of the general recommendations of the Commission which deal with the normal relations between employers and employed. Whether the subject be employee representation, profit-sharing, gain-sharing, or hours of labor, all that the Conference report does in discussing it is to express its estimate of the degree of importance to be attached to the matter, of the prospect of its advancement as indicated by past experience, and of the means which it would be wise to adopt in promoting the object in question. On the particular question of "employee representation"—shop-councils and the like—the report does not content itself with the absence of any governmental proposal, but explicitly says that "it is not a field for legislation, because the form which employee representation should take may vary in every plan." That is a good reason, but there is a deeper reason, as the Conference is doubtless fully aware; the fact being that it refrains from proposing legislation not only on this point, but on any of the points relating to the actual conduct of industry.

In regard to the settlement of disputes, the Conference does propose the establishment of an elaborate system of governmental machinery; but compulsion is no part of the purpose of that machinery. Every effort is directed towards making resort to the mechanism almost inevitable if composition of the trouble by the parties immediately interested proves unattainable; but the right to strike is not interfered with, nor is the decision of the governmental agency, when resorted to, binding unless the parties have assented to the decision in advance. Mr. Hoover, who is generally understood to have been a dominating factor in the proceedings of the Conference, has taken occasion, since the issue of the report, to contrast the Conference plan for the settlement of disputes with that recently adopted by the Kansas Legislature in the case of essential industries. Mr. Hoover regards the Kansas plan as substantially identical with the scheme of compulsory arbitration which, so hopefully acclaimed when introduced in Australasia a number of years ago, is now generally acknowledged to have broken down; and it is his opinion that any compulsory plan is inherently destined to failure. We believe that this is at least certainly true of any plan of national scope; and accordingly we feel that the Conference has done very wisely in undertaking no more than to bring to bear upon a dispute a well-considered mechanism of inquiry and adjudication, the efficacy of which will depend either on voluntary submission or on the effective focusing of public opinion upon the points at issue.

The character of this machinery was set forth in sufficient detail in the preliminary report of the Conference issued on December 29 last. In the *Review* for January 3 we discussed the character and merits of the plan. The final report does not modify it in any important respect. We sincerely hope that the plan will be adopted by Congress, with such modifications as competent discussion may indicate to be desirable. But it was evident from the start, and it is still more evident now, that the project will meet with opposition both from the capitalist side and from the labor-union side. It solves none of the inveterate problems over which the struggles of two generations have been carried on; it does not under-

take to solve them. Fundamentally, however, the opposition from either side is due to a fear that it will somehow strengthen the other. Men looking at it from the standpoint of the great organizations of capital fear that it will strengthen the position of the great organizations of labor; and the heads of the great labor organizations fear that, while it does not in any explicit way interfere with their functions, it will lessen their hold on the situation when any crucial contest is on. To our mind, the great merit of the plan is that it recognizes the abiding character of the forces on both sides, that it does not seek to eliminate or to emasculate either, but that it provides means for reducing to a minimum the clashes between them. To reject it would be to refuse to try an experiment against which no vital objection has been raised, and in favor of which there seems to us to stand the promise of innumerable opportunities for the averting of blind and disastrous industrial warfare.

Mr. Gompers objects not only to the plan for the adjustment of disputes, but also to the general recommendations of the Conference. Among these the report lays most stress upon the idea of "employee representation." The phrase itself is happily chosen to cover what "has been discussed under different names and forms, such as shop committees, shop councils, works councils, representative government in industry, and others." The Conference satisfied itself, after extensive inquiry, that experience in many industrial concerns in this country justifies the belief that a widespread introduction of these methods will have a beneficent effect not only upon the relations between employers and employed, and upon the well-being of the latter, but also upon our industrial productivity. Whether this conclusion is correct or not, surely it can not justly be made the subject of bitter attack. For the recommendation of the Conference will not be adopted in a wholesale fashion. The most it can do is to direct more serious attention to a plan which in the past few years has been attracting much interest. Mr. Gompers fears that any development of organization among the employees within a plant will lessen their allegiance to the great national organizations which, he asserts, are the sole efficient protectors of the rights of labor. But it is manifest that no such lessening of allegiance follows as a necessary consequence of that closer union among the workers of a single plant which the plan of employee representation institutes. As a matter of fact, the plan has worked successfully with all possible relations of the men to the unions. If it is instituted in accordance with the principles laid down in the Conference report, it will evidently interfere with the power of the union only in cases where the workmen themselves feel that that power is exercised in a tyrannical way.

The report says a good word for profit-sharing, but recognizes the severe limitations to which it is subject. It points out that "gain sharing" is free from the difficulties of profit-sharing, in that here the extra reward of the worker is based on actual increase of production and not on the chances of profit and loss connected with the business conduct of the enterprise. It takes up, also, such broad questions as those affecting hours of labor, housing, etc. A very important class of recommendations are those relating to unemployment. Among these is one for the establishment of "a system of employment exchanges, municipal, State and Federal, which shall in effect create a national employment service"; another relates to the devising of methods for diminishing seasonal variations in industries in which they have very evil effects, such as coal mining and building. On the special status of labor in public utilities, and of public employees, appropriate recommendations are made. In all these matters the Conference says things that are well considered and helpful. It is to be hoped that the report will be widely read. It is calculated to promote the best tendencies in the ranks of employers, of labor, and of the public. But it can not be said that the report along these general lines does more than this. Nor was more to be expected; the danger was rather that an ambitious attempt at the solution of insoluble problems might be undertaken, with the consequence of that mischief which always attends the raising of false hopes.

It is not upon the general recommendations of the Conference, but upon its plan for the adjustment of industrial disputes, that public attention should be chiefly centred. This is a definite proposal—not going to the root of the trouble indeed, but holding out the prospect of a real advance. We trust that the plan will be considered, in Congress and out, upon its merits, and not be enveloped in the haze of a vague and scattering discussion of a miscellaneous assortment of questions concerning the welfare of labor, or the principles of industrial management.

The Centralia Murder Trial

THE days have been filled with important doings of their own since last November, and the Armistice Day troubles that cost four lives in Centralia, Washington, are all but forgotten outside the region of their occurrence. Eastern papers have done little more than record the verdict, in the case of the ten members of the I. W. W. who were brought to trial for the death of one of the victims of that day's tragedy. Seven of the ten were declared guilty of murder in the second degree, one was pronounced insane, and two were acquitted. The State had contended for a verdict of murder in the first degree.

The newspapers of the Northwest express sharp dissent from this verdict, contending that the facts of the case left no tenable middle ground between shooting in permissible self-defense and premeditated murder. If the jury had accepted the theory of self-defense, acquittal was the only verdict possible. By holding the seven men all equally guilty, they say, the jury indicated its belief that they were acting by such preconcerted arrangement as to come fully within

the definition of first-degree murder. The *Nation* takes the result as proving that the prosecution was unable to make out its case, and that therefore there was no plan to attack the procession. This forces the conclusion, it holds, that the killing took place in a riot which followed an attack by the marchers on the I. W. W. hall. A witness before the coroner's jury, himself a member of the parade, is said to have testified to an attack on the hall, and the firing of a volley from within when the door was forced open. This the *Nation* uses to substantiate its position.

This leaves out of account, however, the evidence produced at the trial that the paraders were fired upon from three different points outside and at a distance from the hall, by I. W. W. men armed in advance. The defense could not break down the testimony that Warren O. Grimm, the one of the victims on whose killing the indictment in this trial was based, received his fatal wound at too great a distance from the hall to have been shot in immediate resistance to an attempt to force an entrance. The defense was not in position to deny that I. W. W. men were stationed under arms at different points commanding the route of the parade, but sought to justify this as permissible preparation for the defense of their hall against possible attack. The court instructed the jury, however, that the plea of self-defense could not cover the taking of human life under such circumstances. It must be remembered that the soldiers on parade were marching wholly unarmed.

To take the second-degree verdict as conclusive proof that the prosecution had failed to substantiate its contention is to neglect more than one well-known tendency in the working of our jury system. Cases are not infrequent in which a jury as a whole assents to a milder verdict because of its knowledge that some one or more of its members will never agree to the sterner conclusion warranted by the evidence. In the material of which American juries are made, too, there is a very widespread tendency to flinch from a verdict which will involve the probability of the death sentence. Under the State law in this case, if a first-degree verdict had been rendered the decision between the death penalty and life imprisonment would have devolved upon the jury itself, while in case of a second-degree verdict the assessment of the penalty is left to the court. The opportunity to escape this solemn responsibility would act as a strong incentive, with many jurymen, to avoid the sterner verdict on any ground not felt to constitute a deliberate violation of sworn duty. We can not read precisely what was in the minds of the jurymen at Montesano, but it seems reasonable to suppose that their verdict was a not unusual softening of a sterner conclusion really justified by the evidence, rather than a determination to pronounce a sentence of guilt in some form when the failure of the prosecution to make good its contention really demanded an acquittal. For there is force in the contention of the Portland *Oregonian,* which gave very close attention to the case as developed during the trial, that the shooting was either an outright assassination or a justifiable act of self-defense.

We have seen no indication that the defendants did not have a fair trial. The jury was solemnly charged that they were to be considered as individuals, indicted for the specific offense of killing Warren O. Grimm. Their membership in the I. W. W. must not be taken into account, nor the fact that others were killed at the same time. Instruction was also given by the court that the confession of Loren Roberts, alleged by the counsel for the defense to be insane, must not be allowed to have any weight against any of the other defendants. It is true that an informal "labor jury," appointed by labor organizations to watch the trial and render its own verdict, pronounced in favor of acquittal. But it is also true that one member of this "jury," called before the courts as a witness, was obliged to admit that he had been aiding the attorneys for the defense in securing testimony. The prosecutor, dissatisfied with the mildness of the verdict in view of the testimony presented, has given notice that indictments for murder in the first degree of another of the victims will be immediately pressed against the same men.

Perhaps the worst of all attempts to explain the shooting was made by the *Nation* just after its occurrence:

> The country is reaping what it has sown; it has been teaching millions how to kill. It has expounded the doctrine that the way to punish a fellow you do not like was to apply "force without stint" to him, and we are now witnessing the private application of the doctrine on a large scale. The most lawless continue to be judges and district attorneys and law officers generally.

The genesis of the Centralia murders lay not in the war, but in the unreasoning distrust and hatred of all orderly legal processes imbedded in the ignorant and unruly minds of such men as largely make up the I. W. W., emboldened to the point of criminal action by just such wild words as those which we have quoted.

France and England

WHEN the French and English fought shoulder to shoulder, and British convoys of reinforcements and wounded were crossing and re-crossing the Channel, the lack of a tunnel connection between the two countries was much deplored by the British, and the conviction was general on both sides of the water that, after the war, an under-sea thoroughfare would be built which would symbolize their friendship in a practical and permanent form. "England must remain an island," said Lloyd George in disapproval of the plan. But though she maintained her geographic insularity, politically Great Britain will never be able to reëntrench herself in "splendid isolation." The war has made her a peninsula on the political map of Europe, and no successful opposition against the Channel tunnel can sever it from the Continent.

That being so, it is a matter of the greatest consequence to Europe that England should live on the best of terms with her immediate Continental neighbor, and the friends of both countries will therefore view with

anxiety the symptoms of an estrangement which grow, week by week, in number and strength. A temperamental difference is at the bottom of this disagreement. In the Briton, less emotional than his French comrade in arms, hatred against the beaten foe will sooner subside than in the Frenchman. The latter's more open exposure to the enemy's revenge, and the recollection of severer sufferings than England has borne, add the force of argument to the imponderable strength of instinctive feelings. This deep-rooted difference of temperament, accentuated by external circumstances, accounts for the clash between British criticism and French advocacy of the terms of the peace with Germany.

Of late, however, French insistence on their justice, and on the danger of mitigation, has taken the form of an indictment of England. It is England that prevented the pushing forward of the military frontier to the Rhine, it is England that prevented the creation of a great Poland, it is England that, by urging leniency towards Germany, sacrificed the safety and reconstruction of France to the demands of the British Labor Party. The bitter tone in which these grievances are worded by M. René Pinon in the *New Europe*, by Pertinax in the *Echo de Paris*, by M. Barthou in the Chamber of Deputies, creates the impression that in Paris this conflict of British and French policies is felt to be due to an intention, on the part of the London Government, to block the vital interests of France at all points. "England," says M. Barthou, "is ready to recognize the Soviet Government as soon as she assures herself of the greatest possible advantages she can get." M. Pinon complains of "unfriendly intrigues of British agents in Syria to disgust France with Syria and the Syrians with France, and insinuates that King Feisal is still supported by Great Britain. Even England's whole-hearted support of the League of Nations is called into question; it affords her a pretext for holding her hands free and backing out of definite agreements.

How much truth is there in these accusations? That Lloyd George's foreign policy, in spite of his late denunciation of Labor, has largely been guided by the wish to conciliate the British Labor Party, is undeniable, but it is not Labor alone that insists on mitigation of the peace terms. A large body of Liberal opinion in England is no less in favor of leniency. But there would be far less of this sentiment if the British public could be brought to see great force in the French contention that a revision in favor of Germany is detrimental to the vital interests of France. Though the man at the head of affairs in England be himself not guided by any principles, the powerful body of British opinion which he can not afford to ignore is actuated by no selfish motives, but earnestly wishes to see France fully indemnified and restored and Europe at peace.

French statesmen oppose the optimistic belief in the efficacy of mercy as the surest safeguard against the lust for revenge with the realistic plea that nothing except superior strength can protect France from German revenge. The Government of France is determined, if need be, to act independently of her Allies in enforcing the strict execution of the treaty, even at the price of fresh military burdens for the country. Only an intimate knowledge of the spirit presiding at present over the German people and its Government, a knowledge we do not pretend to possess, could give one the right to condemn this attitude of the French as intransigeant. But we deplore it because of the dangers that will result from it both to France herself and to Europe. Even if Marshal Foch succeeds, which we do not doubt he can, in carrying out his plan of reprisals, France will have paid too high a price for her safety from a questionable danger by the sacrifice of the Entente Cordiale.

And of this there is a real danger. If isolated action, involving French occupation of more German territory, should lead to the political isolation of France, the security which the possession of military guarantees will give her will be neutralized by the loss of her international connections, which will make her seem a less formidable enemy in the eyes of a vindictive Germany. France isolated means a relatively stronger Germany, although under compulsion of Marshal Foch's military measures the reduction of the German army be carried out to the letter of the treaty. What more can Foch expect than to deprive Germany, for a certain length of time, of the means of revenge? The spirit of revenge he can not quell, by force of arms, in a nation of sixty millions. If it will be revenged, it will recover the means, in spite of peace treaties and military guarantees. France, in her state of physical and financial exhaustion, will scarcely be able to bear for long the burden which the possession of those guarantees entails. And, as Millerand said in the Chamber: "France will be to-morrow as she was yesterday, the first victim of a new assault."

But to England also the danger would again be as great as it was six years ago. England can not, for her own sake, allow France to put herself into an impossible position. To the express demands of the French annexationists, indeed, British opinion can never be brought to assent. But British statesmen can do a great deal towards conciliating France by removing the suspicions which, with more or less justice, are being harbored in Paris and which are responsible for the present irritation. The Entente Cordiale ought not to fall a victim to an incompatibility of temper which can be controlled by a wise and circumspect statesmanship.

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Behind the Financing of China

(IN FOUR PARTS—PART TWO)

"CHINA," said my official Chinese friend, "by force of circumstances is on the auction block—it would pay the world a thousandfold to underwrite her instead of letting Japanese yen control our potentialities."

That statement was made in Peking at a time when the armistice had for the moment halted the finance that is undermining China's integrity. Even then, a movement was being pushed quietly by an inner circle of friends of the Chinese Republic. Meetings were held at certain private residences where foreigners representing official and unofficial interests worked upon schemes to provide for the international financing of China along coöperative lines. From the first there was general recognition that the legitimate vested interests of all the Powers would have to be protected in an equitable way, and that, on the other hand, the effective blocking of the extension of spheres of influence was imperative.

Well-wishers of China have been long convinced that the only way to keep China intact is to pool the conflicting interests, pro-rate the entire development of the country among the interested Powers, and thus end political manipulation by outside influence. There was nothing new diplomatically in the proposal. The idea was behind Secretary of State Knox's proposals to "neutralize," or internationally control, the Manchurian railway development in 1909-10. It cropped up in another form in the evolution of the Six Power Group to make China a huge loan for reorganization shortly before the war.

Our withdrawal from this international *bloc,* it will be remembered, was forced by the Wilson Administration in 1913. The abrupt action of President Wilson at that time caused a great deal of distrust between our bankers and the foreign banking groups, who could not understand how such a step could be taken by the American Government without our financial interests having foreknowledge of the move. While it may not seem strange to us now, we must bear in mind that at the time the world had not accustomed itself to the President's instinctive recourse to obstructive measures the moment his conceptions of statecraft were crossed. Thus, instead of helping to modify, as he thought best, the terms then proposed to China, he would have nothing to do with them. The President's interposition served to hold up action until the outbreak of the European war. Henceforth, the European members of what became the Five Power Group could give little heed to even their vital interests in the East, except where the war itself disastrously crossed them.

The working out of events gave Japan the free hand in the Orient which has so tremendously complicated any settlement of the situation. With Japan financial diplomacy has meant everything. She has risen from the position of a debtor nation, heavily encumbered by borrowings abroad, to that of a Power with a surplus of funds. Instead of being chronically sapped, Japan was able to embark on the sapping of her neighbor.

The three periods of Japan's financial growth in China's development vividly show what has happened. Until 1909, when she began to recover from the strain of the Russo-Japanese War, which had given her a foothold in Manchuria, the Japanese investments were of small importance outside of the Three Eastern Provinces. From the year 1909, however, to the outbreak of the European struggle, her investments rose perceptibly; they reached the total of approximately 50,000,000 yen—say $25,000,000. The distribution of Japan's surplus capital was, in many ways, not unlike those of other Powers: railway loans in her South Manchurian sphere; advances on communications in the Yangtse Valley; and a series of credits to the great Hanyehping Iron Works in Hankow, the Chicago of China. It was in the last of these advances that the purpose of Japanese loans began to show itself—to gain political domination over China's development by first mortgages which should close to other Powers possible avenues of investment.

A great increase in lending on these lines began with the opening of the Great War. Between 1914 and 1916, the Okuma Ministry negotiated 12,000,000 yen worth of loans; it was the Foreign Minister, too, of the "liberal" Okuma who directed Japan's diplomatic assault on China in 1915. The negotiations over the Twenty-one Demands gave Japan privileges directly affecting the situation at the present moment, for they secured to Japanese capital a monopoly of development in five Chinese provinces and part of a dependency until the year 2002.

Under the premiership of Terauchi, the aggressive Japanese elements intrigued with the Chinese militarists, between 1916 and 1918, to pile up a huge total of non-productive loans, for they were advanced for military or administrative purposes. They were accompanied by the most objectionable practices, a literal debauching of a nation, for (1) they were consummated in the main illegally, without recourse to the duly constituted authorities; (2) they carried an abnormally high rate of interest; (3) adequate supervision over expenditure was deliberately omitted to permit diversion to unworthy ends; (4) they mortgaged to Japan national assets threatening China's security and not infrequently violating rights held by other Powers.

According to information from American official sources, China is said to have borrowed from Japan, during 1917 and 1918, about 250,000,000 Chinese dollars—mines of all kinds, national forests, strategic railways, etc., being pledged as security. These advances were largely wasted in the struggle between the Northern and the Southern parties in China, as Japanese statesmen well knew they would be, and they served to prolong China's internal conflict. Even the much-heralded liberalism of the Hara Ministry has not been able to stop this subsidizing of China's

ruin by Japan's Military Party, and the grand total of political and so-called economic loans made to China by Japan now exceeds, in all probability, half a billion yen—say, $300,000,000 gold in round numbers.

When the news of the armistice broke over the Far East, something like panic took possession of the Japanese Foreign Office and the Military Party. They felt that the Peace Conference would upset all their plans. "Had the organization of the New Consortium been brought at once to a conclusion after the armistice," one of the foreign officials directly concerned with the formation of the international financing project intimated to me recently, "the Japanese would have been only too glad to come in on the best terms we would give them. Now the situation has changed. The results of the Peace Conference have enabled Japan to hold off and dicker for her own conditions."

It is natural that Japan should wish to see the fruits of her high finance validated; namely, excluded from the scope of the Consortium, which latter she would like to wreck, as she did our dollar diplomacy in Manchuria just a decade ago. She has made large preliminary advances and her business system at home is overextended and tied hand-and-foot with the success of her schemes for expansion. These require title to Manchuria's future for a century; a similar grip must be fastened on the Shantung Peninsula; a like penetration must be assured into Mongolia. Hundreds of miles of communications will thus be ear-marked for Japanese capitalists; and the natural resources Japan so lacks will become hers as the nominal tenant of China.

The control of such interests is the stake in the fight being waged by the Powers that advocate international coöperation in the development of China, under American leadership, as opposed to the yen diplomacy of a predatory nationalism. The Consortium offers the only fair solution for this conflict of Japanese ambitions, Chinese rights, and the grouped interests of the other Powers. The bringing about of this is the inwardness of the Lamont financial mission we have just sent to the Far East.

CHARLES HODGES

Constantinople and the Turks

THE problem of Constantinople and of the status of the Ottoman Turks in slam, like everything else in this world f space and time, is confused or exlained by the principle of relativity. We ave learned copiously of late that a hing is what it is always in relation to ome other thing and never absolutely. 'hat applies here most exactly. The 'urks are one thing to themselves, anther thing to the Arabs, and yet a third ning to the far-away Moslems of India. : would be easy to establish for them ill more relativities; but in these three 'e have the cardinal points for our presnt problem. Similarly, the Caliphate is ne thing for the Turks, another thing r the Arabs, and a third very different ing for Indian Islam. And, finally, the urks feel in one way about their own atus in Constantinople; the Arabs feel another way about that same status the Turks; and India has to it still nother attitude. In all this the Turkish d the Arab positions have been clear r long, almost for centuries; but the actions of Indian Moslems are quite odern, are in all probability hardly clear, even yet, to their own consciousness, and have been deeply affected—the orthodox Moslems would say, perverted—by a couple of generations of English education. In all probability the old-fashioned Moslems of India, who have learned their Islam in Arabic or in Persian and not from English books, think of the whole complicated tangle of relationships much as do the Moslems of the nearer East and if, from motives of policy, they fall in with the drift around them, do so with a full understanding of its unhistorical character.

I. The Turks, to themselves, are primarily Turks and secondarily Moslems. This may not hold consciously of the masses; but it does so unconsciously. To them an Arab, for example, is an ogre, an enchanter, an uncanny being; this comes out clearly in their popular fairy tales. For their leaders, on the other hand, the Empire is consciously the Ottoman Empire, and to the dream of Ottomanizing everything the Young Turks sacrificed the fruits of their revolution and thus sealed the fate of historical Turkey. They feel far greater kinship with the Turanian tribes which stretch through Asia to the Great Wall of China than they do with their fellow followers of the Prophet of Arabia. They are completely under the spell of racial nationality and, under the names of pan-Turanianism or Yeni Turan (New Turan), they dream of a restored empire reaching from the Ægean to China. The rest of the world of Islam they would lightly sacrifice to that.

Naturally, then, for the Arabs, they are indifferent Moslems or absolute unbelievers. The Arabs, that is all the Arabic-speaking peoples south of the Taurus and the mountains of Kurdistan, have known them for centuries as conquerors and oppressors. For them the Turk is a bogey, despised for stupidity, feared for his heavy hand, yet respected for a certain solid force of discipline and ability to pull together in subordination. To discipline and subordination no Arab will ever submit. It is an old observation that the only thing which has ever unified them has been religion, and even that never for long. In consequence, the Turks were able, though with difficulty, to keep them under until the Arab chance came in the war. That common uprising united them for a time; now, out of the confusion, the Kingdom of the Hijaz, a dubious Kingdom of Syria and another still more dubious of Mesopotamia, seem to have arisen; but for how long none can prophesy. Religion, the only force which, according to the old and true saying, could unite them, is the one force which must not. That way madness lies. And now in recoil from foreign domination, the attraction of a common cause is being found even with the Turks. Not that the Arabs wish the Turks back again; they must stay on their own side of the mountains. But, when all has been said, they are Orientals and, at least, nominal Moslems, trying to hold their own against an all-devouring West, and if they are overthrown or weakened beyond measure, all Moslem peoples will be weakened thereby.

But modern Indian Islam has never known the Turk and has never suffered from him: It believes quite fixedly, with of course varying degrees of understanding, that Turkey in the past has not had a fair deal; has been more sinned against than sinning. That is, those who have some knowledge of the Turkish situation and problem so believe. For the masses the Ottoman Sultans have been far-off, half-legendary rulers, the greatest ruling independent Moslem realms and meeting the kings of Christendom on equal terms. Now they have fallen on evil days, and so it is for all Moslems to rally to their support; the solidarity of Islam must mean at least as much as that. It is true that they have made war on the British Raj, and Indian Islam has

fought against them loyally; but the long years of friendship between Britain and Turkey should now be remembered, and too great a penalty should not be imposed. In this, of course, there is an immense amount of the will to believe; but there can not be any doubt that the Moslem masses in India do so believe. It does not mean disloyalty on their part or even, in any strict sense, a divided loyalty; it is rather a profound sentiment based on community of religion and on ancestral devotion and respect.

II. There can not be much doubt that the conception of the Caliphate is entering upon a period of change. But the time is far in the future when it will be safe to say that it has actually changed, and that there need no longer be any fear of a reversion to the original conception. And, so far, the position of the canonists of Sunnite Islam has been unanimous and clear. The Caliph is an administrator only; he is the executive of Islam, and he administers the whole system of Islam as it is related to this world and to the world to come. Strictly he should do it all personally; lead in the mosque prayers, preach the Friday sermon, judge in the law courts, head the armies in war. As that is impossible, his office has gradually been put into commission, and all the functionaries who do these things are his delegates. But he has no power of legislation, or even of interpretation. Still less is he a spiritual head who can bind the consciences of the Moslems, but otherwise has no control over them. The systems of theology and of canon law have been formulated by the inerrant Agreement of the Moslem people, and he must accept these and can administer only these. He may have his own opinion; but that is only as an individual Moslem and not as Caliph. In consequence no non-Moslem sovereign state can allow him any authority with regard to its Moslem subjects. That would mean, at the least, that he was a suzerain, however that term may be defined, and it might mean that he could interfere at any point in the administration of that state.

So, ideally, the canonists put it; the practice has, of course, varied greatly; but has always been based on the fundamental fact that the Caliph is the executive in the state. Also, as priesthood of any kind is unknown to Sunnite Islam, he has never been an authority in his own right in spiritual things. To the Turks the Caliphate came after their conquest of Egypt in 1517 by legacy from the last Abbasid Caliph, then resident there. This transfer was perfectly legal if accepted and ratified by the people, and since then the Ottoman Sultans have been formally elected Caliph by the Shaikh al-Islam, acting as representative of the people, at the time of their inauguration as Sultan. But for them these two titles were of very different practical value. The title of Sultan meant that they were rulers of the factual Ottoman state, while Caliph meant only a claim to rule over a vague Moslem world. It was of far greater importance to them to extend the actual Ottoman boundaries—especially so as to include the Sacred Cities, Mecca and Medina—than to stress an historical and practically impossible headship. It is true that later, within the last couple of centuries, Turkish diplomats found the Caliphate useful as a card to play in their game with the European Powers. They found that the idea of spiritual headship, of a papacy in fact, was current among these Powers and acceptable to them, and that the possession of such a status would add greatly to the influence and dignity in Europe of the Ottoman state. It gave Turkey, in the eyes of Europe, that hegemony of the Moslem world which she desired, while, being spiritual only, it seemed to do away with all fear of Turkish meddling with the Moslem subjects of European Powers. Naturally then, this misconception of the Caliphate was encouraged, and Turkey's possession of the title was emphasized. The European Powers were misled, or, at least, public opinion in Europe was, while Moslems in general and the Moslem subjects of these Powers in particular knew very well that the recognition of the Ottoman Caliphate meant that the Sultan was overlord *de jure* and in part *de facto* to all Europe.

Meanwhile, for the Arabs or Arabic speakers, the Caliphate meant the Successorship of the Prophet, and was limited by accepted tradition in such ways as legally to exclude all Turks and similar parvenus. "So long as there are two left of the tribe of Quraish," says a tradition from Mohammed, "one of them will be Caliph and the other his helper." This the Arabs always remembered, even when they had to submit to the *force majeure* of the Turks. The Caliphate, therefore, was and is for them a high ideal office. It reminds them that Mohammed was the Prophet of the Arabs and that it was under the early Caliphs that their race swept to victory from Samarcand to Spain. It reminds them of the days of undivided empire and of the future apocalyptic days when Islam will be led by a true Successor of the Prophet to the conquest of the whole earth. For those whose minds are not attuned to so lofty a strain it is reminiscent of all the glories of the vanished Moslem courts, of the Omayyads at Damascus, and the Abbasids at Bagdad and the Fatimids at Cairo. So loaded with memories and hopes is the Caliphate for them—a symbol of the necessary and essential unity of all Islam and of the glory of the Arab race. Nor can they separate it from the long theological and legal development through which it has lived. Their Caliph, as Successor of the Prophet, must be an orthodox Moslem, as orthodoxy has come with them to be understood. That does not necessarily mean the rigors of the puritanic and Calvinistic Wahhabites; but he must himself profess broad, orthodox Islam—be a Sunnite in that sense of the term—and must regard himself as the head of such Moslems and as essentially opposed to all wanderers from that faith, whether they be Shi'ites or of minor errant sects.

It might be thought that this last requirement should be taken for granted; that a Caliph must be an orthodox Moslem—"an unbelieving Pope will never do!" But the view of the Caliphate to which Indian Islam seems to have come suggests caution here. For it the Caliphate is now a symbol for all Islam in the widest conceivable sense, and their hope is that the Caliph of the time may be a centre round which all sects and parties may unite for mutual support and defense. They are thus, like the Turks, realists, but of a very different reality. The real thing for the Turks is the Turkish race, first the Ottomans and then all their connections; for Indian Moslems the real thing is the People of Mohammed, as it exists at the present day, apart from creed, school, or history. They are the only absolute Panislamists, for with them Panislam is not, as it was with Abd al-Hamid, a political means, but a faith. Some of their leaders may have schemes or ambitions; but the masses are undoubtedly simple and sincere. This tendency has been long present in Islam, and has, from time to time, asserted itself in individual theologians. One of the greatest of them all, in the early twelfth century, said, "Keep a guard on thy tongue as to people who turn in worship towards the Ka'ba." He meant that they were all to be reckoned, without questions being asked, as fellow Moslems. And modern conditions in India have tended to foster this catholic tendency. All kinds of Moslem sects are there, and they are all face to face with the crassest forms of polytheism and idolatry. They are all, too, under the Pax Britannica, bound over to keep the peace not only with their own heretics but with these flagrant idolaters. Naturally they draw together in spirit and the All-India Moslem League is the consequence. Its President was, perhaps is, the head by right of blood of the sect of Khajas, who were the Assassins of the Crusaders, and he himself is the lineal descendant of the Old Man of the Mountain—an absolute heretic if not an unbeliever for orthodox Islam. Through the English education of the leaders, too, they have for years been soaked in ideas of tolerance and union. In truth, church union seems to be in the air, and the same air is breathed in India as in the United States. Thus it came about that all Indian Mos-

lems, Sunnites and Shi'ites with far out heretical sects to which earlier Islam refused the name of Moslem at all, have united on behalf of the Turks. Less easy to understand is their hostility to the King of the Hijaz, a Moslem of unexceptionable orthodoxy and a descendant of the Prophet in *de facto* possession of the Sacred Cities. But he is also a rebel against the Ottoman Sultan, and in India the glamour of Constantinople and of its great Caliph has long worked powerfully. There the Indian Moslems thought they had found the centre and symbol of the Moslem world for which they had hoped. Other, and less ideal elements, including the complicated politics of Arabia itself, have also probably played a part; but the decisive movement has certainly been loyalty to the Ottoman Sultan. It has driven some of them so far that they have formulated a demand that the lost provinces—Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, especially the Sacred Cities—should be returned to Turkey. That is a hopelessly impossible position, which certainly does not express the mind of these provinces and which suggests influence from Turkey itself. Yet it makes plain that for India the Ottoman Sultanate is the great fact in Western Islam.

III. It is probable that the average Turk is puzzled at the prominence which Constantinople has come to hold in these discussions. He has never felt especially at home there; Brusa, for example, as compared to it, is to him home. Just as so many Turks have abandoned Bulgaria and Thrace, so he, with a comparatively easy mind, would move on across the Straits. In all Constantinople there is only one specially sacred place, the mosque built over the alleged tomb of Ayyub, a Companion of the Prophet, who fell in that first unsuccessful siege of the city in or about A. D. 672, nearly 800 years before its capture. There the Ottoman Sultans are inaugurated by being girt with the sword of Othman by a deputy from the Head of the Mevleviyeh Dervishes at Konia. With Adrianople the ties are much older and closer, and the present threats of the Turkish army in Thrace to hold it by force are intelligible.

But with the Arabs, again, the case is different. Constantinople, for them, marks a great conquest of Islam. Their memories carry back to the first fiery raids under the immediate Successors of the Prophet, when Constantinople was reached but not taken; then to the later long-drawn-out conflict, when the Byzantines reëstablished and held the lines of the Taurus against them. That the Ottomans should finally have taken, made their capital, and held so long that city of long-deferred hopes, marked them as great conquerors and restorers of Islam, and that they should now lose it would be bitter, even to those who have cast off allegiance to them. We have here, again, the solidarity of Islam rising above race, language, and local hostilities. It is a different matter from their personal feeling towards the Turks *qua* Turk, and very different from their feeling towards the Ottoman Sultan as claimant of the canonical Successorship of the Prophet—he, an interloper and "climber," without lot or part, except by violence, in the sacred memories and associations of the Arab race! But, again, with the Arabs, as with all, there is another constant moment uniting them with the Turks. They recognize perfectly clearly that for centuries the Turks have represented the East as against the West, have stood in the gate, by diplomacy and by force, against that which for the whole East was and is the great peril, the ever-advancing and devouring West. But when so sweeping a statement as this is made, what of the attitude of the Oriental Christian peoples? Do they feel themselves as Orientals solid with the Moslem peoples among whom they are scattered? It may safely be answered that, given personal security and equality, they, too, would be part of this solidarity of Asia. The Egyptian Copts are an example: In the security of the British Protectorate—that is the irony of such things—they are joining the Moslem Nationalists, as Orientals against the West. In so doing they shut their eyes, wittingly or unwittingly, to the fact that the ultimate object of their agitation must be the removal of that protectorate and their own suppression and political destruction by the enormous preponderance of the Moslem population. For it can not be overemphasized that no Moslem state or civilization can, in fact, give citizenship and equal rights to its non-Moslems. It may possibly, in contradiction to the basal principles of Islam, write these into its constitution, but the non-Moslems can secure and enjoy their rights only by having actual force behind them. And the Moslems, left to themselves, will always revert to that basal Islam.

The same considerations hold with Indian Moslems; they feel the solidarity of Islam and they also feel the solidarity of the East. But so far as they have been affected by English education, and that is very widely and deeply, another element enters. They think of Constantinople in terms of our classical world. They have read their Gibbon, even if they have not their Virgil, and Constantinople is for them New Rome, the City of Constantine, before it is the City of the Sultans. There the Ottoman Sultans represent the Byzantine emperors and carry on the line of the Cæsars. To minds thus nurtured the thought that the City of Europe, the πόλις—many remember that Stamboul means εἰςτὴνπόλιν—has been held by Eastern hands for nearly five hundred years—works like a spell, and to abandon it would be proof of the final decadence of Islam. This may be set against the sentiment of Christendom that the dome of Santa Sophia must again be given to Christian worship.

Such are, fairly, the foundations of the problem. But the essence of the problem is simply the Turks. There are so and so many millions of them, scattered through such and such territory; what can be done with them? We can not employ with them their own methods with the Armenians; so they are on our hands. There must be some way, perhaps a makeshift one, found to control them. For how to control them is the question, and whatever method really controls them is right, and the right method can be found only by trying. It may be that they can be controlled from Constantinople; it may be that that will only split them up. Then they must lose Constantinople and the control must be pushed into Asia Minor. Whatever may come of the rather premature Kingdoms of Syria and Mesopotamia, the French are now advancing again into Northern Syria and Cilicia and the Greeks are advancing from Smyrna. The British will have to hold the mountains which command the Mesopotamian plains and the southern shores of the Caspian. The pity is that a precious year has been lost through waiting, mostly for this country to discover its own mind. And now it will be well for us, in our turn, to be realists; that is, to recognize facts instead of spinning theories, however beautiful. The gorgeous figments of a new heaven and a new earth are gone, and both here and in the East we must make the best of the same old conditions and the same old human nature. This country definitely declines to take a mandate; it can, therefore, claim little voice in the settlement. Whatever League of Nations can now come into being, if any, can be but feeble, and yet all actually in contact with the situations agree that a League to affect anything must have a very big and thick stick and be prepared to break it over certain heads. And these heads are not those of the supposed predatory European Powers, but of the little nationalities which have sprung into existence out of the debris of Turkey, and which are ready to fly at one another's throats. The old Turkish Empire is now fairly Balkanized, for better or for worse. And, finally, we must not imagine that any settlement is going to be permanent, for many a long day to come. This may sound like despair; it is really hope. The nations must fight their own way out to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They may be guarded and protected in that, but the burden of the struggle is and must be their own.

D. B. Macdonald

The Third Internationale

According to a cablegram from The Hague of March 20, a special edition of the *Tribune*, the organ of the Dutch Communists, has given publicity to the complete list of resolutions adopted by a secret meeting of the Third Internationale held at Amsterdam on February 3 and following days. The public in Holland will have received the news with more than its usual phlegm, as an extensive report of this secret conference had appeared in the papers more than a month before the conspirators put a bold face on the matter and made their *Tribune* repeat what a bourgeois journal had betrayed. It was the Amsterdam *Handelsblad* which, a week after the meeting, brought the first revelations. Communists, even when secretly conspiring, remain communicative creatures. One of them must have unburdened his mind to an undeserving bourgeois journalist, whose faithful report in the *Handelsblad* remained for more than a month the only source whence the Communist subscribers to the *Tribune* could draw information as to how their interests were being cared for by the great political thinkers of the party.

The *Handelsblad* chose the right moment for its disclosures. For on that same day, February 14, a general strike was declared in the Rotterdam and Amsterdam harbors, the demand of the laborers being an increase of wages, in which the four principal labor groups, Socialists, Communists, Roman Catholics, and members of the Christian Workers Union, however much differing among themselves in political views, could go hand in hand.

But when the report of the secret Communist meeting was disclosed in the *Handelsblad*, the leaders of the two last-mentioned groups realized that they were allied with men who used the demand for an increased wage as a pretext, merely, for starting an action directed against the control both of the harbor and the City Government, although, when they entered into the compact with the radicals, it had been emphatically stipulated that their action was to be economic and non-political. The advisors of the Roman Catholic laborers, therefore, counseled their followers to resume work at once, but—an ominous sign of the times and of the futility of leadership when once the masses have been turned loose—the men refused unanimously to do as they were told and stuck faithfully to their Communist comrades.

The strike has lasted now for seven weeks, and there is little chance that it will soon be called off. The Holland-America Line announces in the New York papers that "on account of strike in Holland, sailings up to and including April 3 have been canceled." The Federation does not lack money to finance it. "The Russian Soviet Government," says the *Handelsblad* report of the Communist meeting of February 6, "has placed at the disposal of the Executive Bureau of the Third Internationale a collection of diamonds, pearls, and other precious stones to a value of twenty million rubles," which, as was explained by Mr. S. J. Rutgers, the happy bearer of this news from Moscow, "must be used for the support of every strike and every movement which bears a revolutionary character." Amsterdam is a regular market for the sale of stolen jewelry from Russia, and one of the brokers employed by the gentlemen-dealers of Moscow is a Communist member of the City Council. Diamonds are offered for sale as imported from Denmark, although Copenhagen has never had any trade in that line. The wife of Mr. Rutgers is less mysterious about their origin than the jobbers. She makes no secret of it that she brought a diamond cross, a pearl necklace, one big and one small diamond to Holland in order to sell them for the benefit of the Communist movement.

This Mr. Rutgers is a Dutch engineer, who has been for some time in the employ of the Soviet Government, and, happening to be in Moscow at the time, attended the constitutive assembly of the Third Internationale. Its international character was not apparent at that first meeting, for the only non-Russian members were Chinese, Poles, Letts, and prisoners of war from the countries of the Central and Allied Powers. Lenin, being desirous to internationalize his Internationale, sent Mr. Rutgers to his native country with the mission there to effect an extension of the new organization, and to prepare a Bolshevist Conference for the West European countries and the United States. Lenin's choice of Holland as the centre for this propaganda scheme was explained in these words, verbally quoted by Mr. Rutgers from the Soviet Tsar: "It is a quiet country with a feeble reaction," a characterization which has caused no little amusement in Holland, as the brave David Wijnkoop, the Dutch Trotsky, is never tired of denouncing the bourgeois Government at The Hague as a gang of reactionary despots. The remark justifies, incidentally, the drastic measures against bolshevist agitation in this country, which will save it from the distinction conferred upon Holland by the great man at Moscow.

Mr. Rutgers was assisted in the execution of his great mission by the poets Herman Gorter and Henriette Roland Holst van der Schalk, by the astronomer Dr. A. Pannekoek, and the politicians W. van Ravesteyn and David Wynkoop. Obedient to Lenin's orders, they called a secret international conference, which was attended by representatives from Germany, Switzerland, the Netherland East Indies, Russia, England, Belgium, Hungary and the United States. The chief item on the programme was the formation of an Executive Bureau of the Third Internationale which will await its orders direct from Moscow. Sub-bureaus are to be established in North America, East Asia, Spain, and Mexico. Once in three months the countries which have joined Lenin's Internationale will send a delegate to the Bureau at Amsterdam.

With regard to Soviet Russia the following resolution was passed:

> A revolutionary action of labor for forcing international capitalism to make peace with Russia is a necessary condition for the salvation of Russia and the maturing of the world revolution. In order to promote this action, the communists in all countries must make use of every strike and every mass demonstration, must remind the working classes of their responsibility towards the Russian revolution, must convince them of the analogy between their own and Russia's aspirations, and promote all over the world a strong feeling of revolutionary solidarity. Under the growing pressure of labor on the various Governments the latter have begun to evince a desire for a compromise with Russia, not with a view to peace, but in order to dislocate Soviet Russia from within. The recent proposals for a resumption of trade relations by means of reactionary representatives of pre-revolution co-operatives, which since have been merged in the Soviet organizations, have no other purpose than to drive a wedge between peasants and laborers and to crush the Soviet monopoly. Under the disguise of such manœuvres a great spring offensive is being prepared, which must be prevented at all cost. This Bureau, therefore, must immediately take steps to organize an international demonstrative strike against intervention in Russia. Such a strike must not only demand the cessation of the blockade and intervention in Russia, but ought also to press political and economic demands, in accordance with the revolutionary development of each separate country. This demonstration must be supplemented by coercive strikes in proportion to the power which the workers can command for such an action. The appeal to the workers for an international strike must be made not exclusively through the medium of the bureaucracy of the trade unions, but should preferentially be straightway addressed to the masses both within and without these organizations, over the heads of their leaders.

A long discussion had preceded the passing of this lengthy resolution, especially about a proposal of comrades Murphy and Frayna, delegates from England and the United States, which the *Handelsblad* gives as follows:

> The imperialistic Governments try to justify their own aggression by accusing the Soviet Government of aggressive aims. Soviet Russia admits that revolutions have their origin, not in attacks from abroad, but in forces developed in the country itself. Soviet Russia is now waging a defensive war, which her imperialistic opponents force upon her. It will cease as soon as the imperialistic Governments accept peace on the conditions which the Soviet Government has formulated more than once. If, however, the opposition of the imperialistic

Governments should compel Soviet Russia to change her defensive war into a military offensive, either against the West or the East, an appeal would be addressed to the workers in the other countries not to offer resistance to the Soviet armies, but to expel their own bourgeois Governments and proclaim the Soviet Republic.

Against this resolution the great David Wijnkoop raised a warning voice, because it would play into the hands of the reactionary Governments. "It is perfectly true," he said, "and it may safely be admitted in this meeting, but if the bourgeoisie should come to know of these plans, it would exploit them against us and accuse us of reckoning on an invasion of the Soviet armies and of intending to aid them. I should like to know what Mr. Rutgers" (who represented the Soviet Government) "has got to say on this point."

Mr. Rutgers agreed with David Wijnkoop that the resolution of comrades Murphy and Frayna was untimely. "The situation," he said, "is such that months may yet pass before the Soviet troops can begin an offensive outside Russia. The Soviet Government, I think, would hardly be pleased with the passing of this resolution." The opinion of Rutgers, the spokesman of Lenin, finished the matter; the resolution was immediately withdrawn, so that the bourgeoisie of the imperialistic countries might be kept hoodwinked a little longer.

The disclosures of the *Handelsblad* form a telling comment on the recent statement of Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet plenipotentiary at Copenhagen, as to Moscow's foreign policy: "We respect the right of every country to dispose freely of its own affairs, and will not interfere in the interior politics of other nations." What business has a Government so little meddlesome to establish Executive Bureaus and sub-bureaus in Holland, Spain, Mexico, the United States, East Asia? Are strikes no internal affairs, and is their financing with the loot of the Soviets no interference in the interior politics of other nations? And how does comrade Litvinov reconcile his promise of non-interference in the domestic affairs of other nations with the conviction of the secret conference that "a revolutionary action of labor for forcing international capitalism to make peace with Russia is a necessary condition for the salvation of Russia *and the maturing of the world revolution?*" The answer to these questions is perfectly simple: it is not the Soviet Government which will be responsible for the universal upheaval, henceforth the Third Internationale, honestly internationalized, will do the dirty work, thereby allowing the official spokesmen of Russia to profess the Soviet Government's "respect for the right of every country to dispose freely of its own affairs."

A. J. Barnouw

Correspondence

The Adriatic Problem

To the Editors of The Review:

In your editorial on the Fiume problem in the *Review* for February 28 you state that "a strict application of the principle of racial self-determination would have allotted to Italy all the Eastern ports and islands of the Adriatic." Racial self-determination is a rather vague expression, but on any interpretation your statement seems wide of the truth. That the Italian race is either wholly absent from, or constitutes but a negligible fraction of, the population in the Eastern ports and islands of the Adriatic, save only the ports of Fiume and Zara and the Lussin-Cherso island groups, is frankly recognized by Italian as well as other authorities. The beautiful ethnographic map by Olinto Marinelli, the foremost living Italian geographer, published in the *Geographical Review* during the war, and the ethnico-linguistic maps by the Agostini Geographical Institute, which greatly exaggerate the Italian areas, agree in showing that the east side of the Adriatic is overwhelmingly Jugoslav. When President Wilson enunciated the principle of self-determination, all Italy protested through the press and through her official spokesman that this principle could not be applied to the settlement of Italy's frontier problems. The Jugoslav representatives agreed to a settlement of the whole issue by plébiscite because they were confident that not one port or island would vote for Italian rule.

Equally surprising is the assertion that "paradoxically, the Pact of London was more nearly in accord with the Fourteen Points than any subsequent proposal has been." Since the subsequent proposals have eliminated from Italian control over 200,000 Jugoslavs and only 14,000 Italians in Dalmatia, and over 100,000 Jugoslavs and only 4,000 Italians in the region at the head of the Adriatic, and have at the same time added only 10,000 Germans and Jugoslavs with less than 100 Italians in the Sexten Valley and Tarvis regions; and since, furthermore, they increase the security of Jugoslavia's access to the sea by removing Italian territory farther from Fiume, it is easily seen that they bring the settlement more closely into accord with such of the Fourteen Points as are applicable to the Adriatic problem.

You add that the Treaty of London "gave Italy virtually all of the Italian-speaking littoral." It would be more accurate to say that it gave to Italy all the economically and strategically most important Slavic-speaking littoral. It is frankly admitted by Italy and her allies that the Treaty of London was designed for strategic ends in-so-far as its Adriatic terms are concerned. And while many Jugoslavs do speak Italian, none of the parties to the Treaty denies that the Slavic-speaking population forms an overwhelming majority in the disputed areas. The Austrian census figures are based on language, and favor the Italian case, since many Jugoslavs give Italian as their language for business, political, cultural, and other reasons, while an Italian seldom if ever gives Slavic as his language. Yet the language statistics show less than 20,000 persons speaking Italian as their ordinary language and nearly 400,000 speaking the Slavic tongue in that part of the lands assigned to Italy by the Treaty of London which the President refuses to turn over to Italian sovereignty.

It is not my intention to go into questions where there is some possible ground for a reasonable difference of opinion, nor even into the oft-repeated assertion that Fiume is "an Italian city," although I think careful study will make clear to any fair-minded man the facts that the so-called Italian "majority" in Fiume is a little less than half the total population of the city, that it includes many Italian-speaking Jugoslavs who have no Italian blood in their veins, that it also includes several thousand citizens of Italy who never gave up their Italian citizenship, and that a very considerable proportion of the total Italian population, as well as the large Slavic and mixed population, is vigorously opposed to Italian sovereignty on the very substantial ground that it would mean the economic ruin of the port. But the specially staged "self-determination" of Fiume has obscured the real situation to many, and put the question in the realm of the debatable, where I am content to leave it.

Square Deal

New York, March 15

[Our correspondent justly calls attention to certain overstatements. His own figures, however, show that the mingling of races is such that no strict application of the principle of self-determination is possible. No mere reckoning of human debits and credits—Slavs assigned to Italy, and vice-versa, at all meets the case. We repeat the gist of our comment:—a commercial outlet should be assured to Jugoslavia; otherwise the presumptions are in favor of Italy, because of her sacrifices in the war, because of the necessity of securing her active adherence to the League, and because of her established cultural position and prospects. When disposing of an almost undeveloped region, statistics of the scanty population have secondary meaning. What counts greatly is the capacity of the claimants for developing and eventually peopling the territory.—Eds. The Review.]

"Keep Your Eye on Paisley"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Herbert H. Asquith's return to the House of Commons as member for the Scottish constituency of Paisley is not without much significance. "Keep your eye on Paisley," has been the maxim of political leaders in the old country for a long time. The town has historic industrial, and intellectual traditions of a peculiar kind. Asquith's constituency for nearly thirty years was the East Fife burghs, including St. Andrews, with its ancient university. The Fifeshire man, known as the "Fifer," is of the most "pawky" of canny Scots, and when Gladstone recommended the cultured young Yorkshireman from his own university of Oxford to the East Fife electors as a suitable candidate, he made an excellent choice. Both Gladstone and Asquith have combined in their characters the industrial instinct of the North Country man with the intellectual culture of their Southland university. Indeed, it is as a financier rather than as a statesman that Gladstone may finally be known to history. Gladstone himself, beginning political life as member for the University of Oxford, had finally to woo the suffrage of a Scottish constituency, that of Midlothian.

The higher "industrial call," as it may be termed—that is, the union of the historic sense and of intellectual acumen with the common sense of the manufacturer and businessman—is the call of the time to-day. The Paisley voter has a long national past behind him and combines these qualities. Two miles off, in the suburb of Ellerslie, the Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace, was born. In its noble Abbey, left unharmed in the general destruction of religious edifices at the Reformation, lies buried a Stuart queen. In this magnanimity, Paisley wisely did not break with the past. In the eighteenth century it became an industrial centre, and Burns's Nannie, readers of "Tam o' Shanter" will remember, had a "sark of Paisley harn." An intelligent citizen of Paisley, visiting the Vale of Cashmere over a hundred years ago, made himself acquainted with the exquisite products of its looms, and planted the industry of "Paisley shawls" in the old burgh. Another Paisley man, James Coats, discharged after Waterloo with a meagre private's pension, was able to establish the manufacture of thread at Paisley in a way that made the name of Coats known all over the world. Paisley has also had a continuous literary tradition. The brightest lyric star after Burns was the Paisley weaver, Robert Tannahill, who celebrated the beauties of the Braes of Glennifer. At the close of last century, when the Marquis of Bute wished to establish a *Scottish Review*, it was to a Paisley editor, Dr. Metcalfe, and to the enterprising Paisley publishing firm of Gardner that he entrusted the work. And this same editor it was who brought out the revised edition of Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, with supplement. Historically, intellectually, and industrially Asquith has thus again a constituency that will be able to appreciate him. The world still does well to "keep its eye on Paisley."

JAMES MAIN DIXON

San Francisco, California, March 3

Reducing the Human Cost of Living

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Is it permitted to say a word regarding Mr. Colcord's article on "The Human Cost of Living"?

1. Personally I deprecate the "sob stuff." Can we not leave this style to the muck-rakers and the journals of opinion?

2. Why compare those "*killed and maimed*" in industry with those "*killed*" on the Union side at Gettysburg? Unlike things can not be compared. The number killed daily in industry in the United States is 83. The number killed on the Union side in the three days' battle of Gettysburg was 3,072, or an average of 1,024 per day. The ratio, therefore, is not one to two but one to twelve.

3. The young lady in the chorus said that she had not yet learned much in her double-entry bookkeeping course at the business college but that she had found out that when you put something down on one page you put something down on the opposite page to contradict it. How then shall we make our ledger entries? If we put on the one page the 25,000 killed annually in industry, what shall be put on the other? The processes of civilization are held generally to have substantially added to the average of human life, and, whereas, say a century ago, the average length of life was approximately 32.22 years, it is now about 47.60 years. We have a population of approximately 110,000,000. These now die then at the average of 47.60 years, or 2,310,924 annually; whereas at the old rate the number of deaths annually would have been 3,414,028. We may then contrast the two entries, 25,000 lost and 1,103,104 saved.

4. But in and of itself the daily industrial loss of 83 is lamentable and it would be serious indeed were we compelled to adopt the writer's view that it is doubtful "if it is humanly possible to do more than our great industrial corporations . . . are doing to-day." Can not the workers themselves do something? Because we have swept off the statute books "contributory negligence" and "fellow-employees," have the things that they connoted disappeared?

Some years ago the then Governor of Pennsylvania in an effort to build up his political machine called an industrial conference. Mr. Gompers, in his interesting address, said that most of the industrial accidents occurred in the closing hour of work, and advocated the eight-hour workday as a remedy. I investigated the facts in one of the hazardous industries, itself on an eight-hour basis. The facts were that most of the accidents occurred in the first hour after the noon interval, and were attributed to the use of intoxicants by the workers during that interval. Voluntary reform or reform compulsory under prohibition may be a substantial remedy.

The railroad representatives at this conference called attention to fatal accidents on railroads (5,084 to trespassers and 2,031 to passengers and to employees in 1915) and advocated legislation to insure the prevention of trespassing. This was strenuously opposed by the leaders of organized labor, and the explanation passed around was that they were afraid that in the case of a strike the law might be used to prevent their easy access to railroad property, provided they wished to interfere with workers. It may be that the employer, alive to his responsibilities, has done all that he is able, but I think it likely that something remains to be done by the workmen through greater carefulness, more sober and responsible habits, and the selection of wiser leadership; and by the State through intelligent and courageous legislation.

5. From a bulletin recently received I abstract the following:

> In Pennsylvania there was reported in 1919 a total of 484 strikes, involving 171,630 wage earners, who lost in the aggregate 500,000 working days. The total strike loss is estimated at $14,000,000.
>
> In Pennsylvania the record of disabling accidents in industry for 1919 showed 152,544 cases, involving a wage loss of about $8,750,000.
>
> The abolition of strikes would mean as much or more saving for industry in general as would the complete prevention of accidents.*

It may well be that we should feel that the contrast as made is unsympathetic and gives but scant value to the human element, but on the other hand the strike loss is not fully indicated by the wage loss. There is always the suffering and

* Reference is made to Bulletin No. 157 of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, U. S. Department of Labor, and to the articles "On the Improvement in Longevity during the 19th Century in the Netherlands," by Pereira and Landré, and "On the Improvement in Longevity in the United States during the 19th Century," by John K. Gore, published in Volume I of the Proceedings of the Fourth International Congress of Actuaries.

the want, disease and death, the reduction to poverty and semi-starvation of thousands of workers, the dislocation of business enterprises, the dispersion of orders to other communities and other countries—consequences that may endure long after the strike is over.

L. F. Loree

New York, March 8

Religious Liberty

To the Editors of The Review:

I note with interest the proposal of Mr. Cyrus H. Eshleman, in your issue of February 28, that the Government should "supervise and regulate" religion. It is not a novelty, however. *Cujus regio ejus religio* was a sixteenth century maxim which can be applied under democratic control as well as under personal rule; and the policy of the dominant faction in "Red" Russia appears to be quite on that line. The French Revolutionists of the Terror tried it, too, with what success we know. But I fail to see why the proposed revival of secular tyranny over spiritual matters should be thought either "liberal," "rational," or "progressive." Such use of undefined terms darkens counsel, even though it is too often characteristic of "modern thinkers."

Mr. Eshleman forgets that historic Christianity is based upon a historic fact: the life of Jesus Christ. Christians believe that Jesus Christ is God made Man, a living Revelation of the invisible Father. Catholic Christians believe that He established a Divine Society, His Church, which shall endure, essentially unaltered, so long as the world stands. They believe that they already know the Truth, and are made free by that knowledge; and they respectfully decline Government regulation of their belief and worship, or membership in a state-controlled religious Trust. Even non-Christians will acknowledge that if men are convinced of the divine authority of a teacher, they can not make better use of their reason than by obeying him.

Mr. Eshleman is wrong when he declares that Orthodox believers worship the Bible or the Church. Whether Protestant or Catholic, they worship Jesus as their Lord and God, their living Head. And when it is proposed to "substitute progress for the idea of finality," Mr. Eshleman must tell us what he means by progress, and towards what goal. It is possible to go ahead until one is hopelessly bogged, if one does not know the way or its end.

This is no place to debate the issues between Christianity and secular systems of thought; but, to speak a word for religious liberty, in view of an apparent threat, may perhaps be allowed. And it is significant that the advocate of state control of religion should be not an ecclesiastic, but a professed liberal and rationalist, supposedly animated by the modern spirit.

William Harman van Allen

Boston, March 2

The Hazards of Book Reviewing

To the Editors of The Review:

In the first sentence of the review of "The Flow of Value" in the *Review* of March 20, my style receives wholesale condemnation supported by the quotation of what probably is the most abstruse sentence in the entire book. That sentence is the culmination of an elaborate line of reasoning. Unless the reader has been led up to that sentence not only will he find it "tedious," and "not to be read without effort," but he will find it utterly incomprehensible, without meaning at all. A man once said to me that Herbert Spencer's definition of Evolution was clear as crystal to the man who followed the exposition which culminated in that definition, but that if a negro minstrel were to take that definition alone and rattle it off in a vaudeville monologue it would bring a laugh from the entire audience. I hope the analogy is apparent. It is needless to say that no comparison is instituted between Herbert Spencer and myself.

Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred after reading that first paragraph not only would not read the book, but would not read the remainder of the review. To the mind of "a general reader" it would kill the book.

Logan G. McPherson

New York, March 22

[We feel that the opening paragraph of the review was likely to do Mr. McPherson's book the injustice of which he complains, though it was certainly not the intention of the reviewer to convey the impression that the sentence he quoted was typical. Had the remark been made anywhere but at the beginning of the review, its occurrence would, whether too severe as to the particular point or not, have been just one of the ordinary incidents of the hazardous trade of reviewing. As it is, we are glad to offset any wrong it may have done by pointing out that in the very next paragraph of the review the author's method of opening up his subject is commended as "one of the best ways to present it to those who are beginning to think economically"; that from this point on throughout the article, the work is commended for the straightforwardness and adequacy of its exposition; and that the closing paragraph of the review refers to the "clearness" with which the book develops its main thesis, the "vigorous enforcement" of which is declared to be a "real service."—Eds. The Review.]

Protection for Investors

To the Editors of The Review:

Senator Kenyon has introduced a bill, Senate No. 3702, which proposes Federal action to protect the investor against fraudulent stock promotions. Such legislation was urged by the Capital Issues Committee during the war, and by President Wilson in a recent message. The bill requires any corporation engaged in interstate commerce to give publicity to pertinent financial facts regarding new securities which it offers investors. Such information is to be filed with the local United States postmaster for public inspection, and also with the Federal Trade Commission at Washington, and, in addition to general facts regarding the corporation and its officers, and the latest balance sheet of the corporation, it must include a statement as to the purposes to which the proceeds of the new securities are to be devoted, and the terms of the flotation, including expenses and the names of the underwriters and others concerned with the original sale. A copy of this statement of information is to be attached to every bond and original certificate of stock and receipt for subscription. False statements are punishable as perjury and the United States District Attorney is made responsible for enforcement. Purchasers of original securities regarding which misstatements are made may recover by suit twice the amount of the purchase price, but the suit must be brought within a year of the time of purchase. The precise form which this statement should take is a matter on which expert opinion will differ, but the requirement of such a statement regarding new issues seems a sound public policy.

Still further control is effected through the public post office by the proposed enactment that the mailing of any original securities for which the required statement has not been filed or the mailing of any required statement regarding securities known to be false shall be a punishable offense.

The details of the Kenyon bill should of course be scrutinized carefully by those concerned technically with the promotion of securities, for such legislation, to be effective, must be workable. Their judgment may, however, be supplemented by that of disinterested laymen who see not only the great loss every year through fraudulent securities, but also the still greater check excited by such fraudulent activities on the growth of a habit of thrift. To one judging the situation from this point of view the Kenyon bill offers hope of a legitimate method of control, and the undersigned urges that Senator Kenyon's bill receive widespread consideration.

Benjamin R. Andrews

New York, March 16

Religious Revivals—Old and New

IN the financial columns of a New York evening newspaper there appeared recently a cable dispatch from its London correspondent which declared that there was a growing feeling among "hard-headed business men" that the best hope of checking the Bolshevist spirit lay in "a genuine religious revival."

That, on the face of it, seems rather a remarkable statement, coming from such a source. When one speaks of a religious revival one thinks instinctively of the Billy Sunday type of evangelism or of the old-fashioned emotional revivals led by some prominent evangelist who made a swing around the circle, rousing men and women to confess their sins and join the church.

It is hardly possible to overrate the influence in shaping the character of the American people that such periodic revivals exercised. They have become an intimate part of American history, and no account of the development of American character and institutions can ignore them. But clearly this is not the type of revival that one would expect to appeal to "the hard-headed business man" as a probable cure for Bolshevism. What he doubtless had in mind was a general quickening of the spiritual life of the country through a more acute realization of the truths of Christianity, an emphasis on the spiritual as opposed to the material things of life.

In point of fact, it may fairly be asserted that in America this kind of revival is already under way, and there are signs that it is spreading, by way of the great Dominions, Canada and Australia, to the British Isles. The man in the street may feel inclined to grumble at the frequency with which he is invited to pull out his pocketbook; occasional doubt may even be expressed as to the administrative economy of some of these appeals to the charitable public; but it is a rather remarkable tribute to the spiritual emphasis of these drives that it does not seem to have occurred to any one to cast serious doubts on the fundamental worth of the objects involved.

No doubts are, of course, possible. Almost without exception the drives have been in aid of some eleemosynary, educational, or religious cause of unquestioned standing. They have come at a time when the country is rolling in wealth, and there can hardly be a doubt that the spiritual blood-letting, if one may call it that, which they have accomplished has been an uncommonly good thing for the community.

This, then, is the new type of revival, displaying itself, broadly speaking, in appeals to the public to concern themselves with the things of the spirit in the most practical and effective manner possible by providing money for their support. More specifically, of course, the term revival is particularly applicable to those appeals which have a definitely religious end in view. Started by a small denomination, the Disciples of Christ, which in 1918 "went over the top," as the jargon of the "drive" has it, with a total subscription of $6,500,000, the fashion of these intensive campaigns has been adopted by one denomination after another. The most conspicuous example so far is, of course, the Centenary Movement of the two branches, North and South, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which subscribed the magnificent total of $168,000,000.

Now the ambitious programme of the Centenary is to be eclipsed by the Interchurch World Movement of North America, with an appeal to the Protestant constituency of the country for a sum of no less than $336,000,000, the intensive campaign by which this enermous sum is to be raised being scheduled to take place during the one week, April 25 to May 2. As a matter of fact the total is not quite so staggering as it sounds, for whereas the Centenary Movement, which was able to raise $168,000,000, represented only two denominations, the Interchurch World Movement represents thirty with members and adherents numbering some 30,000,000. Indeed, one compelling cause for the Movement's coming into existence was the clearly seen necessity for some kind of coördination among the various Protestant churches of the country in making their appeals for public support. The various Protestant denominations have profited so well by the lessons taught them by the Disciples of Christ and the Methodists that at the present time there are completed, under way, or in immediate contemplation more than thirty different denominational "forward movements," all appealing to their several constituencies for various sums which amount in the aggregate, for the five years which most of the forward movements adopt as the period of their programme, to considerably more than half a billion dollars.

It does not need the assistance of an efficiency expert to realize the inevitable economic waste and duplication of effort involved in conducting all these separate "drives," not to speak of the almost certain apathy or irritation that the multiplicity of appeals would ultimately induce in the general public. It is obvious also that, even if the money was collected, in the framing of a number of different programmes, each independent of all the others, the evils of overlapping and duplication could hardly be avoided, and consequently that the money collected would not be applied to the missionary and other benevolent objects of the various churches in the most economical and effective manner possible.

Both these dangers were realized by the churches in time, with the result that thirty denominations have agreed to unite their forces in the financial campaign of the Interchurch World Movement, and to adjust their programmes of expansion so as to avoid competition one with another. The denominational forward movements retain their integrity, just as the various churches retain their complete denominational autonomy. They will canvass their own constituencies for funds, and these funds will be applied to their own treasuries. At the same time a joint campaign committee in each community, consisting of representatives of all the local churches participating in the campaign, will make an appeal to citizens who are not identified by membership with any church. Funds derived from this source and not expressly given for a particular denomination will go to a central treasury in care of the Interchurch World Movement, and at the end of the financial year will be distributed *pro rata* among the participating denominations.

A study has been made of the exact facts of the situation, and these facts are available to the coöperating denominations and to any other denomination that may subsequently decide to participate in the Movement. The opinion of the newspaper correspondent quoted at the head of this article indicates part of the opportunity that is given to the churches, and careful inquiries made among representative men in various walks of life in this country show that that opinion is very widely shared. There is a deep and growing conviction that our domestic problems are going to be solved only through an increasing recognition by employers and employees alike of the essentially Christian principle of the brotherhood of man. Both capital and labor have rather fallen into the habit of late of assuring the church that here is an unparalleled opportunity to assert its influence—by which they usually mean to throw its weight into the particular scale which the appellant represents—and the church has at times appeared inclined to adopt an attitude of apology for its inability to assist matters. There is a good deal of evidence that church leaders in these days are inclined to take a sounder and more aggressive view of the church's position, and their reply to the vociferations of both sides is: "No, gentlemen, this is not our opportunity, it is *your* opportunity. We are not a species of industrial expert to be called in when you are in trouble to settle things for you, while you yourselves remain outside the church. You come inside the church, and you will find that you will quickly settle things for yourselves."

STANLEY WENT

Book Reviews

Three American Labor Leaders

Labor and the Common Welfare. By Samuel Gompers. Edited by Hayes Robbins. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

W. B. Wilson and the Department of Labor. By Roger W. Babson. New York: Brentano's.

Debs: His Authorized Life and Letters. From Woodstock Prison to Atlanta. By David Karsner. New York: Boni and Liveright.

It is an interesting and perhaps significant fact that all three of these notable American labor leaders are of foreign extraction. Samuel Gompers was born in London, in the year 1850, and came to America at the age of thirteen. William Bauchop Wilson was born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in 1862, and came to Arnot, Pennsylvania, at the age of eight. Eugene Victor Debs is a native of Indiana, but his parents, Jean Daniel and Marguerite Bettrich Debs, were French Alsatians from Colmar. When these facts are noted, it is easy to see the tenacious pugnacity of the bulldog breed in Gompers, the untiring industry of the canny Scot in Wilson, and the fierce revolutionary idealism of the French in Debs.

The most extraordinary thing about Samuel Gompers is the fact that he has held the presidency of the American Federation of Labor from 1882 until the present time, with the exception of a single year. His enemies say that he is a labor fakir and a political boss, who, by alliance with the big national unions, has created a machine which the small factions, lacking leadership and the advantage of office, have been unable to break; but Mr. Gompers, though an astute politician, is far more than that—he is the voice of organized labor, expressing, as no one else has done, the principles and purposes of craft unionism in America during the past forty years.

Perhaps Mr. Robbins in his valuable compilation of addresses and editorials may have selected those giving the most favorable impression of Mr. Gompers's labor philosophy; but, making due allowance for the personal equation of the compiler, it must be admitted that Mr. Gompers has a record for consistency in his utterances such as few politicians of any stripe can show. He is so consistent, in fact, as to incur suspicion of insincerity in repeating the shibboleths of former days, which, although they still appeal to the multitude, must have long since lost much of their meaning for him. But, of course, no esoteric philosophy of labor is here revealed.

Mr. Gompers has been preaching the gospel of trade unionism for nearly forty years with great emphasis upon the rights of labor and with but slight mention of correlative duties. Among the most sacred are the right to organize, locally, nationally, or internationally, as may seem most advantageous; the right to bargain collectively through representatives of locals or nationals, as the laborers may prefer; the right to ask for better and still better wages, hours, and conditions of labor; the right of a body of laborers to strike, or withhold their labor; the right of laborers to boycott or withhold their purchasing power from obnoxious employers; the right to picket, to "peacefully persuade," or to use other lawful means to prevent the employment of strike breakers, or to extend a boycott. For many years, especially since the passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act of 1890 and the Pullman Strike of 1894, Mr. Gompers has protested against the use of the injunction in labor disputes, and has contended that labor is not a commodity or article of merchandise; until finally his views were in part incorporated in the Clayton Act of 1913, and, apparently, labor was absolved from the sin of conspiracy in restraint of inter-State trade.

Although Mr. Gompers has been an antagonist of many individual capitalists, he has been at the same time a defender of capitalism against those who would kill the cow that gives such abundant milk or the goose that lays the golden eggs. He condemns Socialism as "economically unsound, socially wrong, and industrially impossible." Nor is he any too friendly to "welfare workers, social uplifters and busy-bodies, intellectuals and professional public morals experts," who are condescendingly trying to do for the laborers what they, when organized, can far more effectively do for themselves. Also, Mr. Gompers has stood out against the creation of a labor party, preferring the traditional method of pledging candidates and manipulating the balance of power, although quite recently he has seemed to waver on this point. Mr. Gompers is nothing if not self-sufficient, assuming, as the priest of trade unionism, that organized labor can do no wrong, and justifying its ways by a strange mixture of sound and specious reasoning. As for reproof and admonition of his constituents, Mr. Gompers does not indulge in it, but takes them as they are for better or worse—and here is another reason for his long tenure of office.

The Honorable William Bauchop Wilson, as presented by Mr. Babson, is not so much an evangelist and bishop of the labor church as a sort of Dick Whittington, who came to this country a poor boy, and, by virtue of his ability, honesty, and steadfastness of purpose, became International Secretary of the United Mine Workers, then member of Congress, and, finally, the first Secretary of Labor in the United States. He was a studious boy, a "lad o' pairts," who, despite his lack of schooling and his entering a coal mine at the age of nine gave his spare time to poetry, philosophy, economics, and like solid reading, and thus acquired a truly liberal education, which with his native qualities has made him one of the best and sanest of American labor leaders.

It has been Mr. Wilson's fortune to be somewhat overshadowed by more conspicuous men, such as Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell, and President Wilson, but for all that, he stands high in the regard of all who know him. He has been criticised as biased in favor of labor, and his intervention in certain disputes has been resented by many employers, yet he tries to be fair to all parties, according to his light, and the dissatisfied should be thankful that the labor administration, especially during the world war, was not in worse hands. Certainly, Mr. Wilson is something more than a labor advocate, and his utterances on economic questions bear the marks of keen analysis and sound judgment worthy of a countryman of Adam Smith and James Mill. He is especially strong in his defense of collective bargaining, as opposed to the revolutionary views and proposals of the Socialists, who, after his examination of the alleged right to the whole product of labor, have scarcely a leg to stand upon.

Mr. Babson very properly combines with his biography of Mr. Wilson a brief history of the Department of Labor and of the bureaus which preceded it, which, while substantially accurate, is far from complete or final. Oddly enough, the brilliant and versatile Roger Babson appears in the foreground with occasional references to business barometers, the "law" of equal and opposite reaction, the Babson Composite Plot, and a chapter on business cycles, and he poses in two pictures of buildings connected with the early life of Secretary Wilson. It is a little hard, therefore, to tell where Babson begins and Wilson leaves off, for the biographer has not been quite able to play the part of Boswell to his Johnson.

David Karsner, a true hero worshipper, has done better by Eugene Victor Debs, and has made a loving portrait, which, although idealized in many respects, is far from imaginary and is almost a work of art. The ordinary reader who knows of Debs as a flaming revolutionist, four times candidate for the Presidency on the Socialist ticket, one of the founders of the I. W. W., and the comrade of "undesirable citizens" like Bill Haywood, will be surprised to find that Debs has neither hoofs nor horns, but is a simple-minded, affectionate, neighborly Hoosier poet, a sentimentalist and fanatic, no doubt, but a hail-fellow-well-met whether in a country store, a

tavern, a socialist meeting, or a penitentiary. Debs was a great friend of Robert Ingersoll, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and other literary men, all of whom have testified to his fine qualities of mind and heart. Mr. James Lyons, Mayor of Terre Haute, Mr. Debs' birthplace and home, said of him in 1907:

> While the overwhelming majority of the people here are opposed to the social and economic theories of Mr. Debs, there is not perhaps a single man in this city who enjoys to a greater degree than Mr. Debs the affection, love, and profound respect of the entire community. He numbers his friends and associates among all classes, rich and poor, and some of the richest men here, people who by very instinct are bitter against Socialism, are warm personal friends of Mr. Debs.

If all this be true, why is Eugene Debs in jail? He was sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary on September 14, 1918, by a United States Court in Cleveland, Ohio, for violation of the Espionage Law in a speech before the Ohio State Socialist Convention at Canton on June 16 of the same year. In this speech Mr. Debs characterized the entry of the United States into the war as the work of "Wall Street Junkers," condemned patriotism as "the last refuge of scoundrels," scarified Samuel Gompers as a friend of the capitalist class, praised the I. W. W., glorified the Bolsheviki as "the very breath of democracy and the quintessence of freedom," and made many other intemperate and insane remarks, all of which he proudly admitted before the court, without apology or retraction. Naturally, the court had to find him guilty of "attempting to cause and incite insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, and refusal of duty in the military and naval forces of the United States," and on several other counts as well, and the sentence was later confirmed by the United States Supreme Court. Now, Mr. Debs is in Atlanta prison, recalcitrant as ever and refusing even to ask for freedom lest such action should be construed as a withdrawal of his words and an admission of wrong-doing.

Eugene Debs glories in martyrdom, arouses sympathy among friends and enemies, and will probably make converts to Socialism from his prison cell; just as he made them on a free platform and by the articles that he was continually writing for the socialist press. In fact, unrestrained and morbid eloquence such as his, is just now at a discount, when even people of radical views realize that something more is needed for the healing of the world than maudlin sentimentality, Berserker rage, the revolutionary fervor of a paranoiac, or the frenzy of a whirling dervish—all forces of destruction, which, if given free rein, might easily ruin the whole fabric of civilization.

J. E. Le Rossignol

Reality and Antidote

The Inscrutable Lovers. By Alexander MacFarlan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Legend. By Clemence Dane. New York: The Macmillan Company.

I RECALL "Mockery" as a somewhat disconcerting and ill-balanced piece of ironic comedy with a fresh accent. It was a new voice speaking, whether one liked it or not, which is the one thing a reviewer of contemporary fiction most yearns for. Here now was another young comer, an Alexander MacFarlan to be by a few ears, at least, listened for: "The Inscrutable Lovers" is their sufficient reward. It is a comedy of simpler and firmer texture than its predecessor. It has not only brilliancy but a delicate completeness comparable to (not like) that of Mr. Hewlett's earlier bits of romantic comedy. It is based upon a paradox more than once announced of late, in one form or other, that the realist in art or in life is a person seeking escape from his own romantic nature, and vice versa.

The problem is worked out here purely in terms of life. There are only three human factors, Count Kettle, his daughter Margaret, and the young Macaig whom she absurdly marries. Count Kettle is that hapless one who tries to "live up to" his ideals, who is bent upon expressing instead of denying or escaping his romantic nature in action—a predestined failure accordingly. He is a worshiper of fine sentiments and phrases—a true worshiper, who can not learn that his companions are mostly sniggering in their sleeves. It is his pleasure and vanity to sacrifice himself and his family to any fine desperate cause. His invincible sentimentalism makes him the gull and victim of venial plotters. A costly and disillusionizing fiasco in Mexico has finally done for his wife. Now he is prepared to offer the rest of his fortune, and his daughter, as blindly to the uses of a pro-German plot, which is thinly masked for his benefit as a stroke for Ireland. But the daughter is not willing to be sacrificed. Though she has been brought up to be noble and highflown, she has a secret yearning for common sense. Hence her sudden marriage with the young Macaig, "from his infancy nourished upon facts." There she will take refuge from romantic torments, in the shelter of his humdrum and his commonplace. She is happy. But presently the quixotic Count, her father, becomes involved in a rascally plot (which is not rascally for his innocence), and confides his part in it to his daughter. She turns upon him and threatens to block his dangerous plans by telling her English husband. The Count is outraged: "He will treat my honor as—a fact!" he cries, ". . . He will regard the situation, this tragically delicate situation, as though it were a business problem. He will bend upon it all his prudence. Prudence!" Never mind, he shall be told, says Margaret: Macaig's very literalness will see the need of curbing the Count's wild project. Then comes the high point of the comedy; for Macaig, being told, shows himself to be quite another man from the stolid citizen they have taken for granted. He quite understands the Count, being a concealed romanticist who has abhorred the practical traditions of his house as Margaret has the impractical traditions of hers. And presently, when the Count is disposed of as gently as may be, the young pair are left to discover each other anew. He, it now transpires, has married her as "a daughter of the romantic life he coveted," while she has married him solely because he was not of that life, but "a plain, steady, dependable man with no—no dreams." However, they happen to love each other, and are not to be parted by theories, even theories of each other. The old priest, Father Clithero, says the last word about them: that "their characters are much the same and only their temperaments differ." Moreover, he perceives how slyly each will continue to impute his own impulses to the other, the wife finding evidence where you will that there must be "a practical streak in him somewhere," and the husband, that "she must be romantic at bottom." A delightful piece of literary comedy.

Readers of the first novel of Clemence Dane, "Regiment of Women," will remember there also a fresh accent. That was a satirical comedy dealing with the relations of women to each other—and breaking rather suddenly at the end into the romantic vein known to vulgar tabulation as "heart interest." Only in the relations of man and woman does the author, after all, find anything sound and satisfying. One may perceive a similar moral in "Legend," different as the tale is in scope and method. Its way of telling is original, as a single dialogue or scene, recalled some years later by one of the minor actors—or, one may almost say, hardly more than a chance witness. Place, Anita Serle's rooms, occasion, a sort of monthly salon of minor celebrities, literary and "artistic"; time, the day of the death in child-birth of a former member of their group, Madala Grey. It is the legend of Madala Grey, fresh-compounded by friends and intimates, that we are to hearken to; a legend touched quite as much with malice as with affection; a commentary on the quality of the surviving friends even more than of the dead one. Madala Grey, we gather, was a wholesome young woman with a touch of genius which drove her to the writing of two remarkable novels of realism, or naturalism. And having written them and been ap-

plauded for them, she found them harsh and ugly, and wished that she might write "a kind book, a beautiful book." This she did presently, with "The Resting-place," a romance beginning "There was once," and ending "happy ever after," and delighting a vast audience hungry for the fact or the illusion of happiness. Her literary friends of the Anita sort deplored this bitterly, tried to believe it a deliberate parody, and so on. But there followed the more disconcerting fact of her marriage to a commonplace honest fellow, with whom she was apparently quite content. And now she is dead as the result of her folly. Among the company who here sit informally upon the life and character of the departed are: the egotistic Anita, later to become famous as Madala's biographer; Mr. Flood, a supercilious littérateur with no heart; "the Baxter girl," a literary satellite; the chronicler, who is Anita's new secretary; and so on. Two figures who stand apart from the rest are the painter Kent who has really loved Madala and is stunned by her loss, and (unique portrait among them all) old lady Serle, Nita's mother, who has also loved Madala for her genuineness, and is blind to none of the pretentious littlenesses of her own daughter. . . . In the end, after the long making and remaking of the legend, comes the unexpected and a trifle superfluous bit of romantic convention in which, it seems, this writer habitually seeks refuge at the eleventh hour from her satire. Whether the whole performance is more than a brilliant tour de force may only be determined or estimated, after later readings; it is certainly well worth a first.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Cockpit of Christendom

A SHORT HISTORY OF BELGIUM. By Leon von der Essen. The University of Chicago Press.

THE history of Belgium, from the early Middle Ages down to the present time, is a compendium of European warfare. "The very cockpit of Christendom" the Netherlands were called by James Howell in his "Instructions for Forreine Travell," "the school of arms and rendezvous of all adventurous spirits and cadets; which makes most nations beholden to them for soldiers." And the Nuncio Bentivoglio, writing at about the same time, coined the phrase "arena militare," which became a standing designation for Belgium in books dealing with European history.

Readers of the present volume can not fail to recognize the aptness of these descriptive names. The country's geographic situation, which induced the Germans to invade it in 1914 at the cost of their good name in the world, made Belgium a battlefield and its people combatants in most of the wars which evolved from the eternal rivalry between Germany and France. It was the latter country, in those earlier conflicts, which menaced the independence of the Belgians. "France will absorb Flanders or will be destroyed by it," said the French King Philip Augustus. And, as in our days, it was England which, for her own safety, came to the assistance of the little country against the greatest Power of the Continent. The Emperor Otto of Brunswick and the Duke of Brabant joined the English-Flemish alliance, and on July 24, 1214, the battle of Bouvines was fought, which gave Philip Augustus victory over his enemies. This famous battle established the political hegemony of France in Europe and the subjection, for nearly a century, of the political and intellectual life of the Flemish. But they had revenge in 1302, when the Flemish Communes, in the Battle of the Golden Spurs, under the walls of Courtrai, inflicted a crushing defeat on the army of King Philip the Fair. That victory not only saved them from absorption by France but raised them to the prestige of an international power, whose alliance was sought by King Edward III of England in his war against King Philip of Valois. Under the leadership of Jacob Van Artevelde, "the greatest Fleming of all times," Flanders joined the English cause; not for political reasons only, but also for the sake of its thriving cloth industry, which required an undisturbed import of English wool. Economic factors had begun to carry weight in these international conflicts, since the communes of Flanders, by the power which their growing wealth assured them, had acquired a decisive voice in the conduct of the country's policy towards its mighty neighbors.

With the incorporation of Flanders with the realm of the Burgundian Dukes, a restoration of the ninth century kingdom of Lotharingia, the political power of the Communes in international affairs came to an end. In a short but lucid survey the writer explains how the Burgundian Netherlands passed into the possession of the Spanish branch of the Hapsburgs, against whom they rose up in arms in 1568. The eighty years' war that followed divided the Low Countries into an independent northern part, the Republic of the United Netherlands, and a southern part which, from 1588 on, remained subject to Spain. Henceforth the destinies of Holland and Belgium followed separate courses, apart from a short and ill-fated period (1813-1839), when they formed one kingdom under William I of Holland. The two centuries and a half between Belgium's return under the Spanish yoke and the creation of the Kingdom of the Belgians form the most uneventful and inglorious part of its history. Under the rule of the Coburgs it resumed its place among the nations of Europe and played a part in its history not unworthy of its great past.

Professor van der Essen has treated this difficult and often intricate subject with admirable skill; though writing with a scholar's intimate knowledge of his country's history, he has succeeded in steering clear from the shoal of ponderosity and dulness. Here and there the Roman Catholic has led the historian astray. Having described the collapse of his country at the end of the Spanish war, when the population had been reduced by at least 50 per cent., when trade and industry were in large part gone, and artistic and literary activity had come to a complete standstill, the writer winds up with the words "but Belgium remained Catholic and subject to the Spanish branch of the Hapsburgs," as if that were a compensation for the loss of the nation's freedom.

Spanish America

STUDIES IN SPANISH-AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Isaac Goldberg, Ph.D. New York: Brentano's.

THIS volume is intended for several kinds of readers. It is evident from the title that it will interest not only specialists in the study of literature in the language of Cervantes, but also that part of our reading public, by no means small, which is at present extremely curious in regard to Spanish America. But Dr. Goldberg's reviewers can do him a service by pointing out what he himself has not made clear in his title, that the book concerns a third group of readers. It deals with that phase of recent Spanish-American letters called *Modernismo*, which is only one aspect, as its name implies, of the new spirit that permeated the world of thought during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. It is obvious, then, that it should be read also by the students of Whitman and Wilde, of Sudermann and Hauptmann, of Gorki and Ibsen and d'Annunzio, of the Parnassians and Symbolists of France, whether they know Spanish or not, and whether or not they care for Spanish America.

Whatever motive may lead a reader to open Dr. Goldberg's book, he will certainly be surprised at what he finds. Someone has written a book called "The Amazing Argentine," and the adjective might well be applied to the whole of Spanish America. Our education in regard to "the other Americans" has consisted from the first in agreeable disillusionment. Only a few years ago we thought that throughout the rest of this hemisphere everyone wore broad-brimmed hats and no one wore shoes. We supposed that the chief products of Spanish America were revolutions and

yellow fever. By a series of surprises we have found out that Río and Buenos Aires and Santiago de Chile are modern cities, and that they and many other southern cities are filled with men not only civilized enough to wear shoes and uphold stable governments, but also energetic enough to win one-fifth of our total foreign trade. We still persist, however, in thinking that their progress is only material; that mentally and spiritually and aesthetically, at least, they are ragged and shoeless. And now comes Dr. Goldberg with the greatest surprise of all, for his book shows that Spanish America is as much to be reckoned with in the world of literature as in the world of trade; that the poetry of the *Modernistas* —and their prose too, although prose plays here a minor part—is as worth studying as that of any other recent or contemporary school of poetry, whether French, Italian, or American.

An author who attempts to write a book on Spanish-American literature is handicapped by two serious difficulties. The first lies in the fact that the majority of his readers are totally ignorant of the subject. Exposition, and a great deal of it, must come before criticism. Dr. Goldberg has realized this. In his foreword he says: "Owing to the meager acquaintance that our reading public has with Spanish-American literature, a book of purely critical essays is at this time inadvisable. I have, therefore, in the following chapters, freely mingled excerpts, exposition, and a modicum of criticism." The faithfulness with which he has adhered to this plan may be inferred from the size of his book. It contains 377 pages, of which, moreover, some 250 are devoted to only four writers. But he is not merely exhaustive. He writes English both charmingly and forcefully, and has the ability, besides, to seize and emphasize salient points. His opening pages, on the French background of the *Modernistas*, constitute a masterly handling of a very difficult subject. The following sections, on the precursors of the movement, are as notable for what they omit as for what they contain. And the body of the book, which deals with the four great exponents of *Modernismo*, is a model of expository writing. It is certain that readers who know Spanish, and who, therefore, can read the excerpts which Dr. Goldberg offers as evidence of the soundness of his critical contentions, will gain a correct impression of the versatile, but always delicate Darío, the glowing, radiant Rodó, the strong, vibrant Chocano, and the vitriolic Blanco-Fombona. It may be asserted with confidence that he has overcome one of the difficulties inherent in his task.

The majority of Dr. Goldberg's readers, however, will not know Spanish, and in their ignorance of the language lies the second of the handicaps to which I have referred. With this problem, unfortunately, he has not dealt as successfully as with the first. He has tried to solve it, of course, by means of translations, some of them in prose and some in verse. The prose translations are fairly satisfactory. Nothing can be said against them except that a prose rendering of a poem is never entirely satisfactory. But the verse translations which he uses—they are not his own—are disappointing. It is always difficult to translate poetry effectively, but it is especially so in the case of poetry of the type written by the *Modernistas*, where so much depends on the sheer music of the words and lines and strophes. The translations used by Dr. Goldberg, although good English verse, do not reflect this music at all, and can therefore give no adequate idea of the originals. It is even possible that they will lead unthinking or oversuspicious readers to discount the opinions of the author as to the merits of the poets concerned. In the lack of just the right kind of verse translations, therefore, Dr. Goldberg would have done better to use prose in all instances.

As to the scholarship of the book, there is not much to criticize, at least in the way of essentials. The author makes no slips in regard to such things as the dates or facts of literary history, and his critical judgments will seem justified to those who know the field. He falls below his own standard of excellence only in his occasional remarks on the metre of the *Modernistas*. Not that it would have been advisable for him to write a chapter on this involved subject. He himself points out, in the early part of his book, that not only the difference in language, but also the very great difference between our prosody and that of Spanish-American poetry, makes it almost impossible for us to enter intimately into the matter of metric structure. It is to be regretted, however, that he has not taken sufficient care to guard readers who do not know Spanish from certain vital errors. From his references to the influence of Whitman on the *Modernistas*, they will certainly draw the conclusion that the recent Spanish-American poets are Whitmanesque in their technique. In fact, they will go further than that. Owing to his unfortunate way of printing some of his prose translations in short lines, they will think that the *Modernistas* are akin in their metre to our own writers of free verse. These conclusions are erroneous. Whitman's influence on the metre of the *Modernistas* has consisted merely in encouraging in them the spirit of revolt against the traditional. They have carried out the revolt in their own way. The essential difference between them and their predecessors consists in the use of longer lines and new combinations of old lines. Their relation to the older Spanish poetry, therefore, may be better expressed by comparing them to Swinburne than to Whitman. And the implication of a metrical analogy with such schools as the Imagists is equally misleading. With the exception of a few sporadic instances, the most radical *Modernistas* have written only *vers libre*, which is a very different thing from free verse, inasmuch as it is free only in the counting of syllables, and does not abandon rhyme, or the traditional Spanish substitute for rhyme, assonance. All this is surely well known to Dr. Goldberg. He should have stated it plainly.

I have said that Dr. Goldberg's scholarship is good in essentials. Unfortunately, however, he can not be complimented for carefulness in little things. It seems probable that his manuscript was sent to the printer without the thorough final revision advisable in a book of this nature. In spite of the general clarity of his style, there are now and then pages far from clear. A revision would have allowed him, moreover, to correct occasional errors in his translations. There are also certain mechanical flaws which might easily have been remedied, such as the incompleteness of the appendix, which does not contain translations of all the poems "quoted in the text and not made clear by the surrounding matter." And if it is probable that the manuscript was hastily prepared, it is certain that the galleys were hardly proof-read at all. Here and there misprints occur even in the English; in the Spanish they are here, there, and everywhere. We who know Spanish have long since become hardened to the eccentricities of newspaper Spanish; we can even take delight in deciphering the garbled Spanish of travel-books; but misprints in a book of the kind under discussion are annoying. When they are frequent, they become exasperating.

FREDERICK BLISS LUQUIENS

Poetry

These Dead Have Not Died

HAVE done with frenzy to pierce the Veil;
We need no ghost to affirm the tale.

"These dead shall not have died in vain."
Lincoln lives—in the minds of men!

Leave to the quack the promise free.
Can God be other than mystery?

Stratford Church is a holy place;
But Shakespeare lives in the soul of the race.

HARRY T. BAKER

The Run of the Shelves

ON April 9, it is announced, Marshal von Hindenburg's memoirs are to see the light under the title "Aus Meinem Leben." The work will consist of five volumes. The first deals with the author's life before the war; the second with the war on the eastern front until August 28, 1916, the day on which he was appointed Chief of the General Staff; the third brings the history of the war up to the close of 1917; the fourth is devoted to the final struggle on the west front; the fifth contains the end of the conflict. The book, the title of which is reminiscent of Goethe's autobiography, is bound to invite a great deal of comment from critics looking for the "Dichtung," which, as in the life of his greater compatriot, is the twin sister of the Wahrheit."

When "animism" is made a term of the last opprobrium by some, as recently by Professor Joseph Jastrow in these pages, and formally defended and used to explain the interworking of mind and body by others, as by William McDougall, F. R. S., the Oxford psychologist, the plain man may well ask, What is it, after all? Up to a certain point he will be helped by Mr. George William Gilmore's admirable little book, "Animism, or Thought Currents of Primitive Peoples" (Marshall Jones). Mr. Gilmore has made a very suggestive collection and classification of certain phenomena in the case, specimens of the agglomerate of acts and beliefs which are the basis of all civilization, the stuff of all folklore, and which dominate our own most traveled mental paths. That he stops short with objective statements of the phenomena and does not entangle himself in psychologies, primitive or modern, is of his plan. But, apparently, he has come out with a definite belief in the existence of a thing in man which can be called "soul"—an exactly animistic position; in the continued life of the "soul" beyond the grave; and in the existence of superhuman powers.

There is an equally objective statement of phenomena in Professor G. Henslow's "Proofs of the Truths of Spiritualism" (Dodd, Mead), but of phenomena much more exciting, though quite as well attested as the great majority of folklore elements. Professor Henslow is a botanist of reputation; he dates back in Cambridge to the middle of last century, when he took a first class in the old Natural Science Tripos; that he is also a clergyman should hardly be to his prejudice as a witness. Yet he does bear first-hand witness to the most hair-raising things which took place at private séances with unpaid mediums—automatisms, material phenomena, spirit-photography, psychographs, materializations, etc. The pity is that, like so many old and thoroughly convinced spiritualists, he is not careful and detailed in his descriptions of happenings; these things have become for him quite ordinary. Still, his book, slovenly as it often is in statement, is another moment in the accumulating mass of evidence which can not be laughed or sneered or denounced away. The fact that this man of scientific training, with so many of his like, has been so thoroughly convinced is a definite one and must be faced. There are plainly phenomena to be explained, to whatever hypothesis of explanation we may be driven. The trouble about the spiritist key is that it is too much a pick-lock and too little a key, even a master-key. Spirits can do anything and laws cannot hold them.

In philosophy, as in theology, it is salutary, if not always acceptable, for agile thinkers to be brought back to the rock from which they were hewn, and kindly nature, working in the minds of her children, generally sees to this. Thus every century has its return to Aristotle and raises its own crop, however thin, of Platonists. But there are some nearer beginnings which do not so automatically reassert themselves, partly because of inhibitions—to speak by the card—and partly because the paths of connection are overgrown beyond even the memory of nature. It may be doubted whether the Modernists of the Roman Church would welcome a reference back to the twofold truth of the Averroists or the multiform truth of Moslem theologians, and few Pragmatists know how straight is their descent from the Algazel of the mediæval scholastics. Such work, therefore, as the text and translation of Averroes' Metaphysics, by Carlos Quirós Rodríguez, is to be welcomed. ("Averroes Compendio de Metafisica." Madrid: Estanislao Maestre.) He gives a much better text than the Cairo edition, a good translation, with notes and a technical vocabulary, and a sufficient introduction. From the translation in this book the attraction which Averroes exercised on mediæval Europe can be much better understood than from those by Marcus Müller, published in 1875. The latter gave little clue to his real philosophical positions.

In the biography of her husband, the great naturalist, Mrs. Agassiz sank her own personality, though she had shared his labors as few wives have been able to do. There she was merely Mrs. Louis Agassiz. It is fitting now that we should have a "Life of Elizabeth Cary Agassiz" (Houghton Mifflin), in which the emphasis should be laid on her own achievement in founding Radcliffe College. This pleasant task has been carried out faithfully and well by Lucy Allen Paton. The emphasis, as we say, is properly placed on Mrs. Agassiz's educational work after the death of her husband, and to all Radcliffians the book will thus have authoritative value and a special appeal. To others, perhaps, the most interesting sections will be those that deal with her earlier life. The second chapter, contributed in part by Mrs. Agassiz's youngest sister, begins thus:

> Elizabeth Cabot Cary was born on December 5, 1822, at the home of her grandfather, Colonel Perkins, in Pearl Street. It was a dignified street in those days, lined with handsome dwellings and shaded by fine trees, offering many attractions to merchants as a quarter for residence because of its proximity to Fort Hill where from a grassy park on the Revolutionary fortifications, still unlevelled, they could survey the harbor and watch their ships from India or China coming into port. . . . In 1833 Colonel Perkins moved to Temple Place where he built a new house. . . . At that time the Cary family were living in Brookline, where they had gone on their return to Boston in the previous year, but Colonel Perkins speedily began to gather his daughters about him in Temple Place, and built a house for Mrs. Cary next his own on the side toward the Common. . . . Such a gathering of a clan into a single limited district was in complete accordance with the Boston custom of those days.

What a door into a life now gone is opened by these simple words! We commend the following pages to all and sundry who may care to be introduced into the charmed circle of that old Boston society. Next in interest, to the unprejudiced reader we mean, are the chapters which give the personal side of Mrs. Agassiz's life with her husband in his journeys for scientific purposes to Brazil and up the west coast of South America. Time was found for a good deal of play amid the strenuous work carried on, and adventures were not wanting. It is a pleasant, happy record of a full life.

"En Amérique à la Fin de la Guerre" (Paris: Beauchesne), by Abbé Felix Klein, a warm friend of America, and throughout the war chaplain of the American military hospital at Neuilly, has to do with the special French Catholic mission sent last year to the United States for the celebration of the semi-centennial of Cardinal Gibbon's episcopacy. Abbé Klein was associated on this occasion with Mgr. Julien, Bishop of Arras, and with Mgr. Baudrillart, president of the Catholic University of Paris, of which the Abbé is an emeritus professor. The pages of this little book are full of friendly references to the United States, of pleasant sketches of many of our leading men, and of wise reflections on our good qualities and our foibles. Its aim is to strengthen "in the best interest of the two nations, that profound friendship, that durable friendship, that necessary friendship, just as it exists—we know this is true—in French hearts and in American hearts, too, as I know full well."

Drama

"Medea" at the Garrick—the "Piper" at the Fulton

MANY years ago I read the "Medea" in translation with revolt. I rested a long time in that mixture of shame and pride which marks one's estrangement from a reputed masterpiece until, two or three years ago, a desire to correct or confirm this disaffected attitude impelled me to a wrestle with the Greek. The Greek was decisive on my own relation to the drama. Hereafter, in a better world than this, I may desire more love and knowledge of it, but, for me, in this planet, the "Medea" is everlastingly a foolish and revolting play.

The mere killing of the sons does not repel me; that has its parallels in nature and in tragedy. What confounds me is that in a play where a mother kills her sons pity should be asked—*for the mother.* I entertain no pity for the scruples of a criminal which, if they were active enough to deserve pity, would be active enough to prevent crime. The criminal who poses as victim is intolerable. The evident tenderness of Medea, natural enough in itself, takes the result out of nature. Killing sons is extreme in any case; but surely it is less improbable and less monstrous to kill sons whom you do not love than to kill sons whom you do. Euripides has made no attempt to obviate or moderate these difficulties; Euripides has felt no difficulties. A modern dramatist would have tempered the rawness of the improbability by causing Jason to threaten to take the children from Medea. This would have helped in three ways: it would have deepened Medea's sense of wrong, it would have shown Jason to be vulnerable on the side of paternity, and Medea's preference of her children's death to their loss by separation would have seemed rational and tolerable beside her actual preference of their death to their companionship.

I am aware of the inability of the modern man to re-create in his own mind the Greek attitude toward these intimately known and venerable legends in which the boyhood of the individual found, as it were, a pasture in the boyhood of the race. I can no more understand the relation of Euripides to the story of Medea than Euripides could fathom my relation to the book of Genesis. Associations are despotic, but they bring obscurity as well as light; and my feeling that Euripides might be a better judge than I am of some sides, at least, of the pure literature and humanity of the book of Genesis conducts me to the possibility of a like advantage on my part in relation to the "Medea." The merely local and racial appeal of the play is irrecoverable, and it is not for the sake of that appeal that Mr. Maurice Browne has given to the "Medea" an interesting, thoughtful, and in several ways stimulative presentation at the Garrick Theatre in this city.

Mr. Browne does not view the play primarily as an action; he views it as spectacle and recitative to which action is subsidiary. This attitude is probably judicious. Present a Greek play as spectacle and let us say, loosely, as opera, and all the incidental action you get is bounty and superflux. Present it as an action, and all the merely spectacular and operatic parts appear as charge and discount. In one sense Mr. Browne's presentation may be called inarticulate, the appeal to the ear is tonal rather than verbal. The enunciation is clear enough, but it is hard to follow the words because not one word in twenty is a furtherance to the action, and the passiveness with which the ear and the mind allow themselves to be rocked in the cradle of rhapsodic and poetic speech is deadening to curiosity.

Mr. Browne's chorus is not Greek in its numbers, nor, I think, in its movements; but it struck me as well imagined, as embodying perhaps better than Medea or Jason the dim terror and impalpable suggestion which gave depth and coloring to the performance. Here were six mobile, supple, rhythmic figures, who gestured with their arms, with their frames, with their robes, which seemed themselves to be only gestures of the protagonists, to be extensions and excursions of Medea's soul. Whether Greek or modern, this is poetry in spectacle. A most remarkable incident in the play, an incident, indeed, which all but snatched up the play and ran away with it, was the scene in which a messenger, in an injudicious minimum of costume, recounts the story of the "enchaunted flame that did Creusa wed." It was done with minuteness, virtuosity, and frenzy; in a sort, it was well done, and possibly the cure for the dreaded irksomeness of narrative in Greek and later drama is not reduction, but enlargement. The size of this episode, however, seemed abnormal, since the audience is indifferent to the sufferings of Creusa, and declines to excite itself about a murder which the visible imminence of a far blacker crime remands to insignificance. In Miss Ellen Van Valkenburg's Medea, there was a voice and a presence, but no woman; the accomplished and harmonious declamation revealed nothing but its own dexterity. Mr. Moroni Olsen, on the contrary, gave in Jason a vivid reflex of that shapely and lustrous hardness which Greek civilization must have wrought in its baser materials.

Every one knows the tale of the piper of Hamelin, whose music lured the rats and mice into the river, and the children into the hollow hill, when the just recompense for his first exploit was withheld by avaricious burghers. This story fills just one act of Mrs. Marks's four-act play, now offered in the cautious form of special matinees at the Fulton Theatre. Where will Mrs. Marks find her three remaining acts, and what form will the gay, saucy, and somewhat unfeeling legend take in the hands of a woman so compact of fervors and poignancies that joy itself becomes for her a half-distress? Before answering these inquiries, let me say that Mrs. Marks's fancy is blithe, even though her heart be serious, and that the "Piper," though not highly dramatic, must be reckoned among the happiest outcomes of American poetic drama. The blank verse can dance and caper as well as sing; there is plenty of movement, though sometimes the arms move rather than the feet; the play is quaintly and busily inventive, it frolics in a maidenly way, it is demurely mischievous and archly tender, and is poetically regretful that it must needs be prosaically wise. This leads me back to my unanswered questions.

Mrs. Marks, in her earnestness and conscience, has given us a piper who is no rogue, but a serious reformer in whom kidnapping is a form of philanthropy. He sees that children and grown people are two species, that children are butterflies who fly and shine and grown people are caterpillars who eat and crawl, and that the office of all pipers and of all clear-voiced and clear-souled beings everywhere is to prevent the relapse of butterflies into caterpillars. Plainly, this piper thinks; that is the catch, the snag, in the affair; for, if you think, you can not keep children indefinitely in a hollow hill away from their parents. Some day this piper will meet a sorrowing mother, and some day he will ask counsel of the sculptured Christ by the crossways, who will bid him take the children home. The Christ is perfectly right; but the piper is Pan, and somehow one does not want Pan at the feet of Christ, and one hardly likes to see Christ siding with the mealsack. The mealsack is imperious in real life. Must it triumph even in fairyland where poets are the sovereigns and legislators?

All this is done from the highest and most edifying motives; the piper grows alarmingly respectable. In a sufficiently pretty episode, he persuades Barbara, the burgomaster's daughter, to eschew the nunnery to which a peevish town had sentenced her, and accept the brave young conjurer and vagabond, Michael. He sends them instantly to the priest. To the priest they should undoubtedly go; marriage is the only safety for Barbara. But the piper who sent them should forsake the road, and pipe the

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Doxology hereafter as chorister in the parish church of Hamelin. Let him be godfather to Barbara's first child, and be prompt in the bestowal of the appointed number of Apostles' spoons. But it is hard somehow to imagine Pan at the font.

O. W. FIRKINS

Music

"Eugene Onegin"—Pushkin and Tschaikowsky

WITH the production, a short time ago, of "Eugene Onegin," in Italian, at the Metropolitan, the management gave us the last novelty announced for this season.

"Eugene Onegin" deals with romantic moods and incidents, poetic (if you will) in a Byronic fashion out of favor here, though still admired in Russia. The hero might claim kinship with Childe Harold. He has a "past" with all that this means in Byron's poems. He is bad and mad and sad, but not, like Villon, "glad," by way of contrast. Yet, when the heroine, Tatiana, an ill-balanced girl, sends him a foolish love letter, he snubs her gently. Soon after, though, he compromises Tatiana's sister, who is betrothed to his friend Lenski. And in a duel which results Lenski is killed. Then, tortured by remorse, Onegin wanders through the world in search of peace. Years later, he again meets Tatiana, who is now married to Prince Gremin and seems settled. He falls in love with her. Forbidden fruit attracts him. But, though Tatiana's heart still yearns for him, his suit is spurned. With this the story ends—a bit abruptly.

There are hints of Werther, as you see, in Onegin, and there are other hints of Charlotte in Tatiana. But the romance of Werther lends itself to opera. It has a beginning and a middle and a dénouement, of a definite kind. Tschaikowsky's "lyric scenes" seem far too intimate for the vast spaces of the Metropolitan. Mr. Gatti-Casazza has a convenient trick of forgetting his point of view. He refuses, in one breath, to give us "Pélleas." And, in the next, he produces "Eugene Onegin." To be sure, Debussy is of the French school, in which the Italians of to-day see their chief rival. But, to be fair, we owe him thanks for daring failure with this effort of Tschaikowsky. We might feel more grateful if he had chosen one of several other Russian works, the "Khovantchina" of Moussorgsky, for example, or the delightful (if too long drawn out) "Snegourotchka" of Rimsky-Korsakoff.

Tschaikowsky's score is often charming and always delicate, with the melodic graces of Italian music sobered and tempered by the sad Slavic spirit. The soliloquy of Tatiana in her bedroom, as she sits writing her impassioned love letter to Onegin, will probably appeal to many hearers. The dances in the first act have the attractive hues and rhythms of Slav dances. The later dances seemed a trifle commonplace. Many composers could have made them brighter. Regarded as a whole, "Eugene Onegin" has the defect which ruined many a pretty painting of the Victorian period. It is too literary. In opera we crave for drama first, and only incidentally for psychology.

Free cuts were made (not always quite judiciously) in the score by Mr. Bodanzky, who directed the performance of "Onegin" with much taste and skill. One episode, which should have occurred in a bedroom, took place in a garden. The scenery and costumes designed for the production by Joseph Urban helped the effect. The stage pictures of the Viennese scenic artist were more discreet than some which he has shown us lately. The snow scene, with the river and a reflected light in the far background, though really an easel picture magnified, with a suggestion of a glorified Christmas card, was pleasing to the eye and quite appropriate. The grays and blues and whites in one interior made an agreeable harmony. And the comparative simplicity of the ballroom, in the second act, revealed a new and greatly chastened Urban.

I can not say, with truth, that the interpreters of Tschaikowsky's "lyric scenes" deserved much praise. De Luca, who appeared as Onegin, lacked distinction and that touch of the Byronic which should have marked the character. As the ill-fated Lenski, Martinelli looked romantic and had fervor, but he sang painfully out of tune at certain times. The Tatiana of Claudia Muzio was melodramatic, although tuneful.

"Eugene Onegin" may give innocent enjoyment to a few audiences. But, when it joins some other operas I could mention in the limbo of the opera house, it may not be regretted long or deeply.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

The Candidates

WHAT may one discover, in books, to tell of the life and adventures, the mind and character of the dozen or more gentlemen who are suspected of willingness to take that thrilling drive up Pennsylvania Avenue on the 4th of next March? Of most of them, very little, indeed. Their words are in print, in the depressing pages of the Congressional Record, in volumes of Governor's mess-

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(*Continued form page* 340)
ages, in pamphlets—dusty even now—which contain their orations given at ceremonious meetings. Their biographies have been sketched in the magazines. For the most part we draw our mental pictures of them from the news reports, from the debates upon the Treaty, and see them as grave patriots, or ignorant ruffians, according to our own prejudices.

Thus, of Governor Cox, the shelves of the library and book-shop reveal nothing; of Mr. McAdoo, we may read in pamphlets his views upon tunnels and subways, upon fiscal affairs, and upon the general excellence of his party and its present leader. With Attorney-General Palmer, the situation is similar. For Governor Edwards, I can think of nothing better to read than the quatrains of Omar Khayyam. Among the candidates from the rival party, Senator Johnson and Governor Lowden seem to be the bookless ones.

Others have kept publishers and writers of reviews busy. President Wilson is both biographer and biographee; the books about him have already been named here. We know his favorite poem, and that he likes limericks, and can quote Oliver Herford. The card catalogues of the libraries contain a fair number of entries, also, under the name: Bryan, William Jennings. There are some painful looking campaign biographies, dating from the free silver days, any number of addresses, singly and in battalions, (all extra moral) and some ingenuous volumes of travel. The best of the collection, however, and one of the two prizes discovered in this little search of mine, is Mr. Bryan's "Letters to a Chinese Official" (McClure, 1906). It is Mr. Bryan at his best,—and also in his most innocent aspects, for it shows him the victim of a literary hoax. When Mr. Lowes Dickinson wrote his "Letters from a Chinese Official," he scarcely expected that his criticisms of western civilization would impose upon a personage like Mr. Bryan. The latter, however, had his grave reply all written before he learned that an Englishman, not a Chinaman, was the author of the original book. Among the other Democrats no one has written a more entertaining work than Mr. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" (Doran, 1917). The number of translations indicate that the author is taken seriously in foreign countries.

For the Republicans, Dr. Butler has been a frequent, but not voluminous writer upon matters connected with his profession; there are also one or two books and some detached addresses about foreign and domestic politics. Should we decide that we need an epigrammatist in the White House, we must plump for Governor Coolidge. His political wisdom is presented in his "Have Faith in Massachusetts" (Houghton, 1919), but I doubt if it contains anything better than his telegram to the Harvard football team in California—that should have made them all join a Coolidge Club on the instant.

General Wood is the author of two books, "Our Military History; its Facts and Fallacies" (Reilly, 1916) and "The Military Obligation of Citizenship" (Princeton Univ. Press, 1915). There are biographies of him by I. F. Marcosson, J. H. Sears, and Eric Fisher Wood. But Captain Walter Lippmann (late of the "staff" of Colonel House) says he won't vote for General Wood—despite all these books. Had the General's name been Bergdoll or Goldman, had he tried to evade the draft instead of trying to go to France, there might have been kindly words, or apologetic ones, for him. But the General is tainted with that played out rubbish called "patriotism"—and a pitying smile is the best he can expect from an editorial writer in the *New Republic.*

As the author of "Principles of Mining, Valuation, Organization, and Administration, Copper, Gold, Lead, Silver, Tin and Zinc," Mr. Hoover need expect no vote from me. My sense of decency as a librarian is aroused against such a preposterous title as that. But as the translator with Mrs. Hoover, of the "De Re Metallica" of Georgius Agricola, the elder, he appeals to my fondness for curious, and (I suspect) useless, books. It was translated from the final Latin edition of 1556, and sumptuously published in London, by the Mining Magazine, in 1912. It is a noble looking volume, and ought to rally to the "Who but Hoover Clubs" many of the mining engineers, and all of the admirers of Georgius Agricola, the elder.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

EDUCATIONAL SECTION

Propaganda and Education

ONE must be highly educated in order to read discriminatingly current publications. The press is supposed to furnish news and to educate the public. As a matter of fact, it requires well-trained minds to distinguish fact from opinion, news from publicity, propaganda from education.

When one reads, for example, an account of the deeds and aims of the Bolsheviki, one should have a mental reservation as to both the accuracy of the facts and the purpose of the writer in conveying his opinions concerning these facts. An innocent-looking news item regarding an automobile concern, or a particular industrial enterprise, may be merely veiled publicity, not news. And an interesting statement in the news columns of a newspaper regarding some public measure or decision of importance may be framed in a clever way, not to educate the public, but to influence the public to support a special point of view.

This obviously is propaganda in disguise. It is more effective and much more insidious than formal advertising or editorials known openly to represent a candid, definite policy.

The development of this means of influencing public opinion was greatly accentuated during the recent war in connection with the many "drives" in support of various projects "to help win the war."

The promoters of such measures emphasized, of course, the necessity of educating the public. What they meant, however, was not strictly to *educate*, but to make the public see just one point of view. Irrespective of the nature of the particular project, this brand of education is to be characterized as out-and-out propaganda; and propaganda is nothing but publicity, or advertising. The object is to induce the public by news items—*soi-disant*—by editorials, and open advertising, to accept the ideas advocated by the men backing the project in question.

The advertising manager of one of the most successful advertising mediums in the United States tells me that, if one is willing to spend the money, it is possible by modern advertising methods to "put over" almost any article of trade or any commercial undertaking. He says that the guiding principle in successful advertising is to appeal to men more through their sentiments and emotions than through their reason. Emphasis is to be placed on the happy, forward-looking, and altruistic attitude of mind. Happy, serene lives may be attained by sleeping on a special make of mattress. Homes may be brightened, annoyances and domestic infelicities obviated by various mechanical devices to save labor and give comfort. The children may be made better behaved and more helpful if provided with divers articles of play, dress, and elaborate conveniences. Perhaps the most striking example of the evolution of modern advertising is to be found in extraordinary advertisements couched in literary form by undertakers, appealing to the sentiments and emotions of the public. A funeral is made to ap-

pear so æsthetic and beautiful that one is almost induced to want to die!

By substantially the same methods it is possible, according to the expert already cited, to "put over" an *idea* as well as to sell goods and securities. By the adroit use of publicity a popular demand may be successfully created in behalf of almost any project backed by money and by men whose names carry weight with the public.

Now propaganda of this character obviously is not education in the true sense, which, on all matters of importance requiring reflection and decision, must necessarily include a presentation of all sides of a question. The objections to a proposal must be considered as well as its alleged virtues. True education of public opinion is through candid discussion and argument. This, naturally, is not the aim of advertising, nor is it the aim of propaganda. The lamentable result is that, unless there is a counter propaganda backed similarly by money and men of prominence, the public is not in a fair position to discuss intelligently the proposal in question, or to reach a reasoned decision.

The significance of this fact is of special moment at a time when so many intricate problems, domestic and international, are clamoring for wise solution. Never was there a more urgent need for a press which should aim dispassionately to give the public, first of all, real news, based on ascertainable facts; secondly, the judgment of experts on these facts; thirdly, honest discussion concerning these facts and opinions; and fourthly, a generous consideration of all serious arguments concerning a proposed line of action suggested by the facts and interests involved. The pity of it is that our publications seem constrained to assume an irrevocable, partisan attitude on most questions of importance. From that moment they dedicate their services to propaganda rather than to the education of public opinion.

This need is nowhere more apparent than in the field of international affairs, where the American people, largely by reason of their lack of training, are peculiarly deficient in the ability to understand clearly, and to reach mature judgments concerning other nations and world politics in general. For years it has been evident that public opinion has greatly needed expert guidance in such matters. The American people have been pathetically eager for reliable information and for authoritative assistance in reaching sound conclusions. Too often they have listened, instead, to an ex parte presentation of facts, and are besieged by partisan propaganda which not infrequently takes the form of a moral, social, and political coercion. It is not strange that they feel utterly bewildered when drawn by the recent war into the maelstrom of world politics, and asked to commit themselves to new undertakings that run counter to previous habits of thought, as well as to long-established policy.

For these reasons I desire to make an appeal for a changed attitude on the part of our "journals of public opinion," that they should regard themselves as the educators, not the arbiters, of public opinion. When the *New Republic* was founded I fondly hoped, with many others, that it would prove a public servant of this character. In this age of transition in thought about most matters of vital importance, I felt the need of a periodical which would seek to enlighten the American people and help them—particularly the reactionary conservative element—to progress to a plane of conservative liberalism that knows how to move with the times but preserves all that is best in our institutions. But the *New Republic* became the organ of special policies and views presented in a cavalier fashion inconsiderate of other honest arguments, and affronting the very class of thinkers it should have most desired to reach and help.

And now that another journal—the *Review*—has this same great opportunity before it, I am hopeful that at last the American public has obtained the trustworthy medium for news and education that is so imperatively needed at this critical period in our history. We ask a genuine opportunity to be educated. We ask to be delivered from the irksome necessity of being constantly on the alert against publicity and propaganda. The press should neither presume on our ignorance nor make too great exactions on our powers of discrimination.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

"HOW to Promote Better Relations Between England and America" is the imposing subject dealt with in an essay competition between St. George's School, Harpenden, England, and the school of the same name near Newport, Rhode Island. The essays, it appears, were few and not of striking merit but the character of the competition was one which calls for imitation by other American and English schools, particularly at a time when the rising generation has great need to understand the necessity of promoting better relations between

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the two great English-speaking nations. Even those who because of some bias, Hibernian or other, feel that nothing good can come out of "perfidious Albion" must admit that if we are to make faces we ought at least to understand the character of our adversary; while most good Americans must see positive benefits in any step to encourage understanding in the younger generations of the two countries. Those in middle age and beyond will go on with their Anglophile or Anglophobe prejudices, little affected by propaganda, but they will be dead in a little while. It is the boys and girls of to-day who must shape the international policy of to-morrow; and little could be more promising than an extension of the St. George's idea—an attempt in academic competition to see the good points of the other side.

"THE unholy alliance between tiredness and temper" is the striking phrase used by Mr. Whiting Williams, of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to picture one of the causes of a condition which offers fertile ground for the agitator. It produces grievances. "An imaginary grievance is just as powerful and impelling a force as a real grievance," is one of many significant sentences in a speech made recently by Col. Arthur Woods, formerly Police Commissioner of New York City. In the course of his speech he told of the experience of a Russian Jewess who had been fined for a minor infringement of a complicated law regarding ash-cans, of her sense of grievance, and of her projection into that condition which offered fertile ground for the agitator. He then proceeded to tell how an order was issued forbidding policemen to make arrests for violation of the city ordinances. "They were told that . . . they had to secure an observance of the city ordinances on their posts, but that they must do it by educating the people and not by arresting them. . . . The result was quite astonishing. We had the people of the East Side turning to the policemen for assistance in every sort of way, and we had the boys on the East Side formed into what were called junior police forces."

All this is only an evidence, in another field, of what the company clubs are attempting to do in industrial work. The policemen, to do their work well, had not merely to be told that it was educative, but they had to be taught *how* to make it educative; and behind that lay an understanding of their relation to the people and to the municipal officers of the people. It is encouraging to note that the Police Department of New York City is a member of the National Association of Corporation Schools.

America's Foreign Loans

AMERICA's advances to the Allied Governments were made as "call loans" and bore interest at the rate of five per cent. The amount of them outstanding on December 31, 1919, together with the interest accrued, is shown in the table which follows:

Country.	*Amount of Credits Advanced.*	*Interest Accrued.*	*Total.*
Great Britain	$4,277,000,000	$144,440,837	$4,421,440,837
France ..	3,047,974,777	94,021,749	3,141,996,526
Italy	1,621,338,986	54,256,589	1,675,595,575
Belgium .	343,445,000	11,465,278	354,910,278
Russia ..	187,729,750	16,832,662	204,562,412
Czecho-Slovakia	67,329,041	1,667,083	68,996,124
Greece ..	48,236,629	....	48,236,629
Serbia ..	26,780,465	917,299	27,697,764
Rumania.	25,000,000	609,873	25,609,873
Total Loans European Allies .	$9,644,834,648	$324,211,370	$9,969,046,018
Cuba	10,000,000	....	10,000,000
Liberia ..	5,000,000	548	5,000,548
Total Loans to all Allies .	$9,659,834,648	$324,211,918	$9,984,046,566

Reckoning accrued interest, the amount is therefore now well in excess of $10,000,000,000. Loans of this kind between Governments are not wholly without precedent but are an unusual feature in modern finance. They generate problems, moreover, which are not easy of solution. Leaving out of consideration altogether the political disadvantages (and perhaps dangers) of a mass of unfunded obligations of this sort and considering only the financial aspects of the case, it appears that our loans to the Allied Governments are very likely to prove a source of disturbance if not actually a hindrance to our foreign trade.

The amount of interest annually accruing to the United States on these loans as they stand at present is $500,000,000. Presumably some arrangement must be come to with regard to the extinction of principal, so that we have to consider a sinking fund as well as interest. Sinking fund at one per cent. would make the total amount annually due to the United States for service of the obligations $600,000,000. There is only one way in which this amount could be received by the United States, and that way leads through the exchange market. In other words, our Government would have to dispose of foreign exchange (that is, drafts upon the countries enumerated above) to an amount of some $600,000,000 every year. This would make the Government a factor of tremendous importance in the foreign exchange market. It must be remembered also that the debtor Governments would be forced into the exchange markets of their respective countries as purchasers of exchange upon a large scale.

Neither these Governments nor the United States Government is in a position to "create" exchange upon a foreign country or to "consume" exchange upon a foreign country in the ordinary way of trade. Neither the United States Government nor the foreign debtor Governments are able to control or even to influence the operations of their individual nations in foreign commerce, which operations determine the supply and demand of exchange in the various countries. Yet our Government must every year market a great quantity of exchange; the above-mentioned foreign *Governments must every year purchase a corresponding quantity.*

From the point of view of the American merchant engaged in foreign trade, the entry of the United States Government into the foreign exchange market as a large seller of bills every year is a decidedly unfavorable influence. It would be very much better, so far as he is concerned, if we had made no advances whatever to the Allies, or, indeed, if we simply wrote them off as cancelled. The foreign trade of the United States is face to face with the necessity for a readjustment. Our people have until now conceived "foreign trade" wholly in terms of merchandise exports; now our export trade is menaced very decidedly unless we increase both rapidly and largely the volume of our merchandise imports. The dead weight of the annual debt of foreign nations to the United States Government, amounting to $600,000,000 annually, will operate powerfully toward forcing this readjustment. There is only one way by which it can be quickly accomplished, and that is by reduction of exports. It is not too much to say that perhaps the greatest single influence tending to diminish American merchandise exports to-day is this credit balance of $600,000,000 a year.

It is perfectly evident that the wisest course for the United States to pursue with respect to this debt is to fund it over a long term of years, making the rate of interest and the annual contribution to sinking fund as small as possible. The best interests of the whole community would probably be served by funding these obligations into bonds running one hundred years at a rate of interest not more than two per cent. and with a sinking fund sufficient to retire the whole issue in the period. If the two per cent. rate of interest seems too low, it could be made two per cent. for twenty-five years, three per cent. for the next twenty-five years, four per cent. for the third twenty-five years, and five per cent. for the concluding term of the loan. If that be considered too low, then a good way to deal with it would be to fund the interest altogether for a period of five to ten years so as to remove the Government from the exchange market during the critical period of trade readjustment. THOMAS F. WOODLOCK

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THE REVIEW

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IF you represented a ring of conscienceless criminals that had by treachery and cunning seized power in a great country, plundered and looted its public and private resources, and by violence and terror held its simple folk in a state of abject serfdom, and

IF your principals had secured testimonials from prominent Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. officials, giving assurance that they were sincere reformers highmindedly, if perhaps mistakenly, seeking to bring about a heaven on earth in the form of a Communist commonwealth, and

IF, abundantly supplied with men and money, you had by insidious propaganda succeeded in persuading the less intelligent workingmen over the country that you represented a workingmen's Government, a veritable Utopia, and

IF you had been successful in enlisting the services of the parlor-radicals and the devotees of isms, and

IF, with your unlimited funds, you had taken into your employ discredited politicians and venal journalists, and had secured the active support of many journals professing liberalism and open-mindedness, and

IF you had tempted many unscrupulous and dishonest speculators with promises of large profits and rich concessions if they would use their influence on the Government, and

IF you had secured the opportunity to use a Senate Sub-committee as a forum to create the impression that your principals had reformed, had given up the terror, had discontinued their campaign to set class against class and overthrow other Governments, and

IF, just as you felt you were about to receive that recognition for your principals that would legalize their criminal acts and confirm them in the possession of their plunder, a courier bringing you fresh resources in rich diamonds and the latest instructions for your work was seized and the whole plot exposed,

WOULD'NT IT MAKE YOU MAD?

MR. KEELING, whose book on Soviet Russia received ample notice in the *Review*, is now in jail at Moscow. Lansbury, the editor of the *Daily Herald*, the British Labor organ, has visited him in his cell, and elicited from the prisoner the confession that he was not the actual writer of his book. He had told his impressions to others, who had prepared them for the press, and persuaded him to put his name to it. But he now regretted his part in the publication, as his opinion of Bolshevism had changed considerably since his first visit, and as a Christian he wished to confess that he had been in the wrong. Soviet prisons must be charming resorts that a residence there can change the impression of horror gained by a free wanderer through Russia into a favorable opinion of that country. We shall soon, we fear, have to express our sympathy with Mr. Keeling for being dismissed from his comfortable reformatory.

HAS the police administration of New York City sunk back into something like the mire uncovered by the Lexow committee, and its counsel, Mr. Goff, twenty-five years ago? Are vice and crime simply kept a little further out of range of the casual eye, but allowed to go on with their noxious work on condition of pouring a steady stream of their profits into the pockets of the men paid and sworn to bring them to punishment? Evidence brought out during the past few weeks points very significantly in that direction. The blackmail levied by the criminal police organization of Lexow's day was so carefully graded to the ability of its victims to pay as to suggest the work of an expert price-fixing committee in some great branch of modern trade. The poor foreigner with his pushcart, down on Hester Street, uncertain whether he had any legal rights or not, got along by paying three dollars a month. The manager of a house of prostitution had to pay five hundred dollars at the outset and fifty dollars a month thereafter, to free himself from the worry of a possible arrest and prosecution. And the individual inmates of these houses made their own forced contributions to the graft thus gathered by these guardians of the public safety and order. The Lexow revelations brought a stunning defeat to Tammany, and under Mayor Strong's Police Commission such corruption

became merely sporadic, if it was not eliminated altogether. But twenty-five years is a long time, and there are many apparent signs that the lesson has been forgotten. If the grand jury now at work does not probe the matter to the very bottom, and arrive at satisfactory results, another investigation from Albany may be in order.

INVESTIGATIONS by legislative bodies, however, have their own dangers. The influence of a political boss deprived New York of the full gain in constructive legislation which might have followed the Lexow exposure of the rottenness that finds so convenient a hiding place in the partisan management of police administration. Well up towards a hundred investigations by Senate or House committees at Washington are now in progress, public interest and confidence in all of which is decidedly marred by the fact that they have not been kept free from the suspicion of partisan purpose. If the New York Legislature, with a strong Republican majority, is to investigate the police of New York City under a Tammany administration, the very fact of this political setting of the stage calls for a committee wholly above the level of conducting such an enquiry on the basis of its relation to a coming election. What New York City wants is a police force too honest and too well disciplined to fill its pockets through blackmail from the gains of harlots and criminals, not simply a political overturn.

IF the men in power to-day in Berlin were not known to be novices in the subtle art of diplomacy, one would feel inclined to see in their sending of troops into the neutral zone a clever move to force the French Government to reprisals which, if they should be disapproved of by England and the United States, would drive a wedge between France and her associates. France isolated, we wrote the other day, means a relatively stronger Germany, and that diplomatic gain would be well worth to her the loss of the few cities that Marshal Foch threatened to occupy. But neither our knowledge of the German statesmen now at the head of affairs, nor the course of events that led up to the present situation seems to justify such a suspicion. Instead of taking the decisive step of sending troops into the Ruhr Valley when conditions there appeared to be sufficiently alarming to make that infringement of Article 43 of the peace terms seem a pardonable act of self-protection, they shrank from the initiative and even offered apologies in Paris for the forward march of Reichswehr troops into the Ruhr region, which Herr von Mayer, the German chargé d'affaires in Paris declared, was against Government instructions. And now, when the Red forces seem near to a collapse, the same step which, when taken at the right moment, was officially called a mistake, is deliberately made under Government orders. In the matter of diplomacy, if such aimless, hesitating proceedings deserve that name, Herr Müller has proved himself to be no match for M. Millerand and Marshal Foch.

LITTLE countries, as if infected by their great neighbors, are susceptible to fits of chauvinism and expansion. Belgium suffered from one when, after the armistice, it demanded annexation of Dutch territory. Now Denmark has succumbed to the contagion. To do justice to the population of both countries, it must be admitted that those who come forward with such claims form only a small, but vociferous minority, consisting mostly of political hotheads and wealthy capitalists whose interests would be promoted by territorial expansion. In Denmark this group acquired greater importance than its counterpart in Belgium by its finding favor with the Court. But the satisfaction of their demands depended on factors over which they had no control: those of the Belgians were submitted to an impartial conference of diplomats in Paris, and the Danish claims to the inhabitants of the disputed area. In neither case was the verdict to the satisfaction of the chauvinists.

Those in Denmark committed the mistake of calling the justice of the decision, thus impartially arrived at, into question, and clamored for a revision. That Flensburg, included in the second zone of the plébiscite era, was lost to Denmark, they felt as a national defeat, whose quiet acceptance by the Cabinet of Mr. Zahle was to them a betrayal of the country's honor. They want to see the Dannebrog, the red flag with the white cross, hoisted on the townhall of Flensburg. Their influence with the King carried the dismissal of the Zahle Ministry. The step was not approved of by the large majority of the people, and the general indignation would have found a more decided expression if the issue had not been warped by the Socialists' cry for a Danish Republic. The nation refused to have its vindication of constitutional rights made an occasion for anti-dynastic propaganda. Still, the King realized that the disapproval of his policy was stronger and more general than of the motives which made the Socialists call a nation-wide strike, and wisely came to terms with the Rigsdag leaders.

NEW YORK'S jungle—Fifth Avenue—has waked up with a vengeance from its winter snows. All the Christian sounds of Easter Sunday could not silence the laughing-hyena mail trucks, the chattering bands of monkey cyclists, the incessant barking of wolfish taxis, the elephantine tread of the buses, and the prolonged roars of Rolls Royces and other lions of the Avenue. There is nothing tame here. Why go to Africa for excitement? Is it the thrill of danger you crave? Then dodge your policeman and take but two steps into this modern jungle. If it be at night, you will find, besides the terrors of the day, dragon eyes bearing down upon you. But this is civilization at its height! At least, the advocates of a brotherhood of man for the whole world, including the most primitive peoples, need not despair when we have set up in our midst a full-grown jungle which we point to with pride as "Fifth Avenue."

BUT, jungle or not, Fifth Avenue is the most beautiful business street in the world. The remark is safe because there is nothing of its kind to compare it with. London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna have no business thoroughfares of such magnitude. And even if they had, Fifth Avenue would doubtless hold its own. For in itself it is a thing of great beauty, as foreign visitors have freely admitted. Those who saw it as the Avenue of the Allies, when it was the symbol of America's union in a great cause, will never forget how satisfying it was to all our eager hopes for the maintenance of a civilization containing the elements of charm and beauty as opposed to an order in which might made right. With that memory still strong, the institution of Fifth Avenue Week as a yearly event will give pleasure to many persons the country over. In its gala dress it is worth coming from afar to see, even though New York is, and has been for months, "full up."

ENGLAND is meeting the campaign for prohibition in the right way. Before even considering it seriously, she means to know whether prohibition is to be used as an entering wedge for a host of other restraints upon personal liberty. Will it lead to the giving up of tea and coffee, of "scent," as the English still like to call perfume, and of other domesticated vices? This is not extravaganza, for unless we have backbone we are in for the establishment of a new set of Deadly Sins. Science will, of course, be the guide in these matters. What cigarettes can do to women we have just been authoritatively informed. We dislike to think of what science, once spurred on by William H. Anderson, will reveal when its attention is focused upon coffee, ice-cream sodas, and sugar on grape-fruit. Americans are an easy-going people and will not permit themselves to worry too much. They will probably be content if the new Deadly Sins are no more than seven. All the same, the evident intention to legislate evil and sorrow out of the world and virtue and happiness into it makes one wonder at Samuel Butler's foresight when he said that the next tyrant to rule on this earth would be machinery. Of all machinery legislative machinery can be the most diabolical.

THERE will be general sympathy with Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon, and well-known writer on Alaskan matters, in his attempts to save the residents of the region drained by the Yukon and its tributaries from the starvation which is threatened by recent developments of the salmon-canning industry. The whole economy of this region, he says, is based upon dried salmon as the staple article of food. There is not enough to eat without it, and no native product with which to replace it. Existing "restrictions" merely limit the gross amount which may be taken by the canners in the waters of the river itself, but do not restrain them, when this altogether too liberal limit has been reached, from moving their floating plant just outside into the Bering Sea and taking all the fish they can get. The fish they catch there are the fish that have gathered to ascend the river, and it makes no difference in the depletion of the Yukon Valley food supply whether they are taken in the one place or the other. The danger is no longer a mere matter of prophecy; there was much actual distress during the past winter because of the shortage following the canning operations of last summer. The Fish Commission has no marine jurisdiction, and there seems to be no resource save an act of Congress forbidding commercial fishing in the Yukon and adjacent waters. Archdeacon Stuck is now seeking to bring about the introduction and passage of such a bill. We suggest letters from our readers to their Congressmen urging the passage of such a measure before the adjournment of the present session.

WELL-BRED talk, neither profound nor obvious, but human always and ranging through the centuries and over the globe—with a large class of English, this is still a staple of life. The remark is prompted by a glance at the first few numbers of the London *Mercury*, a monthly occupied with the sphere of literature and the arts. We have called the articles in this publication "talk" because they are so much more informal than articles in American journals with similar intellectual pretensions. To find informality in American letters one has usually to descend to the popular magazines, where the desire of the writer to be at one with the reader has led to such silly affectations as illiteracy and the slang of the bar-room. In between there is, of course, plenty of plain writing—so plain as not to differ in style from the report of a factory superintendent. But we are speaking of our intellectuals, many of whom when they write put on their culture as though dressing for a function. We have in this country—witness the considerable sale of Everyman's Library—a large audience for whom an appreciation of the urbanities, the charm, the enduring satisfactions of life could be made an active force if these were offered freely and winningly.

INFORMALITY is all right when well-bred. One is not surprised to find it ill-bred in the London *Saturday Review*, which is always ready to stoop when given a chance to indulge its dislike of America. For this weekly, Lady Astor is plain "Nancy." Yet it is only charitable to remember that the *Saturday Review* has long carried a weight which less-determined editors would have shifted. It has to repulse the Americanization of Europe and the democratization of England. The latter danger is the one which must cause it the most embarrassment. The honors bestowed by the King at New Year's create a predicament. Shall this paper acquiesce or shall it ignore them? It is the self-appointed guardian of English aristocracy. When, some years ago, Mr. Blundell Maple, head of a large furniture store, was elected to the House of Commons, it was delighted to have the chance to "Blundell" him out. Lady Astor's tongue has been wagging—does the *Saturday Review* hope to stop it by being too familiar?

The Expulsion of the Socialists at Albany

IN the face of solemn and impressive protests by eminent Republican leaders like Mr. Hughes, by Republican newspapers of which the New York *Tribune* was the chief, and by New York City organizations like the Bar Association, the Citizens Unions and the City Club, the Assembly at Albany has expelled the five Socialist members by an overwhelming vote. It is a matter of national interest to appraise as correctly as possible the character and significance of this action.

There is one special point that demands separate consideration. Under the Constitution and rules of the Socialist party, those of its members who might be elected to public office incurred certain obligations which, on their face, impaired their independence as public servants. If the fight on the Socialist Assemblymen had been made exclusively on this ground, the question of their expulsion would have had no such significance as it actually bears. A member of a Legislature who is under a definite pledge to follow the instructions of a particular association, whatever its nature, is not truly a representative of the constituency that elects him, but, in part at least, a mere agent of that association. Had the Assembly confined itself to asserting this principle, it would not have raised the broad and fundamental issues which, in point of fact, its action has brought to the front. Even so, as we have heretofore said, the expulsion of the members would not have been justified. It has been pretty clearly made out that the ejected Assemblymen did not explicitly sign such a pledge; and even if they had, all that could justly have been required of them, as a condition for retaining their seats, would have been the abrogation of the pledge. The assumption of such an obligation, though ever so wrong, would have been neither criminal nor disgraceful, and its past existence could not justly be regarded as a disqualification for future service. But the gravamen of the case against the Socialists did not reside in the existence of an obligation as such, but in the character of the association to which the alleged obligation had been incurred. The heart of the case against them was not in any special feature of their *relation* to the Socialist party, but in the aims of that party itself. The reason that the five men were expelled was because the Socialist party aims to bring about a revolutionary change in the character of our institutions.

Accordingly, the alignment of the forces for and against expulsion was, in essence, upon this question: Has an American constituency the right to be represented in an American legislative body by a man who is opposed to the continuance of the American system of government as now established? And it must be said, in justice to the chief exponents of both sides, that in the main they have frankly recognized this to be the issue. The *Tribune*, the leading Republican paper of New York, and the *World*, the leading Democratic paper, were equally unflinching in the assertion of the principle that to deny such right is a flagrant violation of the fundamental principles of representative government. On the other hand, the *Sun and New York Herald* and the *Times* firmly declare that the expulsion of the Socialists was a justified assertion of the right of every form of government to take such measures as are necessary for its own preservation. All other elements in the case sink into insignificance in comparison with the fundamental divergence between these two points of view.

Readers of the *Review* do not need to be told on which side it stands in this vital question. Every form of government is, indeed, possessed of the right—more than that, is charged with the duty—of striving to preserve and perpetuate itself. The question is, by what means shall it accomplish this? In the case of a democratic nation, at least, the answer is plain. Against violence it must maintain itself by any exertion of force, or of punitive repression, that the circumstances may call for. Against infidelity of officers of the law to their sworn duty—as in the case of the Boston police strike—it must maintain itself by summarily dismissing them from their posts. But as against any other form of agitation or endeavor, however clearly directed against established institutions, it must protect itself solely by preserving its hold on the source from which it derives its powers, the sentiment of the people. If any body of men in this country, large or small, is convinced that democratic institutions are an evil and that a monarchy would be preferable to them, they have a right to disseminate that view, to obtain converts to it, and to elect representatives favoring it in any electoral district in which those converts may have come to be a majority. If we can not keep the country from becoming a monarchy otherwise than by suppressing the monarchists, our democratic institutions are in such sad shape that they are not worth preserving. And if we can not keep America from turning Socialist or Communist except by suppressing the voice of those who believe in Socialism or Communism, we have likewise admitted that American democracy, as established by the founders, is a failure.

Through a hundred years of our history, although this kind of question was very remote from our own affairs, we all took an emphatic stand upon it. For the difference between the rights which the Socialists are claiming among us to-day and the rights which liberals in the monarchical countries of Continental Europe were asserting throughout the Nineteenth Century is only a difference as to whose ox is gored. When the Tsar of Russia was sending to Siberia anybody who dared to propose a change in *his* form of government, when the German Emperor was putting in prison for *lèse-majesté* anybody who questioned *his* God-given authority, who were more indignant than we Americans over the exercise of such tyranny? If Bismarck or the Chancellors who succeeded him had undertaken to exclude from the German Reichstag

members of the Social-Democratic party, would there not have been a universal outcry in America over this denial of the people's rights? Yet the very name Democratic, not to speak of Social, plainly avowed the design to overthrow the German form of government. Are we to admit that, while it is the duty of a monarchical government to admit to representation those who distinctly avow a programme aimed at its overthrow, a democratic government must resort to the strangulation of its opponents as the only means of preserving its existence? Surely but one answer is possible.

We do not believe that the action of the New York Assembly will find imitators. But if it did, there would be inflicted upon our institutions, upon the whole spirit of them, an injury incalculably grave. If the precedent were to be established, if the practice were to become general, we should never again know whether the country was sound at heart or not. Representation would come to mean not a true picture of the state of public feeling in the various constituencies, but only such a picture as an intolerant majority permits to be presented. When there has been one Socialist in Congress, or two, or three, we have been justified in saying that, out of the hundreds of Congressional districts throughout the length and breadth of the land, this handful was all that the Socialists, with a fair field and no favor, were able to capture. If we don't allow the Socialists to show how *many* they are, it will obviously be impossible for us to show how *few* they are. And that is not the worst of it. The charge of disloyality, of an allegiance to some other institution transcending the allegiance to State or country, may be made in more directions than one. It has been made in the past against Catholics, by fanatical organizations which have at times commanded a formidable following. It may be made in the future against members of a labor party, even though not Socialist. It is essentially of the nature of a proscription of citizens not for their acts but for their state of mind. It contains the very essence of tyranny. It bears within itself the seeds of the destruction of freedom. No higher duty rests upon the leaders of public opinion in America to-day than that of exposing its pernicious and dangerous character.

Deplorable as the action of the Assembly has been, viewed as a matter of principle and precedent, there is one aspect of the occurrence in which we find it possible to take a certain degree of comfort. In the duty of responsible legislators, men who should be supposed to understand the principles of the government of which they are a part, the Assembly has lamentably failed. But while it is no excuse, it is something of an explanation of their conduct that they doubtless supposed themselves to be reflecting the sentiment of their constituents. They were not carried away in the end—whatever might have been the case at the beginning—by a sudden gust of emotion. No such overwhelming majority could have been cast against the Socialists unless there had been a fairly universal feeling at Albany that the people held the Socialist programme in abhorrence. Accordingly, if there was any doubt before, it is quite certain now that, except in a few districts, the heart of the people is in the right place. They believe in the government and the institutions under which the country has prospered and grown great. They have no patience with raw innovators who wish to smash all that the industry, the energy, and the patriotism of four generations of Americans have built up. They would, we believe, have been perfectly content to have the Socialists keep their seats; but the Assemblymen were playing to the galleries, and that means, though not to the sober convictions, yet to the emotional susceptibilities, of the people. The wrong that has been done is much like the wrong that was done by a mob here and there to some real or alleged pro-German during the war. Such acts are evil, and not to be excused; yet they had behind them an impulse of real, though undisciplined, patriotism.

It is perhaps not fantastic to surmise that in the very bigness of the Assembly's vote against the Socialists there may be found a certain antidote against its evil effect. It will be difficult for orators to get people greatly excited about a danger which the vote itself shows to be one over which there is no occasion for immediate alarm. However this may be, and whether the Socialist menace shall wax or wane, let us hope that those public men, newspapers, and civic organizations that have borne so honorable a part in resisting the high-handedness at Albany will keep up the good work. There is but one right way, and there is but one effective way, to preserve our institutions against the assault of destructive opinions. America can remain America only through maintaining its hold on the minds and hearts of the great mass of the people. If they will not be Americans of their own free will, we can not make them so by proscriptions and penalties.

The Housing Problem —Ethics or Economics?

THERE has been rushed through the New York Legislature a batch of bills designed to protect tenants in New York City against the hardships of an extraordinary situation, and to restrict the gains of "profiteering" landlords. A number of the bills relate to details of the relation between landlord and tenant, especially as affecting the procedure of dispossession. The most notable of the measures, however, is that which makes an advance of more than 25 per cent. over the preceding year's rent presumptive evidence of an unreasonable agreement, which the tenant may contest in the courts, the burden of proof resting on the landlord, so that the tenant may remain in possession on the old terms, subject to the risk of a judicial decision against him. It is not impossible that this law, if its constitutionality is sustained, will enable a considerable number of tenants to continue in occupation at

rents lower than those which their landlords are now demanding. It may further be conceded that, in view of the highly exceptional character of the situation, such relief, however abnormal the method, is justified, provided that it does not carry with it evil consequences that outweigh whatever good it may accomplish. But it is only too evident that the Legislature acted in response to a wild rush of popular feeling, and without the slightest consideration of the larger aspects of the problem.

Every man of sense must know that no artificial restraint upon the scale of rents can continue effective for any length of time if the pressure for housing, due to the scarcity of accommodations, continues unabated. The reasons for that scarcity are of the most substantial possible kind. During the war there was an almost total stoppage of building. Since the close of the war there has been but an extremely slight resumption of operations, owing in part to labor troubles, but above all to the tremendous increase in the money cost of materials and labor. In the meanwhile there has been since the armistice a return of great numbers of men who had been away, and a large influx of newcomers. The supply of housing is hardly greater than it was three years ago, while the demand, both in point of numbers and of the money resources of the population, has been greatly augmented.

Under the ordinary play of economic forces an article of prime necessity, when the supply is deficient, commands a price increased in a far greater ratio than the percentage of deficiency would indicate. In the case of ordinary commodities, however, this increase of price acts as an immediate and powerful stimulus to production. Not so with houses. The keen demand which the exigency brings forth bears not directly upon *houses*, but upon *housing—i.e.*, the occupancy, the rental, of houses. With no assurance that the high rents of to-day will continue for a long period of years, the inducement which high rents offer for the building of houses is comparatively feeble. If the price of shoes is doubled, and the cost of making them is also doubled, that presents no difficulty to the producer, for he makes his complete turnover at once. But if rents are doubled and the cost of building houses is doubled, the builder has no assurance that he will come out square, so long as he has no strong reason to believe that the increased scale of rents will continue during something like the lifetime of the house. Accordingly, even if there were no legal restrictions on the scale of rents, uncertainty as to the future would act as a most powerful deterrent to building enterprise. A Legislature soberly considering the problem would see that its first duty was to provide encouragement to building enterprise.

What the New York Legislature has done is the diametrical opposite of this. The degree of discouragement which the new laws will create is not to be measured by the character of their specific provisions, serious as those are. People thinking of entering upon building enterprises are put upon notice that any calculation they may make, based on the state of demand and supply, may be completely upset by some act of the Legislature whose nature it is quite impossible to predict. To add to the risks and uncertainties inherent in the situation this novel risk, of unforeseeable dimensions, is evidently to impede in a disastrous degree any prospects there may have been of a widespread resumption of building enterprise; and nothing short of such resumption can bring substantial relief to a housing situation like that of New York.

The failure of the Legislature to grasp the essentials of the subject was emphasized by the circumstance that the one bill which did point toward the encouragement of building failed of passage—a bill exempting mortgages up to a modest amount from taxation. It should be understood, however, that such a measure, while good as far as it goes, can make but a slight impression on the situation. The difficulty of borrowing money is a somewhat important element in the case, but is very far from being the most important one. The great obstacle consists in the risk of the enterprise. To offset this, measures far more effective are necessary than the relief of mortgages from taxation. Exemption from taxation of the houses themselves, for a considerable term of years, would be a really powerful stimulus. If the Legislature had adopted strong measures of this nature, simultaneously with those designed to restrict increase of rent for present occupants, there would have been much more justification for the latter measures.

A prime cause of the futility which marks our dealings with all this class of problems is the tendency, well-nigh universal, to expend upon invective and indignation the energy which ought to be concentrated on sober thinking. With few exceptions, even the most levelheaded of the daily newspapers concentrate attention upon the "greed" of the landlords and the wickedness of the "profiteering" speculators, and have little thought left over to devote to the question of what can be done about the trouble. The landlords may be greedy, the speculators may be profiteers, but why does not somebody else come to the rescue? Why are not the virtuous people, the people who are neither landlords nor speculators, the people who are content with a moderate return on their investments, rushing into the breach? There is nothing to prevent hundreds of millions of dollars being put into the business of house building in New York. Yet nothing of the kind is going on. If wickedness alone is the cause of the high rents, righteousness plus money—and surely the combination must exist—ought to suffice to bring them down. Yet up they stay, and up there is every reason to expect them to stay, for aught that virtue shows any sign of doing to mend matters. It looks as though the rest of us wanted the landlords to be content with less than what the market would give them, but were quite unwilling to take any chances as to what the market would give *us* if we

built the houses which the people need. We are indulging in a lot of high ethics for the other man, but don't care ourselves to act on any higher plane than that of ordinary economics.

Justice and the Bonus

IS it right to compel another person to do a disagreeable job for you and then hold him down to less compensation than you crammed into your pockets while he was away? Let those who are fighting the so-called "bonus" legislation face and answer this single question. To give a soldier $50 more for each month he was in service will not make him whole, and every one knows it. If we may not confiscate property without paying an owner its full value we certainly may not in justice confiscate men's time without equal due compensation.—New York *Tribune*.

If the question of military service to the country is to be put on the basis of "justice," as applied to the ordinary affairs of daily life, we must not only pay the proposed bonus for the "confiscation of men's time," but heavy damages for compulsory disturbance of their comfort, injury to their peace of mind, all the woes which they and their families suffered through the break-up of their relations. Mere compensation for loss of "time" is quite inadequate. The *Tribune* does not strengthen its case, but weakens it, by asserting that "to give a soldier $50 more for each month will not make him whole, and every one knows it." That is true in many cases, and in many cases it is the opposite of the truth; but the more it is true, the more plain it is that the underlying principle is wrong, for upon that principle there is no limit whatever to what might be claimed in the name of "justice."

We put forth a mighty effort in the great war, but, in comparison with other great nations, our sacrifices were trifling. If we had suffered as France did, through four years of desperate fighting, we should be having a list of three million men killed, perhaps six million seriously disabled, and many millions more who had served four years under the colors. To pay for these sacrifices, upon the principle that justice requires us really to make "due compensation," would require an inconceivable sum of money; and even if the "due compensation" were reckoned by the measure of the proposed bonus, it would run up to at least a hundred billion dollars. A pacifist might properly assert that any nation that goes to war is bound to burden itself with such an obligation; in the mouth of anybody else it is an absurdity.

The nation's call upon its citizens for military service rests on grounds transcending those that regulate its claims in other matters. It must, indeed, deal justly with all its citizens, in the sense of making favorites of no class and scapegoats of no class. The draft was conducted on this principle. Men of certain ages were called, those of other ages were not; and within the called ages selection was made by the impartial operation of chance. Some who stayed home have got rich—though it must not be forgotten that millions of those who stayed home got poor through the enormous advance in the cost of living. Some who went to the war were killed, some were disabled, most came home hale and hearty. What money compensation can equalize these fates?

To take the chances of war is part of the citizen's duty to the nation; to demand that these chances be taken is part of the country's right to self-preservation. If she can not rightfully make that demand, she can not rightfully compel military service at all; for surely of those who went to the war there are hundreds of thousands who would not have gone for any money consideration whatsoever, though they went gladly for love of their country. Plausible as the *Tribune's* argument may seem to some, the truth is that the proposed bonus is far more defensible without it than with it. For a bonus, pure and simple, something might be said, but the principle of "due compensation" must be rejected outright. It runs counter to the very essence of the principle upon which the country's right to call on its citizens for military service rests, and the logical consequence of its acceptance would be nothing less than the paralysis of the nation in time of danger.

Ousting the Sultan

IN the conflict between the advocates and the opponents of the Sultan's expulsion from Europe, sentiment is pitted against practical politics, the romantic against the realistic spirit. The creator of fiction who gives to avenging justice the last word in his story finds a reward for that departure from the probable in the approval of the majority of readers. So when there is a chance of seeing poetic justice done in this shocking reality of ours, weighty arguments must be adduced by those who would hinder it from taking effect. For little less than five hundred years the intruder from Asia has resided in the great city which was the cradle of European art and culture. The spirit of the place had left him untouched; not even a veneer of western civilization would stick on his nature. He has remained the Asiatic despot, blasting the prosperity of the lands under his rule, and since, under the tuition of his German master, he learned to foster the ideal of racial expansion he seeks to realize it in true Asiatic fashion by the wholesale massacre of all his Greek and Armenian subjects. An accomplice of his master in the great war, he shared in his downfall, and now that the cruel despot has been brought to his knees, who would not hail his ousting from Constantinople as a just punishment for his misrule and his many crimes, and a recovery by Europe of what she, on historical grounds, considers to be her own?

Such is the reasoning of a large majority in all Christian countries, and Mr. Wilson's recent note insisting that "the anomaly of the Turks in Europe should cease" gave clear and eloquent expression to their feelings. But the whole Turkish problem is a tangle of anomalies. We know from Professor D. B. Macdonald's illuminating article in last week's issue of the *Review* that of the three large groups of Moslems concerned in this matter—the Turks, the Arabs, and the Indian Islamites—it is the Turks that would view their expulsion with comparative indifference, and the dis-

tant Moslems of India who would take it ill as an omen of the final decadence of Islam. The Sultan, consequently, has no better supporters of his continued residence at Constantinople than the very Mohammedans who, in loyalty to their British Emperor, took up arms to help bring about his defeat. Mr. Wilson refuses to believe "that the feelings of the Mohammedan peoples, who not only witnessed the defeat of Turkish power without protest, but even materially assisted in the defeat, will now so resent the expulsion of the Turkish Government as to make a complete reversal of policy on the part of the Great Powers desirable or necessary." With equal right one might meet this confession of disbelief with a *credo quia absurdum*. But those who dissent from him have more cogent arguments than a statement of their belief in such resentment. The All India Moslem League, uniting both Sunnites and Ghi'ites, has made a strong appeal on behalf of the Sultan, and the "Young" Mohammedan elements in India form the nucleus of a systematic agitation against British rule for which the contemplated humiliation of the Caliph is excellent propaganda matter.

President Wilson, indeed, in support of his disbelief, refers to the active part which the Indian Moslems took in the Sultan's defeat, he leaves out of account the dual nature of the ruler in Stamboul, which made it possible that, as subjects of the British Emperor, they fought against the Sultan of the Ottomans, for whom they have no special affection, and that, as faithful Moslems, they now stand up for the Caliph and the seat of Islam, both objects of their devout worship.

Neither can the objection to the Sultan's expulsion be proved futile by arguing, as is often done, that the Allies were not prevented from throwing the Turks out of three holy places, Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, by any consideration for their sacredness. The sanctity of Constantinople, in the eyes of the Indian believers, is an attribute not inherent in the city itself, but dependent on the Caliph's residence there. One must not, therefore, equate the ousting of Turkish rule from the holy places in Arabia and Palestine with the expulsion of the Sultan from Constantinople. If the English, on occupying Mecca, had removed the Ka'ba to the British Museum, they would, in the opinion of Indian Moslems, have committed a sacrilege comparable to the contemplated removal of the Caliph from the Seat of Islam. In the mere fact of the occupation of the city there is little that can offend the religious susceptibilities of the believers.

But whether sentiment or practical politics will turn the scale against or in favor of the Sultan, "no arrangement that is made can have any permanency unless the vital interests of Russia in these problems are carefully provided for and protected, and unless it is understood that Russia, when it has a Government recognized by the civilized world, may assert its right to be heard in regard to the decision now made." We quote Mr. Wilson's words with hearty approval. They are based on the assumption that, after the fall of the Soviet Government, which the President appears to take for granted, a new united Russia will arise, vital and strong enough to care for and insist on its right to have a voice in these decisions. The rulers of the present Russia, however, whose Government can not be recognized by the civilized world, are taking good care that, though their delegates are excluded from the council of the Entente diplomats, the discussions shall be ruled by fear of their power. It is not the pressure brought to bear on them by French capitalists, holders of Turkish bonds, that will save the Sultan. The British Government's conversion to the French point of view is dictated by a genuine desire to placate England's Moslem subjects, so as to deprive the Bolshevist agitation in India of fuel. We have, and shall shortly print, an article by Dr. Paul Rohrbach of Berlin, an authority on Eastern matters, from which our readers will see that Mr. Montagu's fear lest Indian resentment over the Sultan's expulsion should be exploited by Bolshevist firebrands is far from imaginary, and is not merely a pretext to be made serviceable to financial interests of French and British capitalists. Russia is actually asserting her right to have her interests regarded in the decisions, but in a different fashion from what Mr. Wilson had in view.

But it must be borne in mind that the sole object of the Bolsheviki's interference in India is the overthrow of British rule, and they will not deem themselves frustrated if the Entente's clemency towards the Sultan should rob their emissaries of some of the fuel for the fire they are to fan. Other matter will be found by the firebrands to set India aflame. The danger can not be averted by leaving the Sultan unmolested. Though the English escape the blame of being enemies of the Caliph, they will still remain the suppressors of Asia, against whom Madam Balabanova and her helpers can stir the hatred of the suppressed. Great Britain must maintain her colonial realm by other means than this roundabout way involving the perpetuation of an anomaly which is a disgrace to Europe. If she can not rely on her own prestige and the loyalty of the races under her rule, the makeshift arrangement with regard to Turkey can not save British India. It would seem to be a wiser, because a more self-reliant, policy for England to scorn the futile protection which a conciliated Sultan might afford, and, trusting to her own resources, to help rid Europe of the intruder and render to Christendom the ancient city of Constantine.

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Behind the Financing of China

(IN FOUR PARTS—PART THREE)

JAPAN'S repudiation of the Paris agreement of May, 1919, is not an exhibition of bad faith on the part of the Japanese Government. Her action—delaying the financial salvage of the Chinese Republic by international coöperation—evidences the difference between the *de jure* government of a prime minister with his cabinet and the *de facto* star chamber body actually ruling from behind the Mikado's throne.

When the duly accredited Japanese delegates met the representatives of the United States, France, and Great Britain in a conference at Paris to settle the destinies of the Far East under the overwhelming shadow of the Peace Congress, Japan subscribed unreservedly to the preliminary agreement for a new China Consortium. This was a momentous step. It was a stroke of statesmanship which, if carried into effect with shrewd rapidity, might have redressed substantially the wrong just previously done to China in the abortive Shantung settlement. The four chief principles drafted for the guidance of the financial groups associated in the Consortium were as follows:

(a) That no country should attempt to cultivate special spheres of influence;
(b) That all existing options held by a member of any of the national groups should, so far as practicable, be turned into the consortium as a whole;
(c) That the four banking groups of the countries in question should act in concert and in an effective partnership for the interests of China; and
(d) That the consortium's operations should deal primarily with loans to the Chinese Republic or to Provinces of the Republic, or with loans guaranteed or officially having to do with the Republic or its Provinces, and in each instance of a character sufficient to warrant a public issue.

In other words, the edge was taken off individual financing which threatened China's conquest by strategic railways and government-backed banks. The very first clause of this declaration of purposes was inspired by the United States in order to check effectively the recrudescence of the "spheres of influence" principle in Far Eastern diplomacy under the skilful manipulation of Japanese statesmen. The second was retroactive, striking at the concession gobbling carried on by Japanese interests under cover of the Great War, inasmuch as it laid the basis for the pooling of all options upon which "substantial progress" had not been made. The third, fully the equal of the initial provision in significance, would appear to have made joint action by the financial Powers obligatory; and the idea conveyed in "an effective partnership for the interests of China" was obviously the reassuring cry of the New Finance to those who professed to see in the Consortium a juggernaut of imperialism overriding Chinese independence. Finally, it was provided, largely in deference to Japanese susceptibilities, that the Consortium's scope extended only to operations of a public character involving the financing of the Central Government or the provinces.

Not only were these desiderata agreed to by all the groups through their banking and diplomatic representatives, but the purport of this agreement was presented to the Governments concerned and approved by them. The first intimation that Japan would find it necessary to dissent from these cardinal principles came months after, when the full import of the agreement had been reviewed by the real rulers of Japan. The veto, it is not without significance, originated with the Japanese War Office and those behind it who dictate the master-policy of the Mikado's land. The reason quite frankly intimated was Japan's "special position" in the East.

Reduced to plain terms, this meant that the old guard in Japan retained their dominating control of Japanese destinies behind the screen of pseudo-liberalism of a Premier Hara and a Baron Uchida in the Foreign Office. These men were stalking-horses, political fictions if you like, behind which the old diplomacy of the War Office moved with no faltering steps in the advance on China. There would have to be a revision of Japan's promises, so the fiat went forth to the Hara Cabinet, to maintain intact the "special position" which Japan's devious statecraft had labored so industriously to build. Thus it was the irony of Japanese politics that the "liberal" Ministry itself was coerced into administering what the War Office crowd hoped would be the *coup de grace* to the project the Cabinet had just underwritten.

There is more than a difference over the interpretation of the Consortium between the inner and outer circles in Japan's Government. In assenting to the financial arrangement of Paris, the Hara Ministry sincerely thought that the best interests of the Mikado's land were being conserved—that the old diplomacy would be Japan's ruin in the East. The War Office, however, under the leadership of General Tanaka, saw no such need for a drastic re-alignment of Japan's policies. The Minister of War and his associates in the background were practical statesmen of the world. They thought that when the flurry America was creating over the financing of China should have passed, there would be little trouble in maintaining the old order in the East. They were also past masters in compromising a diplomatic proposal until it no longer endangered the jealously guarded "special position" of Japan. Indeed, this process of emasculation had been known to stalemate in the past diplomatic games that threatened to embarrass Japan—notably whenever the missionary instinct so pronounced in America's temperament found its intermittent expression in a fluctuating foreign policy.

It is just possible that these hard-headed Japanese statesmen, who had none of the gilded altruism of youth in them, were not unmindful of an approaching Presidential election in the United States, a calculation which has been justified by the fate of the Peace Treaty in the Senate. Perhaps judicious handling could jockey the Consortium through 1921 with enhanced prospects of its dissolution in the end. When we understand that Japan's carefully builded primacy in the East is at stake, her past fruits threatened, and her freedom for ex-

pansion at the expense of her neighbors taken from her, why should not the inner circle behind the Mikado gamble yet once again?

After all, these Japanese leaders, strangers to public emotions, could not be expected to abandon their handiwork of a generation so easily. They were asked to turn from the secure past of spheres of influence, railway politics, predatory finance, and all that has made for national aggrandizement to an uncharted future of international coöperation for a dubious national benefit. Ever since the Anglo-Japanese Alliance in 1902, they had made the recognition of Japan's "special position" the goal. Her snarl in 1910 over our proposal for the "neutralization" of the Manchurian communications was prompted by an excess of confidence accumulated during the intervening years. The entrance of Japan into the Great War, and the subsequent diplomatic assault on China in 1915, were reaffirmations of this inverted Monroe Doctrine of Japan. The alliance which she consummated with Russia in 1916 was a partnership designed indubitably to coöperate at China's expense. Japan's state high finance, giving her economic priority in China's development, has become the trump card in the bargaining process to which Japanese statesmen have resorted in their efforts to defeat the Consortium. Linked to these loans are railroad rights different from those of any other Power now concerned in China's fate, because in Japanese hands they mean the extension, in a monopolistic grip, of Japan's extraterritorial jurisdiction over Manchuria, Mongolia, Shantung, and Fukien. This strong position was reinforced by the circle of treaties Japan made in 1917 with Italy, France, Russia, and Britain, as well as by the Japanese distortion of the Ishii-Lansing Agreement so as to make the United States inferentially a party to the underwriting of the "special position" doctrine in the East.

The only hopeful aspect of this delicate situation which has arisen is that, while the Japanese War Office has dictated Japan's course of action, a strong part of the Japanese people are becoming restive.

The responsible business elements have their qualms about the "rail-and-iron" policy dominating the Japanese Government. They at least know Japan can not pit herself against the world. The United States, standing firm on the essentials of the Consortium, aligned France and Britain with us. Japan has been induced to reaffirm international joint action. But Japan's familiar tactics of indirect obstruction remain a dangerous factor. Our State Department's problem is to show the Japanese War Office that the game is up.

CHARLES HODGES

Helping the Reactionaries

THERE can be no doubt about the reaction. It is here, and unless it overreaches itself, it is destined for a long stay. Its evidences are on every side. Nor as yet is there any sign of effective resistance. What it has already won is but a preparation for further advances. The editors of the *Review* will, of course, differ with me not only as to the reactionary character of certain measures and tendencies, but as to the extent of the reaction as a whole. They can hardly, however, reject the evidences of the general movement. This movement, true enough, is not all-inclusive; it does not carry everything with it in a tidal sweep; for along with much that is subversive of progress is to be found much that is hopeful and promising. But reaction is dominant, and its threat of further encroachments is menacing. To the dangers, perhaps diminishing, of the Bolshevism of the left are added the increasing dangers of the Bolshevism of the right.

A strange sequence is this to the expectation of a new order which prevailed at the time of the armistice. The war had been waged to "make the world safe for democracy." It had resulted in an overwhelming victory. Everywhere, except among the extreme radicals and the extreme reactionaries, the confident belief was held that the old world, with its bitter evils, had fallen asunder and that a new world of social justice was to be ushered in. Even the extreme radicals, though they scoffed at what they called the delusions of the moment, prophesied a new epoch. It was to come, they said, not in the ordinary course of events, but by a carefully planned revolution. By one means or another, according to the general belief, we were to have a new order.

Well, in these United States there is no revolution and no sign of one. The embryo Lenins and Trotskys are mostly in jail or on their personally conducted tours abroad, while their American dupes or abettors, as the case may be, are slated for a bad time. Nor are the signs of a peacefully evolved new order, then so promising, any longer visible. If, as Mr. Wiliam Allen White said, in September, 1918, "capital is permanently hamstrung," the fact but shows that this lively creature is able to get along very well without its Achilles tendons. If, as Mr. Charles M. Schwab then prophesied, only a short time would be needed to wipe out all "sharp distinctions between rich and poor," it seems probable that the term "short time" will have to be interpreted, not according to the calendar, but according to the reckoning of a geologist. And if the President's exhortation to all of us, a few months earlier, to "search our hearts through and through and make them ready for the birth of a new day," is still to be followed, it would appear to demand an extended period of spiritual preparation and of watchful waiting. Not only has the new day not arrived, but it shows no sail in the offing. A likelier happening is the return of an older day. Reaction rules; it rules, moreover, not by usurpation, but by a franchise from the people. It finds easy the task of persuading the common run of citizens that it is not the most evil in the world—that, in fact, in the present crisis, it is a refuge against an intolerable menace.

Any propagandist of the left can tell you the causes of this great trans-

formation. He can recite a long list of governmental derelictions and capitalist aggressions which are responsible. He can sum up all the contributing causes, near and remote —that is, all except the one proximate and dominate cause which, by reason of his closeness to it, escapes his notice. And that is the flood of revolutionist and pseudo-liberal propaganda, inspired first by Germanophil opposition to the war and later by infatuation for the Lenin régime. This propaganda has enabled reaction to arm itself at all points and steadily to increase its hold. It has enabled the reactionary to identify social and political criticism with sedition; the pettiest reform with the extremist overturn; direct legislation with direct action as equal subversions of government; the nationalization of railways with the nationalization of women; reformer, reconstructionist, and revolutionist as common enemies of society. Of the two inspirational sources the Lenin infatuation has, of course, produced the greater volume of most helpful propaganda. Mere wartime sedition could be, to the reactionaries, of only partial and transient benefit. It is Leninism that puts the game in their hands; that enables them to consolidate their gains and to move forward along the whole line for new conquests. For Leninism, with its violation of the most primal right of human beings, is an evil that comes directly "home to men's business and bosoms." All except the fanatic and the sentimentalist can see and understand what it threatens. Even the downmost man, embittered by privation, may regard it with scarcely less dread than does the comfortable *bourgeois*. Every gratulant utterance of the radical and pseudo-liberal press in behalf of this thing, every palliation or defense of Bolshevist tyranny, brigandage, and persecution, has served to increase the popular apprehension; and reaction, sharp-eyed and resourceful, has reaped the advantage.

Through no power of their own, through no skill in manœuvring, through no measure of press control possible to them, could the reactionaries have come unaided to their present position. The public in recent years had been anything but charitably disposed toward the seekers of privilege and the obstructors of democratic progress. The current of legislation had long been driving against their aims and interests. The vast majority of the votes cast in the Presidential election of 1912 was specifically and aggressively against them. The results of the 1916 election are a puzzle no man can ever read; but, at least, there is nothing in them to indicate a marked subsidence of popular resentment of reactionary designs. Only by generous and plentiful aid could reaction have come into its own. Without doubt there have been contributory causes. The muddling of the Administration in a score of vital matters, by lowering the morale of the people and weakening its faith, has aided in the consummation; and the prolonged wrangle over the peace treaty has added something more. But all this might have happened with no serious effect on the general situation. It is Leninism, with its propaganda of social chaos, which has given the reins to reaction.

In so far as it has been able to do so, against the interference of the law, the outright Communist, I. W. W., and official Socialist press has steadily carried this propaganda to the factories and the fields. In the case of the Communists, the I. W. W.'s, and other extreme groups the plain intent has been the incitement of armed revolution. In the case of the party Socialists it has been to furnish the incitement and then let nature take her course, without reference to any dogmatic interpretations as to the best method. The ballot is good, they say in effect, but if events choose to move in a more violent way, who are we that we should interpose an objection? In its unbolshevized days the Socialist party was the first to condemn any propaganda which even implied the use of revolutionary force. In those times it would have furiously denounced these revolutionists as the tools of reaction, the betrayers of the working class, the Father Gapons who sought to lead their victims up against the rifles and machine guns of the Government, to be uselessly slaughtered. How often in the old days was that denunciation thundered from Socialist press and forum! But times change, and so do parties; the Bolshevik uprising showed an easier way of attaining a goal, and its influence has been to swing the Socialist party more than half way over to the outright revolutionists.

This Leninite propaganda of the extremist papers is not wholly their own. Much of it—in some issues most of it—is drawn from the pages of the so-called liberal journals of opinion. One who has followed the extremist papers for the last fourteen months can not have failed to be impressed with the number of columns credited to the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and the *Dial* (the last-named now retired from the pro-Bolshevist field), and the additional credits occasionally given to the *Survey* and the *World Tomorrow*. One must further have been impressed with a sense that the stuff fitted well in its new setting. It may have been more pretentiously written, more sanctimoniously, or even more daringly and violently written than the home-made stuff of the revolutionist editor. But in point of view and in general adaptability to the needs of revolutionism it harmonized admirably with the surrounding text. The readers of the stuff on its original appearance may have understood it in any way they pleased. To the revolutionist editor who copied it in enormous quantities it meant what he meant, and what his readers wanted it to mean. Those sophistical persons who, in defense of the pseudo-liberal press, draw subtle distinctions between the Leninism in these pretentiously intellectual journals and the Leninism in the rough-stuff revolutionist papers, are sufficiently answered by the fact that so much of the material does duty for both. Highbrow or lowbrow, far or near, the stuff is in substance of a kind. It may be differently trimmed up for different readers; and its effect on the cloistered professor or on the naïve seeker of "culture" may be different from its effect on the per-

spicacious "sab cat" or on his ecstatic ally, the parlor Bolshevist. But it differs little in essentials. In the high-class journals it takes the form of an arrogant outpouring of passion and prejudice loudly certified as judicial opinion; a studied distortion and suppression of inconvenient facts; a sweeping falseness of accusation; a canting defense of tyranny and repression in the name of democracy and freedom; and a frequent implication, soft-pedalled or loud-pedalled as occasion prompts, of probable revolutionary uprisings. In the case of the rough-stuff papers it is much the same thing, though with less arrogance, less disingenuousness, and with a refreshing absence of cant.

It is all so tragically stupid. Reaction, shrewd old reprobate, pretending to the keenest alarm, and calling, in the name of the high gods, on society to arm itself for defense, chuckles in his sleeve like a Roman soothsayer. For the time, at least, the battle is his.

W. J. GHENT

Poetry

Tides

We sat last night by the fire
In the old room;
She, with her work
In her hands,
I with the gray sock
In mine.
I was knitting;
And the things that we said
To each other,
Of war, and its waste
And its woe,
And the talk
Of books and of friends
Was like the froth
On the wave.
For the tide of one's being flowed on
In thought—
Of which speech
Is but so fitful a sound.

* * * * *

Poetry this may not be called,
Yet—were it signed by the name
Of one of the writers
Called poets to-day—
Would you not, reader,
Give pennies of praise
To buy a new leaf
For the crown?

S. N.

Boston

The Outlook in Germany

SUFFICIENTLY accurate accounts of the German revolution have been given in the daily press so that no detailed history of this totally unexpected reactionary *coup d'état* is necessary. The revolution never had any chance of permanence because it was not supported by popular reactionary leaders who might have carried the people with them. The new Government lasted a few days only because it was supported by certain troops and because its advent was so unexpected that there was no organized opposition. But with the passing of the reactionary danger, due to the astonishingly unanimous stand of the people, has arisen the more serious menace of Red revolution. An estimate of this situation, because of its bearing on the immediate political and economic future of the world, should be of interest.

The success or failure of a Communist revolution in Germany depends, for the moment at least, on the military. According to the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, the German army was to be reduced by March, 1920, to 100,000 men, but this stipulation was based on the theory that the Treaty would be ratified shortly after signature. As a matter of fact, the Reichswehr, or active army, consists of about 300,000 men, evenly distributed throughout the country. In addition, there are the Sicherheits-polizei — called "Noske's Frogs" because of their green uniforms. These troops, 75,000 in number, correspond roughly to American State troops. They have not yet been tested to any extent but, as they were under the immediate orders of Noske, it can be taken for granted that their tendency would be conservative. Finally, there are the Einwohnerwehr, numbering perhaps 600,000. These forces are largely made up of returned soldiers. They are an entirely volunteer organization, formed to protect the home from violence and have been placed under the Department of the Interior in order to avoid an appearance of excessive militarism. It may be added that they exist contrary to the stipulations of the Treaty.

It was obvious that on the attitude of these troops, especially the Reichswehr, must depend the success or failure of the reactionary revolution. Almost immediately well over half of the Reichswehr declared for the Ebert Government and, when lack of popular support for von Kapp became evident, the balance of the troops wavered, and turned in their allegiance completely to the Ebert Government when their old commander, von Luettwitz, resigned as War Minister. The reactionary revolution was a dead issue. But has its failure strengthened the régime of the coalition parties?

The Ebert Government was based on a compromise and suffers from the traditional weakness of a coalition that has no dominant leadership. It contains members of the moderate parties, which represent the majority of the German people, but these representatives recognize no leader and spend their time dickering over trivialities while vital questions are neglected because no one party is willing to adopt the programme of any other party. The Socialists are disaffected because the Government has not nationalized industry. The Democrats are unhappy because, in the face of economic disaster, and the prime necessity of resumption of trade, the Government has given way too much to Socialist pressure. The Centre is losing its hold on the peasant voters because of the Government's food regulations—paper regulations, to be sure, since no laws are efficiently carried into effect, but none the less irritating. The result of this is that Germany has become more and more disgusted with a régime which appears to accomplish little of importance, which has supplied neither food nor work. In the meantime the two extremes have been active and the Government has been unable effectually to control the propaganda

either of the Nationalists or of the Independent Socialists. The Nationalists, or reactionaries, practically control the schools and the universities. Their principles appeal to the enthusiasm of youth and they have tangible, easily understood ideals which strike the imagination. They have national heroes, like Hindenburg, to set up as figureheads to worship—and youth is prone to hero-worship. They have inherited the science of organization. They make fun of the spineless Government of "King Ebert, the saddlemaker"—and youth likes to laugh. The Independent Socialists, on the other hand, attack the Government more grimly. They call it capitalistic; they sneer at its inability to control the profiteers and enforce laws made for the benefit of workingmen. They fatten on hunger and high prices. And always they point toward Russia—the great new Russia where the workingman is king, where the hated bourgeoisie has been hunted from its age-old position of cynical exploitation of the common man. Above all, they point to the Russia with an abundance of grain that could pour across the German borders in a life-giving flood if only the German Government would think of the German people and make peace with the Soviet. Finally, both extremes agree in denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles and the subservience of the Ebert Government to the humiliating dictates of the Entente.

This is the dark side of the picture, so far as the Ebert Government is concerned. The latent strength of the Government was proved by the unanimity with which the people turned to its support when von Kapp carried out his foolish *coup d'état*. This was not a movement in support of the personnel of the Government. It was rather a spontaneous negative to the threat to take away rights that had been acquired in the revolution of November, 1918. The Government had a great opportunity, and lost it through lack of any firm policy, through dallying with the issues presented, through failure to lead. The Government itself had called a general strike, had thereby pricked the von Kapp bubble, and had put into the hands of the extreme radicals a weapon which they lost no time in using to their own advantage. Demands were made on the Government and agreed to by the Government in a half-hearted fashion. Resignations were demanded and Noske, the really strong man in the Socialist Party, was forced to get out. The Government would not go far enough to make the inclusion of Independent Socialists possible. It went far enough, if its pledges are carried out, to make it subservient to the labor unions. It weakened its own personnel without gaining new adherents either through its weak concessions or through its wavering attempts at firmness. Throughout it acted so slowly, with such obvious hesitation, that it gave the leaders of the Communists plenty of time to organize their military forces and perfect their plans of military adventure.

It is hard to think a spineless government capable of inspiring military forces, and if the Reichswehr stand firm against the Communists, it will not be through loyalty to Ebert but through loyalty to an ideal which the Government has not destroyed. Such loyalty can not be of long duration because enthusiasm demands a living embodiment of an ideal. President Wilson's idealism appealed theoretically to the people of Europe but had no active force until those same people saw the President himself. There is in Germany no truly democratic leader with the power to come out in full view of the people and lead them into realization of the ideals which are latent in the hearts of those who have been freed from imperialism and shudder before the menace of a new autocracy. Therefore, it is fortunate that the Ebert Government has agreed, as one result of the reactionary revolution, to hold new elections in June. The troops and the people know that this Government is the only one which can insure a fair and full expression of the popular will. They know that an election under Communist control would be as farcical as are the elections in Russia, and, since the time is short, they will probably support the Government during the intervening months.

Although the Communist movement in the industrial regions of the lower Rhine has collapsed like the reactionary movement, the recent revolution will leave its mark in one or two outstanding results. German opposition to fulfillment of the terms of the Treaty of Versailles will stiffen. The press has been a unit in claiming the treaty as the real reason for the revolution. The Nationalists have much to say about "German honor"; the Independent Socialists have more to say about the burden placed by the treaty on the workingman. At first Germany trusted to the League of Nations to revise the treaty. When hope in the power of the League went a-glimmering, the nation adopted an attitude of passive resistance. Now it is hopeful of dissension among the Allies and of the growth of radicalism in Allied countries; but in any case it fully intends to scrap the economic terms of the treaty. The second obvious result of the revolution will be a turning away from the West and toward the East. To the Nationalists, Russia is a prostrate nation to be exploited for Germany's benefit. To the Independent Socialists, Russia is the hope of the workingman. The German Government can not put an end to the Communist revolt without making large concessions to the left, every concession being a step toward the Russian alliance. This is not opposed by the reactionaries because they believe themselves able, eventually, to cope with Communism. They are autocrats by nature and by training and think that they know how to deal with a counter-autocracy. Ludendorff recently remarked that he should be quite as willing to work with the Communists as with the militarists for the defeat of the treaty.

This, then, is what the German revolution means. It will immensely increase both the active and the

passive opposition to fulfillment of the treaty terms, although opposition by force of arms appears unlikely unless a really Communistic government establishes itself. It will swing the German Government far to the left and will hasten an alliance, or at least close coöperation with Soviet Russia. It has already retarded, and will slow down for a long time to come, the process of German recuperation. The duty of the Allies and of America would appear to be to support the present German Government by every legitimate means, because, in spite of its weakness, in spite of the concessions it has been forced to make, it remains the only bulwark against a radicalism that would almost certainly develop into anarchy. The coming elections will determine the policy of Germany. They will indicate the true national sentiment only if the ballot is universal, secret, and exercised without intimidation. These things, at least, the present Government can guarantee.

EXAMINER

Correspondence

High Praise for Senator Lodge

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I read with much interest your excellent article in your issue of March 27, entitled: "The Wreck of the Treaty." In much that you say I concur; but it contains one sentence against which, as one of your readers, I want to enter an earnest protest. After justly criticizing President Wilson's course in the treaty controversy, you say:

> We do not by any means wish to absolve others of their share of the blame. Senator Lodge has shown himself neither a large-minded statesman nor a competent party leader and he has given countenance to many abominable moves in the game.

This would be more convincing if you had given any specifications for so severe a criticism of one of the most experienced and scholarly statesmen now in the public life of this country. In my judgment, this criticism is without justification. I think you have unconsciously fallen into the error of so many judges who feel that they give an impression of great fairness by distributing the praise or the blame. In many law cases there is much to be said on both sides, and the judgment of the Court carries wider conviction because it fairly measures the *pros* and *cons*. But it is a weakness of some judges that, in cases where one side or the other is everlastingly right or wrong, their attempt to be judicial results in an opinion which, either praising or blaming both sides, compromises the issue involved by denying full credit to one side or withholding full discredit from the other. Such an issue, in my opinion, was the momentous controversy just closed in the United States Senate.

It involved two issues of transcendent importance.

The first was our form of government; for if Mr. Wilson had crowded down the throats of the American people his League of Nations, whatever its merits might otherwise have been, by an unconstitutional expedient, whereby it was sought to coerce the Senate into the acceptance of the League, it might have meant the destruction of one of the most salutary features of our Constitution, which divides the power over the foreign relations of this Government between the President and the Senate. It will be an unhappy day for America when its destiny in international relations is controlled by one man, and Mr. Wilson's course in withholding information from the Senate and in interweaving the League with the treaty, in order to compel the acceptance of the former, almost amounted to a *coup d'état*.

The second issue was the grave question whether America should become a member of a foreign Council sitting in Geneva, which could compromise its sovereign powers and fatally entangle it in the local politics of Europe and Asia. This meant in any form an abandonment of the great and noble tradition to which this country had hitherto been faithful and under which it had grown surpassingly great. It was not a question of isolation, but of independence.

The burden of this terrific struggle fell upon Senator Lodge. No leader of our time since Abraham Lincoln has had a graver responsibility. His party was divided into three factions—the so-called "irreconcilables," the "strong reservationists," and the "mild reservationists." He owed it to his party and to his country to keep these interests together, so far as possible, without sacrificing principle or the great purpose of defeating the President's *coup d'état*. It was not an easy task. From last July, when the President submitted the treaty to the Senate, until the present month, Senator Lodge gave his time and energy to as difficult a task as any leader in Congress ever assumed. I did not share his view that this country could accept even honorary membership in the so-called "League of Nations"—which is not a league of nations at all, but an offensive and defensive alliance masquerading under the form of a league of nations. I believed that any participation in a so-called "League" which challenges the basic principle of the equality of sovereign nations would have been a mistake and a dangerous mistake; for if this country had become a member of the so-called League, even with the protective reservations, President Wilson, acting through his representative at Geneva, could have continued his fatal implication of this country in the local quarrels of Europe and thus completed the work of destroying the good-will which, at one time, all our Allies had for us in such generous abundance.

Senator Lodge, however, was obliged to reckon with the conflicting views of his own party in the Senate, and, as the responsible leader, take the middle course. He did so with such extraordinary ability that not only was the independence of America saved and the burden of defeating the treaty put upon the President—where it belonged—but he kept his party together and won the support of nearly one-half of the Administration forces. The fight, so far as it was one of personalities, was largely a great struggle between Lodge and Wilson—and Lodge won a complete victory.

I can not recall that a greater triumph has been won for America since the Civil War, and I do not recall that, in the long and acute controversy, Senator Lodge ever said an unworthy word or did an unworthy act. Throughout the whole bitter dispute he was the gentleman, the scholar, and the statesman. His great speech on the League recalled the best traditions of the Senate.

I wish heartily that he were a younger man; for, in my judgment, he would be the ideal candidate to succeed President Wilson. But the immense burdens of the most difficult office in the world must of necessity devolve upon a younger man. But it would be a calamity to the country if the next President of the United States did not have in some capacity, either in the Senate or Cabinet, the great ability and exceptional talent for leadership that Senator Lodge has shown in this great controversy.

Under these circumstances, it does seem to me unjust for the *Review* to apportion the blame for the defeat of the treaty between President Wilson and Senator Lodge. Did Lodge construct an indefensible League, which, as stated, contradicts the basic principle of the equality of sovereign nations? Did he interweave it with the treaty so that the treaty could not be ratified without the acceptance of a misnamed League which would have fatally compromised the sovereignty and independence of the United States? Did he show any indisposition to accept the treaty—and even the League—if such independence were measurably preserved?

It may be that we live too near these great events to estimate them properly; but I venture the suggestion that a future generation, looking back upon the great controversy in the perspective of a half century, will say that Senator Lodge rendered as great a service to his country as did his great predecessor as the representative of Massachusetts—Daniel Webster—when he defended the integrity of the Union against the assault of Senator Hayne.

This, at least, is my view; and I venture to state it, not without full recognition that the editors of the *Review* are equally sincere in their conviction.

JAMES M. BECK

New York, April 2

Clemenceau and the Left Bank

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

An editorial paragraph in the *Review* of March 27 courteously expresses some doubt about the correctness of a remark of mine that M. Clemenceau, until the special treaties with England and the United States were proposed, seemed to have fought with all his skill, resourcefulness, and pertinacity for the separation of the left bank of the Rhine from the German Empire. You quote a statement of M. Stéphane Lauzanne, to the effect that M. Clemenceau and the majority of the French delegation were opposed to this programme, of which President Poincaré and Marshal Foch were the principal sponsors. M. Lauzanne is doubtless in a position to know whereof he speaks. Nevertheless, it is a matter of official record that the French Government and the French delegation insisted, until the middle of March, upon the adoption of the Rhine as "the western boundary of Germany." And M. Clemenceau was the head of the Government and the spokesman of the delegation. I translate from the report presented by M. Louis Barthou on behalf of the *Commission de la Paix* of the Chamber of Deputies:

> The views of Marshal Foch were adopted . . . by the Government, whose memorandum of February 25 defined its opinion with a clarity, force, and authority which give a historic value to the document. Its title expresses its object: *Mémoire du gouvernement français sur la fixation au Rhin de la frontière occidentale de l'Allemagne et l'occupation interalliée des ponts du fleuve.* The agreement upon these points between the Government and Marshal Foch continued up to the moment when, on March 14, negotiations with the Allies determined the Government to accept another system of guarantees [*i.e.*, the treaties with England and the United States].

This evidence appears to me to render untenable the assertion that M. Clemenceau did not vigorously support in the Peace Conference the demand for the separation of the territory on the left bank of the Rhine. Either M. Lauzanne's statement is incorrect, or—which is more probable—it refers, not to the period to which the remark quoted from me expressly referred, but to the period subsequent to the proposal of the "other system of guarantees." In the latter case there is no conflict between M. Lauzanne's statement and mine; while your editorial paragraph, through a failure to distinguish the periods before and after March 14, would seem likely to give the reader the erroneous impression that M. Clemenceau was from the first, and irrespective of the alternative guarantees, opposed to the demand for separation. It is true, and is frankly mentioned in the official document I have above cited, that after the French Government had accepted the Anglo-French and Franco-American treaties as a substitute, Marshal Foch continued to favor, and to agitate for, his original programme.

It is also true—to pass from past history to present politics—that if the latter treaty is not ratified by the Senate of the United States, the existing French Government may be expected to demand the other alternative, or at the least, to insist upon the indefinite prolongation of the military occupation of the left bank and of the bridgeheads. Such a policy on the part of the French, though it may seem to them necessary for their military security, would be absolutely indefensible from the point of view of the armistice agreement, and would be fraught with grave peril to France and to Europe. It lies within the power of the Senate to avert that peril and at the same time to exorcise from the French mind that obsessing fear of another German invasion which disturbs their political judgment and deflects their foreign policy into courses dangerous alike to themselves and to others. Either the defensive treaty with France is a superflous precaution against future German invasion, in which case there can be no harm in ratification, or else, as most of the French people seem to believe, it is a needed precaution, in which case there is imperative reason for ratification. That ratification would have, in any case, an incalculably steadying and tranquillizing effect upon the general European situation seems beyond question.

ARTHUR O. LOVEJOY

Baltimore, Md., March 27

[We can assure Professor Lovejoy that Stéphane Lauzanne's statement clearly refers to the period antecedent, not subsequent, to the proposal of the "other system of guarantees." The conversion of Tardieu, according to him, took place before Wilson and Lloyd George, in the beginning of March, offered the solution which the French Government accepted. Lauzanne's disclosures, we admit, seem to clash with the report presented by M. Barthou from which Professor Lovejoy quotes. However, that document speaks of an "agreement upon these points between the Government and Marshal Foch," and although M. Clemenceau was both the head of the Government and the spokesman of the delegation, it does not necessarily follow that his views turned the scale in the decisions of either body. In the French Cabinet the majority, evidently, did not share that moderate view of which M. Lauzanne asserts him to have been an advocate in the peace delegation.—EDS. THE REVIEW.]

Can a Constitutional Amendment be Unconstitutional?

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The first ten amendments were placed in the Constitution to satisfy dissenting States like Rhode Island, as the Congressional resolution submitting them for ratification shows upon its face. They all, including the Tenth, were limitations upon Federal power for the protection of individual rights, either directly or through the States by the application of the home-rule principle of the Tenth Amendment.

The Eleventh protected the States against suit in the Federal courts.

The Twelfth changed the machinery for electing the President and in no way affected State power.

The Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth were products of revolution; adopted in form as Constitutional amendments, they were in fact terms of peace and conditions of reconstruction imposed upon the States in rebellion by force of arms.

The Thirteenth recognized the existing fact of the abolition of slavery which the triumph of the Northern arms had already achieved. In itself it effected nothing new. The police power of the States over the institution of slavery, to which its terms referred, was already non-existent.

The Fourteenth Amendment placed certain disabilities upon ex-Confederates and provided for a change in the Congressional representation of the States in rebellion whereby, as a term of reconstruction and re-admission, the negro population was to count in full instead of three-fifths, as formerly, subject to decrease in representation for disfranchisement.

The remainder consisted of the Freedman's Bill of Civil Rights. It simply extended for the benefit of the colored man, as against the States, guarantees of individual liberty and property rights taken almost verbatim from the original Bill of Rights.

This Amendment neither invaded State

power nor transferred it to the Federal Government.

The Fifteenth Amendment related solely to suffrage—suffrage, however, which by the fiat of the military reconstruction Governments had already been conferred upon the negro. Consequently it made no new voters, as does the proposed Nineteenth Amendment.

The States in rebellion, as a condition to their re-admission with full sovereignty and Congressional representation, were required to record their affirmative assent and formal ratification of the three war amendments, as these are, therefore, appropriately called.

Without such assent and ratification by the rebelling States, the necessary three-fourths vote for a Constitutional Amendment could not have been recorded, at least for the Fifteenth, if not for the Fourteenth also.

The Sixteenth Amendment, dealing with the income tax, re-asserted a Federal right (then in temporary abeyance) existing from the foundation of the Government and not affecting State power.

The Seventeenth Amendment merely changed the form of choosing United States Senators, requiring their popular election. It diminished in no way the States' power over such elections, the regulation of which had always been ultimately Federal.

In the strictly historical sense, then, it can be truthfully said that the Eighteenth Amendment is the first attempt by means of a Federal amendment to limit *an existing State power* reserved by the Tenth Article of the Bill of Rights, or to transfer the same to the Federal Government, or to infringe an individual right protected by our Home Rule plan.

Whether in the light of a perpetual union of equally perpetual States that can be legally done is the question the Supreme Court must determine; whether the perpetual scheme of our Government contemplated the right of the citizen of Nevada, 3,000 miles away, along with 35 other States of varying distance, to legislate upon the dining tables and personal morals of a citizen of Rhode Island or to prescribe by perpetual mandate the conditions of suffrage in South Carolina.

Our form of government contemplates regulation of our intimate personal and local affairs by a responsible political agency—the State Legislature—within reasonable reach of the anger of an outraged people. It contemplates government in such intimate personal affairs by those whom we can punish and reward by our votes; who must look us in the eye and be subject to social ostracism and the door of fellowship being closed in their faces, if by their legislation they have committed an act of tyranny upon their fellows, their neighbors.

That is the philosophy of the Home Rule plan of the Constitution of the United States. That is the cornerstone without which it falls.

That and that alone is States Rights and local self-government.

If that right is invaded, whether in the form of a Constitutional Amendment or not, it can only be protected by a decree of the Supreme Court.

If these amendments can be legally enacted, all our liberties can be taken from us by irresponsible, long-distance political action. The entire Bill of Rights, including its Tenth Article, can be wiped away by this new legislative process.

Jefferson said that the Bill of Rights was the one essential part of the Constitution.

The people of this nation have no right to destroy their form of Government except by actual physical revolution.

If the entire Bill of Rights should be held to be indestructible and beyond the reach of amendment, this would not involve a rigid Constitution, but merely a permanent protection to the individual in his person and property, of his right to government by his neighbors in all things intimate, personal, and local.

It is plainly as much the duty of the court to preserve the States as indestructible political units for local purposes as it is its duty to preserve their indestructible union for Federal purposes, and to declare *ultra vires* a measure of direct legislation presented in the disguise of a Federal amendment, if it wholly or partly destroys the States.

The limitation upon power is as clear as in the ordinary case of an unconstitutional statute.

The matter, therefore, is clearly justiciable. It begs the question to say that, under our dual form of government, there is no such thing as an unconstitutional Constitutional Amendment. This at first blush might seem to be the case. But when such proposed amendment destroys the Federal form of our Government, in whole or in part, or its method of adoption violates the letter of many of the individual State Constitutions, whose legislatures attempted to ratify, there must be judicial power to declare such amendment void and such ratification illegal.

Otherwise, it must be held that we can commit governmental suicide, without an actual physical revolution, by simply invoking the forms of the amending clause.

These amendments establish iron rules, which are practically permanent, and which the people of no State can hereafter change by any action of their own.

Both the Eighteenth Amendment and the proposed Nineteenth destroy fundamental State powers. Both impose by force a distasteful policy upon the people of unwilling sections. The people of four States are coerced by the former, and of nine or ten by the latter.

If 36 States finally ratify the Nineteenth Amendment, if the question of legality is held not to be justiciable, or if the Supreme Court, in its wisdom, feels it must sustain them as legal acts of government, then a revolution has happened, not only in our form of government, but in our political thought, which foredooms our continued existence as an indestructible union of indestructible States—a Federal Republic under whose home-rule plan we have become great and until now remained free.

It will doubtless be admitted as a legal proposition that it would be *ultra vires*—and within the power of the Supreme Court to so declare—for two-thirds of a quorum of Congress, backed by 36 State Legislatures, to impose upon the people of 12 dissenting States the so-called nationalization of women; to establish polygamy; to cede all State power; to abolish property; to prescribe a particular religion, or to set up a monarchy in place of our Federal Union.

Yet if the question of the power to pass the so-called Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments is not a subject for judicial determination, neither could the Supreme Court declare any such acts void in law, provided they were clothed in the prescribed form of, and adopted as, constitutional Amendments.

As long as we remain the United States of America that can not be.

GEORGE STEWART BROWN

New York, March 30

Intermolecular Space and the Spirit

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have just read Professor Jastrow's excellent analysis of "The Case of Sir Oliver Lodge" in the *Review*. I am not a believer in "spiritism," though a very able "medium" gave me private daylight séances with remarkable manifestations. On one occasion a scientific skeptic of note observed the séance freely from an adjoining room—after which we changed places, and I, too, could not discover fraud. Yet I was not convinced.

There is, however, one entirely scientific argument in favor of the "possibility" of the "astral body," which to my mind is unanswerable, and on the strength of which I have frequently consoled sadly afflicted mourners who came to ask my opinion of spiritualism. This is the well-known acceptance of the "intermolecular space," the argument being that the molecules of the body might "collapse" in death, leaving the intermolecular space of the body "charged" with "atomic activity" and—for a time—as a personal entity.

EMILE BERLINER

Washington, D. C., March 12

Problems of Labor and Capital

Employers' Associations

[This is the first of a series of articles, which will appear in the *Review* in successive weeks, by Mr. Morris L. Ernst, a member of the New York Bar, who has long given special attention to many aspects of the labor question, and especially to the relations between employers and employed. Mr. Ernst was for several years engaged in manufacturing business as joint proprietor of a plant and afterwards managed a large retail establishment in New York City. The law firm of which he is a member is in the peculiar position of representing both employers' associations and labor unions, in various lines. Mr. Ernst is now chairman of the New York City Club's committee on legislation. For several years preceding his selection for this post he was chairman of the City Club committees on State Employment Bureaus, Farm Colonies for Vagrants, and Industrial Relations. During the war, as a "dollar-a-year man," he acted as Assistant Labor Expert to the Shipping Board.]

SHORTLY after Mr. Wilson was elected President for the first time, he wrote to the Federal Trade Commission requesting it to make a study of trade associations throughout the United States. Nowhere is there greater need of such investigation and of the clearer definition that may be expected to result from it. In most industries associations of employers are a sporadic growth, summoned into existence to meet the threats either of labor or of legislation, and their membership, in consequence, is often hastily and illogically made up. Yet until the associations of employers are as highly developed as the trade unions, and their jurisdiction as clearly defined, peaceful and lasting settlements in labor disputes can not be hoped for.

An illustration of the present difficulty very quickly made itself manifest to the men and women who were called upon to assist in a proposed settlement of the laundry strike in the City of New York in the latter part of 1919; they realized at once that, whereas there was supposed to be a strike in one industry, in reality there were strikes in three separate industries. Even a cursory study showed that the steam laundry, bundle laundry, and hand laundry trades must each one be treated separately in the adjustment of conditions of employment, although the employers engaged in all three of these businesses, commonly known as the laundry business, had illogically combined into one association. As soon as a strike developed, the employers in these various laundry industries realized that their interests were not in common, and even if the employers had remained in one association a lasting settlement would have been impossible because the conditions of employment were in no way similar among them, and the employees were not interchangeable.

Employers' associations have, indeed, very generally been born out of a need for united action in matters other than labor, for exchange of credit information, or for proper representation in legislative chambers. In the textile and garment trades, it has taken years to develop associations of employers on the basis of similarity in the type of persons employed. The retail furniture trade was organized for credit purposes years before it was put on a basis which enabled it to deal with labor problems. In the jewelry industry, until recently, there were separate associations of platinum-smiths and goldsmiths. Although employees are not interchangeable, that is, a worker on cheap gold jewelry can not take a position in a platinum-smith shop, nor would a worker on platinum be satisfied with the pay of a worker on gold, the amalgamation was inevitable because the labor unions covered the entire industry engaged in the manufacture of jewelry. A form of organization, however, which is to make possible lasting industrial peace must be on a basis of type of labor employed and not on the basis of the name commonly applied to the product; otherwise parties to the conflict will discover conflicting interests within their own ranks, and those who do finally come to an agreement may be so far from numerically representative that no solution they arrive at will long continue to be held satisfactory.

This desirable symmetry of organization is sometimes easy, and sometimes very difficult, to accomplish. The more skilled the trades, the simpler it becomes to consolidate into a single employers' association all the plants employing such workmen. Conversely, the unions of office-help will always be handicapped by the almost impossible task of gathering into one assocation all the employers of office help. Even employees, who have advanced much further than employers toward proper organizations, meet with difficulties arising from overlapping jurisdictions. The Teamsters and Chauffeurs Unions, for example, can never reach lasting agreements with employers in the retail furniture trade until the unions include in their membership the teamsters and chauffeurs working for furniture departments of department stores, piano manufacturers, warehouses, and others employing similar labor. Unless agreements between chauffeurs and employers extend to nearly all employers of such chauffeurs, competition will destroy their effectiveness.

In its important investigation, therefore, the Federal Trade Commission, and any State boards or agencies having similar powers, should receive the hearty coöperation of organizations such as the Merchants Associations and Chambers of Commerce of the larger cities. But unfortunately such organizations are composed of individual merchants, who so far as they represent anything as a whole, represent capital as a whole. Real progress is not to be made in that way. It is surprising that the Merchants Association of the City of New York, for example, has not organized in the form of a subsidiary council a group consisting of the official representatives of all of the different trade associations in the City of New York. Not only would the formation of such a council clarify to some extent the present confused jurisdictions of the various employers' associations, but in the event of conflicting interests between industries there would exist a forum for proper discussion.

Another problem which is related to the question of the definition of jurisdictions is the matter of competition as affected by different standards adopted in various competing communities in regard to labor conditions. Employers in one city, presented with demands from their workmen for increased pay or shorter hours, hesitate, and with considerable justice, to accede to such demands because the granting of them would place the manufacturer of that district under a competitive disadvantage in relation to other markets. The demand of the Upholsterers Unions of New York City for a forty-four-hour week with a dollar per hour minimum wage was presented at a time when practically every other competitive manufacturing market, such as Grand Rapids, Binghamton, Chicago, and Medina, was working under a forty-eight-hour week and no hourly minimum.

In a proper organization of employers' associations on national lines also lies greater success for the legitimate aims of organized labor. Several industries, it must be admitted, have developed their organizations of employers and trades unions along analogous local, State, and even national lines. In the building and printing trades great strides have already been made. The tentative report issued by the President's Second Industrial Conference also has in mind the establishment of district boards which would be cognizant of the fact that conditions of employment, in so far as they affect cost of production, must be established on more than a purely local basis.

What is needed can come only gradually. Already the continued successful operation of "impartial chairmen" in certain trades is a striking token of clearly defined and comprehensive organization on the part of employers. Thereunder, employers have obtained industrial peace, and labor has been able to speak clearly.

MORRIS L. ERNST

Book Reviews

A Sheaf of Verse

The Cobbler of Willow Street. By George O'Neil. New York: Boni and Liveright.
The Pursuit of Happiness. By Benjamin R. C. Low. New York: John Lane Company.
Hearts Awake. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company.
Youth Riding. By Mary Caroline Davies. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Shadowy Thresholds. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Company.

MR. GEORGE O'NEIL, a poet of twenty-one, is already impressing critics. Miss Zoe Akins takes his verses to her heart in a preface which is almost an embrace, and the grave salute of the Harvard professor, Mr. John L. Lowes, is hardly less affectionate. I am quite at one with Miss Akins and Mr. Lowes in the sense of a real—even a rare—charm in this fragrant and glancing verse. It is full of quick, bright, shy, passing things, like the surprises of the grove or the cliffside. The means astonish us sometimes by their simplicity. "O rolling hills, trees in the wind, blue sky," says Mr. O'Neil; and the trees in the wind are actually consigned to us in that verse, and the transfer seems so inexpensive to Mr. O'Neil that at first we scarcely realize its profit to ourselves. I quote a six-line poem, common enough except for the empyreal final line, which flies skyward, taking its companions with it.

Now summer is a king grown old,
Whose wealth diminishes, whose sway
Over his land ebbs day by day . . .
And soon, with pageantry of gold,
A prince shall come to claim the realm. . . .
(All this is rumored in an elm.)

This is imagination. Let us frankly and warmly proclaim its worth, and at the same time curb that impulse to prophesy which so instantly and curiously follows the eagerness to praise. Mr. O'Neil is said to be twenty-one, and at twenty-one it is sometimes a little hard to say whether the age or the man writes the poetry. For the lark to sing hymns at heaven's gate is comparatively easy at the break of day. The difficulty is to maintain the song when the east has ceased to be roseate. In the poem I have just quoted, Mr. O'Neil's fondness for dots in punctuation is observable, and the sensitive reader will note that his felicities are mainly dots. He is an illuminator, but, as yet, perhaps it is letters rather than words that he enriches in his glowing missal. He is overfond of a few words and images, of lace, for example, and he falls into fantasticalities like

While cricket Nero fiddles by
Watching his Rome—the summer—burn.

These things are subsidiary. What troubles me a little more is the inaccuracy, or perhaps I should more modestly say, the doubtfulness, of some of his originalities. He speaks of the "speculative fingers" of the rain. Now I can conceive of rain as speculative if it falls slowly enough to suggest the meditative indolence of Milton's "minute drops from off the eaves," and I can see fingers of a sort if it falls rapidly enough to form lines; but I can not conceive it as simultaneously finger-like and speculative. To sum up, Mr. O'Neil has proved in this first volume the rarity of his endowment. The difficulties I have suggested are conquerable, no doubt, and there is nothing to preclude the hope that the strength for their conquest has been granted to Mr. O'Neil.

I thought well, on the whole, of Mr. Benjamin R. C. Low's "House That Was." Of his "Pursuit of Happiness," with its ruffed eighteenth-century title, I think worse and better. It is more perverse; it is also more original. If there could be a poetry for the nostril that was not also a poetry for the mouth, I should call the fifty-five sonnets which comprise about half the volume high poetry. Their *effluence*—I am choosing my word—is delectable. Under Mr. Low's pilotage "Sabaean odours" from Araby the Blest have blown across my route; but he has refused to disembark, and the spice-jars which I as trader had brought to that coast are unreplenished.

I quote a sonnet:

A summer beach, warm, drowsing; clean, wet sand
With filling footprints; boys and girls and sea.
Here, hose and shoon discarded, rapturedly
They run the gauntlet; here, linked hand in hand,
Adventure off their native bridge of land—
Foam-deep to instep, ankle and then knee—
To scurry home again in panic glee
With clothes caught high, and limbs all shining tanned.
Beauty wafts inland, Love to seaward blows,
And meeting, part, and parting, meet no more
One golden moment blended, they are still;
In children, in the bud-break of a rose.
The petals bloom, the childish zest burns chill:
The wind is desolate upon the shore.

Several points may be noted in this sonnet. First, there is the intricacy of expression, catching a traditional thought in the meshes of its superficial novelty. Second, there is the half-fit, or misfit, in the leading figure: children pursue their gambols with the sea with a perseverance to which the idea of momentary contact and eternal parting can not be effectually related by a vigilant mind. Third, there is the exquisite "in the bud-break of a rose," followed in the next line by the absurdity of "zest burning chill" (to which Milton's "burns frore" is not really comparable). Last of all, is an undoubted magnificence, a "proud, free sail," a high and gallant carriage, in the verse, which remind one somewhat of the work of Olive Tilford Dargan. Three of these points, the arrival at the obvious through the recondite, the exquisite in phrase shot with the puerile, and the manner of a prince of the blood, are pretty constant in Mr. Low, and make him at the same time valuable as a possession and stimulating as a problem.

"Hearts Awake" has not the full inspiration which made Miss Burr's "Silver Trumpet" memorable among the evocations of the war. Possibly the difference lies less in the blast itself than in the fact that in its passage towards us it has crossed the Quai d'Orsay and Pennsylvania Avenue. Between the "Silver Trumpet" and "Hearts Awake" there has come upon the world a change like the reaction in Scott's stag hunt in the "Lady of the Lake" from the blitheness of the morning gallop to the time when

Back limp'd with slow and crippled pace
The sulky leaders of the chase.

Miss Burr's lyrics are still vigorous and fervent; she has the good gift of *heated* epigram, epigram being a figure whose crystallizations often indicate a fall of the mercury. She says of the flag: "Of old it was our heritage—to-day it is our child." She makes Serbia say:

Listen to my living ere the hour be sped,
Lest you hear forever the silence of my dead.

This is the simple old idealism—the traditional idealism—over again. I admit its beauty, but I feel that the idealism which can now save us must be not an inheritance but a discovery.

Two-thirds of Miss Burr's volume, however, is occupied with a fairy play in three parts, called the "Pixy." It is a fairy tale informed with a human and a Christian spirit; the Pixy who gives it its name and its impulsion differs from the other characters rather by the excess than the shortage of her humanity and Christianity. She has the zeal of a convert, and it is part of the irony of things that the moving first act, in which she is still unconverted, should attract to its earthy and pagan self the whole dramatic vigor of the play. The rest is dutifully done, but its piety is unaffecting.

There is one law about subjects of this kind which Miss Burr has permitted herself to infringe. Old tales and legends are crusts or shells, the filling of which is renewable from time to time. A twentieth-century filling in a thirteenth-century shell is entirely proper. But novelty in the *form or body* of the legend—in other words, a new shell—is hardly permissible. If there is to be fairy lore in a rationalizing age, it must be a fairy lore with which we in our childhood, or the world in its childhood, was acquainted. Now, Miss Burr's idea that a fairy by self-destruction can magically free a beloved human being from the thraldom of a charm is new to

me in fairy legend. It may not be new to Miss Burr, but Miss Burr is not writing for herself. We should like her fairy better in any case with a smaller allowance of magnanimity. The Pixy turns into a saint without becoming a woman in the process.

Miss Mary Davies begins thus in "Youth Riding":

> I will not bow my head
> To listen to the dead.
> I am alive and I am young,
> There is gladness on my tongue,
> And my lips are red.

Youth for Miss Davies is no state of simple, natural well-being. Youth is a calling; youth is a cult, and its object is not to forget itself in labor or in joy, but to recall itself to itself in endless strains of self-fondling panegyric. Shelley in his "Prometheus" describes certain dithyrambic beings in a chariot who "drink the wind of their own speed." That is the occupation of Miss Davies' "Youth." Old age is a lingering ailment from which the examples of recovery are few. Youth is a more violent malady, with the compensating advantage that the cure is speedy and relapse impossible. The peculiarity in Miss Davies' case is that the inflammation has been prodigious. She despises age. God is old, and Miss Davies is almost kittenish with him on the subject of his infirmities,

> God, his dim old eyes to bless,
> Brings back the Spring.

Miss Davies is an emotional poet, or at least a poet of emotional themes. She avers, she insists that she feels, and she is a strenuous and determined young person whom it would be impolitic to gainsay. Besides, the testimonies are overwhelming. It is difficult to deny that a person is wounded who bleeds visibly, copiously in one's presence, who stands, so to speak, in a pool of his own blood. Even the hardiest doubter must in all seriousness admit that Miss Davies is adept in the rhetoric of feeling. I do not mean the ancient, spurious rhetoric, but the true modern brand which preaches simplicity, directness, condensation. She feels the puissance of monosyllables, and she knows that tiny words, like children, however rebellious to the tactless hand, are pliancy itself to the touch that sympathizes. Her formula for emotion might be defined as measure in the expression of the unmeasured, and its excellence as formula is undeniable. She deploys emotion skilfully; she is sensitive to brevity and climax. There are rare and fortunate moments in which cynicism itself could hardly discriminate her virtuosity from virtue. Who could ask for anything better than the close of the "Door," or than two lines like the following?

> And where the little river cried,
> Her grave was made.

But Miss Davies talks too much, permits the adversary too many tests. The foreigner who wishes to pass himself off for a native in the *Pays du Tendre*, or anywhere else, should not only talk very well, but talk very little. Miss Davies' emotion reminds me of that chill, bright gleam which does duty for flame on the stage grates in our theatres. It has every property of fire—but warmth.

Mr. Cale Young Rice has a very active mind, a mind active in several planes. The plane of its activity in his latest volume, "Shadowy Thresholds," is hardly of a nature to exalt his reputation. Mr. Rice, like Shakespeare's Richard II, is too lavish of his commerce with the public. He should imitate the reserve of Bolingbroke:

> My presence, like a robe pontifical,
> Ne'er seen but wondered at.

Much in "Shadowy Thresholds" is as good as much in the earlier collections of lyrics; the inferiority of its best to their best is the disenchanting circumstance. The verse, indeed, is often melodious, and once in a while becomes seductive. The four lines that follow are a hammock for the ear:

> To watch along Sumatra
> The Bay of Bengal counting
> Its fevered pulsing surf-beat
> With timeless undertone.

One recalls with some pleasure the opening sketches of a "Poet's Childhood," and the Hawthornesque fantasy, "After the Symphony," which ends the book. There is a preface which is worth reading, though passages occur which breed the wish that the sharpness of the author's temper might be transferred to his perceptions.

O. W. Firkins

Domestic and Imported Models

The Happy Years. By Inez Haynes Irwin. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
The Board Walk. By Margaret Widdemer. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
From Place to Place. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: George H. Doran Company.
The Blower of Bubbles. By Arthur Beverley Baxter. New York: D. Appleton and Company.
Short Stories from the Balkans. Translated into English by Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.
A Lithuanian Village. By Leon Kobrin. Authorized Translation from the Yiddish, by Isaac Goldberg, Ph. D. New York: Brentano's.

The author of "The Happy Years" is past-mistress of the type of short story that is "available" for the benevolent and not unprofitable uses of the woman's (or ladies') home magazine. A recent critic of the novel has very well said that the prime essential in popular fiction is its linking of the strange to the familiar. For the flapper, if you like, wild journeyings into a romantic void. For the young matron, bring hither, rather, your "little stories of married life." Show her a pair not so unlike herself and her man, meeting conditions and problems not so unlike her own; show her a domestic gear often subject to strain yet running smooth and safe in its bath of sentiment; and you have shown her the pleasantest fare romance possesses for her. Such is the fare provided in "The Happy Years." Maywood, the snug, well-groomed commuters' town, with its nice average people, its Woman's Club, its Business Man's Club, its comfortable social and civic preoccupations, is the town we all know, whether we live in it or not. Martins, Storrows, Warburtons—these are sound Anglo-American names, a circle of young or middle-aged couples busy with their problems of domestic economy, child-rearing, and connubial adjustment. Such materials the story-teller handles capably and not too subtly, always with an eye to the necessity for everything's "turning out right" even if it has to be taken by the scruff and turned out by hand. Miss Widdemer ("as was") has also often shown her ability to produce pleasant, comfortable stuff of similar kind. She has romanticized the flapper to good purpose, and her "rose garden husband" or her "wishing-ring man." In "The Board Walk" she seems to rest from felicity. This is realism of no timid order. The light of romance hangs over two or three of the tales, but not romances of the "sweet pretty" kind. There are no commercially agreeable endings; and a number of the sketches are about distinctly unpleasant matters, like the betrayal of infancy, the cruel snobbishness of childhood, the brutality of a religious flock toward its pastor. Our persons are the "natives" of a little summer place, with its Boardwalk and its "tawdrily excited summers" lived at the pace of its irresponsible visitors and too often to the cost of the resident maidens who are dull enough, Heaven knows, the rest of the year. A fresh scene, to which the story-teller brings an uncompromising if not unsympathetic eye.

There is not much to say of any newest collection of stories by Irvin S. Cobb except that they are or are not up to previous sample. "From Place to Place" includes some very good "Cobbs." Not that they are all of a piece. Mr. Cobb, though he has the endurable misfortune to be popular, has not only a natural knack for story-telling, but a liberal instinct for ideas. He can tell you a story about a hangman, or a crook, or a child, or a Southern mammy, or a "bull called Emily," with equal address and effectiveness. Now and then he is careless about letting the bones of his plot stick out or in buttering the action overfreely with sentiment. But though frankly

enough a smile-and-tear artist, his humor is sound enough to avoid, nearly always (in his fiction), the extremes of blubber and guffaw. In contrast with his easy professionalism, the amateurishness of "The Blower of Bubbles" would become unfairly conspicuous. The five stories collected were written by a Canadian soldier at odd times during his "interesting but undistinguished service of nearly four years" with the Canadian forces. The title story is a somewhat labored portraiture of an unusual sort of man. The other tales, which are more consciously plotted and rounded out, are better of their kind. One of them, "The Airy Prince," is a brilliant and tender little fantasy, involving the war-brought contact of an English airman and a little French peasant who, not by chance as we see, is called Pippa.

The translator of "Short Stories from the Balkans" has before this published English translations from the Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The present volume contains versions from the Czech, Rumanian, Serbian, Croatian, and Hungarian tongues. Each of the tales is prefaced by a brief note on the author and his place in national and European literature. These really do much to illuminate names like Vrchlický, Savatopluk Cech, Lazarevic, Miksáth and Jan Neruda. It should be a good thing for the story-reading American to realize that all over Europe, even in those tumultuous Balkans which but the other day we connected with "opera-bouffe," men of genius have for many years been expressing themselves in that form of the short-story which American magazine editors have held up as a recent American invention. The translator emphasizes the fact that these writers have not confined themselves to that form. Versatility seems to have been the rule among them. Most of them have been primarily poets, but have essayed all sorts of writing, and through one medium or another have expressed all sorts of moods and points of view. In theme and treatment the tales here assembled show great variety. But the striking thing about them is the subtlety and complexity of mood one feels in them, in almost every one of them, taken by itself. For a parallel we must turn to Scandinavia: Andersen, Ibsen, Bojer, Nexo. Otherwise Mrs. Underwood's generalization may safely stand: "The union of the poet and the wit, the romantic dreamer and the bitter critic of life, is one of the gifts of Hungary and its neighboring peoples to the world of letters. It is seldom found in the Teuton or the Latin, even in a slight degree."

But in the Jew it is surely to be found, or a blend closely akin to it; in a Heine, and in the author of "A Lithuanian Village." Leon Kobrin is among the few leading writers of Yiddish literature in America. Besides his dramas of the ghetto and a vast number of tales and half a dozen novels, he has translated much into Yiddish from the world classics, with a range from Faust, Hamlet, Echegaray, Turgeniev, Maupassant, and Hugo. His own translator into English admits that his tales are often "brutally realistic." In this book, however, though naturalistic detail is by no means lacking, the atmosphere is war with sentiment and memory. The words with which it begins and ends, "Somewhere in Lithuania there once nestled the little village of B——", are not without their tender elegiac overtones. Out of memory the author seems to build the homely Jewish nest of his childhood, a place of poverty and squalor, yet also a place of ancient faith and young dreams. It is gone. America has called it from the old ways; and it will never be again. The book is a group of sketches rather than stories in the magazinable sense, but full of vitality and interest for English readers who, as Dr. Goldberg says, are at last "gazing toward wider literary horizons."

H. W. Boynton

Echoes of the War

The Stolen Lands. By Marie Harrison. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

How I Filmed the War. By Lieut. Malins. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Written apparently towards the close of 1917, Miss Harrison's little book is a bit of simple and earnest propaganda addressed to the average Englishman with the object of convincing him that the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine is not merely a natural desire of France, but the concern of all nations united for the overthrow of German militarism. As such it has served its turn. When the war ended France reclaimed her provinces, not merely with the acquiescence, but with the hearty applause of all her allies. That problem of the war is settled; one "open sore of Europe" has been healed, and just so far as that is the case Miss Harrison's book appears to lag superfluous on the stage. All that she says is good and true, but it has not only been said before, but has been heard and acted upon.

Yet there is something in the book of lasting value. Miss Harrison had the rare chance of visiting during the war that part of Alsace which was already regained for France. She went, not as a member of a personally conducted party, but independently, to study conditions and gather impressions at her leisure. She stayed for the greater part of the time at Massevaux, not ten miles from the German trenches; at Thann she saw shells bursting in the streets and was presented with a gas-mask by the Mayor of that little town. What she gives us, then, are her impressions of life in Alsace redeemed from the German yoke, but still under the ever-present German menace. They may, perhaps, be summed up in a single phrase: "In all the tumults of warfare the Alsatians are closer to peace than they ever were in the days of Germany occupation." The district was never more prosperous; factories were working, vineyards were cultivated, farmers were making more money than ever before. There were few food restrictions; rules that applied in Paris were not enforced in Alsace. The menu of a chance luncheon in a little wayside inn—creamy soup, a cheese pancake filled with whipped cream; tender veal, *petits pois*, éclairs, coffee, and a bottle of good red wine, all for three francs—makes one's mouth water with longing for past delights. And it was not material prosperity alone that the Alsatians enjoyed—they had that under German rule—but the sense of liberation. "In the old days" a teaching sister at Thann told her "we used to lock the doors and draw the shutters and in very soft voices sing the Marseillaise. Now we can sing it as loud as ever we like and all the doors and windows are open." "What did you feel like when the French came into Alsace?" Miss Harrison asked a woman in Massevaux. "It was like a coming home," she answered; "as if someone I had loved long ago and who had gone away had at last come back. It was the happiest day of my life; no matter what the future holds in store for me, nothing can take away its splendor." Or take the words of a simple shop-keeper envisaging the terrible possibility of a German return. "In that case" said he, "I should go into a little corner of France and be glad to die." Actions, however, speak louder than words, and the strongest proof of the loyalty of the two provinces to France is furnished by the fact recorded by Miss Harrison that they gave the French army some 3,000 officers; in the German army there was but one real Alsatian officer; five others—only five—reckoned as such, were by descent half German.

It is its recognition of the human element, the little scenes from Alsatian life, bits of talk that reveal the heart of a people, that give lasting interest to what would otherwise be a book wholly devoted to the discussion of a past issue.

There is nothing of the faint or slowly dying echo in Lieutenant Malins's work. It is, in fact, the noisiest book imaginable. Every page resounds with the bursts of crumps, pipsqueaks, flying pigs, woolly bears, and other zoölogical specimens of high explosives. For Lieutenant Geoffrey Malins, Official War Office Kinematographer, "filmed" the battle of the Somme where heavy artillery first showed its full power, and, to speak in the vernacular, had the time of his young life doing it. It is impossible to criticise such a book seriously and yet it is im-

possible to laugh at the author. In his pursuit of thrilling scenes for the camera he braved danger in a way that would be heroic, if it did not seem almost stupid. He was drenched with German weeping gas and blinded for hours; he was blown into a deserted trench by the explosion of a shell and lay all night on the body of a German killed some weeks before; he was hit by a burning fragment in the conflagration of Peronne and "set up an unearthly yell" as the flames caught his ear and singed his hair. But nothing daunted him. He lay all night in the front trenches to photograph the explosion of the great mine near Beaumont-Hammel that opened the battle. He filmed the first tank that went into action near Martinpuish and the first British regiment that crossed the Somme. When the Germans fell back on the Hindenburg line he was hot on the trail, often miles in front of British troops, "filming" scenes of Hunnish devastation, villages of starving refugees, and joyous receptions of liberating soldiers by the peasantry.

But he was not given to the pursuit only of scenes of battle and ruined towns. He "filmed" personages great and small on all occasions, the greater the better: naturally, the Prince of Wales, Lord Kitchener, Sir Douglas Haig, and the King. Perhaps the most delightful chapter of the book is that which records his pursuit of King George on his visit to the Somme battlefield. From this first moment he followed the King like a bloodhound, flying after him in cars that blew out tires at inopportune moments, rushing on before the royal party in time to plant his camera on the parapet of an old trench and catch them as they passed, and especially happy at getting a picture of the King patting a small puppy outside a field hospital. At the last moment he received permission to return to England on the same boat as the King. He drove madly to the harbor, cursing his old "bus" because she could only "limp along" at fifty miles an hour. He just arrived in time, dashed wildly by the King, who was making his official farewells on the quay, set up his camera on the ship's deck and "filmed" it all; "not an incident had passed me."

The book is written in the most remarkable mixture of styles imaginable. We have page after page of realistic dialogue, steeped in the racy slang of the trenches, and then an outburst of flamboyant journalism such as no human being ever spoke and no good Christian ever wrote. In spite of his journalese, however, the writer really succeeds in putting over a most lively picture of trench warfare. We see and feel the Flanders mud, up to the bellies of the pack-mules at times; we hear the deafening roar of the high explosives "plastering" a hostile trench; we snuff the tainted air on Trones wood, a "fair hell" of rotting corpses. One of the vividest pictures in the book is that of the writer staggering through the ruined trenches under the weight of his equipment, "sweating like a bull," with a lighted cigarette in each corner of his mouth to keep off the buzzing torment of the poisonous flies. Lieutenant Malins is not one of Carlyle's strong silent heroes. He is a very voluble young person, but he is something of a hero all the same.

T. M. Parrott

The Run of the Shelves

Lack of interest in the matter is the reason assigned—and it is the real reason—for the abandonment of simplified spelling by the Modern Language Association. Its adoption some years ago was the work of an enthusiastic minority, but the enthusiasm, as time went on, failed to spread. How "shud" it be expected to when the Association's papers "ar red by title"? Too many of the simplifications adopted by the Association were of this highly objectionable sort. As Mr. Henry Bradley has made plain, spelling does other things besides suggesting sounds; a word as a whole and as it is spelled suggests trains of associated ideas; "red" for "read" and "shoes" for "shows" and "shud" for "should" in two cases out of three not only do not suggest the desired sound, but in all three cases do suggest a world of undesired associations. A great deal of simplification has been accomplished in a quiet way since Johnson's Dictionary regularized English spelling. A great deal that is illogical and cumbersome still remains. Possibly we place an exaggerated value on consistency in spelling. The days of Shakespeare and of Milton afforded in this respect a freer air for the noble and aspiring spirit. Something like a return to these go-as-you-please methods must be the result of any large simplification of spelling, for such simplification, besides possessing many other disadvantages, is generally too complicated for any but its originators to be able to apply with consistency.

Mr. F. C. Prescott's "Poetry and Dreams" (Boston: The Four Seas Company) is described as "a study of the psychology of poetry, in the light of the Freudian theory of dreams." Dreams, according to Dr. Freud, spring from the attempt of unconscious and suppressed desires to obtain imaginary gratification through the images of sleep. "Poetry," according to Mr. Prescott, "has its source in repressed and unconscious desires," and its object is the "relief or purgation" afforded by the "expression and imagined gratification of our desires." Mr. Prescott is a careful and candid reasoner, and, if citations prove anything, a learned man. He points out many clear and strong analogies between poetry and dreams to which the assent of cultivated readers will be unquestioning and universal. Indeed so much of what Mr. Prescott wants will be granted with perfect ease that perhaps he is hardly alive to the difficulty of obtaining the other small but momentous admissions which are needful for the demonstration of his thesis.

So far as expression or the poetic process goes, Mr. Prescott's theory is unavailing. The poet wants expression and gets expression, and so far the gratification is not imaginary, but actual. But what Mr. Prescott has in mind is the content of poetry; that is drawn from our unfulfilled wishes. We will not urge the obvious point that nobody wants to be Hector or Hamlet or Faust or Brand. The ungratified desires which poetry slakes by images are clearly not desires for happiness, but for intensity and beauty, though why ungratified desires for happiness should be so much less efficacious in breeding poetry than ungratified desires for intensity or beauty is by no means clear. Let us grant to Mr. Prescott that poetry deals largely with the images of things that we want and can not get; he is further bound to prove, and it seems to us that he has failed to prove, that images of things that we want and can get are undiscoverable in poetry, or that poetry ceases to be poetry in the adoption and utilization of these images. Let us imagine a case. The familiar lines of Herbert,

> Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,

are read out-of-doors by a reader in the full and immediate enjoyment of the actualities which they reflect. Is it credible that their charm would vanish?

The relation between poetry and unfulfillment may be comprehensive, and yet, in a sense, fortuitous. A nation imports nine-tenths of its coffee. This involves no fondness for importations as importations, but merely a practical desire to get coffee where coffee can be had. Poetry, likewise, seeks intensity and beauty where intensity and beauty are to be had. It abounds in unfulfillments, that is, completions or fruitions unknown to real life, not because it loves unfulfillments for their own sake, but because, in the poverty and stringency of our present state, nine-tenths of our aspirations toward intensity and beauty are unfulfilled in practice. There remains the other tenth—the unsubmerged tenth—of our actual experience, a tenth that may be troublesome to Mr. Prescott, unless he is prepared to prove its foreignness or worthlessness to poetry.

The first volume of Axel Olrik's "Danmarks Heltedigtning" has been translated by Lee M. Hollander, with several American scholars acting in advisory capacity, and under the supervision of the late Professor Olrik himself. The book has been issued by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in a form which is worthy of the most distinguished work of a most distinguished scholar. "The Heroic Legends of Denmark" becomes at once a book of prime importance to the students of Old English literature. It is the most stimulating and the most informing treatment of the Old English poem of "Beowulf" that has appeared in many years. If only a few passages from the second and third volumes of Olrik's great work had been included in the present translation we should have had available in English the most complete and authoritative discussion of the important relations of the "Beowulf" with Scandinavian literature that has so far been written.

The way in which the two supplement each other is very pretty. Both the "Beowulf" and the Scandinavian poems and sagas here considered deal with the fortunes of the Scylding (Danish) kings who ruled at Leire in the fifth and sixth centuries, their external struggles against the Heathobards and a struggle within the family, long and bloodily carried on, for possession of the throne. The poet of the "Beowulf," to be sure, chooses to treat this matter as part of his epic background, to which he makes allusion from time to time, allusions that are immensely effective *when you know the story*. In the foreground he has placed the heroic figure of Beowulf, and centres attention upon his somewhat tawdry adventures, first, in killing the monster that infested the royal hall at Leire and, later, meeting his death in contest with a fire-drake that ravaged his own land of the Geats. Much space, too, is devoted to the wars of the Geats against the Franks (a matter of historical record elsewhere) and against the Swedes, which, as perhaps matters not so well known to an English audience, the poet feels bound to handle less allusively than he does the story of the Scyldings.

Concerning the Scyldings the Old English poet knows some things that the later Scandinavian writers do not. He knows the relationship of the chief characters in the story; but the Scandinavian stories tell more clearly the rôle they played. For example, he very plainly indicates that Hrothulf (Hrolf), the nephew of the great king Hrothgar, who enjoys honor second only to the king himself, will one day grow a little less than kind to Hrothgar's young sons, Hrethric and Hrothmund. The "Biarkamal" (the reconstruction of this poem is one of Olrik's scholarly triumphs), on the other hand, tells us of the slaying of the weak and avaricious king Hrœrek (Hrethric) by Hrolf (Hrothulf), but it is not aware of the family relationship between them. Hrolf, who in later Scandinavian tradition becomes with his attendant heroes the most brilliant and powerful of the Scylding kings, is in turn attacked at Leire and slain by a certain Hiarvarth. The "Beowulf"-poet does not tell the story, but he does know, what Scandinavian tradition had forgotten, that Heoroweard (Hiarvarth) is the son of Hrothgar's elder brother Heorogar, who might, therefore, regard himself as the rightful occupant of the high-seat of the Scyldings. In this particular, as in hundreds of others, an understanding of the one literature is greatly enhanced in the matter of epic breadth and tragic tensity by some knowledge of the other.

The "Soul of Abraham Lincoln" (Doran) is an ominous title. The "True Story of Abraham Lincoln's Spiritual Life and Convictions" is an ominous description. Authorship by an orthodox pastor is an ominous source. It is bare justice to Mr. William E. Barton to affirm that all these omens are falsified by his performance. Clergyman though he be, his judgment is incorrupt. Possibly the only safe judges are the men for whom judgment as a mere gymnastic is a stimulus and an enjoyment. Mr. Barton is a born gauger of evidence, and is glad rather than sorry to relieve his own side of those shaky arguments which, like non-combatants in an army, increase its liabilities without fostering its strength. He admits that Lincoln was a deist or agnostic in his early manhood—a state of mind which the intolerance of the times denounced as infidelity. He is able, however, to draw up a creed from the words, and practically in the words, of the riper Lincoln which comprises a belief in an all-wise and all-righteous Providence deeply concerned in mundane perturbations, in a personal relation between man and God which man can modify in his own favor by supplication and repentance, in the Bible as God's highest gift to man, and in reunion with departed kinsfolk in a happier world. In 1920 this creed will doubtless be ample enough to satisfy even those persons whose fathers or grandfathers would have been first to deplore its meagreness in 1860.

The elaboration of Mr. Barton's plea, to which a hundred pages of appendices and bibliography are punctiliously added, may seem to some readers to rest on an overestimate of the difficulty and the importance of the problem. But the best way to reduce an inflated problem to its natural and proper dimensions is to solve it, and the solution must adapt its own bulk to the bulk of the testimony. There is another side on which all this research and particularity is amply justified. The ease with which honest people lie is one of the points in human nature on which analysts are unanimous and satirists talkative. But the extent of that lying and the perfection of that ease are realizable only in the immediate presence of a stirring question on which the accumulation of testimony has been extensive, various, dispersed, and contradictory. Mr. Barton's book is a precious document in psychology in which the insufficiency of sincerity as a check on deception is exposed, and the difficulties of truthtelling are made so clear that its imposition on human nature as a duty seems, for the time being at least, unjustifiable.

Pierre Loti is not an easy man to put into English. His peculiarly French combination of sharpness in expression with delicacy of sentiment seems scarcely transferable to a language in which sentiment is regularly attained by vagueness. And so one's first impression of S. R. C. Plimsoll's translation of "Madame Prune" (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) is likely to be a sense of what has been lost in the transference from French to English. But as one reads on and becomes familiar—hardens oneself, shall we say?—to Mr. Plimsoll's rather Gallicized style, one is likely to feel rather that he has come closer to success, where complete success is impossible, than would be expected. Slowly the Japan of Loti, the Japan of fragile and superficial loveliness with hints of terrible cruel power under the surface, is evoked; and we almost forget that we are not reading the author's own words. Mr. Mortimer Menpes has contributed eight illustrations in color, which help to perfect this evocation. Those who know only "Madame Chrysanthème" will be glad to have its sequel in this attractive form.

Three Latin volumes (Ausonius I by H. G. E. White, Martial I by W. C. A. Ker, and Livy I by B. O. Foster) and one Greek volume (Thucydides I by C. F. Smith) come to us from Putnams as a reminder that the Loeb Library has weathered the war and is slowly building up for its founder a *monumentum aere perennius* and for the editors and contributors an *operae pretium*. It is not the function of this column to offer a detailed criticism of these scholarly works, but we may note especially the excellence of Professor Smith's translation and annotation of the first two books of Thucydides. Some very minor complaints we might make. Dates should have been given more abundantly, and might well have been printed regularly in the running headlines. Thucydides has been fortunate in his translators since Hobbes set his hand at the task (and learnt much of his philosophy of history

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thereby), and Professor Smith has well maintained the tradition. With its notes and maps this is for a "gentleman scholar" about the ideal edition of the historian who was regarded by the great Chatham as "the eternal manual of statesmen."

The Tragedy of Pygmalion

A FEW months ago the parcel-post brought me a beautiful picture as a present from an unknown donor. The picture depicted Pygmalion embracing the statue of a lovely woman, just coming to life under his embrace and with the red hue of blood already flushing her cheeks. It looked very nice, but I couldn't help a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with the theme. Here was Pygmalion actually preferring a living woman to the work of art; is not art, I reflected, precisely an escape from life and is not Pygmalion a fool to reverse the process? To get more light on my problem I looked up the story and unearthed the following account in the classical dictionary:

> Pygmalion was a celebrated statuary of the island of Cyprus. The debauchery of the females of Amathus to which he was a witness created in him such an aversion for the fair sex that he resolved never to marry. The affection which he denied to the other sex, he liberally bestowed upon the works of his own hands. He became enamoured of a beautiful statue of ivory which he had made and at his earnest requests and prayers, the goddess of beauty changed this favorite statue into a woman, whom the artist married.

Now I understand. Disgusted with women born of mortals, Pygmalion resorted to the Platonic world of forms in his search for a decent mate. But—my reason protested—are not all women, women?

Well, my worst misgivings have proved justified. I have come across an ancient document hitherto undiscovered which gives a fairly full account of Pygmalion's married life. And sad reading it is, indeed.

Economists have always protested against the popular opinion that, after shelter, man's most important need is clothing. They have pointed out the fact that savages put on plumes and generally decorate their bodies, when in fact they wear no clothes whatever. The history of Galatea—if our chronicler is to be trusted—further verifies this contention. As soon as she became alive it seems that she asked for a hat. Feathers came from a great distance, from Carthage, and they cost a great deal. Galatea wanted fans and perfumes and shawls and many other things. Now, Pygmalion was only an artist and hence very poor. Moreover, the Persian Wars had just been concluded, and Cyprus, which had been drawn into them, was left in an impoverished condition. Her rate of exchange was very low as compared with that of Phoenicia, from which Cyprus imported all articles of luxury. Pygmalion easily consented to Galatea's requests, for his love for her was warm and fresh, but you can easily see that the expense made a heavy drain on his scanty purse.

The historian of those days relates that the first organ of Galatea's to come to life was her tongue, and her feet the last. In fact, she never got quite rid of the habits of immobility which she contracted on the pedestal; a certain lassitude still pervaded her; she preferred repose and wanted to be carried about. She insisted on having breakfast in bed. Now Pygmalion was a gentleman and, therefore, the owner of a slave. But those after-war days were days of unrest; new ideas floated in the air. The union of slaves was on strike, demanding that the state fix a maximum to the number of blows which a master could inflict on his slave. So the work fell on Pygmalion's shoulder, and having so far been a bachelor, he was naturally very awkward in his ways and was justly scolded by his wife.

You may have thought that Galatea had to learn everything from the beginning. Not she. Like her more famous sister Minerva, who emerged full-fledged from the Jovial head, Galatea descended from the pedestal with all her womanly instincts mature. She knew her mind well and soon had Pygmalion under her thumb. Galatea was a born (the expression is incorrect but may be allowed) coquette. In a short time she got tired of Pygmalion and began flirting openly with a poet-friend of his. Pygmalion gloomily recalled the days when she was still on the pedestal. Then she was docile and never refused his kisses. She was without life, but all his own. Then, she had no claims for herself and made no fuss; she was perfect. He was her slave, but oh! what a gracious mistress she was. Now that she had come down from the pedestal, she was so different—full of caprice, petulant, cold—in short, exasperating. Disillusioned, Pygmalion reflected, as Solomon had done, that everything has its proper place, and that what the artist conceives and creates is all right on the pedestal but very unsatisfactory if transferred to the rough earth.

Pygmalion made an attempt to resume work. At least Galatea might pose as a model and help him return to the realm which her unexpected advent had forced him to leave. But no, Galatea would never stand on the pedestal again. Anyway, she was too busy shopping or receiving friends or dressing. And as if this were not enough, she would not allow Pygmalion to call in other models. She did not love her husband but still she didn't like having other women in the house.

Pygmalion was driven to despair. Finally, he made a resolution. He went up to Delphi and called upon Apollo to transform his wife into the statue she had been. The oracle replied that the gods never undo what they once have done. Pygmalion came back in a state of utter dejection.

At last Apollo took pity on him. One morning the married couple was engaged in one of their usual quarrels. Galatea lost her temper and stamped her foot. Pygmalion lost his courage and implored forgiveness. But Galatea looked at him with a cold stare and the blood froze in his veins. It did, really and literally. Pygmalion was aware of a certain numbness creeping into his limbs; he tried to speak but his mouth would not move. He lost consciousness. . . .

Apollo had turned him into a stone and now it was Pygmalion that was the statue.

Galatea shed a few tears, but later had the statue moved on to her own previous pedestal, and exhibited it to friends.

My historian's account stops at this point. We may conjecture that Galatea married again, but nothing is known definitely. Personally, I am interested to know whether the statue still exists in proper shape. Excavations ought to be started at once with a view to clearing up this matter. But I must leave that to the archæologists.

RAPHAEL DEMOS

Drama

The Craft of the Tortoise and Other Plays

THE CRAFT OF THE TORTOISE. By Algernon Tassin. New York: Boni and Liveright.
THE POWER OF A GOD AND OTHER ONE-ACT PLAYS. By Thacher Howland Guild. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press.
THE LAMP OF HEAVEN. By Mrs. L. Worthington Smith. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

MR. ALGERNON TASSIN is a person eminently worth looking at. Whether he is a person worth listening to is a point on which his first book (first to my knowledge) is inconclusive. The work proves beyond question that his intelligence is marvellous. The first few pages of his preface suffice to demonstrate his mastery of English style. These qualities, valuable as they are, would be still more valuable if their partial origin in Mr. Shaw were less discernible. I say "partial" with deliberation; Mr. Tassin's relation to Mr. Shaw resembles that of the wife who has property in her own right.

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Both Mr. Tassin and Mr. Shaw are thinker-dramatists, with the thinker-dramatist's double handicap that his study is draped like a stage while his stage is furnished like a study. Drama should be based on thought. It should not be ceiled and wainscoted with thought. Mr. Tassin learns fast; he wants to teach fast; and the difficulty with drama is that, while it paints fast, it teaches slowly. Speed up its teaching and you retard or confuse its portrayal. To have many images and few, but strong, ideas is well-being for a dramatist. Mr. Tassin is not content to embody a thought; he wants to limn a treatise. Atalanta-like, he may lose the race by stooping to pick up the golden apples of intelligence.

He may lose the race, but the loss is far from certain. His equipment for drama is, in some points, remarkable. He has a strong dialogue, a compact, pugnacious, assertive dialogue, a dialogue in which each sentence is a stand. He is a dramatist in his sense of the impact of people upon each other; even in quiet scenes, in mere exposition, the talk is ridged with passing angers, jealousies, contempts, fawnings, dictations. He is a skilled inventor, not of plots, but of incidents that uncover relations. But his limitation as playwright lies in the fact that, while he cares much for the dramatic manner, he cares little for the dramatic or emotional outcome. He cares merely for the intellectual outcome; he is satisfied to make his point. His people are illustrative. He makes them vigorous because, being a sound man of letters, he likes to make his illustrations vigorous. But as beings, as lives, they mean very little to him. He has Hamlet's impartial scorn for the two sexes—"man delights not him; no, nor woman neither." Is there any pregnancy in Rosencrantz's reply to Hamlet's words that the *players* would receive *lenten entertainment* from such a man?

The author of "Hamlet" himself might almost have been daunted by the burdens which Mr. Tassin has laid upon his dramatic faculty. He wishes to prove that the art of woman perpetually wrests the mastery from the strength of man; the nerves, as we know, control the muscles. The theme has obvious affinities with that of "Man and Superman," but Mr. Shaw's play is contemporary. Mr. Tassin's acts are divided by cycles. He not only gives us present-day New York (Act IV.) and Europe in 1260 (Act. III.), but patriarchal times (Act II.) and even pre-historic man (Act I.). Three characters appear in all four acts in successive incarnations, not of the person exactly, but of the type. How far are these pictures of life true? In the first three acts, plainly much must be left to faith; and plainly again,

(*Continued on page* 370)

James Shirley, Dramatist: A Biographical and Critical Study

By ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, Ph.D., Professor of English in New York University.

In this study of the life and works of Shirley, the endeavor is threefold: first, to examine the little that we know of Shirley's life, to determine, fact by fact, the value of the evidence, and, on a basis of this critical examination, to construct a chronology more accurate than has been hitherto available; second, on a basis of this revised chronology, to restudy the dramatic works of Shirley, in order to determine, if possible, the course of his development as a dramatist; and, third, from this same examination of the plays, to determine the distinctive characteristics of his dramatic works. The result is a new and most interesting picture of this the principal dramatic poet of the reign of Charles I.

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(*Continued from page* 369)
Mr. Tassin's demands for credit in three acts impose on him a quite decisive obligation to furnish cash in the fourth, that is, to furnish truth which is not only true but verifiable. But when payday comes Mr. Tassin wants to renew his note. His eccentric New York has to be taken on faith. His Emmeline, the last and lowest of her vulpine breed, seems almost as alien to the spectator's experience as his Em or Emla or Emelie. I do not say that Emmeline as exception or aberration is inconceivable. Tradition and modernity are two species, and in an age when woman is the offspring of their union, she is normally a hybrid and potentially a monster. Do I go too far in suggesting that a successful authoress who flirts with a workman in overalls is a monster? Clearly she is not typical, and Mr. Tassin is pursuer of types.

"This play," says Mr. Tassin in a preface, which, always coruscating, is sometimes too coruscating to be luminous, "develops the theme that woman compensates for her bodily inferiority to man, which, handicapping her in the beginning proved her strength in the end, by the utilization of her apparel!" Woman is tortoise; man is hare: the tortoise wins the race. Shell in the tortoise is replaced by dress in woman. That the tortoise is not crafty and is not helped by its shell in the race are obvious objections. Mr. Tassin's is a subtle mind. One suspects him of a mind as insensitive to the obvious as the obvious mind itself is impervious to subtlety. In formal reasoning he is prodigiously acute, but he is possessed of and possessed by an ardor for generalities with which a scorn of particulars is delicately mingled. In the swiftness of his logic he resembles Mr. Shaw; both Mr. Shaw and he resemble the hare; and I doubt if he is quite wise in recalling incessantly to our minds a fable in which victory was obtained by the hare's plodding rival. The very quickness of his mind is a bias—a bias towards explanations that presuppose quickness. Historically, he makes woman conscious and inventive where her willingness, if operative at all, must have been ingenuous and unreflecting. This is partly no doubt the dramatist's necessity, but it is also probably the conscious thinker's instinctive disallowance of instinct. If women are the real Machiavels, it is odd that a man should name the quality. Are they wily as a sex or only as a class—historically a serf or subject class? Are they so wily as eunuchs? Are they wilier than subject males—than parasites or courtiers, for example? Mr. Tassin thinks that the guile of woman is operative today in the attempt to keep privileges while she gains rights, to demand justice and chivalry in the same breath; and, by a comparison in which chivalry gives up the ghost, likens her to the enfranchised negro helping herself to her ex-master's goods and getting wages at the same time.

Four one-act plays by Thacher Howland Guild have been collected in a volume to which commemorative tributes by Mr. George P. Baker, Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, and other friends have been prefixed. The plays show an instinct for the theatre and a humane spirit which should fit them for successful performance by amateurs.

The "Lamp of Heaven," a one-act Chinese play of the time of the Boxer rebellion, is exactly imaged in its heroine, Mee Fah Kam. She is very pretty, but her feet are bandaged, and she can scarcely walk. The diction of Mrs. Smith's unambitious little play is pleasing enough; what is lacks is the power to move. O. W. FIRKINS

Music

James Huneker on Art and Occultism

BEDOUINS. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

JAMES HUNEKER, at his best, has almost genius. And, at his very worst, he stands alone. There is always

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this to be said of what he writes—it needs no signature. The style, in his case, does denote the man.

That seems high praise, indeed, in these drab days, when twenty writers have one single style. But it implies as well some faint dispraise. For of late years (to be quite frank) it has not been only style that has distinguished Mr. Huneker's short tales and essays. A tendency has now and then become evident, both in his fiction and his criticism, to score points with the help of what Frenchmen call a procédé—of which the equivalent in English is a *recipe*.

The results are often brilliant, if bewildering. But they are also sometimes just the least bit wearying. Not tiresome (heaven forbid!), but they do tire. Not everyone can bear the constant strain of following even such a mind as Mr. Huneker's through a whole volume of flamboyant and dazzling fantasies.

In this latest of his many books Mr. Huneker has gathered up a number of his reviews, short tales, and essays. The title is, perhaps, a little vague as a suggestion of a work which deals with babies, critics, cats, Caruso, Mirabeau, Luke, Anatole France, and Mary Garden, to say nothing of His Black Majesty, the Devil. I grieve to say (though I do not take him seriously at this point) that, on the fifth page of his essay on Mary Garden, he frankly names himself, I believe for the first time, a devout disciple of that strange but infamous writer, René de Gourmont. The Satanist author of "A Night in the Luxembourg" might surely have been excluded from his rare and audacious study of a star. The study in itself is a delight, unsparing, to be sure, in its analysis, but flattering by the frank and searching thoroughness with which it is made. I note with interest that, unlike some foolish critics, Mr. Huneker knows Mary Garden as a singer of unusual charm, not only as a wondrous "singing actress." I can not understand, though, why he proclaims her "invincibly Yankee." She is Scotch by birth, and French by education, and the language which she projects across the footlights is—well, Anglo-French. He more than hints that she is a reincarnation of such flaming characters as Thaïs, Phryne, Sappho, and the admired Aspasia. She is also termed an orchid, a human dynamo, and an opal. Having labelled her as American he pronounces her Gaelic. Yet, in the same breath, he dwells on her Gallic art. A moment later he tells us that she swears by Duse. Yes, often Mr. Huneker bewilders one. He extols Miss Garden's sweeter and nobler interpretations—they are nearly creations—her exquisite Melisande, her pathetic Jean (in "Le Jongleur"), her beautiful Monna Vanna. He detests her when she appears as crazy lemans of the Aphrodite type. When he has scratched and patted, praised and damned her in all sorts of ways and keys and moods, Mr. Huneker sums up, "She is unique." And so for all her flaws, Miss Garden is.

In "Bedouins" one may find other essays, less thorough than those given up to Miss Garden, but hardly less interesting. An essay about "Mélisande and Debussy." Another on "The Artistic Temperament" (as to which the author is, beyond doubt, an authority). Another (rather flippant and unworthy of the tribute of a reprint) is entitled "Caruso on Wheels." In most, the author hovers around music—an art of which he knows more (and writes less) than almost any other critic in this country. As usual, when he does discourse on music and on artists who make music, he often treats of them in terms of literature. And, as an offset, when he speaks of painting or drama he expresses his ideas in musical formulas. He has, throughout his life, been a voracious reader of fiction, drama, science, and philosophy. His memory is remarkably retentive. But he does wrong, I think, to crowd so many references into his essays. George Moore and Huysmans, Chopin, Poe and the Sar Peladan are hurled at one at every opportunity. It matters little what the theme may be. The author's favorites must be quoted and re-quoted.

Now this, though it impresses one at first, in the long run becomes annoying to the general. It may be true, as he himself once said to me, that he "writes for twelve persons only," not for the crowd. We may assume, despite all such assertions, that Mr. Huneker appeals to a large audience. If not, why does he contribute to the dailies? And why does he reprint what they have published? Before they were essays, most of his writings had been articles. And now, collected, they form parts of a real book. Not everything in "Bedouins" bears rereading. Some short stories, for example, might with advantage have been left out of this volume. Among them (to name two) are the three slightly futile tales entitled "Brothers-in-Law," "Grindstones," and "Venus or Valkyr." Moreover, those who most admire the author may deplore the resuscitation of two powerful but disturbing little stories which deal with Satanism.

The short stories referred to will distress most recent souls, though they will fascinate some searchers after the occult. They are morbid, and, to many, will seem dangerous, though one is founded, I am told, on actual fact. We know that there were Satanists in Paris, in the Quartier Montparnasse. We had heard that there were Satanists in one, at least, of our American cities. To go hunting after cases of the kind may please Mr. Huneker. To relate what he has found, with the allurements of his

(*Continued on page* 372)

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THE REVIEW

Published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York, }

Before me a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harold deWolf Fuller, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of THE REVIEW, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form,. to wit:

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Editor—Harold deWolf Fuller, 8 East 8th Street, New York, N. Y.

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H. deW. FULLER, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1920.

HOWARD CAMPBELL,
Notary Public, Queens County,
Certificate filed in N. Y. C. No. 263.
(My commission expires March 30, 1921.)

(*Continued from page* 371)

warm and vivid style, seems almost criminal.

That a man like Huysmans should have praised "The Vision Malefic" of Mr. Huneker long years ago will amaze no one. It will fret most, however, to be told that Tolstoi, the austere and ecstatic Tolstoi, paid it the tribute of a dignified rebuke. In times like ours, when thousands upon thousands in a distracted world are dabbling with perilous mysticisms, an author should think hard and then think harder before he ventures to reprint such disturbing stories as "The Vision Malefic," and that other excursion into the diabolic, "The Supreme Sin."

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

Books and the News

Libraries

THE work which the American Library Association did during the war is described in a very readable volume by Theodore Wesley Koch, "Books in the War; the Romance of Library War Service," (Houghton, 1919). The most considerable study of libraries as they have developed in this country is by the public librarian of St. Louis, Dr. Arthur E. Bostwick, in "The American Public Library" (Appleton, 1910). Similar books, doing the same thing for England, are J. J. Ogle's "The Free Library" (Allen) and, for its chapters on a number of topics, Richard Garnett's "Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography" (Allen, 1899). The American author previously mentioned, Arthur E. Bostwick, has written in "The Making of an American's Library" (Little, Brown, 1915) a brief book, speaking of the private library, and the effect of the public library upon it.

Beginners in the art of managing a library are often referred to J. C. Dana's "A Library Primer" (Library Bureau), in which the elementary steps are briefly described. The architectural points which a librarian needs to know, or a possible library architect may be glad to read, are in Charles C. Soule's "How to Plan a Library Building for Library Work" (Boston Book Co., 1912).

There are many books which one may read for the pleasure of learning a little of the history of libraries—Ernest A. Savage's "Old English Libraries; the Making, Collection, and Use of Books During the Middle Ages" (McClurg, 1912) is one of them. Nothing, however, is more quaint and charming than Sir Thomas Bodley's "Life" and his "First Draught of the Statutes of the Public Library at Oxon." J. C. Dana and H. W. Kent edited an edition in their "Literature of Libraries" series (McClurg, 1907). The Statutes must have been the origin of many of the tales about librarians who guarded their books like dragons.

The book which suggested this brief list is not primarily about libraries, but is P. B. M. Allan's "The Book-Hunter at Home" (Philip Allan, 1920). It has a long chapter about libraries, but is really intended to instruct and entertain the book-collector—and the collector who is after fairly big fish. The pleasant art of hunting the minnows of the book world—the books which bought at second-hand leave one some change from a two-dollar bill, yes, even from a dollar—this harmless sport is always beneath the dignity of the gentlemen who write of book-collecting.

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Books Received

FICTION

Bailey, H. C. Barry Leroy. Dutton. $2.00 net.
Banning, Margaret Culkin. This Marrying. Doran.
Bojer, John. Treacherous Ground. Moffat, Yard.
Cadmus and Harmonia. The Island of Sheep. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50.
Capes, Bernard. The Skeleton Key. Doran.
Chamberlain, George A. Taxi. Bobbs-Merrill.
Fitzgerald, F. Scott. This Side of Paradise. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Gale, Zona. Miss Lulu Bett. Appleton.
Galsworthy, John. Tatterdemalion. Scribners. $1.90 net.
Haggard, H. Rider. The Ancient Allan. Longmans. $1.75 net.
Holding, Elizabeth S. Invincible Minnie. Doran.
Humphreys, Mrs. Desmond. Diana of the Ephesians. Stokes.
Jepson, Edgar. Pollyooly Dances. Duffield.
Maurois, André. The Silence of Colonel Bramble. Lane. $1.25 net.
McMasters, Wm. H. Revolt. Small, Maynard.
Spofford, Harriet P. The Elder's People. Houghton Mifflin.
Washburn, Claude C. Order. Duffield. $2.00 net..

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Mackenzie, J. S. Arrows of Desire: Essays on British Characteristics. Macmillan. $3.75.
Macmichael, William. The Gold Headed Cane. New York: Hoeber. $3.75.
Parker, Carleton H. The Casual Laborer and Other Essays. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.
Symonds, John Addington. In the Key of Blue and Other Prose Essays. Macmillan.

MISCELLANEOUS

Bleyer, Willard G. How to Write Special Feature Articles. Houghton Mifflin.
Crowder, Maj.-Gen. E. H. The Spirit of Selective Service. Century.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. Tales of My Native Town. Doubleday, Page.
Grey, Viscount. Recreation. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Harrison, Jane Ellen. Aspects, Aorists and the Classical Tripos. Cambridge University Press.
Klickmann, Flora. The Lure of the Pen. Putnam.
Shaw, Leslie M. Vanishing Landmarks. Laird & Lee.

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THE railroad workers' strike is a vivid reminder of the coal strike. In both there are the same elements of doubt as to the true inwardness of the move. In both there is the same absence of any doubt as to the intolerableness of the method resorted to. And in both there is the same element of just grievance on the part of the strikers. The greatest point of difference is in the attitude assumed by the heads of the great railroad Brotherhoods. The strike is distinctly of "outlaw" character, and the Brotherhood chiefs seem to be thoroughly sincere in their energetic opposition to it. Moreover, it is a satisfaction to note that President Lee, of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, expressly says this good word for the railroads:

> There have been rumors that the new organization, known as the Yardmen's Association, and made up of deserting members of the older bodies, was inspired by the railroads as a means of destroying organized labor. But I can not say emphatically enough that I do not believe this true. The railroads themselves have honorably kept their contracts with us, and it is the aim of the Brotherhood to treat them as fairly. To this end I have issued orders that the unlawful strike by deserting members be broken even at the cost of placing loyal Brotherhood men in their places.

THE strike deserves the designation of "outlaw" for more reasons than one. Primarily, it is applied, of course, to indicate that the strike was inaugurated without authority of the recognized labor organizations, and in defiance of their heads. But this defiance takes the shape not only of insurgency against those leaders, but of the breaking of the contract which they had made as representatives of the men. The most serious phase of the outlawry, however, is one that has nothing to do with any question either of contracts or of organization, but with the method of the strike itself. In attempting to gain their objects by a sudden attack upon the life of the community, the strikers have put themselves into the position of a public enemy. Some look upon the move as a revolutionary manifestation; most probably it is in the main simply a strike for wages, which the revolutionary element is trying to make the most of. But whichever it is, its threat against the well-being of the whole people must be met with all the energy that the people and their Government can command.

AS regards wages, the facts are not sufficiently known to warrant a confident statement; but it looks as though the men were justified in the assertion that their wages have lagged far behind the rise in the cost of living, as well as behind the advances made in many other lines of work. And there is one special point that must not be forgotten. When the President appealed to the railroad men, last August, to refrain from striking until the Government had been given a chance to carry out its programme for reducing the cost of living, what he was asking for was not an indefinite postponement. He and his advisers were looking forward to the inauguration of a great "drive" to bring down prices, from which they expected speedy and decisive results. Seven months have passed since, and prices are not lower, but distinctly higher, than they were then. There was never any good reason to believe that the measures which the Government had in view would have any appreciable effect in the lowering of prices. They were directed at superficial and minor evils, which were mere symptoms of a deep-seated difficulty. The hope that anything of large importance could be accomplished in those ways has long been abandoned, and the men who were asked to wait for something that has not happened, and that nobody is expecting to happen in the near future, can not be blamed for demanding that their case be attended to. If they had made the demand in a decent and proper manner, it would undoubtedly have gained a friendly hearing from the public.

ENGLAND and France are passing through a critical moment in their relations to each other and to Germany. The situation contains elements that can not be thought of without grave anxiety. But it is rash to say, as does Mr. Frank Simonds, that "the present crisis foreshadows the end of that alliance which saved Europe by insuring German defeat in the World War." If the maintenance of that alliance were necessary to

France and not to England, or necessary to England and not to France, this dark view might be justified; but it is just as true that France saved England as that England saved France. The trouble between them over the Ruhr situation, whatever its deeper causes, arises directly from the contrast between the intensity of French apprehension of the German danger and the laxity of British feeling about it. There is no reason why a middle ground should not be found, between these two extremes and more in accord with the actual facts than either. Both countries have too much at stake in the preservation of the Entente for either of them to sacrifice it if there is any way to preserve it—and it would be strange indeed if a way could not be found. For Americans the most comforting element in the situation, at this moment, is the apparently well-established fact that our own Government has, in the presence of a most delicate situation, maintained not only a "correct" but a really helpful attitude. To keep Britain and France good friends, and America a good friend of both, should be regarded as the most vital of all our international aims.

THE Navy inquiry has revealed no substantial defect of organization. Indeed, that system must be excellent which worked reasonably well under a chief who didn't know his own mind. The main trouble, in a word, was that Secretary Daniels would not promptly accept a general strategic plan, but preferred to feel his way. Admiral Benson, Chief of Operations, whose task it was to persuade the Secretary of the Navy to adopt a plan based on the actual situation, was unequal to the feat. A stronger man would naturally have resigned and made the situation clear. Admiral Benson hung on patiently, and urged one thing at a time on the Secretary. Thus in six months or so the Navy achieved the necessary team play. The delay had been serious, but not fatal. It is clear that the Bureau of Operations was negligent in not preparing an anti-submarine plan from the moment of our first clash with Germany. The Navy was unfortunate in having a Chief of Operations who could not cope with Mr. Daniels's idiosyncrasies. Yet Admiral Benson deserves rather sympathy than censure. He was dealing with one of the strongest things in the world—the will to procrastinate. Mr. Daniels, on his side, could not suddenly divest himself of the mentality of a petty politician. His indecision and confusion of mind unquestionably slowed down our naval effort by three months or so—and the critical months of the anti-submarine campaign.

Navy and laity will join in the sentiment that, considering that Mr. Daniels was in charge, it was lucky things went as well as they did. Charge the delay, confusion, and needless expense to Mr. Wilson's cult of unpreparedness and to Mr. Daniels's psychology. The Navy itself displayed an energy that largely compensated for the absence of any initial policy. The organization more than responded to all appeals. The appeals were not made intelligently or promptly. War is merely an extension of policy, and until we had been at war for three months Mr. Daniels, and consequently the Navy, had no policy. Such is the chief result of the inquiry.

"I WOULD rather be a cow than be a man." This and similar cries of genuine disillusion are now beginning to be heard. What else was to be expected from those who built up hopes of an entirely new order of civilization coming into being after the war? It is the price of a "vision" which they are now paying. The *Review* has repeatedly called attention to the cruel awakening that would come to trusters in such false hopes. China, with its Shantung episode, was the first of the nations to experience it, and the weaker peoples, generally, have begun to see that absolute justice is not to be obtained —or even defined—all of a sudden. But it is the American boosters of the President's programme who have received the greatest jolt. If the President himself is disillusioned, he is careful to hide his feelings. Utopias of any magnitude have always failed, and one great reason for their failure has been the food problem. Food—the lack of it—is what is spoiling Mr. Wilson's dream. While conditions in Europe each day cry louder for our help, for a resumption of effective economic conditions, the President holds out for the realization of every detail of his huge programme. When a man's house burns down, he rebuilds according to a better plan—if he can afford to. If the house is not insured, he may have to make shift until, after some years of plodding, he can rebuild it nearer to his ideal. Europe is close to exhaustion. Are we to go on bickering over the prospect of a perfect, or nearly perfect, world before helping to bring some sort of order out of the chaos? The desire (if it has any real vitality, as we believe it has) for a better civilization to come later on will not be destroyed by our getting back to a peace footing and lending much-needed assistance now.

THE present tower of high prices is builded upon something infinitely more firm than the sand of the profiteers. It is built upon the ivory of twenty or thirty million consumers who are too busy consuming to produce.—Kansas City *Star*.

Yes, yes; but how do they get the money with which to pay the prices? Like the famous Hebrides Islanders who make their living by taking in each other's washing?

THE institution of freedom of speech and of the press suffered intrusions in time of war, and some good people have been alarmed lest these intrusions threatened the very existence of our democracy. But it will not be abandoned by those who have for generations cherished it. The violent protests which we have heard come chiefly from an entirely different class of people. They come, indeed, from people who themselves are most intolerant of freedom of speech in others. They are not in the least concerned when the opinions and the appeals of the sober, thoughtful, and truly progressive elements of a community do not receive publicity. They are only concerned with securing the widest

forum for those who voice unrest, discontent, disbelief in our institutions, and wild revolutionary doctrines.

WHY these agitators arrogate to themselves the rôle of defenders of the freedom of speech is made clear by Mr. N. Bukharin, chief spokesman of the Bolshevik régime at Moscow. In 1918 he published under the title of "The Communist Programme" an authoritative exposition of their principles. A portion of this book was published in America by a revolutionary organization, but it was careful to omit from it Chapter VII, in which Mr. Bukharin states the Bolshevik attitude toward freedom of speech with an unlooked-for cynicism, a cynicism that comes out like a yellow streak following the Bolshevik triumph. Thus Mr. Bukharin writes:

If we have a dictatorship of the proletariat, the object of which is to stifle the bourgeoisie, to compel it to give up its attempts for the restoration of the bourgeois authority, then it is obvious that there can be no talk of allowing the bourgeoisie electoral rights or of a change from soviet authority to a bourgeois-republican parliament.

The Communist (Bolshevik) party receives from all sides accusations and even threats like the following: "You close newspapers, you arrest people, you forbid meetings, you trample under foot freedom of speech and of the press, you reconstruct autocracy, you are oppressors and murderers."

It is necessary to discuss in detail this question of "liberties" in a Soviet Republic.

At present the following is clear for the workingmen and the peasants. The Communist party not only does not demand any liberty of the press, speech, meetings, unions, etc., for the bourgeois enemies of the people, but, on the contrary, it demands that the Government should be always in readiness to close the bourgeois press; to disperse the meetings of the enemies of the people; to forbid them to lie, slander, and spread panic; to crush ruthlessly all attempts at a restoration of the bourgeois régime. This is precisely the meaning of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Another question may be put to us: "Why did the Bolsheviki not speak formerly of the abrogation of full liberty for the bourgeoisie? Why did they formerly support the idea of a bourgeois-democratic republic? Why did they support the idea of the Constituent Assembly and did not speak of depriving the bourgeoisie of the right of suffrage? Why have they changed their programme so far as these questions are concerned?"

The answer to this question is very simple. The working class formerly did not have strength enough to storm the bulwarks of the bourgeoisie. It needed preparation, accumulation of strength, enlightenment of the masses, organization. It needed, for example, the freedom of its own labor press. But it could not come to the capitalists and to their governments and demand that they shut down their own newspapers and give full freedom to the labor papers. Everybody would merely laugh at the workingmen. Such demands can be made only at the time of a storming attack. And there had never been such a time before. This is why the workingmen demanded (and our party, too), "Freedom of the press!" (Of the whole press, including the bourgeois press.)

THAT the solution of the Danish crisis is not exclusively a Socialist victory, but rather a democratic victory of common sense over chauvinism, is shown by the constitution of the new Ministry. The reinstatement of Mr. Hansen as Commissioner for Slesvig affairs seems even to indicate that the settlement, from the King's standpoint, is a compromise rather than a surrender. Mr. Hansen was formerly editor of *Heymdal* in Apenrode, in which capacity he was a strong protagonist of the Danish element on Germany's northern frontier. As a member of the Zahle Government, it is true, he advocated moderation, until, shortly before the plébiscite in the first zone, he delivered an address at Flensburg in which he confessed to holding the opinion that Flensburg ought to be Danish. Among the Germans of North Slesvig this change of attitude was looked upon as a time-serving device evidencing the growing influence of the annexionist group in Denmark, and not as the expression of Mr. Hansen's real conviction. His reappointment seems to confirm that impression. But, all the same, the annexionists can claim him as one of theirs by reminding him of his Flensburg speech.

P. E. M., whose spirited article on Mr. Theodore Dreiser is printed on another page, was somewhat abashed (or was it exhilarated?) by our invitation to write about so slippery a modern. And it must be confessed that even in the diversified gallery of the Shelburne Essays the portrait of Mr. Dreiser would create a scandal. What shall a critic of Mr. More's classical lines do with one who, as is pointed out, can praise "The Prince" of Machiavelli as the truest of books, and the next minute flock enthusiastically with flabby humanitarians? Yet it will not do to pass him by in silence, for he and a few others of his kind have the floor to-day. We suggest that our best critics might well defer for a time the study of the Church Fathers and such like dignitaries and repair to the forum of present-day problems. The best French critics have never been averse to tackling all comers.

THE discussion of Mr. Frank E. Spaulding's proposal for a compulsory year of training in "civic responsibility" has very definite bearing on the conditions of the present moment. With Princeton students volunteering in a body for service on the railroads, with Morristown commuters ("millionaires," no doubt) firing the train that carries them to the city, it is evident that there is a point beyond which the public is not willing to suffer while the grievances of any small industrial group, however just they may be, are awaiting a settlement.

A spirit of adventure, the amateur's keen delight in discovering that he can do fairly well something that he has not regarded as his proper job, may always be counted on to furnish some help in a pinch of this sort. But if such crises multiply in number and severity something more will be needed. If society finally breaks down because it has grown too complicated, because any fool who can possess himself of a monkey-wrench can wreck its delicate mechanism, it will be society's own fault for not taking in time steps which will make its functions less highly specialized and the services of its members more readily interchangeable. To any plan which looked to the accomplishment of such ends a good deal of opposition might be expected. But nothing like an organized nation of professional strikebreakers would result from even the fullest establishment of it. The spirit of adventure, the spirit of the amateur, would still control, and this is a spirit which is warmed by fires that burn brightly but can not be counted on to burn long. So far as the plan functioned publicly, it would function only to meet a crisis which is potentially destructive. Meanwhile, the chief benefits would accrue to the individual. Mr. Spaulding's plan, at any rate, points in a direction which gives promise of rewarding further exploration.

The Chances at Chicago

THE political sky shows little sign of clearing up. On the Democratic side there is almost literally nothing doing. On the Republican side there came a sudden flash with the Michigan primaries, which quite dazzled people for a while, but which has shed little if any real light on the situation. The approaching primaries in New Jersey and Illinois may prove significant, but there is no very strong reason for expecting that they will. With the Republican Convention less than two months off, the field continues to be as nondescript as ever.

Senator Johnson's victory in Michigan was superficially striking, and certainly was a surprise. But as an index of the state of mind of the country it has no importance whatsoever. First and foremost, a feature of the case must be noted which has attracted little or no attention. Quite apart from the fact that the victory is wholly accounted for by the highly peculiar Detroit vote, it was essentially the victory of a united vote against a divided one.. The votes cast in the entire State for Wood, Lowden, Hoover, and Pershing were in the aggregate far greater than the vote cast for Johnson. His vote represented all the elements of radicalism and of discontent—including many forms of racial ill-feeling, pro-German, pro-Irish, pro-Russian; the non-radical and non-racial vote was split up among the other four candidates. Johnson beat Wood by a plurality of perhaps 45,000, but he fell short of the combined vote of the four by about 55,000. Now the fact that there were four important candidates in the field besides Johnson, all of them representing a standpoint sharply contrasted with his, is merely an accidental feature and robs the result of all authority.

But the significance of Johnson's victory in Michigan is further diminished by consideration of the part played in it by the vote of Detroit. With that vote left out, the other four candidates beat Johnson by about 82,000; their combined vote was considerably more than the double of his. And the reasons for Johnson's extraordinary majority in Detroit are highly peculiar. Not only is that city a hotbed of radical sentiment, but Senator Johnson's aggressive and spectacular opposition to the retaining of American soldiers in Siberia was doubly effective in winning votes for him in Detroit. It got him the Russian vote as such, and it got him the vote of thousands of friends and neighbors of the Detroit boys who, as it happens, formed a large part of our Siberian troops. When to all these points is added the big makeweight against Wood which the charge of lavish use of money for his campaign had naturally produced, coming on the heels of the Newberry conviction, it is obvious how little ground the Detroit vote furnishes for any inference as to the state of mind of the country at large.

If any inference at all be permissible from the Michigan elections it would seem to be one favorable to the chances of Mr. Hoover at Chicago. With almost no campaign, and with the announcement of his candidacy hardly a week old, he polled about 45,000 votes in Michigan, almost exactly the same as Governor Lowden, and more than half as many as General Wood. This, together with the showing he made in the Democratic primaries, in spite of his having announced himself as a Republican candidate, gives substantial proof, if any were needed, of the existence of a large spontaneous sentiment for Mr. Hoover among the people throughout the country. But it is not upon this circumstance that the inference favorable to his chances at Chicago rests, for the vote merely confirmed what was already sufficiently well known. The point is that anything that makes Johnson strong tends to make Hoover possible; and, although the Michigan figures have little evidential value as regards Johnson, they certainly have established the fact that a strong fight is going to be made for him. Mr. Hoover will have no show at all among the Chicago delegates, on the face of things; not only will very few of them be committed to him, but nearly all will be strongly adverse to taking him. His only chance is that of his being turned to by the Convention as the clear means of rescue from a dangerous situation. He will not be nominated in order to prevent the Democrats from nominating him, and we do not believe that this would have been at all likely to happen even if he had not plainly declared, as he now has done, that he would not take the Democratic nomination. But he *may* be nominated in order to keep the party united; and the more formidable the manifestation of the Johnsonites at Chicago, the more possibility is there of such an outcome.

Information from Russia

IF one is to judge from the numerous correspondents who have recently been permitted to visit Russia and send out the results of their observations and interviews, the rulers of Moscow are now seeking publicity instead of concealment. But correspondents seem to have been personally conducted with the utmost care, and it is evident that not one of them was admitted without careful scrutiny. The matter they send is therefore not to be taken at its face value; but to the careful student of Russia, who has a background of Russian experience, and who analyzes the internal evidence of the articles, they present valuable sources of information.

The most prominent and intelligent of these recent journalistic visitors to the land of Communism is Mr. Lincoln Eyre, and the series of articles by him in the New York *World* contains a mass of concrete information. It is evident that he was able to put searching questions to the Soviet leaders in his interviews, and that frequently he was able to see beyond the screens whereby they sought to limit his vision. Nevertheless, they were able to confuse him considerably, and the result is that his material must be carefully scrutinized and evaluated in order to get a just estimate of present-day Russian affairs.

One of Mr. Eyre's recent articles is devoted to the administration of justice under the Russian Soviet sys-

tem. He describes in an interesting manner how he attended the session of a revolutionary tribunal trying a noble and ten priests for treason against the Soviet Republic, and then goes on to a general consideration of judicial procedúre and crime statistics. He draws the conclusion that order now prevails and that crime is on the decrease, and lays considerable emphasis on the improvement of prison conditions. The casual reader will gain the impression that the Bolshevik régime, in spite of its utterly lawless and arbitrary character, had succeeded not only in establishing order, but in raising the general moral tone of the country.

Yet Mr. Eyre unconsciously disproves all this in the same article. He bases his conclusion that there is less crime upon a comparison of statistics, but in this he fails to take into consideration that for such a comparison statistics must refer to the same things and must have a common basis of interpretation. Calling attention to a sharp diminution in the total of criminal cases tried, he says: "During the Soviet fiscal year 1918-1919, November to November, there were only 47,120 persons tried for crime in Petrograd, as against 160,000 in 1914. The population for the former capital in the same period decreased more than 50 per cent., but still the reduction in crime is very considerable." The cases of those tried in 1914 were, of course, those of persons accused of offenses against a regularly established code of criminal law. The cases in 1918-1919, however, are entirely different, as shown by Mr. Eyre's own statement to the effect that "judges are obliged not only to apply, but to create, the laws under which, according to the Peoples' Commissaries' rule, they are to be governed '*by a sense of Socialist conception of right.*'" In other words, Mr. Eyre compares the statistics of criminal cases before regularly organized courts under an established penal code with the loose and valueless records of cases before revolutionary tribunals, themselves making as well as administering the laws, according to some rude ideas of justice, influenced by popular emotion. He does not even call attention to the fact that these tribunals were for the most part self-chosen or appointed by irresponsible Commissars, or that they were frequently composed of men who themselves were criminals but recently released from jail.

Having proved to his own satisfaction that crime is on the decrease in Russia, Mr. Eyre proceeds to explain this, on the ground, first, of the iron order imposed by the Soviets in the informal ruthlessness of their treatment of criminals, and secondly, of the ban on vodka. This latter reason is distinctly ludicrous. The ban on vodka was imposed in 1914 under the old régime, and was made effective, because the old régime had in its hands, through the spirits monopoly, the complete machinery necessary for its control. At the present time it is a notorious fact, frequently attested in the official Bolshevik journals themselves, that vodka is being manufactured everywhere clandestinely and moonshine spirits abound. Even the Bolshevik authorities themselves complain of the extent of drunkenness among the Commissars, and peasants are upbraided for turning grain into vodka instead of sending it to the starving towns. But for complete refutation of this theory that there is a decrease in crime, thanks to the abolition of vodka, one has only to refer to the official report of Mr. V. Milutin of the Supreme Council of National Economy, published in its official organ, *Economic Life*, on November 7, 1919. After stating that the sugar-beet industry has furnished the initial step in the creation of the rural industries, he reports: "The brandy-distilling industry occupies the next place, and its development has been begun by the Supreme Council of National Economy during the last few days." In other words, the manufacture of vodka as a Government monopoly was resumed last year and is considered next in importance after the beet-sugar industry.

One could multiply such examples at will in Mr. Eyre's interesting articles if space permitted. One additional illustration, however, will suffice to show the limitations of a correspondent, however honest in his intentions, if he speaks no Russian, has no background of Russian experience, and is dependent upon unscrupulous Bolshevik leaders for his information. Much has been written about education in Russia under the Soviets, and the radicals have circulated assiduously the fine-sounding but utterly baseless reports of Lunacharsky, according to which he had opened some dozens of popular universities and ten thousand new schools, and had devoted billions of rubles to education. As a matter of fact, an examination of the news items in the official Bolshevik press shows that these popular universities were closed because no one cared to attend them, and that, so far from starting new schools, thousands of schools were discontinued all over Russia from lack of teachers. What is still worse is that in such schools as remained, the only instruction that is given is that devoted to instilling in the minds of the children Communistic ideas, and all serious education, even of the simplest sort, is neglected. All this is inadvertently borne out by Mr. Eyre in the very article in which he describes at length the Bolshevik claims with reference to education. But what is most interesting of all is his description of education among the soldiers. It is here that the Soviet Government has centred its greatest efforts, and so Mr. Eyre states: "It was claimed that within two years, *if demobilization did not intervene*, there would not be a single uneducated Red soldier." Under the old régime, every soldier was given a simple education during his military service, so that the idea of education among the soldiers is not a new one. What is noteworthy is that at the present time this is all being directed along the lines of Communist propaganda, and further that the admission is inadvertently made of a lengthening of the term of service, which stamps the Soviet régime as definitely militaristic.

Such articles as those by Mr. Eyre, who may be considered as one of the best of the journalists that

have been permitted to visit Soviet Russia, illustrate very clearly how necessary it is to analyze and pick to pieces the material which is being sent out of Moscow. If such a task is properly performed, much valuable information can be obtained and real light thrown upon the situation. But if one takes the correspondence, even of thoroughly reputable writers, without such analysis and evaluation, a wholly distorted impression is created, and the Bolshevik authorities succeed in producing the effect at which their propaganda aims.

The Preservation of Our Wild Life

THERE is scarcely a session of any American State Legislature, or of Congress, which does not have before it some measure for the alleged protection of fish, wild animals of the land, or birds. And yet we are told by the most trustworthy authorities on the subject that many species of these three classes of wild life—especially those sought as game by the sportsman—are passing swiftly toward extinction It seems quite evident, therefore, that the legislation so far enacted is hopelessly defective.

Perhaps the main difficulty with Congress and the State Legislatures has been the lack of a suitable body of scientific information on which to base a complete, consistent and effective code of measures for wild life conservation. Some single phase of it is brought up, such as the limits of the open season for bass in Ohio streams, and classes, or individuals, of sportsmen's leagues immediately interested supply such information as will make for their view—generally a narrowly limited and one-sided view—of the matter in hand. The legislator knows not where to turn for any complete and impartial treatment of the subject, and the result is likely to be the triumph of the most skilful and persistent lobbying. Good legislation in some narrow corner of the field results, now and then; but permanent advance along the entire line is impossible, so long as the matter is handled in this piecemeal way.

The situation leads us to suggest the possibility of a National Commission on the Conservation of Wild Life. Because of the migratory habits of certain forms of this life, the scope of such a commission should include the whole of North America. We have already entered the field of international regulation concerning this subject, and must enter it still further to secure the desired ends. The commission would be expected to consider the matter in every important relation which it might be found to possess. There is, of course, the direct value of many of our fishes, wild animals, and birds as part of our food supply. What regulations are necessary to maintain them as a permanent element in the feeding of the nation? Others serve as an indirect aid in the food supply, such as the birds which feed upon insects injurious to fruit, the lesser forms of aquatic life which furnish needed food to edible varieties of fish, and animals which feed upon noxious forms of life. Forestry also has its vital interest in the preservation of such birds as feed upon borers and insects destructive to trees. Another phase of the subject is the proper classification of birds and other animals which are predominantly harmful, and should be exterminated either everywhere or in particular districts. Mistaken legislation has more than once been passed in this branch of the field. Information is wanted, too, as to feasible methods of counteracting harm occasionally done by birds and animals which are predominantly useful, and which should be protected by law.

Such a commission might well begin with an analytical criticism of the mass of legislation now in existence, showing what in it is good, what is rightly intended but wrongly drawn, and what is essentially vicious, either because it was so intended by its proponents, or was bedeviled by crafty amendments in course of passage. An analysis of this kind would be the proper clearing of the ground for the proposal of a body of State legislation absolutely uniform in its purpose—the permanent maintenance in normal quantity of all desirable forms of wild life—and differing in form just where, and just as, local conditions would demand a difference, for the sole purpose of securing the uniform end. One of the most difficult of all points to be considered would be the proper adjustment of the rights of the hunter to the rights of the landowner, particularly the owner of lands under tillage, over whose fields he desires to hunt. Theoretically, the coöperation of the farmer in the preservation of game birds and animals ought to come as a matter of course. As a matter of fact, it has generally been very hard to get, just because his unquestionable rights are often not duly respected in the law itself, and are very generally disregarded by hunters, even when the law under which they are licensed is all right as far as it goes.

Of course the success of such a commission as we have suggested would depend wholly upon the fitness of the men composing it, assuming a sufficient appropriation to meet any reasonable expense in the prosecution of its work. Every one of its members should be recognized as capable of appreciating and representing the broad national interest in the subject, and not merely the point of view of some class or organization, however much that class or organization may have done to promote the public interest in wild life conservation, or to secure the passage of protective laws. The interest at stake is not the interest of him who carries the rod or gun, of the "nature lover," of the farmer, or of the market-man, but of the whole people. A commission is needed which would be broad enough and courageous enough to tell the hunter, for example, that his hunting license should cost several times what he now pays, and give only a fraction of the privileges which it now gives; that open seasons should be generally shortened; and that certain kinds of game, in certain places, should be subject to no open season whatever for a number of years in succession—if any or all of these restrictions should appear necessary to the continued existence, outside museums and game "sanctuaries," of the wild life now threatened with extinction.

A Question of Longevity

DR. WILLIAM H. WELCH, the eminent pathologist, beginning his seventy-first year with undiminished vigor and activity, has naturally been asked some questions about old age, and his answers have both the good sense and the cheerfulness which all who know him would have expected. There is one point, however, that must leave a critical reader of the interview in a certain perplexity of mind. Asked about "the Biblical three-score and ten years," Dr. Welch exclaimed: "Oh, but we have changed that. The span of life has been lengthened. Our greater knowledge of life and its preservation has added twelve and a half years to the span of life in the last century, and mostly in the last half-century." But he goes on to state the familiar statistical fact that the gain has been made in "the early period of life," that "infant mortality has been greatly reduced," that "we have learned how to control and remedy conditions and diseases which have made high the death rate among individuals between birth and the attainment of fifty years of age," but that in the way of promoting longevity for those who have passed their fiftieth year "little has been accomplished."

Of course, this offhand answer to a reporter's questions was not intended to be taken as a scientific dictum. Yet it is interesting to note that, on the face of it, the second part of what Dr. Welch says eats up the first; if all the gain that has taken place relates to people under fifty, people who have reached or are approaching their three-score and ten are in the same case as they ever were. But Dr. Welch is not likely to have said, even in haste, that we have "changed all that" without pretty substantial basis, and one is tempted to speculate as to the possibility of reconciling the two statements.

He who judges by his own impressions will feel, as Dr. Welch apparently does, that the man of sixty or seventy is not as old as he used to be in former times. Such impressions, to be sure, are untrustworthy; but statistics has its own pitfalls, and so has medical observation. Several years ago, before the great war had centred attention upon infinitely more menacing aspects of the state of the world, a number of high authorities were persistently urging upon public attention the deterioration in American vitality which they found disclosed in the statistics of mortality above the age of fifty or thereabouts. Their conclusion from the figures was that present ways of life had a lowering effect upon vitality which manifested itself in a steady increase in the percentage of deaths among people past middle age. The conclusion seemed to contradict most people's observation; yet if there was no flaw in the reasoning the statistician was clearly entitled to the last word. It was pointed out, however, that there was reason to doubt the adequacy of the statistical inquiry; and, for our part, we regard Dr. Welch's remark, though a casual one, as a valuable confirmation of scepticism, coming from the source that it does.

There are several reasons for doubting the conclusiveness of the figures that seem to contradict the general impression as to the improved vitality of middle-aged and elderly people. Immigration is a factor that obviously complicates the question. But there is one consideration, less obvious and more interesting, that has not received the attention it deserves. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is quite possible for longevity to be advancing all along the line, and yet for the death rate among people above the age of fifty to be increasing. If we think of the population as divided into two parts, the first consisting of those among whom the conditions of life and work are so hard as seriously to shorten life, and the second consisting of those that are favorably placed in this regard, an improvement of conditions in the first class might have just the paradoxical effect we have indicated. For a great number of deaths in that class which had formerly taken place before the age of fifty would now fall in ages above fifty, and the increased death rate in those ages might mean not that the type of people who formerly did well at those ages are now doing worse, but that a type of people who formerly died before the age of fifty now live—and therefore also die—at ages beyond fifty. Shorter hours and better conditions mean longer lives for glass-blowers or miners—clear gain in vitality; yet in the mortality tables it would look as though the gain in vitality for ages below fifty (or forty-five, or whatever it might be) had been offset by a loss of vitality in ages above fifty.

In the absence, then, of an authoritative determination of the question, we incline very strongly to the belief that people of fifty, and sixty, and seventy, are younger than they were in former generations. They are both better cared for and take better care of themselves. They live under better sanitary conditions; and when they fall sick they have better nurses and better hospitals, as well as the advantages of the splendid progress of medicine and surgery. Moreover, in spite of the rush of modern life, people take life easier than they did twenty-five or fifty years ago. They work fewer hours; they take more holidays; they have not only greater facilities for comfort, but are more inclined to make themselves comfortable. The middle-aged business man of to-day, whether playing golf or going to his office in a Palm Beach suit, not only looks but feels ten years younger than did his predecessor of half a century ago, who sweltered through the New York summer in his starched shirt and broadcloth coat.

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Theodore Dreiser, Philosopher

THE editors of the *Review* are great jesters, though this is a secret not commonly known, and it was in a moment of unseemly merriment that they asked me to write an article on the views of Mr. Dreiser as expounded in his volume of essays entitled "Hey Rub-a-Dub-Dub." Now, as these same editors probably suspect, I have never been able to read to the end of one of Mr. Dreiser's novels, and shall never again try to read one; but under their cynical compulsion I have read these essays, and, to tell the truth, have been rather interested by them. The publishers, Messrs. Boni and Liveright, kindly inform all prospective buyers or critics of the book just what to expect. "If philosophy can ever be made exciting," they announce on the jacket, "Mr. Dreiser has here achieved that feat. Here is Life—mysterious, terrible, wonderful—and Dreiser looking at it unafraid" (as one can see him in the photograph furnished with the book). Well, these publishers, like their friends the editors, are great humorists, and it is their jest to evoke the picture of Mr. Dreiser, in a Jersey City bedroom, confronting Life, the mysterious and terrible, and staring the monster out of countenance. And Mr. Dreiser himself, who may or may not have provided the publishers with the notion of his heroic eye-duel, has his funny side. For instance, he has a humorous way of dealing with Logic. "In England," he writes, "they hung men for sheep-stealing a few hundred years ago, and yet sheep were and still are stolen in England. It is death to kill your neighbor, and yet when did man ever cease killing his neighbor?" Argal, the statute books are void of effect and human conduct is governed solely by "the first or pyknotic law of energy as laid down by Vogt."

A good deal of amusement might be got out of Mr. Dreiser's logic, his pyknotic scraps of learning, and his portentous solemnity. But *cui bono?* Probably he would not laugh at his own jests, and I certainly should not. And so I prefer to take him rather seriously as a sign of the times; his originality and egotism are a mere pose, while in reality he is voicing, somewhat hoarsely, the sentiments of a large class of men who take their uneasy muddle of ideas for philosophy. He says it himself: "Philosophers have dreamed, poets have written; and I, mussing around among religions, philosophies, fictions, and facts, can find nothing wherewith to solve my vaulting egoism, no light, and no way to be anything more than the humblest servitor."

He is a "servitor" in two things. In one mood he is the voice of Nietzscheism: "The race has always been, and will so remain, of course, to the swift, and the battle to the strong. . . . The best that can be said for the theories laid down in the American Declaration is that they do more credit to the hearts of those who penned them than to their heads." Nietzsche is right, and no truer book than Machiavelli's "Prince" was ever composed. Even the masses of men, dull as they are, yet know in their hearts that they are of small importance here or there. Our captains of industry, as we name our "blond beasts," have been cunning and greedy and relentless; they have bought legislatures and robbed the people; they have been a failure in so far as they have not realized their mission to create the genuine superman; yet, after all, they are the best we have, and out of their slyness and ferocity are produced whatever scant gleams of art and beauty have fallen to our lot in a democratic country.

All this is harshly expressed by Mr. Dreiser and with a needless swagger, but in fact it is a view of Life more commonly held, though often inarticulately, by poor as well as by rich than we like to admit.

And so Mr. Dreiser, swimming with the tide, is a Nietzschean—on one page. On the next you will find him the sleek and orthodox humanitarian; and why not? He has worked as a day-laborer at the building of a railroad, and been promoted to foreman of a gang; and in both positions he has revolted from the grinding burden imposed upon the masses, while, as it seemed to him in the trenches, their employers were wallowing in slothful ease. And so, in a moment of pity and dejection, he threw up his job of driving foreman, with a cry of bitterness against the injustice of life. One is rather drawn to Mr. Dreiser by this honest report of his experience; whatever one may say of his philosophy, he put into personal practice the sympathy which generally exhausts itself in vague whimperings or wild threats or attempts to reform somebody else.

This, I should say, is the distinguishing note of the book, this oscillation between a theory of evolution which sees no progress save by the survival of the rapaciously strong and a humanitarian feeling of solidarity with the masses who are exploited in the process. It even looks occasionally as if Life had called Mr. Dreiser's bluff.

The remarkable thing is not that Mr. Dreiser should be intellectually in this state of unstable equilibrium, but that he should pose, or be posed by his publishers, as an original thinker. The fact rather is that, like a good many other vociferous egotists, he is merely tossed about by the contrary currents of popular opinion. In his chapter on "Some Aspects of Our National Character" he has written rather a telling indictment of the "psychological flounderings and back somersaults" of the American people before and during and since the war. For instance, we went into the war under the plea that the world had to be made "safe for democracy," yet once in the war we, the people, submitted to an autocracy worse than that of Russia, and so on, and so on. The account is brilliant, and humiliating; but, oddly enough, Mr. Dreiser never seems to guess that the flounderings of democracy—as democracy now is—are the sure result of just this polarization of the popular temperament between Nietzscheanism and humanitarianism of which he himself is a conspicuous example. Nor does he see that this swaying from one extreme of emotion to the other follows naturally on the denial of all those laws of moral accountability and the abrogation of all those spiritual values which we sum up under the name of religion.

Oh, I know that Mr. Dreiser, like others of his kind, has a good deal to say about balance and equilibration and that sort of thing. But if there is no purpose in the unfolding events of creation, no certain law of justice perceived by faith and truer intuition through the apparent chances of life, no incorruptible tribunal, no inner rewards and penalties besides those which a man can grasp in his hands and feel in his flesh, no ideal world of which this material world is the illusory shadow; if man is nothing more than a product of chemic and mechanic forces, a blind cog in a blind machine, if the great achievement of philosophy is "to rid the human mind of all vain illusion concerning things spiritual," if life is a mere "social or chemic drift," to be reckoned in the end only "errant and nonsensical," if "so-called vice and crime and destruction and so-called evil are as fully a part of the universal creative process as are the so-called virtues, and do as much good"—if these things are true, what compelling power is there in such fine words as "balance" and "equilibration" and the like, and what remains to save a man from oscillating restlessly between the poles of his temperament, practising a more than Nietzschean hardness when his cupidity is excited, urging an indiscriminate humanitarianism when his sympathies are touched without too much cost to himself? I do not mean to imply that mankind in general to-day would assent to the blatant logic of materialism which glares in Mr. Dreiser's eyes when he confronts Life; but it is true, nevertheless, that he is symptomatic of social disease, in so far as masses of mankind have lost their hold on any save materialistic values. Just to this extent

democracy has in fact become a victim of evolutionary philosophy, and Mr. Dreiser is a victim of democracy. But I for one refuse to believe that the equation of democracy and materialism is necessary.

In one respect Mr. Dreiser has outstepped the popular mind, though in this, too, the multitude may soon be at his heels. I refer to his unmitigated allegiance to the theories of the man whom our inquisitive college youth are beginning to speak of reverentially as "Frood." Mr. Dreiser has much to say about the "shabby little pinchbeck repressions" of the moralists. "In no law code and in no religion of any nation," he declares, "has the sex question, the need of moderation, duty to family and the like, been ignored; but in all that time the social expression of sex has never been so much as modified, let alone done away with." (His facts are as false to history as his logic is funny; but we pass that.) And then to illustrate this truth, as he holds it, he paints a lurid, and, alas, not wholly falsified, picture of the inconsistency of one of our traditionally Puritan towns, where a lofty code of ethics is still preached officially and decreed legally, while in practice the literature, the movies, the dancing, and the women's dress are all devised to keep the sexual emotions in a state of excitation. The actual results as he sets them forth in "Neurotic America" are not pleasant reading—except to the author. A reasonable man might suggest that the way out of such a morbid dilemma would be, not to repudiate all laws of repression, but to look to the imagination, where alone restraint can be normally effective; and this reform in the realm of imagination, he might add, is impossible until men have been taught again the reality of those values which are not of the body. But Mr. Dreiser, naturally, will have none of this; he admits, in fact, no quarrel with neuroticism, but only with those who reject the full consequences of Freudianism for some antiquated folly of faith and decency.

We are told that Mr. Dreiser has made philosophy "exciting" and has confronted Life unafraid. Perhaps he has only sunk down in terror of true life into the currents of decomposition that have been flowing in dark, ill-smelling places from the beginning of time.

P. E. M.

The Case of Maurice Maeterlinck

THE gift of imagination is a precious power, likewise an insidious lure. How to give it play without letting it run wild is a persistent problem. The grindstone routine of harsh reality crushes its claims; but suppressed instincts crowd for escape, and, along with romance and day-dreams, the occult offers satisfaction to those weary of a severely rational diet. Balanced rations, born of domestic science under chemical rule, are disagreeably nutritious, monotonous, and unstimulating. The artist, the poet, and the dramatist cater to another palate, in which calories are irrelevant and taste rules supreme. So may it ever be!

The troubles of the denied imagination make a sorry tale, to be recited to schoolboards and other hard-headed officials of the intellectual life. The present inquiry concerns the surfeited and unregulated imagination of the irreconcilables with reality. The case of Maeterlinck, the occultist, commands attention by reason of its compensation in the dramatist. There is also the bourgeois mysticism of the essays, drifting on a calm moonlit sea of speculation, scorning harbors and lighthouses that make the irregular venture possible. Questioning in his favorite mood, one may wonder by what fateful spell, by what malicious Lorelei he was enticed to the charted realms guarded by the prosaic sentinels of science! There is no need to suppose that the fertile fantasy of the dramas debouches in the fantastic credulity of the essays, with their amazing departures from the ordinary standards of plausibility; one must be content to record that logical compunctions have yielded disastrously to the æsthetic satisfactions of bizarre belief.

It may seem needlessly didactic and cruel to apply intelligence tests to a poetic mind. Intelligence testers at times find great disparity between the mental and the physical age; when the instincts and desires of maturity appear without the responsible control of reason, those thus defective may become a menace to the community. The lack of relation between emotional and intellectual development in the higher reaches of personality can not be simply plotted, though the uncongeniality of the poetic and the objective temperament—what William James called the "feminine-mystical" and the "scientific-academic" mind—is a matter of common comment. Ungenerous as it may appear towards one richly honored as a master dramatist in his *genre*, the suspicion can hardly be avoided of a critical defect in logic that passes the bounds of normality.

The imposing *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* and the *Annales des sciences psychiques* are not responsible for such temperamental leanings—only for their confirmation. In the older, deeper sense, Maeterlinck is not an occultist—not a searcher or researcher into mysteries, and the devotee of a cult—and by his own avowal he is not a spiritualist; he is a collector of psychic rarities—a miraculist displaying his trophies under the seal of psychical research. To that type of mind the miraculous must be real because it is so interesting; the apparently incredible must be true because so inviting. The world of the common man becomes a pitiable torso, to be restored to its pristine integrity by the revelations of mediums and the "psychic flashes" of rare men (or, more commonly, women) and—be it anticipated—equally rare horses. Men of science live pitiably in a dark cave, with their backs to the entrance, and their eyes closed.

To the miraculist, the truly significant places are not the formal chambers of the earthly mansions, nor the busy floors of the workshops, but the obscure corners of the attic. The temple of wisdom is to be built of rejected stones, and prepared for the reception of "The Unknown Guest." We have "table-turning with its raps; the movements and transportations of inanimate objects without contact; luminous phenomena; *lucidité* or clairvoyance; veridical apparitions or hallucinations; haunted houses; bilocations and so forth; communications with the dead; the divining rod; the miraculous cures of Lourdes and elsewhere; fluidic asepsis; and lastly the famous thinking animals of Elberfeld and Mannheim." Ghosts that haunt until their mortal remains are "decently interred"; "scattered limbs; pale, diaphanous, but capable hands" suddenly appearing in a physiological laboratory in the presence of the notorious Palladino; seeing and hearing at any distance in space; foretelling the future; solving police mysteries by trance-revelations; reading a life-history by a lock of hair or a scrap of writing; warning of danger by mystic voices; presentiments; premonitions; exploded tales of Indian jugglery; mathematical and philological equine prodigies;—anything, everything, that is sufficiently unusual, incredible, and discredited is invested by the omnivorous miraculist with the crucial significance of the rare psychic ray that penetrates the dark ignorance wherein ordinary men spend their dull skeptical days.

That a man of distinction in an intellectual profession should be convinced that the shallow survivals of superstition to which he subscribes are demonstrated and momentous facts, should undertake to inform the public that many of them are now a "matter of scientific experiment," will be set down by the charitable as a naïve lack of critical sense, and by the plain-spoken as an amazing instance

of twentieth-century gullibility. But no enumeration of the strangely assorted wares which are to be found upon the shelves and in the cupboards of M. Maeterlinck's sanctum can convey an adequate sense of the state of mind of the convert who finds comfort in their accumulation. For this, we must go to the attests of their genuineness and the descriptions of their virtues.

When, in September, 1913, the obscure M. Maeterlinck went upon his pilgrimage to the miraculous horses of Elberfeld, his wife (likewise incognito) took a letter of his to a clairvoyante medium, Mme. M., who—wonderful to relate—"without a second's hesitation, declared that I was very far away, in a foreign country where they spoke a language which she did not understand." Also that the unknown traveler was standing in a courtyard examining horses; also that he was wearing a long coat (common among hostlers). In this remarkable instance of clairvoyance there are "two rather curious mistakes," M. Maeterlinck observes; the one that he was no longer in the stable-yard when Mme. M. saw him there, and the other that he did not wear a long coat. Otherwise, the vision is scrupulously, if cautiously, correct, even to the insight that the horses were exhibited, not in the drawing-room or the counting-house, but in the courtyard. Whereupon M. Maeterlinck comments:

> The transmission of thought is remarkable; but this is a recognized phenomenon, and one of frequent occurrence, and we need not, therefore, linger over it. The real mystery begins with the description of a place which my wife had never seen and which I had not seen either at the time of writing the note which established the psychometrical communication. Are we to believe that the appearance of what I was one day to see was already inscribed on the prophetic sheet of paper; or more simply and more probably that the paper which represented myself was enough to submit either to my wife's subconsciousness or to Mme. M., whom, at that time, I had never met, an exact picture of what my eyes beheld three or four hundred miles away?

On a later occasion, M. Maeterlinck took to the same clairvoyante a letter containing a request for his autograph. "She began by describing us, my wife and myself, who both of us had touched the paper and consequently impregnated it with our respective 'fluids.'"

> On the one hand, we shall have to admit that the sheet of paper handed to the psychometer and impregnated with human "fluid" contains, after the manner of some prodigiously compressed gas, all the incessantly renewed, incessantly recurring images that surround a person, all his past and perhaps his future, his psychology, his state of health, his wishes, his intentions, often unknown to himself, his most secret instincts, his likes and dislikes, all that is bathed in light and all that is plunged in darkness, his whole life in short, and more than his personal and conscious life, besides all the lives and all the influences, good or bad, latent or manifest, of all who approach him. We should have here a mystery as unfathomable and at least as vast as that of generation, which transmits, in an infinitesimal particle, the mind and matter, with all the qualities and all the faults, all the acquirements and all the history, of a series of lives of which none can tell the number.
>
> On the other hand, if we do not admit that so much energy can lie concealed in a sheet of paper, continuing to exist and develop indefinitely there, we must necessarily suppose that an inconceivable network of nameless forces is perpetually radiating from this same paper, forces which, cleaving time and space, detect instantaneously, anywhere and at any distance, the life that gave them life and place themselves in complete communication, body and soul, senses and thoughts, past and future, consciousness and subconsciousness, with an existence lost amid the innumerous host of men who people this earth. It is, indeed, exactly what happens in the experiments with mediums in automatic speech or writing, who believe themselves to be inspired by the dead. Yet here it is no longer a discarnate spirit, but an object of any kind imbued with a living "fluid," that works the miracle; and this, we may remark in passing, deals a severe blow to the spiritualistic theory.

All this elaborate obfuscation, because a shrewd medium guessed and "fished" and pieced together a simple situation into which the believer injected what trivial mystery it may be made to assume. There is more of this tinsel, endless tangled skeins of it; let one other sample suffice:

> Nevertheless, there are two rather serious objections to this second explanation. Granting that the object really places the medium in communication with an unknown entity discovered in space, how comes it that the image or the spectacle created by that communication hardly ever corresponds with the reality at the actual moment? On the other hand, it is indisputable that the psychometer's clairvoyance, his gift of seeing at a distance the pictures and scenes surrounding an unknown being, is exercised with the same certainty and the same power when the object that sets his strange faculty at work has been touched by a person who has been dead for years. Are we, then, to admit that there is an actual, living communication with a human being who is no more, who sometimes—as, for instance, in a case of incineration—has left no trace of himself on earth, in short, with a dead man who continues to live at the place and at the moment at which he impregnated the object with his "fluid" and who seems to be unaware that he is dead?

The insane reveal their infirmities not so much by what they believe as by the reasons they give for their delusions and the confidence with which they hold them, and also by the obvious explanations which they overlook. To maintain that a powerful medium can see across a few hundred miles seems a mild and rational assumption compared with this absurd speculation about "fluids" and energy and compressed gas and generation and nameless forces, jumbled into a vapid cloud of verbiage. Without quotation-marks the reader may well refuse to believe that this drivel emanates from the author of "The Blue Bird" and "Monna Vanna." Nor is this a diversion or a lapse of an otherwise sober discourse. The writer is deadly serious; to question these vagaries is heresy:

> I consider it necessary to declare for the last time that these psychometric phenomena, astonishing though they appear at first, are known, proved, and certain, and are no longer denied or doubted by any of those who have studied them seriously. I could have given full particulars of a large number of conclusive experiments; but this seemed to me as superfluous and tedious as would be, for instance, a string of names of the recognized chemical reactions that can be obtained in a laboratory.

There is mystery here: the mystery that the dramatist and the miraculist—at least so unreserved and abandoned a miraculist—should occupy the same tenement of clay and use the same cerebral hemispheres for their writings. Perhaps Andrew Lang suggested the explanation:

> There are also people who so dislike our detention in the prison-house of unvarying laws that their bias is in favor of anything which may tend to prove that science in her contemporary mood is not infallible. As the Frenchman did not care what sort of scheme he invested money in, provided that it annoys the English, so many persons do not care what they invest belief in, provided that it irritates men of science.

Or did George Eliot hit the mark when she observed that the absurd is "a perfectly juicy thistle" to certain types?

Gnats and camels, mediums and horses, are all swallowed without any sign of strain. The prologue of the miracle-play called "The Elberfeld Horses" goes back to Berlin twenty years ago. A stallion earned the title of "Kluger Hans" by convincing his master and tutor, Herr von Osten, as well as a host of better-educated Berliners, that a horse, under proper schooling, could count, add, multiply, subtract, divide, convert decimals into fractions, tell time by the watch, name the notes on the musical scale, tell what tone is missing to make a harmony, spell out the name of an object or a picture, give the day for any date, repeat a sentence after a lapse of twenty-four hours, catch the meaning of words when whispered—in fact, reach the intellectual status of a fourteen-year-old child. Berlin was excited, and rushed into pamphlets and controversy—a favorite Teutonic indoor sport. To quiet the uncertainty, a commission was appointed, including eminent university professors and psychologists. By a shrewd and painstaking analysis, they solved the mystery. As the questioner finishes the question, he bends his head ever so slightly, which Clever Hans has learned to accept as a signal to begin tapping with his foot; as the questioner follows the tapping, his interest causes him to bend forward more and more, and then to straighten his posture when the correct number is reached, which is the signal for Hans to stop. Herr von Osten was honest, but as self-deceived as table-tippers; the signals were wholly involuntary, and Hans deserved his title, and his sugar and carrots, for his part in the performance. According to Maeterlinck, the result of the report was that "people felt a sort of half-cowardly relief at be-

holding the prompt collapse of a miracle which was threatening to throw confusion into the self-satisfied little fold of established truths." Von Osten died of a broken heart. Maeterlinck is his avenger.

A new champion of equine genius promptly appeared. Herr Krall of Elberfeld discovered two Arab steeds, *Muhamed* and *Zarif* (as is well known, we derive our number lore from the Arabs), whose mathematical genius makes Hans's accomplishments seem a kindergarten exercise. After *three weeks* of instruction, Muhamed could count, add, subtract, multiply, divide, in whole numbers and in fractions; in the second month he learned to reply to questions in French as well as German; within four months he learned to spell; thence by leaps and bounds he galloped to erudition. Having read these accounts Maeterlinck was "wholly persuaded of the genuineness of the incidents" before starting upon his pilgrimage.

At length he stands before the sacred animals. Herr Krall speaks:

"Muhamed, attention! This is your uncle [pointing to me] who has come all the way to honor you with a visit. Mind you don't disappoint him. His name is Maeterlinck. . . . Now show him that you know your letters and that you can spell a name correctly." Muhamed gives a short neigh . . . strikes first with his right hoof and then with his left the number of blows which correspond with the letter M in the conventional alphabet used by the horses. Then one after the other, without stopping or hesitating, he marks the letters ADRLINSH, representing the unexpected aspect which my humble name assumes in the equine mind and phonetics. His attention is called to the fact that there is a mistake. He readily agrees and replaces the SH by a G and then the G by a K. They insist that he must put T instead of the D; but Muhamed, content with his work, shakes his head to say NO and refuses to make any further corrections.

In a second experiment, Maeterlinck proposed the name of the hotel at which he was registered, *Weidenhof:* which appeared in hoofiform spelling as WEIDNHOZ (the Z upon request corrected to an F), and elicited this comment:

"Observe, by the way, the logic of his phonetic writing: contrary to his habit, he [Muhamed] strikes the mute E after the W, because it is indispensable; but, finding it included in the D, he considers it superfluous and suppresses it with a high hand,"—or low hoof.

It is the "by-the-ways" that reveal the complete abandonment of the miraculist to the spell of conviction, cost what it may. The philological comment is followed by a rhapsody:

Was all this what they hid in their eyes, those silent brothers of ours? You blush at man's long injustice. You look around you for some sort of trace, obvious or subtle, of the mystery. . . . It is as though a sort of higher instinct, which knows everything and is not ignorant of the miracles that hang over our heads, were reassuring us in advance and helping us to make an easy entrance into the regions of the supernatural.

We approach the climax of credulity. After the *Mahlzeit*, the experiments are resumed:

Pointing to me, he asks Muhamed if he remembers what his uncle's name is. The horse raps out an H. Krall is astonished and utters fatherly reprimands: "Come, take care! You know it's not an H." The horse raps out an E. Krall becomes a little impatient: he threatens, he implores, he promises in turn carrots and the direst punishments [at the hands of the groom, for Krall does not punish the horses, for fear of losing their confidence]. "Come now, are you going to be more careful and not rap out your letters anyhow?" Muhamed obstinately goes his own way and strikes an R. Then Krall's open face lights up: "He's right," he says. "You understand: H E R standing for *Herr*. He wanted to give you the title to which every man wearing a top hat or a bowler has the right. He does it only very rarely and I had forgotten about it. He probably heard me call you Herr Maeterlinck and wanted to get it perfectly."

While this ridiculous fable amply proves the completeness of Herr Krall's delusions, it may be capped by a still wilder tale told by Krall and swallowed whole by his distinguished guest; that one day quite spontaneously "an absolutely human sentence" came letter by letter from Zarif's "ouija-board" hoofs; "'Albert [the groom] has beaten Hänschen' [the pony]. Another time I wrote down from his dictation, 'Hänschen has bitten Kamá' [a young elephant]. Like a child seeing its father after an absence, he felt the need to inform me of the little doings of the stable."

In such a paranoiac atmosphere miracles generate spontaneously. Square roots and cube roots are as familiar as turnips; and it is Maeterlinck's shocking arithmetical limitations and not those of Muhamed that stop the performance. Horses explain their inability to speak by striking out: *Weil ig kein Stim hbe* (because I have no voice). The 4th root of 7890481 is given as 53 even when the answer is unknown to the questioner. But it is the explanations that disclose how completely they who enter here have abandoned all reason. Horses are clearly mediums; they do not solve these problems by our clumsy systems but by "psychic flashes"; telepathy is seriously discussed as a partial factor; when the horses make a mistake and tap 73 for 37, the question arises whether this is due to mirror-writing; the equine subliminal consciousness is always functioning and supplies that mysterious intuition known as horse sense. Nothing less than a weary reading of the 140-page essay can suggest the possessed irresponsibility of the "facts" and the extravagant irrelevance of the befuddled explanations. But the insult of it all is the persistent attempt to square these accounts with what is known of animal psychology. In the good old credulous days Pegasus and the Unicorn were accepted on faith; their zoölogical affinities were not a problem. But the equine Euclid is demonstrated "with the convincing force of photographic records," which only the stupid prejudices of psychologists refuse to accept.*

The pilgrimage to Elberfeld may well prove the occultist's undoing. Despite their versatile gaits, horses can not sidestep and cover their tracks as mediums can. Without this coveted specimen Maeterlinck's collection of psychic miracles might have imposed upon the uncritical and retained its prestige. With it the quality of the entire collection becomes suspicious. Not that Maeterlinck stands alone in succumbing to the lure of animal mythology; many another well-known intellectual has come to test the intelligence of the horses and by his report has shown that the horses tested his—and found it wanting. But Maeterlinck is insistent. One might have thought that he would show some respectful attention to the report, repudiating equine geniuses, signed by Professor Stumpf, the psychologist of the University of Berlin; or to the monograph of Dr. Pfungst, which was deemed worthy of an English translation with a laudatory introduction by Professor Angell, psychologist of the University of Chicago. This admirable investigation, which has been generally accepted as convincing, is dismissed as a "monument of useless pedantry," based on "a cumbrous and puerile theory." The irresponsibility of the verdict offsets its imperinence; it suggests a more fundamental disqualification for judgment than a blind prepossession explains.

Such is the case of Maurice Maeter-

*With apologies to the reader for implying that any further detailed explanation of this preposterous farce is necessary, let it be briefly stated that the signs (whatever they are) by which Muhamed, like Hans, knows when to begin and when to stop pawing with both left and right foot, are irregularly given and easily missed. Consequently, wholly irrelevant letters appear; for, in his eagerness, the horse may stop pawing a little too soon, or not catch the clue quite soon enough. The arrangement by which each letter is indicated by a combination of two numbers is wholly arbitrary. Thus *"Pferd"*—a word commonly asked for—is "spelled" by the phonetic Muhamed in over *thirty* different ways. That the questioner and not the horse perfoms the operation (while the horse is intent only upon the sign which spells carrots) is amply shown by the analysis in the case of both Hans and of Muhamed. When the questioner knew the answer to the question, from 90 per cent. to 100 per cent. of the horse's answers were correct; when the questioner did not know the answer, from 6 per cent. to 10 per cent. were correct; this for Hans, as appears in the report of Dr. Pfungst. For the Elberfeld horses, the successes when the questioner did not know the answer were from 8 per cent. to 11 per cent. The small residue of successes may well be due to the constant repetition of certain combinations (as in number habits) and the increased chance of the favorite tapping pattern asserting itself at the right time. The further fact that the simplest problems are answered with no greater accuracy than the most complex ones, that the horses start at once upon the answer without any hesitation, that they do not look at the figures or boards upon which the problems appear, abundantly show that no question of calculating or reasoning enters.

While there has been no definitive examination of the Elberfeld horses, the critical accounts warrant the conclusion of Professor Watson (who includes an account of them in his authoritative book on "Behavior" for the sake of the light which they throw upon animal intelligence as well as upon human lack of it) that their responses do "not rise above the level of those given by Hans."

always chasing some notion or other which had no possible relation to practice—witness German transcendental philosophy—and that all such stuff would not amount to anything in the end: it was all "mere ideas." Perhaps after further reflection upon the war and upon antecedent history, the Anglo-Saxon mind will decide that mere ideas are the fuel of all great fires; that in schools and colleges this fuel is piled up day by day, waiting for sparks; and that it would be good economy, even if certain more "practical" subjects had to be displaced in the process, to require all young students to take a course in elementary ethics (and religion, when possible) as applied to political life. So far, however, this point has not been loudly emphasized in plans for post-bellum reconstruction. I must recall words uttered in London ten years ago by a young Englishman—a representative Oxford graduate, who had spent four years in Germany, and with whom I was comparing notes—"O yes, they talked all that political tommy-rot to me, too. Mere pedantry, you know. Just pedantic book-notions that never come to anything. They'll get over it. But my word, what a joy to watch them do tennis! Throw themselves into it as if the whole of civilization were at stake. And what a terrible mess they do make of it, eh?"

G. R. Elliott

The Revival of the Classic Drama

IN a recent address to the League for Political Education, I took occasion to speak of the degradation of the stage as a great organ of public instruction. A fragment from this speech was used as the basis of an article in the New York *Tribune*, of Sunday, February 15, and among those who commented upon my indictment of the stage in recent years was Mr. David Belasco.

I confess to considerable surprise that Mr. Belasco, who as a producer has had high ambitions for the stage, while accepting my premise, seems to dissent from the conclusions which I drew. He appears to justify the frivolous play as though it were the chief end of the stage. He says: "It is a theatrical manager's duty at times to crowd the stage with as many pretty women, as much youth, and light and charm, as possible." And he proceeds to state that each Friday night finds him at a musical comedy, "as near the front as I can get," where, as he states, he is refreshed and invigorated by "the love-making of the handsome tenor and the beautiful soprano."

I did not question that, even on the stage, a little nonsense, now and then, is very much relished, and the real question, which Mr. Belasco did not discuss, was as to the relative proportion which the amusing should bear to the instructive and inspiring. Shakespeare could blend both in one play to great advantage; but it may be cheerfully admitted that there are few Shakespeares.

Mr. Belasco proceeds to make the amazing statement that there are "fewer frivolous plays in New York than in any other big city in other lands." If this be so, then the titles to New York plays are very misleading, and matters of great pith and moment can be found "Up in Mabel's Room." Mr. Belasco finally says that he pays out twenty thousand dollars a year in advance royalties, and yet "can not get the sort of serious play that I want." He rejects many, because, in his judgment, they are "overly serious and altogether too gloomy."

My contention was that most of the fifty theatres now producing plays in New York devoted their energy to the exploitation of the very lightest and most frivolous of productions. I cheerfully recognize that there are some honorable exceptions. While recognizing that the stage, as a great and potent instrumentality of society, has as one of its functions to amuse and entertain the public in this work-a-day age, yet I also emphasized that its larger functions were to instruct and inspire, and that, in these latter functions, the American stage had, in recent years, largely failed.

Those of us who would like to see the stage restored to its true position, as one of the four great pillars of society, may well feel discouraged when the foremost of American producers seems to attach so little importance to the stage as a serious medium for public instruction and inspiration.

Feeling some curiosity to contrast the opportunities of a young man of this day to hear the best and noblest in the drama with those of the period when the writer was a young man, I took occasion to consult my diary for the year 1883, and I found that in that year I had seen in my native city (Philadelphia) the following plays: Robson and Crane in "A Comedy of Errors"; Salvini in "Lear" and "Othello"; Janauschek in Schiller's "Mary Stuart"; Salvini in "The Civil Death"; Langtry in "She Stoops to Conquer"; Modjeska in "Cymbeline," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night"; Sheridan in "King Lear"; Rose Eytinge in "A Winter's Tale"; Rhea, the noted French actress; Irving and Terry in "The Merchant of Venice," "Charles the First," and "Hamlet."

Even the plays then produced which were not classics had at least the merit of intelligence, and Boston, New York, and Philadelphia each had its stock company with an extensive repertory of classic and modern plays. Why can not New York with six millions of people have another company like Daly's?

As the fish that were discovered in the dark recesses of the Mammoth Cave were found to be blind, because they had never been privileged to see the light, the disappearance of the classic drama has been followed by the passing of the actor who could read the lines. I have been informed by those who ought to know that, to establish at this time a Shakespeare theatre in any of our leading American cities, would involve the preliminary necessity of training a school of actors, even to read the lines, much more to interpret the rôles. Raw material is not wanting. To-day there are more good actors and actresses than ever before. But there are few great ones, because so few great plays are given.

The present seems to be the psychological time to start afresh in this matter. After the Civil War was ended, there came to the American people a deep seriousness, which found its reflection in the revival of the classic drama. Only a few years after Appomattox, Edwin Booth played "Hamlet" for one hundred consecutive nights in New York, and then followed it with a revival of "Romeo and Juliet" for sixty-eight nights. Thus the public demand for two serious Shakespearean tragedies was so great that for nearly a half-year these plays ran successfully—and New York at that time probably did not number over a million people.

It seems fruitless to urge these obvious facts, which all intelligent men must recognize with regret and humiliation, if we depend upon the theatre as a business enterprise. The knowledge of the syndicates that own and control nearly all the American theatres consists largely in the old aphorism that "Shakespeare spells ruin." They believe that the taste of the public is confined to the class of plays which revolve around a bedroom, as that eminent theatrical manager, Mr. Vincent Crummles, caused his dramatist to write a play around a pump. But it might be suggested, even to these gentlemen, that there are bedroom dramas with a very serious purpose. "Othello" is one of them, "Cymbeline," another.

All this leads me to believe that the work that requires the earliest attention is to found a classic theatre by community effort that will, so far as one theatre can, lift the stage above the dull and sordid mediocrity of its present management.

It may be admitted that the revival of the classic drama can not be accomplished as a mere business enterprise, or through some of the human agencies which to-day control the American stage. They

much prefer the moral scum of the Great White Way. The appeal should be made to the parents, who ought to feel not a little real concern with respect to the intellectual as well as the æsthetic advancement of the rising generation.

The more serious problem presents itself as to how a competent stock company could be recruited at this time, when there are so many competent actors and actresses for modern plays, but so few who any longer have any training in the classic drama. Undoubtedly such a theatre would necessarily be a matter of slow growth. It would be necessary to build up a stock company slowly, and, at first, with disappointing results. There are, however, actors who would willingly drop the trivial parts they now play and attempt something more worthy of their noble profession. Those who saw George Gaul last season play the part of "Job" in the dramatized version of that wonderful book of the Bible, will never forget the consummate skill with which he read the most remarkable poetry, perhaps, that the literature of the world knows. I have followed the theatre from the time of E. L. Davenport down to the present time, and have seen nearly all the great actors of England and America and some of the great actors of France and Germany, and, in my judgment, George Gaul's performance of "Job" was a real achievement, considering that the play had almost no action and that the actor was obliged to rely upon the skillful rendition of his lines. There are doubtless many Gauls in the profession wasting their talents upon trivial parts. It certainly would be a crowning reflection upon the American stage if, from the thousand actors and actresses who have not yet become stars, a company could not be recruited which, with adequate training and with the wise guidance of students of Shakespeare, would become a very competent company.

But, after all, "the play's the thing." Better a Shakespeare play, even though inadequately done, than not to have Shakespeare played at all; for even an indifferent performance of "Hamlet" is a delight to those who have seen far greater actors in the rôle; because it is a delightful reminiscence of all the Hamlets who have paced the battlements of Elsinore while waiting the coming of their ghostly father. Never will the writer forget the impression made upon his mind, at the age of thirteen, when, from a gallery in the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia—once the home of the classic drama—the wonderful mystery of "Hamlet," as interpreted by E. L. Davenport, sunk into his soul. He can only feel sorrow for those of the rising generation whose theatrical pabulum consists of "Nightie Night," "Roly Boly Eyes," "The Midnight Whirl," "Linger Longer Letty," etc.

To many, the revival of the classic theatre will seem an impossible dream. We shall be quickly reminded of the disastrous failure of the New Theatre, which, while devoted to serious drama, did not have as its *raison d'être* the revival of the classic drama, and which failed for a variety of reasons to which it is not necessary to make allusion. My faith in the possibility of developing a classic theatre, not only in New York, but in a hundred American cities, is based upon the extraordinary development of the public taste for music. It does not require a long memory to recall the time when it was difficult for more than one symphony orchestra to find any public response in New York, and when, in Philadelphia, only meagre audiences greeted the orchestral concerts of Theodore Thomas. Even the opera spelled ruin quite as much as the Shakesperean drama is proverbially supposed to do. In less than two decades, a taste for music has been developed that is marvelous. In New York, five symphony orchestras give successful concerts, and seats for the opera—possibly the best in the world—are sold out in advance for almost daily performances for a season of twenty-three weeks. In New York the thirst for music seems to be well-nigh unquenchable.

The difference between the two situations is that, while the taste for the symphony concerts had to be developed, the love of the theatre as one of the great primitive passions of mankind has always been with us, as witness the alacrity with which the public frequent even the poorest drivel of the stage, and the popularity of the moving-picture shows. With this love of mimic representation it should not be difficult to develop in a city of six millions of people a demand for a classic theatre which would be distinguished from all other theatres, not only because it was not conducted for profit, but also because it would produce no play that was not at least one hundred years old. Therefore, it would be called the Classic Theatre. This would open an extensive repertory—Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Molière, Racine, Schiller, Goethe —not to omit the masterpieces of the greatest stage that the world has ever seen, that of Athens, with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

Fortunately, there are unmistakable evidences that the same reaction from the frivolous which followed the Civil War is again slowly taking place. There is a reasonable possibility that next season will witness four or five serious attempts to revive the classic drama. Already the Vrooms are to give a series of classic matinees. Walter Hampden, whose "Hamlet" matinees were so successful last season, is understood to be developing as a business enterprise a stock company with a classic repertory. That ever conscientious actress, Margaret Anglin, whose productions of classic Greek plays have been so successful on the Pacific Coast, has under consideration a somewhat extended season in New York. Barrymore has given us "Richard III," and Sothern and Marlowe have again taken the stage with their familiar Shakespearean rôles.

Even more promising, however, is the prospect that the Stratford Players may visit America next year. This company of actors represents the most serious attempt in the English-speaking world to put Shakespearean representation on a sound artistic basis. They have discarded the star system, and their appeal to the public is based upon the care with which every part in a Shakespearean play is enacted. Each year they give two seasons in Stratford, one an early spring season and then a long summer season. The company consists of fifty players drawn from all parts of England and especially trained to render the plays of Shakespeare not for the mere exploitation of a star, but as an artistic whole. These players, whose chief season is in Shakespeare's birthplace and who have all the inspiring influence of an artistic enterprise which is devoted more to the memory of Shakespeare than to commercial profits, have been immensely strengthened by the elimination of some who had outlived their usefulness and by recruiting younger and fresher talent from the English stage. I have received a letter from Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson that speaks in the highest terms of the artistic excellence of the Stratford Players. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that there is this prospect, and that efforts are now being made to bring the Stratford company to America; as they have more than thirteen Shakespearean plays in their repertory, it is possible that the American people may see the production of masterpieces which have not been seen by American theatregoers for many years.

I have always been impressed in reading "Hamlet" with the marked distinction which Shakespeare makes in his greeting to the two courtiers, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and to the players. To the former, his attitude was the formal one of a prince; but he hails the latter—not once, but many times—as "friends." Whether the Stratford Players come to America or not, if the players of America shall use their influence for the revival of the classic drama, and especially of the Shakespearean drama, then the public not only should, but assuredly will, say:

> Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?

JAMES M. BECK

Correspondence

Congress's Right to Declare Peace

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the course of the discussion which has been aroused in Congress by the proposal to declare hostilities with Germany at an end by joint resolution, Senator Thomas of Colorado has brought forward evidence showing that on one occasion the Convention which framed the Constitution voted down unanimously a motion to vest Congress with the power to "make peace." This evidence is good so far as it goes, but it does not support all of Senator Thomas's deductions from it, nor indeed has he given a quite complete account of it. The proposal in question was made and rejected by the Convention on August 17, 1787. One ground for its rejection was that the making of peace would naturally fall, not to the Executive, as Senator Thomas would have it, but to the treaty-making body, which was, by the plan at the date before the Convention, the Senate alone. And the principal argument which was offered against the proposal Senator Thomas ignores altogether. It was the argument made by Ellsworth and repeated by Madison, that "it should be more easy to get out of war than into it"—the obvious deduction being that the making of peace ought therefore to be lodged with a less cumbersome body than Congress. The Convention was apparently unacquainted with the "single-track mind"!

The mere fact that Congress is not specifically authorized to make peace does not prove that it does not possess powers in the exercise of which, on proper occasions, it may bring peace about. Congress was also denied by the Convention of 1787 the power to charter corporations; notwithstanding which it has repeatedly exercised this power, and has been sustained by the Supreme Court in so doing. Nor again does the fact that peace, whether domestic or international, may be, and ordinarily is, attained by the treaty route prove that all other roads thereto are closed. To cite some parallel cases: certain businesses are subject to both the taxing power of Congress and the police power of the States; treaties may be abrogated, at least so far as the United States is concerned, both by act of Congress and by agreement between our Government and the other parties thereto; certain international conventions may be entered into by the President alone, upon authorization by Congress, or by the President and Senate without such authorization; certain types of breaches of the law may be cured either by an executive pardon or by a legislative act of indemnity; and so on. In short, it frequently happens that the same legal result may be produced by very different powers of government; nor need this fact lead to confusion, since as soon as any of the competent powers has acted, the result is produced.

Congress may repeal or otherwise curtail the legal operation of any measure which it had the right to enact in the first place, though naturally it can not repeal the acts already done under the sanction of such measure while it was still operative. Congress can not now invalidate, nor does it wish to, what was properly done by virtue of its declaration of war upon Germany; but it can withdraw its sanction from any further hostilities against our former foe. But the proposed Porter resolution has also a second purpose, namely, to force the German Government, by the threat of cutting off all commercial relations with it—relations which are now going on in the midst of "war"—to proclaim the cessation on its part of hostilities against this country and the renunciation of any claims against this country which the German Government "would not have the right to assert had the United States ratified the Treaty of Versailles." This provision, at least, it will be contended, amounts to an attempt on the part of Congress to usurp the treaty-making power. In fact, however, the proposal is grounded on the securest of precedents, on Madison's Non-Intercourse Act, on the "reciprocally unjust" clause of the McKinley Tariff Act, which was sustained by the Supreme Court in the case of Field v. Clark (143 U. S.) against the objection just recited, on the "maximum and minimum" clause of the Dingley Act, on the Canadian Reciprocity Act passed during President Taft's Administration and at his special instance. In all these cases Congress did just what it is proposing to do at the present moment; it was using its power to regulate "commerce with foreign nations" to force certain concessions from those nations.

Congress has the right, then, simply by virtue of its power to repeal its previous enactments, to declare hostilities with Germany to be at an end, and its declaration to this effect, once duly enacted, will be binding upon the Courts and the Executive alike. Also, it has the right by virtue of its power to regulate "commerce with foreign nations" and to "pass all laws necessary and proper" to that end, to curtail or even to prohibit American trade with Germany, and this it may do either forthwith, or conditionally upon the occurrence or non-occurrence of certain events the ascertainment and proclamation of which may be left with the President. Both these propositions rest upon practice, precedent, and unchallengeable principles, while the opposing view rests upon the fallacious supposition that since peace in a legal sense would undoubtedly ensue upon the ratification of a treaty of peace with Germany, a treaty of peace is the only way to obtain it. But there is more than one road leading to peace, as to Rome, and a sovereign government, which the United States undoubtedly is in the field of foreign relations, must be regarded as having access to them all, until at least it can be shown to have been cut off therefrom by some very definite Constitutional prohibition such as no opponent of the Porter resolution has as yet produced. There is, in other words, no good reason either in law or common sense why Congress should not turn off the current which it turned on three years ago to-day, and so allow Uncle Sam to relax his wearied grip from an altogether useless and excuseless live wire.

EDWARD S. CORWIN

Princeton, N. J., April 6

The Excess Profits Tax

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

General Wood, President Nicholas Murray Butler, and the New York *Times* have ventured to criticize the excess-profits tax, and the *New Republic* has rushed to the defense. The argument of the editors seems to run like this: These people who say that the excess-profits tax is bad are not to be trusted in any way: that ought to be enough. But for those who might otherwise be misled it may be pointed out that such a tax does not discourage production, because it takes only $2.40 out of $12 excess profit on $100 of investment. The $2.40 is not added to the price of goods, because the manufacturer will charge all he can get anyway, and he can get more than the tax just now. The real remedy is not less excess-profits tax but more. Take one hundred per cent, of the profit above an adequate minimum—say, ten per cent., or even fifteen. Divert more and more of the profits of "trusts" and "barons." The result must be that the plunderers will reduce prices. There is nothing to be gained by making profits for Uncle Sam's sole benefit.

All this is familiar tactics. Discredit your opponents; fix unpopular names on them; set up and beat down a man of straw; above all, state with violence some half-truths and suppress everything that disproves their application. It's not difficult and it works.

In that respect it differs from the excess-profits tax, which doesn't work. And the income super-tax, which doesn't work. And every other tax intended to put undue burdens on a few, which never works. Nobody in his senses contends that the

excess-profits tax cuts any figure in prices when the economic situation permits the producers of goods to secure enormous profits. When demand far exceeds supply the tax becomes negligible. Nor does any one suppose that such a tax, in times like these, discourages any corporation from producing all it can under the circumstances of inefficient labor, short coal supply, and other handicaps. But it is conceivable that even General Wood, President Butler, and the New York *Times* may be telling the truth when they say that the excess-profits tax will be added, at least in part, to prices when a more normal situation returns.

Nobody has ever succeeded in beating into the heads of a certain kind of "economist" that 8 per cent. or 10 per cent. on capital invested is not necessarily an adequate return in all cases. And yet for at least a century there has been a strong inducement to every form of industry to turn back earnings into the business, because nearly every enterprise that did not do that has failed. Those which grew strong, including such of the railroads as have not been through receivership, put earnings into extensions and improvements. Now all that is to be changed. High authority has pronounced that shippers can not be expected to provide interest on invested capital and new capital besides. The underlying theory of excess-profits taxation in peace time must be that manufacturers and dealers ought to make no more than a "fair" profit (whatever that may be) on invested capital. With the exception of a very moderate allowance for depreciation, the Act of Congress does not permit deductions for replacements and none at all for extensions of plant. Then the new capital, which must be had if there is to be healthy growth, must come from the profits remaining after payment of taxes. The amount needed for this purpose differs in different industries and it may vary from year to year. It may very much exceed 10 per cent. on the capital invested in some industries. There can be no fixed "adequate minimum" unless it is put so high as to cover the most needy cases.

The *New Republic* points to the recent railroad law and suggests that nobody thought of allowing even as much as 8 per cent. profit. True. And it remains to be seen how it will work. If profits are to be limited to a small return on capital, there must be some guarantee that they will be steadily earned and paid before investors will care to put new money into railroads. It may be that the recent Act of Congress provides such a guarantee, though there is as yet no visible eagerness to buy railroad securities. If that guarantee is not provided, the railroads must fail and the *New Republic* will clamor for Government ownership and the Plumb plan.

The manufacturer does not expect, and he certainly will not get, any guarantee whatever. If he can not strengthen his position, he knows what will happen; he will fail, as so many others have before him. He is not allowed to deduct the cost of strengthening his business before his taxes are levied. Then it must come out of net earnings, after taxes, and go into the price of goods after we have reached the time when cost of production counts. It is conceivable that the gentlemen who have incurred the sovereign contempt of the *New Republic* have perceived this and would prefer to have our house set in order while there is still time.

But all this is beside the point. It is the man of straw, set up to be knocked down. The real issue would be inconvenient for the "economists" who prefer to deal in half truths. That issue was adequately stated by Mr. Glass, when he was Secretary of the Treasury. Speaking of the excess-profits tax in his annual report, he said, "It encourages wasteful expenditure, puts a premium on overcapitalization and a penalty on brains, energy, and enterprise, discourages new ventures and confirms old ventures in their monopolies." Everybody who has had experience of its actual effects knows that this is true. Will any one contend that these results have had no effect on prices? Will any one assert that they will not have a marked effect in preventing a return to lower prices when other conditions permit? To those who are not "economists" it certainly seems likely that extravagant management, inertia, and safety in an entrenched position will make goods dearer.

Secretary Glass failed to carry his criticism to its logical conclusion. Exactly the same objections are valid with respect to the super-tax on earned incomes. Everybody who has come in contact with its actual effects is aware that it encourages waste, puts a penalty on brains, energy, and enterprise and discourages new ventures. But fortunately General Wood, President Butler, and the New York *Times* have apparently confined their criticism to the excess-profits tax. One can imagine the *New Republic* dealing faithfully with them if they had ventured to touch the sacrosanct super-tax; one can foresee the sneers, the imputation of sinister motives, the magnificent assumption of wisdom, and one can be grateful for being spared the spectacle.

But there is cause for gratitude in the threat with which the second article on this subject concludes. "Excess-profits taxes offer one solution of the problem of monopoly. There is one other solution compatible with democracy. That is nationalization. Everything else has failed." Really our political leaders ought to be told this. Perhaps they ought to paste it in their hats. It is so neat and sonorous. Let us draw comfort from the existence of two possible solutions. One might have supposed that there was not even one.

PHILIP DEXTER

Boston, Mass., April 3

Compulsory Medicine

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

We are facing a deplorable condition of the times in respect to compulsory medicine. Commercialism has so surrounded, invaded, arrogated the fields of intelligent personal prerogative, that good citizenship wonders where it will stop. The privilege of preserving health has been practically assailed, and the healthy are confronted with so many forms of compulsory medicine that good judgment rejects them all, not, however, without being assured by some pseudo-authority that legal penalty will follow.

The question before the public is a large one, but a simple one of sense and justice after all. It is this: Are laboratory foundations which are endowed by multi-millionaires in the name of philanthropy to be the nucleus of experimental activities beginning with the lower and higher animals and extending to free human beings who may be assembled for the purpose in various grades of submission? Is there any science in it? Any art? Any humanity? Any philanthropy? No. The whole fabric as to its exploitation for benefit of human health is an affliction. Witness tuberculosis, influenza, and numerous infections in our camps and armies following inoculations of healthy recruits for diseases which are known to be non-existent under properly regulated sanitation.

The human organism is very tenacious of its integrity as against foreign invasion. It revolts when its blood and other tissues are contaminated, especially so when that contamination is most inappropriate as to immediate demand. The need of the organism is evidenced by very delicate signs, and it is the height of unscientific imposition to institute laboratory theories and practice, wholly speculative as they are, to replace the best ideals of normal hygienic habits of life as a basis of health, as well as sane medical aid from the physician in times of sickness to restore health.

We can not have our children infected by any therapy which forces into the bloodstream an agent of any kind. The foreign element is a menace, since it is foreign; when it is also a product of disease it is doubly dangerous. The Shick test, diphtheria antitoxin, typhoid

prophylaxis, all the serums and vaccinations are to be regarded with more than suspicion, for they have already too large a mass of testimony to their discredit.

Public health demands that public places be kept clean and sanitary beyond anything which obtains at present. Public health will not endure human infection from any agents whatever, though they be industriously promulgated by all the endowed systems of so-called medical research.

JOHN HUTCHINSON, M.D.
New York, April 10

The New Home Rule Proposals

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Is not the following a reasonable interpretation of the Irish situation, as it stands at present?

The British Government is bound by the Home Rule Act of 1914. The conditions which led to the adoption of that Act have been altered during the progress of the war by the disloyalty of the Nationalist, and Sinn Fein people of the South, and by the patriotic loyalty of Ulster. To carry out the provisions of that Act and to place Ulster under the control of a Dublin Parliament without her consent and contrary to her wishes would be a return for her loyalty which is inconceivable and would be a harm alike to the people of Ulster, to the British nation, and to the friends of Great Britain throughout the world. The question which Mr. Lloyd George must solve is how to dispose of the obligations resting upon the Government under the Act of 1914. Every proposal hitherto made to the disaffected element in Ireland has been rejected, and every proposal that can be made—consistent with the welfare of the Empire—is likely to be rejected. To meet this situation the Prime Minister has tendered a measure which represents the extreme concession which the Government can offer. The South will reject it. Were Ulster to reject it she would be placing herself upon the same basis of disaffection as the South. Sir Edward Carson understands and supports the purposes of the Prime Minister. Ulster therefore assents. When the South rejects, as it undoubtedly will, the Government will be freed from all obligations under the Act of 1914, and can then deal untrammeled with the Irish situation as the welfare of the Empire may require. All friends of Great Britain—and they doubtless include a great majority of the citizens of the United States—must sympathize with the British nation in its difficulties, and must hope for an early and rational solution of them.

ALBA B. JOHNSON
Philadelphia, March 22

Book Reviews

John Redmond

JOHN REDMOND'S LAST YEARS. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

AMID the abundant and increasing literature on Irish affairs it is seldom indeed that there comes into a reviewer's hand a literary treasure such as this. It is not simply a fascinating and convincing sketch of Redmond in the final phase of his career, though if it were estimated on this ground alone it must be ranked among the finest achievements of recent times as a psychological portrait of a public man. It is also a study of the conflicting currents of Irish life during a period which was crowded with events of world-wide significance, and in which the clue to the inner meaning of what has happened may well elude even the most patient and industrious of outside inquirers. Much that has been given to us upon this subject is, on the face of it, either inflamed rhetoric or well-intentioned literary incompetence, and it leaves us as far as ever from real insight into the situation it tries to present. Mr. Gwynn writes as one having knowledge and authority. He has had access to Redmond's private papers covering the whole period under review. He is not biased by religious creed, for he is a southern Protestant, of a family that has long been distinguished in the social circles of Dublin. As a Nationalist Member of Parliament he was himself among the first to respond to his leader's patriotic call in August, 1914, and his judgment upon the upheaval in Ireland since then is given us from the point of view of one who served for years with an Irish regiment at the front. On his periods of leave from service he constantly revisited the House of Commons to watch the turbid political whirlpool that was mingling its waters with the flowing river of national effort, and he sat as a member of the ill-fated Irish Convention of 1917 whose fair promise of public spirit was so soon darkened by the mists of sectional intrigue. He is thus able, so far as any man can be, to tell us how Redmond's later policy was conceived, how it was pursued, and how it was balked. Incidentally we learn from him much about those forces, hostile to Redmond, whose achievement is to be seen in the chaotic Ireland that lies before us to-day. And though strong language may rise often to the reader's lips as he follows the record, it is the spirit of charity by which, as the best tribute to his dead leader's example, the biographer is unfailingly inspired.

Perhaps what strikes one first in the book is just this judicial balance by which it is everywhere marked. Mr. Gwynn is keenly aware of the temptations against which he must struggle as he depicts the last years of John Redmond. He had to write the last sad chapter of a public life which he intensely admires, and he was writing it within a few months of the tragic gloom, amounting almost to martyrdom, in which it closed. He had to explain the causes by which a noble enterprise was defeated, the prejudices by which a high scheme of constructive statesmanship was misunderstood, and the implacable passions by which an exalted character was maligned. If the execution of this literary task had not been made imperative by its obvious bearing upon certain problems that have waited too long for settlement, it is safe to say that this writer, with his vivid sense of its difficulties, would have deferred the attempt until a more propitious season. The soil is indeed still too hot and too convulsed for an historian's quite steady tread. But we have all reason for thankfulness to one who has ventured a work of such immediate urgency, bringing to it a power of sustained self-control for which we so often look in vain even where lapse of time and cooling of tempers have made historical work comparatively simple.

Mr. Gwynn, knowing the risk that a disciple may idolize his master and vilify his master's enemies, is always careful to point out wherein Redmond may be judged deficient, and the strength which belongs to much that was urged against him from the camp of his opponents. The figure drawn for us in this book is that of a great Party Chairman, devoted heart and soul to the twin causes of Irish self-government and Anglo-Irish reconciliation, a leader far-sighted, with admirable tact, unfailing courtesy, an almost unique gift for presiding over and guiding debate. But joined to these qualities through which he shone in every public meeting, and which even his Ulster enemies in the Convention of 1916 were among the first to acknowledge, were some less fortunate characteristics that made one remember his Norman descent and his own deep-seated conservatism. Owing to a temperamental aloofness, Redmond was less accessible than he might with advantage have been to individual members of his own group, so that he sometimes misjudged the depth of new currents and the changes which were in process underground. "It needed some courage," says Mr. Gwynn, "to go to him with a question in policy, and if you went, the answer would be simply a 'Yes' or 'No.'" His was not a notably "magnetic" leadership; he sometimes annoyed those whom he might easily have won over by taking them more into his confidence; he lacked in

some degree the personal touch. Thus within his own party he was admired rather than idolized, the object of liking and profound respect, rather than of love and passionate enthusiasm. His high standard of honor made him recoil from all that he thought of as intrigue, so that he shrank at the same time from frankly opening his mind to the legitimate influence of others. The integrity which was part of his own nature, and which he assumed in those opponents to whom he held out the hand of fellowship in August, 1914, made him forget how few were capable of his own vision, and how slowly the unclean methods of party strife are discarded.

The problems upon which one most desires light are such as these: Why did Redmond's appeal for recruits succeed so magnificently during the first eighteen months of the war, and then so disastrously fail? What were the forces that so sapped his strength as to reduce within four years a solid Parliamentary block of eighty-three to an insignificant group of seven? How far was he justified in the belief that the increasing displacement of the constitutional Nationalists by the violent Sinn Feiners was due to mismanagement by the British Cabinet?

Mr. Gwynn has supplied the most intelligible and the most credible answer which has yet been put before us. Redmond, as his biographer sees him, was confronted with two kinds of hostility. On the one side was the party, small at the beginning of the war though destined to reach ominous proportions before long, in which hatred of England and distrust of English promises had become an unconquerable passion. On the other side was the party of Ulster extremists, backed by the least reputable of the English Tory Opposition, to whom a reconciled Nationalist Ireland would be a positive offense. It was the business of the first of these parties to prevent enlistments in the south and west, as it was the joy of the second to prove that such enlistments were not taking place. Mr. Gwynn thinks that Lord Kitchener, invaluable in the field, was lamentable at such a time as Secretary for War, but it was as Secretary for War that he insisted upon acting. He knew how to use all other forms of force, but not the force that belongs to timely conciliation. Hence the wretched failure in the management of Irish recruiting, the use of Protestant and Unionist propagandists in intensely Nationalist districts, the refusal to recognize and officially equip the National Volunteers, the staffing of Irish Catholic brigades with officers alien in sentiment to all the men whom they commanded, and innumerable other blunders to which Redmond again and again called attention in vain. Lord Kitchener's wildest hope was for ten thousand recruits from Redmond's following! Even when this number had been multiplied many times, he would accept no advice from the leader who had so far surpassed his expectations. Mr. Asquith's promises in his Dublin speech were thus consistently falsified; one scheme after another to bring the organization of Ireland definitely under Ireland's natural and thoroughly loyal chiefs was adopted only to be again cast aside at the bidding of politicians. The inevitable result followed. Sinn Fein gained by leaps and bounds. Redmond with his constitutionalism was branded as a failure, while Sir Edward Carson with his counsels of violence had been a conspicuous success. A southern and western Carsonism became the new gospel. The Government had discredited its friends and stimulated its enemies. As one reads Mr. Gwynn's pages one recalls the trenchant summing up by Macaulay generations ago of that spirit which, then as now, spoiled the British administration of Ireland; "waiting that you may once again hit the exact point at which you can neither refuse with safety nor concede with grace."

It is a sad story, but a very plain one. It is sad in its outcome for the fate of the best and truest leader whom Ireland has had within living memory, sadder still in that effect upon Anglo-Irish relations which all men can now see, and which some are making remorseful efforts to undo. Mr. Gwynn again and again reminds us how hard was the Cabinet's task, how little time amid the burdens of the war could be spared for inquiry into the situation across the Channel, how much allowance we must make for the men in Downing Street who had to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George may be excused if they missed their way when they had to choose between forfeiting one sort of support and forfeiting another, at a moment when so much was at stake, and the maximum support was so sorely needed. Lord Kitchener must not be too harshly blamed if he was not a statesman as well as a soldier. Of the politicians, both Carsonite and Sinn Fein, who involved the Government in such desperate dilemmas, and who seem to have been fishing on their own party's behalf in those troubled waters, the reader of this biography will have to judge, and the materials for such a judgment are before him. But the more carefully this record is read and studied, the deeper will be the reverence of all true men, both Irish and English, for the heroic figure of Redmond, greater in the high purpose which failed than even in those unforgettable services of a long political life which had succeeded. His follower and friend has erected a noble memorial to one who, like those of old, had to live and die in faith, not having received the promises.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Studies in Honor of Dr. Osler

CONTRIBUTIONS TO MEDICAL AND BIOLOGICAL RESEARCH. Dedicated to SIR WILLIAM OSLER, Bart. M.D., F.R.S., in honor of his Seventieth Birthday, July 12, 1919, by his pupils and co-workers. 2 vols. New York: Paul B. Hoeber.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER practised and taught his art in three countries and in four universities. He had pupils and he won friends everywhere. A miscellany offered in commemoration of the birthday of such a man could not well be less than the volumes before us: well printed, for he loved a well-made book; possessed of literary distinction, for he was himself a charming writer on a wide range of subjects, and at the time of his death president of the Classical Association, succeeding Professor Sir Gilbert Murray; and finally, though rigidly technical in parts, confining itself to no narrow view of the field of medicine. Osler's own range was as broad as humanity itself. Accordingly, of the hundred and fifty articles fully half deal with historical medicine, education, books, social problems, and the humanities.

"The Eye of the Burrowing Owl," by Dr. Casey Wood, arrests one by the title and the vivid color of the illustration—it—this glowing eye—reminds one of Mr. Butler's painting of the Solar Eclipse. The article is an interesting contribution to natural history as well as to comparative anatomy.

Dr. Charles Singer and Dorothea Singer of Oxford have also a fascinating color print of "A Miniature Ascribed to Mantegna." It depicts an operation by Cosmas and Damian, the patron saints of medicine. A patient wearing a look of placid enjoyment has just had his cancerous leg removed and replaced by the leg taken from a dead Moor. The approximation is perfect and the operation a success.

Here is a verse showing something of what Cosmas and Damian suffered:

Victi, torti, carcerati,
Crucifixi, lapidati,
Sagittati, cruciati,
Per tormenta varia:
Ignem, aquam transierunt,
Ferro mortem pertulerunt,
Dulce mori sic duxerunt
Pro coelesti gloria.

There are only six war articles, but these are authoritative and valuable.

The late Professor E. E. Southard has an article which is entitled "Prothymia; a Note on the Morale-Concept in Xenophon's Cyropedia." Dr. Southard bases his paper on a long and well-balanced discussion on the art of war between Cyrus and his father Cambyses. Prothymia is a word which Southard would suggest as indicating at least the *morale* situation in Xenophon's day. Xenophon was a master of *morale*, and he used definite behavioristic means to secure it. His prothymic procedures were enheart-

ening, inspiriting measures within the domains of the emotions and the will. Southard was fond of neologisms, and he often made a good one.

Dr. Burton Holmes contributes a page devoted to a "Votum Medici" (The Doctor's Prayer). It begins with the difficult aspiration:

> Ut conata mea sine ratione lucrandi
> Aut perpendi perficiam.

It contains a sentiment which applies to all good citizens:

> Ut onus offici suspiciam potius, et muneribus
> Quae ad me atque ad homines pertineant
> Maxime perfungar quam mihi ipsi.

In another page Dr. Gerster pays homage to Osler through the medium of a stanza from the "Clouds" of Aristophanes. The quoted verse expresses in Greek, Latin, and English a wish that the mellow ripeness of genius and of cultured wisdom might produce more work from Sir William. It was not to be.

Sir Auckland Geddes, who earlier in life was a teacher of anatomy, during the war became Minister of Reconstruction, and has since been named British Ambassador at Washington, speaks with authority in his article on "Social Reconstruction and the Medical Profession."

> It seems to be a law that once Science is SCIENCE, the emotions of human betterment and of beauty are perverted. We have seen all that in Prussianized Germans, and it need not now be labored.
>
> The point that it is necessary to make most clear is this: In the world with which statesmanship has to deal, mass emotion is infinitely more powerful than accurate knowledge. It follows that those who play their part in democratic states must understand the human emotions, more especially the spiritual emotions of beauty, human betterment, and truth.

Dr. Fielding H. Garrison contributes an article on Physicians' Letters. The best known are, of course, those of Guy Patin. In modern times the quality of such letters has probably declined, but in the last century there were many interesting collections. Dr. Garrison quotes largely from a correspondence between Sir Lauder Brunton and the late Dr. John S. Billings.

Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs in an article on "Edward Jenner, a student of Medicine, as illustrated in his letters," has drawn a most interesting picture of the intimate life and varied scientific interests of a man who through his contribution to vaccination belongs to the world as well as to medicine.

Perhaps the most charming contribution in the volume is a proem written by Sir Clifford Albutt, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge University. His tactful and eloquent contribution to his colleague at Oxford reads the more impressively when we remember that Sir Clifford is a man over eighty years of age.

CHARLES L. DANA

Gardens and Garden Books

A LITTLE GARDEN THE YEAR ROUND. By Gardner Teall. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

TIME was when the last word in garden seductiveness was spoken by the seed catalogues. The text, forcing its way through a gigantic vegetation, miraculously contrived to suggest an even huger hugeness, profusion even more profuse, than was pictured by obese tomatoes (an elderly gentleman, still smiling, is bowed beneath the weight of two or three of them), fat-podded peas that have burst into a dentifricial smile, and roses that are easily to be distinguished from the cabbages by their color.

Times have undoubtedly changed. Catalogues of the older fashion continue to appear and people continue to buy from them, for the world has long since comfortably reconciled itself to the fact of dining off cauliflower less perfectly curded, lettuce not quite so close-packed, and onions less ambitious to emulate the great globe itself than the pictures hold forth promise of. And man still loves to stick flower seeds into the earth and sense the thrilling fact that some of them do indeed come up. But in the literature of the subject we demand a great deal more. We demand the gardening book. At any rate, we get it in abundance and often of very high quality.

The garden book does not picture flowers; it pictures gardens. It does not dangle before us the hope of bumper crops; it speaks, sometimes just a little cloyingly, of the spiritual satisfactions that come to one who is the genuine possessor of a garden. Such books—and the garden magazines, too—have played a large part in the change that has come over American gardens in the last quarter century. The rediscovery of the hardy perennials of our great-grandmothers, the establishment of firm structural relation between garden and house, the conversion of the central flower bed into borders, the massing of "spotty" shrubs and trees into richly gradated walls enclosing a little universe of open grass and open sky, and the intelligent use of garden furniture have combined to make the garden what it should be, a place where one lives out of doors, passing from room to room, each with its special purpose and its peculiar charm.

Mr. Teall's book is a good specimen of its kind. There is poetry for those who want it, and explicit and practical planting directions, and some good pictures. It is impossible not to feel a conviction that we are here moving along sound lines. Fashions in rock gardens, in pools, in trellises may change, but the elements with which the modern gardener composes are those which have stood the test of centuries. On only one point are books of this sort a trifle reticent—how the work of making and caring for the garden is to be done. One of them a few years ago let drop the secret somewhat in this way: Speaking of the desirability of marking certain plants to be kept for seed, the author, a lady, said "my maid keeps me supplied with boxes containing strips of different colored cloth." No doubt one of the under-gardeners tied them on for her as she directed. If, indeed, one did all the things these books lay out for the occupation of the ambitious gardener one would do little else. But it is not necessary, though it is a temptation hard to resist, to plan more nobly than one can realize with a single pair of hands and not too abundant leisure. The logic of the modern garden vindicates itself in that it may be reduced to the narrowest strip and still remain complete and satisfying.

The man who thinks he will not care for gardening, or who dreads to involve himself lest he should not be one of those—there are some—who succeed in recovering from the pleasant malady, must not at his peril open this book of Mr. Teall's and the others like it. Those who are gardeners already will run through it, as apparently they run through all the others, feeling amply rewarded when they get a single fresh suggestion.

New American Novels: The Individual Bobs Up

PETER KINDRED. By Robert Nathan. New York: Duffield and Company.
THIS SIDE OF PARADISE. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
THE CRESTING WAVE. By Edwin Bateman Morris. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.
FAIRFAX AND HIS PRIDE. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.
ORDER. By Claude C. Washburn. New York: Duffield and Company.
REVOLT, AN AMERICAN NOVEL. By William H. MacMasters. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.
BERTRAM COPE'S YEAR. By Henry B. Fuller. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour.
MISS LULU BETT. By Zona Gale. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

LOOKING over a chance assortment of new novels, the latest American product, one may discover, rather unexpectedly, that most of them are frankly individualistic. With two shoulders to the war and one to peace (as such), and a careless elbow for humanitarian or proletarian millennia, they proceed earnestly with the old but not yet antiquated business of that Everyman upon whom, as far as he, according to his secret conviction, knows, the earth pivots and the stars focus their beams. They breathe the air of modernism, but it is primarily important as the air they have to breathe. They are full of youthful flutterings after theory and practice as abstract objects; but the main point is

whether youth is gaining its own ends of self-discovery and "self-expression." Often they are the attempts of mature youth to express its own experiences to date, of the graduate to interpret a world still apparelled in undergraduate mystery. Andover and Lawrenceville, Harvard and Princeton (yes, yes, and Yale!) are being dealt with as minutely and as seriously as Harrow and Eton, Oxford and Cambridge by the younger novelists of England. It must be owned that young America writing novels owes much of its inspiration and its technique, or lack of it, to the example of young England. At all events, it is busy with the affair of its own self in its own home. From among the novels of the past year or so any diligent novel-reader will recall various books of the teens and the twenties by authors of a suitable age: such as "Peter Middleton," by Henry K. Marks; "The Groper," by Conrad Aiken; "The Iron City," by M. H. Hedges, and "Youth Goes Seeking," by Oscar Graeve. To these but now are added eager and brilliant improvisations (as they seem) like "Peter Kindred," by Robert Nathan; "This Side of Paradise," by F. Scott Fitzgerald, and "The Cresting Wave," by Edwin Bateman Morris.

All of them, needless to say, heroically eschew the official hero, the worthy or the all-conquering idol of the discredited past. They will to deal uncompromisingly not quite with the average young man or woman of our days, but, let us say, with that young man as he appears to himself and his females. Above all, let not firm or self-contained character be attributed to him. Let him be uncertain of impulse and infirm of purpose, open to the tempting lure of every sexual zephyr or intellectual cross-current. Give him "temperament," give him talent, let him be snob and cynic and poseur by turns, but in Heaven's name don't let him be sure of anything except his own mystical importance. So like you and me, if we would only admit it! . . . Notably this nearly average young man is parted from the average by his extraordinary hankering to write. If himself is nothing better than a series of moods or a catalogue of recognizable qualities, himself must still be "expressed," recorded, set down in black and white. He lisps in numbers, or their currently accepted equivalent. He proses faithfully, in the latest manner, when the innumerable numbers fail. Usually he writes a novel before we are done with him. No doubt writing men rightly write about writing youths, since there is a direct draft from experience. But it is a little hard on mere reading men, one may suspect. . . . What we sigh over, it may be, in these ingeniously ingenuous fables, is that they represent the average with variations, instead of embodying and sublimating and individualizing the average or the typical in the really creative manner. If you read half a dozen salad novels of this kind, full of talent and cleverness, and permit your mind to relax for a moment, and then try to see or hear one of their protagonists in fancy, you find available only a vague composite figure, ardent, sceptical, self-centred and elaborately commonplace.

So it is with "Peter Kindred." The boy is a tolerably nice boy, and he does and thinks and says the things a tolerably nice boy would. We do not deny that he is true to fact. But what of it? Who cares? Since the author has failed to make us care about him as a person? Well, there is the feminine reader, with her inexhaustible maternal instinct for making a swan of a goose; she can be counted on to do the author's work for him. And there are the actual nice boys, thousands of them, peopling their Harvards and their Princetons and perhaps eager to see how they look in print; but one doubts it. For them the romantic superman who breaks rocks with his fist, or the "wiseguy" who cracks the world's nut without the aid or handicap of a bachelor's degree. The young and too clever chronicle "This Side of Paradise" concerns a youth of more accredited brilliancy. Amory Blaine is the only son of an abnormal marriage, and "inherited from his mother every trait except the stray inexpressible few that made him worth while." He is born a snob, an egotist, and a philanderer. He takes his well-bred schooling at St. Regis and Princeton. He has various amours with others of lower degree. He finds himself fairly landed at last in the blind alley of disillusion. Even women—"women—of whom he had expected so much: whose beauty he had hoped to transmute into modes of art; whose unfathomable instincts, marvelously incoherent and inarticulate, he had thought to perpetuate in terms of experience—had become merely consecrations to their own posterity. Isabelle, Clara, Rosalind, Eleanor, were all removed by their very beauty, around which men had swarmed, from the possibility of contributing anything but a sick heart and a page of puzzled words to write." In brief, poor Amory is all dressed up, intellectually and æsthetically, with no place to go. And the brave lad has thrown up his job as copy-writer in an advertising agency. Now he turns his back (tentatively) on the worship of beauty and the pursuit of art, and inclines to be "a certain sort of man." It is true that he appears to be still quite at the mercy of his own language. He has a notion of turning radical in earnest, and he has also (at the same time) a vague leaning towards the Church as a refuge. Perhaps we do not quite share his author's vision of him as a new-made "personage"—as one who without at all knowing where he is going is at last discernibly on his way.

However, one marks with some pleasure that these new novels almost invariably end with the rising inflection. It is no longer the fashion to leave youth, at the end of a few chapters, wallowing helplessly in a quasi-Russian bog of "reality." If a man is a worm, let us at least see him lift his head towards the light. "The Cresting Wave" is built upon one of the very oldest of ideas or morals: namely, that it is better to be decent than successful, better to serve than to grasp. It is less chronicle and more fable than the stories mentioned above, the immortal fable of youth stretching out its hand without scruple towards wealth and pleasure, and finding them ashes in his palm. Perhaps my gratitude to young William Spade for neither trying to write a novel nor spouting free verse nor hanging about cafés and studios in search of "life" prejudices me unduly in his favor. He is a straightforward business boy who, having imbibed the current doctrine of "success," goes after it under the flexible rules of the game. In the end he is man enough to turn against this doctrine and the accompanying laxities which threaten to "make the name of America stand for misrepresentation and fraud and short-change methods throughout the world." And he swears allegiance to the older faith in which his father was bred, in the day when the clipper ships spread spendidly "the world-wide reputation of American thrift and fairness."

The Fairfax of "Fairfax and His Pride" is, alas, still another mighty genius, whose achievement we must take on faith. His pride is Southern and he brings it North with him to New York, where he has come to make his fortune. He aspires to enter the studio of the great Swedish sculptor Cedersholm. He forthwith produces offhand certain work which the great man promptly appropriates as his own. Thereupon Fairfax takes the road, becomes a railway engineer, marries an Irish waitress. Years later he resumes his career again under another name, wins fame, and at last is free to take to himself the little cousin Bella, the "honey-child" who has been aimed at him by the author from the first page. "His personality had not yet developed to the point where he was at peace. He knew that such peace could only come to him through the companionship of a woman." Lucky Bella. . . . "Order," by Claude C. Washburn, and "Revolt," by William H. Macmasters, are self-titled novels of ideas. The order at stake in the first-named story, however, is not the social or political but the moral order—convention, if you will. And the sadly reactionary idea appears to be that the conven-

tion of personal morality may not be a bad thing, after all—that, at all events, many persons actually base their happiness on its maintenance. A charming and predatory Englishman creates a flurry for a time in a certain elegant American suburb, plays havoc with more than one feminine temperament, but retires defeated by the quiet forces of order upon which, despite their will, life really rests for these women. "Revolt," interesting as a symptom, is a raw and energetic tract concerning the struggles of the American "people" against the machinations of the capitalists and their kept political parties; and the final triumph at the polls of the Presidential candidate of the new Revolutionist party which is to make America safe for all duly accredited "people." The narrative is sullied by no touch of characterization, that subtle differentiation of personalities which will no doubt be clearly recognized and condemned by proletarian critics as the trail of the capitalistic and individualistic serpent.

Meanwhile there remain artists, even in America, whose interest lies in the interpretation of life through character. By contrast with the confused ingenuity, the elaborate formlessness and inconclusiveness, or the thin didacticism which so often finds shelter under the charitable eaves of current fiction, two novels of the moment take on importance for that quaint person the "serious" reader. In a sense they are all foreground; no vast concerns of race or class or humanity crowd in upon their simplicity. Time and scene are then and there, not now and here—then when America remained at ease with herself and the world; there where, as it seems, the chronicler chanced to pass one day and to see vividly a bit of life so inconspicuous that we other passers might have glanced upon it without seeing it at all. If there were such a thing as photography in storytelling, we should not find it in "Bertram Cope's Year." Mr. H. B. Fuller's realism is the real thing; in seeming to register it interprets and portrays. Therefore your initial reservations as to Bertram Cope's importance or saliency as a subject may well have been forgotten if not consciously withdrawn when the full portrait is before you. He is a nice, clean boy of the midlands who not long after his respectable graduation returns to his old university for what turns out to be a single year's service as instructor. He has literary leanings, but we are not given to suppose that he has anything more than a mild talent for writing concealed in him, and are on the whole grateful that it remains concealed. He can sing pretty well, and has a kind of boyish freshness and energy which attract people. He is tolerably successful with his work and happy in it, but we are chiefly concerned with his extra-professional experiences. These are limited enough in range, and follow upon his being "taken up" by two rather wistful persons of middle age who crave contact with his invigorating youth. They begin as recognizable types of the customary university entourage, but we feel them clearly as persons before we are done with them. Randolph, the not quite elderly bachelor, a broker by calling, by avocation a collector of odds and ends, among them choice specimens of the priceless article Youth; Medora Phillips, the comfortably "left" widow, whose taste runs, more diffusively, in similar paths. They have a sort of rivalry for the intimacy of Bertram Cope. Both fail; and half-laughingly condole with each other when he has passed along casually, after his year at Churchton, to a new post in the "important university in the East" which is the natural next step forward in his modest career. For the rest, his year has produced blameless excursions and alarms in the field of young love, one of which, we gather, may lead to an actual encounter later on. A mild affair altogether whose sole and sufficient distinction lies in the delicate perfection of its setting forth.

The "Miss Lulu Bett" of Zona Gale is another firmly moulded novel of the shorter kind. In "Birth," its immediate predecessor, Miss Gale showed a surprising growth not only as "localist" but as ironic interpreter of character. This story is firmer in tone as well as more compact in form. It is a study of character in the light of a culminating episode. The situation of the spinster aunt who has become the household drudge and is more or less put upon by all the members of the family she serves is among the staples of Victorian fiction. Let us own that this is an American-Victorian family, with its action by no means necessarily in the past. Mr. Deacon, the tiresome paterfamilias, with his stale jests and his pompous authority, is familiar enough as a type. But Miss Gale lifts him away from the type by revealing the pathos of his limitations, and the slender but true vein of emotion that runs alongside his petty egotism and petty malice. To his sister-in-law he is pitiless, to his children and his wife he deals out indulgence or censure purely as his whim may determine. Yet there is a warm bond between him and the silly wife, and she is tenderly devoted to her cantankerous old mother as he is to the foster-mother to whom he "owes what he is": "In both these beings," says the chronicler with a kind of wonder, "there was something which functioned as pure love." But this does not help Miss Lulu Bett, with whom the story as narrative is concerned. Hers, submerged but indestructible, is the only strong character in the tale. It is for us to see it come to the surface, and, first vainly, then successfully grasp at a rescuing hand. A happy ending, which is, after all, no bar to any but the most "uncompromising" realism.

H. W. Boynton

The Tragic Years

Now It Can Be Told. By Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers.

"Some day," we said, "the history of the war will be written; then we shall know the truth about these things." We said it in days of dark confusion, when we were trying to approximate truth by a blind process of averaging official reports from both sides with rumors and guesses, discounting the result to allow for overweening hope, and adding ten per cent. to offset sheer despair.

"Now It Can Be Told" says the title of Mr. Gibbs's book. "It" is the thing as he saw it, which can be told now with freedom from censorship, too soon perhaps for a true perspective, but not too late to put facts and impressions, emotions, reactions and reflections on record before they fade, "as a memorial of men's courage in tragic years." "The purpose of this book," says the author, "is to get deeper into the truth of this war and of all war—not by a more detailed narrative of events, but rather as the truth was revealed to the minds of men in many aspects, out of their experience; and by a plain statement of realities however painful, to add something to the world's knowledge by which men of good-will may try to shape . . . some new code of international morality, preventing or at least postponing another massacre of youth like that five years' sacrifice of boys of which I was a witness." "I have not painted the picture blacker than it was, nor selected gruesome morsels and joined them together to make a jig-saw puzzle for ghoulish delight. . . . I have tried to set down as many aspects of war's psychology as I could find in my remembrance of these years, without exaggeration or false emphasis, so that out of their confusion, even out of their contradiction, the real truth of the adventure might be seen as it touched the souls of men."

The things that touched the souls of men—and the things that did not, and the men who had no souls to touch—these are the material of the book. It is not a sensational tale of horror, though no painted horror could well surpass it. He who wants cold-blooded atrocities will not find them here; they are curtly dismissed as "not authenticated." Men's souls were raw to the touch throughout the four years of grinding horror in the trench and volcanic horror in battle; that of Mr. Gibbs at least did not become calloused, or subdued to what it worked in. The book moves on a current of

sympathy which sometimes dims the glow of his heat against those who lack understanding. His heart is with the line; he can scarcely mention the staff save in words that bite, "elderly generals who liked their little stroll after lunch," "young Regular officers released from the painful necessity of dying for their country." Montreuil as occupied by G. H. Q. becomes the "City of Beautiful Nonsense." It takes General Sir John Harrington to reveal the science of war as "not always a fetish of elementary ideas raised to the nth degree of pomposity as I had been led to believe by other generals and staff officers." He dips his pen in acid to write of generals who compete with one another on paper in games that rot the souls of men in trenches, blow their bodies to bits and churn them into the mud, with no result but the score on the office records, of profiteers, of people of all sorts who express bloodthirsty sentiments and play safe at home, of "little ladies" in fancy dress uniforms or bare-backed at bazaars or dancing bare-legged "for the dear wounded." There are times when his feeling clearly belies his words. He depicts with all possible skill the ghastly tragic confusion at Loos, the fate of the 21st and 24th Divisions, and that of the Scots on Hill 70. He cites Lord French's own despatch to show that the plan and timing of the attack were directly responsible for the pitiful and useless slaughter, that Lord French was directly responsible for the plan and time-table. By that time it is too late for him to say:

> I do not blame Lord French. I have no right to blame him, as I am not a soldier nor a military expert. He did his best with the highest motives. The blunders he made were due to ignorance of modern battles. Many other generals made many other blunders, and our men paid with their lives. Our High Command had to learn by mistakes, by ghastly mistakes, repeated often, until they became visible to the military mind and were paid for again by the slaughter of British youth. A writing-man who was an observer and recorder like myself, does not sit in judgment. He has no right to judge.

Judgment it is none the less, and the reader who must take such things largely on authority finds confidence in it as he goes on. Clearly enough Mr. Gibbs is not that cold-blooded impossibility, "an impartial observer," but he has an effect of impartiality, perhaps the best sort, coming from the quickness and breadth of his sympathy embracing all suffering wherever he finds it. Against Heinie in the trench he has no more rancor than had Tommy in the trench; that he saves for those who fattened on the war. Withal he had almost unparalleled opportunity to see and judge. With imperfect knowledge and observation we may sometimes say of generalship as of divine providence, "Perhaps if we could see the whole we might see in this slaughter or that a justifying purpose." As often as not Mr. Gibbs shared the plan of battle with G. H. Q. before the first attack, and had full information as to what was to be done and why, and of what came of it at last he saw all that human eyes could see. He went through the whole; he was one of the first group of unchartered correspondents in civilian clothes who went over in the first weeks of the war, and was with the British forces steadily till the end beyond the Rhine. If his sympathies are such that you feel that you can not trust his judgment, at least you gather from his work material on which you may form a judgment of your own.

Americans will look in vain in the book for anything more than mention of their exploits, but it will be wholesome reading to any who think they "won the war." On President Wilson we have comment much like that of Mr. Keynes:

> President Wilson had raised new hope among many men who otherwise were hopeless. . . . His Fourteen Points set out clearly and squarely a just basis of peace. His advocacy of a League of Nations held out a vision of a new world. . . . Here at last was a leader of the world. . . . In the peace terms that followed there was little trace of those splendid ideas which had been proclaimed by President Wilson. On one point after another he weakened, and was beaten by the old militarism which sat enthroned in the council-chamber, with its foot on the neck of the enemy. The "self-determination of peoples" was a hollow phrase signifying nothing. Open covenants openly arrived at were mocked by the closed doors of the Conference. When at last the terms were published their merciless severity . . . which would lead as sure as the sun would rise to new warfare, staggered humanity.

The book is interesting from beginning to end; that is part of its quality as journalism, for journalism it is, though it needs not be ephemeral. The essence of the style is speed. In a passage of agonizing tension the author tells of writing his long newspaper despatches against time at the end of a wracking day at the front. This habit of speed has become chronic. The narrative rushes through a smother of words, lifts on a wave of emotion and races like a ship's engine. It has the effect of having been sent to the printer sheet by sheet without possibility of revision, and the reader wonders that the style can be so good as it is. Mr. Gibbs says things well; his fault is that he says them too often. Passages to the same effect as some of those here quoted could be quoted from almost every chapter. He says a good thing, forgets that he has said it, and says it again. Some of the repetition is clever emphasis that drives home the point while the speed saves the effect of boredom. If the book lasts it will be as a record of matters which properly belong to history, but with which history does not always deal. As such it would be much more valuable if it had an index.

Bulgarian Apologia

Balkan Problems and European Peace. By Noel Buxton and C. Leonard Leese. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Critics will find much to dispute in this presentation of the reasons which governed Bulgaria's entry into the war on the side of the Central Empires, and the treatment she ought to have received in order to prevent that unhappy event. Although this small book goes by a comprehensive name, which seeks to include all the Balkan peoples, it is essentially, if not frankly, interested only in Bulgaria. Its value depends on the light it sheds on Bulgarian aspirations rather than on any impartial discussion of new material.

The book's main argument is that Bulgaria could have been brought into the war on the side of the Allies by paying her price, and that the price she demanded was reasonable and just. With the first half of the thesis there can be no dispute. But leaving out of account the consequences of such "practical diplomacy" there is a fallacy in the second half of Mr. Buxton's proposition—the fallacy that Macedonia, Bulgaria's *sine qua non*, is predominantly and indisputably Bulgarian, and that there exists a clear ethnic and historic Bulgarian right to that province, a right which has been obscured through all latter history by the machinations of Greece and Serbia, carried on with the connivance of the great Powers. This is not a suitable occasion for arguing the subject at length, but it must be stated that the existence of such a right is not clear. It is not frivolous to remind Mr. Buxton that the inextricable conglomeration of many ingredients bearing the name *macédoine* was not so called without reason. Every established rule goes by the board in Macedonia. In a Macedonian family bearing a Bulgarian name, for example, one of the sons may be fighting in the Serbian and another in the Greek army; the father may once have been a Turkish agent and may still profess to be a follower of the Prophet; the son in the Serbian army may call himself a Vlach and belong to the Orthodox Church, while the Greek son may think he is an Albanian and a good Catholic.

Bulgaria was the earliest of the rival contestants to go into Macedonia with her propagandists. And she has had several special pleaders among British statesmen (most of the present generation of whom have at one time or other served a term at the Sofia Legation). Robert College at Constantinople, also, with its close Bulgarian ties, has the keen interest of many philanthropic and influential Americans; that M. Panaretoff, the Bulgarian Minister at Washington, was once a professor at Robert College proved a considerable factor

in determining the American attitude toward his Government during the war. But that Bulgaria, as a *possible* ally, was clearly entitled to a big slice of the Macedonian territory of Serbia, *already* an ally and fighting the battle of the Allies alone, while British and French policy went blundering up and down the Balkans, is difficult to prove.

Part three of the volume begins with the following bald statement: "It is not forgotten that a political assassination committed in the cause of Greater Serbia was the spark which set Europe ablaze." This is one of those absolute statements which so often are wrong. The world will probably never know what the author here assumes we all know so well that he makes no effort to prove it. What forces really were behind the murder of Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo? What part was played in the tragedy by the Magyars, extravagant haters of the Archduke because of his opposition to Magyarization schemes in Croatia and Slavonia and his determination not to permit Magyar domination of the Government after he came to the throne? What part was played in it by the extreme imperialists of the Dual Monarchy (almost one might say of the Royal House), who greatly feared the Archduke's pet scheme of "Trialism," a proposal to federate Austria-Hungary and the Jugo-Slav provinces on a more or less equal footing? How largely was the murder part of an ill-advised and immature plot of Slav subjects of Austria-Hungary, how largely the work of irresponsible anarchists, how largely instigated by the war party in Germany, working through Vienna and Budapest? It is a profound and sinister mystery, not likely ever to be satisfactorily solved. If we assume the complicity of Austrian officials, certain extraordinary incidents connected with the lack of precautions taken to protect the Archduke in a town notorious as a centre of anti-Hapsburg feeling, the searching of the murdered man's pockets by the police, the hurried and unattended funeral, can be better understood; but nothing is certain. Probably the one agency we can absolve from suspicion is the Serbian Government itself, which was in a peculiarly bad situation to meet such a crisis, with a general election impending and on the eve of the consummation of important foreign negotiations. Serbia, indeed, stood not the remotest chance of profiting by such an event and was pathetically unprepared to meet the armies of a great power, as is evinced by her readiness to go all lengths save the sacrifice of independence itself in order to avoid the war in which she must inevitably be overwhelmed. M. Jonescu, the Rumanian ex-Premier, tells us in his "Personal Recollections" how violently the theory of Serbian instigation was propagated in London during the days when war was trembling in the balance, and the steps those who knew Vienna well had to take to counteract the effects of this Red Herring. In the last analysis it can only be repeated that nothing is certain—least of all anything to warrant a generalization with such distinct implications as that which Mr. Buxton takes for granted we all will swallow.

Hamilton Fish Armstrong

A New Brand of Modernism

Outspoken Essays. By William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE Dean of St. Paul's describes his new volume of essays as "outspoken," and the word is none too strong. Here is a voice from perhaps the most influential pulpit of the Anglican Church calmly rejecting the virgin-birth and the resurrection of Christ, translating the hope of immortality into some metaphysical conception of an impersonal "eternity," and deprecating the continuance of the Church as an institution—it is indeed outspoken. But frankly avowed as are these negative views, they are introduced rather as *obiter dicta.* Dean Inge has also a positive message, for which he prepares the way by showing the inadequacy of the principal modern movements in the Church; and whatever may be thought of his scepticism and of his own attempt to rise through doubt to a position of inexpugnable faith, his destructive analysis of the various other attempts of the sort is the work of a master hand. The religious papers in this volume—of the sociological group we shall say nothing—display what is rare in contemporary English literature, a highly trained philosopher in the pulpit.

The exposition begins with Bishop Gore (probably the most generally esteemed of the orthodox Anglical theologians) and his theory of a Catholic Church which yet shuts itself off from communion with half the Christian world by its repudiation of the authority of Rome, and which looks for a new empire over the masses by courting disestablishment and flirting with socialism. "The Church of England," Dean Inge observes, "has been freely accused of too great complaisance to the powers that be, when these powers were oligarchic. Some of the clergy are now trying to repeat, rather than redress, this error, by an obsequious attitude to King Working-man. But the Church ought to be equally proof against the *vultus instantis tyranni* and the *civium ardor prava jubentium.* The position of a Church which should sell itself to the Labor party would be truly ignominious. It would be used so long as the politicians of the party needed moral support and eloquent advocacy, and spurned as soon as its services were no longer necessary."

To Dean Inge at least the foundation of reform, if the Church is to be made alive again, must be laid deeper than Bishop Gore's plea for humanitarian institutionalism; it must go down till it reaches the rock of philosophic belief. The Dean is a modernist, but not of the school of Loisy and Tyrrell and the others who have usurped the name. His attempt to get below the doubts now troubling religious faith begins with a criticism, sympathetic but unsparing, of Cardinal Newman, whom he regards, justly, as the father of the whole modernist movement. "Newman," he says, "was only half a Catholic. He accepted with all the fervor of a neophyte the principle of submission to Holy Church. But in place of the official intellectualist apologetic, which an Englishman may study to great advantage in the remarkably able series of manuals issued by the Jesuits of Stonyhurst, he substituted a philosophy of experience which is certainly not Catholic. . . . To deny the validity of reasoning upon Divine things is to withdraw one of the supports on which Catholicism rests. . . . For Newman, as for his disciples the Modernists, theological terms are only symbols for varying values, and he holds that the moment they are treated as having any fixed connotation, error begins. It is no wonder if learned Catholics thought that Newman did not play the game." Dean Inge does not mean to impugn Newman's sincerity or to deny the depth and reality of Newman's faith; his point is rather that Newman, by rejecting the orthodox rationalism of the Catholic theology and introducing in its place a symbolical pragmatism, was opening the door to a kind of double-faced scepticism from which he himself would have shrunk back in detestation. "It is one thing to admit that dogmas in many cases have a pragmatic origin, and quite another to say that they may be invented or rejected with a pragmatic purpose. The healthy human intellect will never believe that the same proposition may be true for faith and untrue in fact; but this is the Modernist contention."

What is meant by rejecting or inventing dogma with a pragmatic purpose Dean Inge expounds at length in the essay on "Roman Catholic Modernism." Thus, according to M. Le Roy, one of the ablest apologists of the movement, the dogma "God is our Father" does not state an objective fact or offer a rationally comprehensible definition, but signifies that we are to behave to God as sons behave to a father. "Jesus is risen" means simply that we are to think of him and act as if he were living amongst us. The dogma of the Real Presence implies that we ought to have the same

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feelings before the consecrated Host which we should have if Christ were really present before us. "The same treatment of dogma," Dean Inge adds, "is advocated in Mr. Tyrrell's very able book 'Lex Orandi.' The test of truth for a dogma is not its correspondence with phenomenal fact, but its 'prayer-value.'" That is to say, modernism is a transference to religion of the *als-ob*, "as-if," development of Kant's metaphysic; having no knowledge of truth or means of acquiring truth, we are nevertheless to act *as if* certain things were true. "Let the dogmas be interpreted in this way," exclaims M. Le Roy, "and no one will dispute them." Naturally! But such a form of pragmatic assent is merely a parasitic growth on the faith of genuine believers, and can have no power over the conduct of men so soon as the genuine faith from which it draws its vigor is dead. As Dean Inge says, "the crisis of faith can not be dealt with by establishing a *modus vivendi* between scepticism and superstition."

We have not the space to set forth Dean Inge's substitute for a feeble and intrinsically insincere pragmatism. In brief his plan embraces two recommendations. First, for the institutional Church he would propose a religion of personal mysticism, and would do away with the creeds and confessions and rely on the immediate sense of spiritual values in the soul. That may sound well and may seem to offer an escape at once from orthodoxy and pragmatism; but apart from the extraordinary spectacle of a man in Dean Inge's position advocating the suppression of institutions, it is clear that such a scheme ignores the great and wholesome restraints which flow from tradition and solidarity; an institution may become a prison-house of the spirit, but a pure individualism makes demands on human nature far beyond its strength and must end in spiritual distraction and moral license. Dean Inge's other recommendation would seem to admit as much, by offering the suggestion—we do not know how seriously he means it to be taken—of a new institution, or at least association, of a kind and a new creed of a kind. The reader who is curious to learn the full *regula* of this "league for mutual protection" of the spiritually minded against a debased and materialistic civilization will find it on page twenty-eight. Here it is sufficient to note the religious basis of the society. This "will be a blend of Christian Platonism and Christian Stoicism, since it must be founded on that faith in absolute values which is common to Christianity and Platonism, with that sturdy defiance of tyranny and popular folly which was the strength of Stoicism."

Dean Inge has written a remarkable book, and his conclusions are more practicable than they may seem to be in our abridgment.

The Masquerade

MASKERADE. Door Jo van Ammers-Küller. Amsterdam: N. G. van Kampen.

IT is a long-established custom among the students of the Dutch universities to celebrate, once in five years, the anniversary of their Alma Mater with an historical pageant, a so-called masquerade. The title of Mrs. Jo van Ammers-Küller's latest novel must be understood in that sense of the word, so far as the first of its three parts is concerned. This centres upon the students' historical pageant and the various festivities that are attendant on it. But in the background of this gay, light-hearted gala the author has painted a darker scene of intrigues and hungering desires, the cruel reality behind the bright show of gaiety and pomp. Thus the title acquires a second meaning: not only the costumes of a bygone age make this life in a university town a masquerade, but also the outward demeanor of those who move in it, worn as a mask to hide the inner life of the soul.

There is Mrs. Van Ravensberg, the cool and stately professor's wife, who taxes all her mental and financial powers for the attainment of the one great aim, the betrothal of her daughters to wealthy, aristocratic students. There is the student, Fritz van Warmelo, who plays a cruel, deceitful game with her eldest daughter Hanny. These two are the most typical actors in the great society play of hypocrisy, where behind the mask of amiable faces lives the fierce desire for money and sensual pleasure. The students gratify the lusts of the body in riotous nights with venal women. Tine, the youngest of the professor's daughters, the heroine of the story, has, at one time, had a glimpse of that other life of the male, at a fair, in a merry-go-round, where a girl friend belonging to a less respectable class of people had taken her one evening. And when all those men, so distinguished and well-mannered, sit conversing at the dinner party arranged by her mother with diplomatic intentions, Tine realizes as an obsession, behind the attractive outward show, the dark inner life which every one of them so cautiously conceals.

With great talent and mastery of language the author suggests to her readers how this constant dissembling strains the relations between the two sexes, how Tine, the warm and simple-hearted girl, is stunned by it and how her passion for the one strong man who irresistibly attracted her suddenly fails her at the very moment when he whom she has once happened to see with "one of those

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THE NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

32 Waverly Place New York City

women" confesses his love for her. Henceforth her life is a constant failure, a suffering from lack of mental balance, for which she finds only a partial cure in a marriage contracted at the cost of a compromise with her feelings. The lyrical element is uppermost in the suggestive portrayal of Tine's tragic figure. The descriptions of the house and garden of the Van Ravensbergs, where Tine has her still fight of the soul with life's cruelty, are touched with the pathos of autobiographic reminiscence. In Tine the author has revealed herself. This tendency towards self-portrayal and lyrical effusion, though the source of many beauties in detail, has warped the book as a whole. In the first part the composition is faultless, and to it the title in both its real and symbolic meaning is fully applicable. But the author, once engrossed in the analysis of her own self, continues, in the two following parts, the psychological study of Tine's tortured soul in a multitude of details, often, indeed, suggestive and interesting, but out of all proportion to the introductory volume, in which not Tine alone, but a great many other women and men were introduced as representative figures of that life of pretense which the author, as her title shows, intends to portray as a masquerade. The author, by gradually concentrating her interest on the nervous suffering of Tine, makes the reader lose sight of the vivid scene in which she was to be the most pathetic figure. Not Tine in the scene but the scene itself should have remained the centre of interest, and the harmony of the whole is disturbed by this growing prominence of the heroine which hides the scene from our sight.

The book, though far from faultless in its composition, deserves to be introduced to a wider circle of readers than the limited range of its language permits. Foreigners will take a special interest in it because of the typical Dutch milieus with which it makes them acquainted. They are described with delicate feeling and sympathy for the peculiar poetry of Dutch surroundings, which, small though they are, form a part of this wide world, and in which the same great human passions, to which the Hollanders, of course, react in their peculiar way, are the rulers of life and the begetters of its sorrows and its joys.

J. L. WALCH

The Hague

(*Continued on page* 400)

THE REVIEW'S EDUCATIONAL SECTION IS A BI-WEEKLY FEATURE.

James Shirley, Dramatist: A Biographical and Critical Study

By ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON, Professor of English in New York University.

Among the dramatists of the reign of Charles the First, James Shirley stands pre-eminent: the last of the Elizabethans, the prophet of the Restoration. Born in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, in the very year in which Raleigh and Lord Howard of Effingham took and sacked Cadiz; schoolboy, university man, and teacher, in the reign of James the First; favorite dramatist of the court of Charles, friend of the King and champion of the Queen; follower of the Duke of Newcastle in the Civil War; and then, through the Protectorate and the first six years of the reign of Charles the Second, schoolmaster again and miscellaneous writer: James Shirley, in the course of three score years and ten, embodied in himself as man and dramatist, something of the chivalric spirit of the Elizabethans, something of the impetuous loyalty of the Cavaliers, something of the fine patience of the great poet of the Puritans.

In this study of the life and works of Shirely, the endeavor is threefold: first to examine the little that we know of Shirley's life, to determine, fact by fact, the value of the evidence, and, on a basis of this critical examination, to construct a chronology more accurate than has been hitherto available; second on a basis of this revised chronology, to restudy the dramatic works of Shirley, in order to determine, if possible, the course of his development as a dramatist; and, third, from this same examination of the plays, to determine the distinctive characteristics of his dramatic works. The result is a new and most interesting picture of this the principal dramatic poet of the reign of Charles I.

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The Run of the Shelves

THERE are greater achievements doubtless in the world of drama than Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's "Army with Banners" (B. W. Huebsch), but one doubts if there are greater exploits. It blends incongruities and actualizes fantasies in a manner that allows no rest and sets no bound to admiration. Written in 1917, it was produced April 9, 1918, in New York City at the Theatre du Vieux Colombier. As a play it is far from exemplary. It is long and its action is naught, and the culmination, arriving finally at the end of five dilatory acts, has the effect of being prostrated by the fatigues of its journey. Some of the characters speak in a double diction which from moment to moment is enriched or impoverished. The play is mediæval in setting, quasi-modern in manners, and millennial in its purport. There are seven characters, of whom five are earthworms and two are saints; one of the saints is whimsically meek and one is piously mischievous. About three-fourths of the play consists of the raw dialogue of low characters; the rest is in a fashion apocalyptic. How are these things to be reconciled? By overcharging the naturalism till it becomes in its turn a form of extravagance and by turning the idealism into whimsicality by the insertion of quirks and crotchets; after which the whimsicality and extravagance join hands. The savor of reality in a play which flouts the probabilities at every turn, the savor of delicacy in a play which fairly tramples the refinements under foot, are things that make one rather proud of Mr. Kennedy. The play closes with the coming of the Lord in a burst of sunshine and heavenly music. But its possession of a religious bottom may be questioned. Its saints are quite as much elves as saints. The Christianity which it rebukes is sour and formal and lying and greedy beyond a doubt, but the Christianity which it praises is capering and audacious and a little mocking and condescending. Admitting that the caterpillars can not save us, we may yet be oversanguine in the hope of salvation from the butterflies; 1917 demanded other helpers.

Miss Flora Klickmann, of London, whose "Lore of the Pen" is offered to the American public by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is an editor who undertakes the tutorship of the immature and uninformed contributor. Miss Klickmann's experience has made her keenly sensitive to the follies of aspirants; it has apparently left her without any proper sense of the general folly of aspiration. It is very hard to conceive that the grade of intelligence to which her instructions are addressed could turn those instructions to the profit of successful authorship. The groundless confidence in himself with which the raw contributor begins is often succeeded by an equally groundless confidence in the efficacy of teachers, and the book, which will almost certainly prosper, will prosper in too many cases by the extraction of cherished dollars from the meagre purses of persons whom its counsels can not help. It is quite true that people capable of writing books that sell sometimes display elementary ignorance. Miss Klickmann, for instance, in the second sentence of her preface, and therefore the second of her book, employs the solecism "as though the difference . . . is" and the tautology "newspaper journalism." But while it is true that in this topsy-turvy world the learned are often uninformed and the gifted often incompetent, one feels that one should reckon on their powers even when one is coping with their aberrations. Miss Klickmann's work is adapted not only to people without knoweledge but to people without brains. There is an iteration of the familiar, an elaboration of the simple, an elucidation of the clear, which hardly agrees with Miss Klickmann's own picture of a "nervous, hurrying age" in which sentences and articles must be "sped up." It is curious that an age so hurried should find time for so many repetitions.

Miss Klickmann is zealous for training and presses very hard the familiar and favorite analogies between the untrained writer and the untrained violinist or dressmaker. Now there is some truth, but more fallacy, in these comparisons. The equipment of a strong writer divides itself into three parts. There is, first, the part he shares with other educated people, a very large element, since his instrument, language, unlike the violin, is everybody's instrument used daily and hourly in every species of transaction. There is, secondly, the part, often the large part, which even his fellow-craftsmen do not share, the part which rests on his peculiarities as an individual. There is lastly, between the other two, and reduced to a narrow strip by the encroachments of its neighbors on either side, the third part, shared with his fellow-artists, but not shared with the educated public. The slightness of thin residue is sufficiently revealed in the meagreness and indigence of almost all the pompous textbooks on the vaunted art of composition. The thinness of Miss Klickmann's own teaching lends more color to the novice's cheerful supposition that anybody can write than to her confident assumption that teaching is indispensable. Both notions are exaggerations, but the point to be made here is that the relation of the tyro to the adept in literature is not the relation between the novice and expert in shoemaking, breadmaking, or carpentry. In literature, even where the difference in *capacity* is far greater, the difference in *training* is far less. So small is the latter difference that talent is often evinced in the anticipation by instinct of the very methods which practice and theory laboriously drill—or laboriously fail to drill—into the unpliant and unfurnished mind. Teaching of composition is a pitiful thing. Tolstoi was a shoemaker and a man of letters; it is far harder to write good books than to make good shoes: yet Tolstoi would have been ashamed to teach shoemaking in the fashion in which he would have been obliged to teach writing.

"The Opium Monopoly" (Macmillan) is the title of a little book by Miss Ellen H. La Motte in which facts and figures are given to show the extent to which the British Government is directly responsible for the production, sale, and distribution of nearly all of the world's supply of opium. In British India the growing of the poppy plant is officially encouraged by the Government; the manufacture of opium from its juice is a Government monopoly; and the drug is disposed of by monthly sales to the highest bidders. The largest purchasers at these sales are the Japanese who, while strictly controlling the use of opium within their own islands, introduce it into Korea and smuggle it in very large quantities into China through the ports of Dairin and Tsingtao, which they control. In the Straits Settlements and the Federated Malay States more than fifty per cent. of the public revenue is obtained from the traffic in opium; in Hong Kong one-third. In British India itself something over $15,000,000 is annually derived directly from this trade; and this does not include the "excises" on drugs and liquors, which in 1915-1916 amounted to some $50,000,000. Since 1917 Great Britain has permitted China wholly to exclude Indian opium from its markets, but in the "Settlements" and "Concessions" at the various treaty ports opium divans and drug shops licensed by the foreign Powers continue to supply the drug to those who wish to use it. Miss La Motte's book is intended as a severe indictment of Great Britain's policy with regard to opium. Her account would, however, be a fairer one if consideration were given to the British side of the case as presented, for example, by Sir John Strachey in his "India: Its Administration and Progress."

Probably the introduction for most of us to "mio Cid" was made through Southey's "Chronicle of the Cid," which melted into an indistinguishable mass

the "Cronica," the "Poema," and the "Romances." From it little idea of the Poema could be gained, although Southey, it is true, printed in an appendix some really wonderful scraps of translation by John Hookham Frere, an earlier Fitzgerald remembered now especially for his then and since unapproached renderings of Aristophanes. Into such a perilous adventure R. Selden Rose and Leonard Bacon have now entered with the "Lay of the Cid translated into English Verse" (University of California Press) one of the semi-centennial publications of that university. The metre, "warts and all," is that of the original, but it would have been well if the translators could have found, as Spanish editors have done and as Hookham Frere did, some way of marking the cæsura. The translation is left to speak for itself without notes of any kind, and the short introduction, half historical, half literary, has almost as little bottoming; there is not a word on the text; there are two words on the date, and the inquisitive reader is left with almost no clues to further information. He may well wonder who is the Pidal casually mentioned on p. xii, and he should know, if only for his wonder and gratitude, that the "Poema," like "Aucassin et Nicolette" and Catullus, is one of the miraculous survivals through a single MS. from the older world. He will probably know himself that the remark about the Cid, quoted on p. xiv, was not made by Don Quixote, but by the Canon (Don Quixote, Parte I, Cap. xlix). All the wisdom in that wisest of Spanish books was not that of the Knight. But, all such things having been said, the translation is a solid piece of work and to be received with gratitude.

FRENCH NOTES

After an interval of two years the sale of the late Jules Claretie's library, which he was over a half century in collecting, was concluded last month in Paris. The catalogue for this sixth section of the library listed 283 volumes devoted to poetry and 768 to the theatre. Many volumes on these subjects were disposed of at the earlier sales. A large number of the plays were enhanced in value by *envois d'auteur* and by inserted autograph letters.

A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains an article by Professor Gustave Lanson on Lamartine, apropos of the centennial of his "Méditations," where the name Elvire appears frequently as that of the poet's inamorata. When this collection of elegies and lyrics first appeared, it was taken for granted by the more sentimental readers that there was of course but one Elvire. But M. Lanson shows that there were not less than four women who

(*Continued on page* 402)

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(*Continued from page* 401)
touched the heart of the sensitive poet. M. Paul Souday's commentary is that Lamartine loved more than once; but this does not mean that he did not love profoundly." But M. Lanson lets it be seen that he thinks it would have been better, at least from the poetic standpoint, if there had been but one Elvire.

Comœdia, the Paris theatrical daily, states in a recent number that when the Théâtre Français produced Victor Hugo's "Hernani," after a long interruption, a curious incident occurred. It will be remembered that at the end of the fourth act the group of soldiers, conspirators, and nobles acclaim the new emperor with "Hurrah for Germany!" But at the dress-rehearsal two of the actor-conspirators refused to give this shout, whereupon the director and some of the older players tried to get this ultra-patriotic twain "to follow the text"; but in vain, especially as this same theatre at a recent revival of "Ruy Blas" substituted, at the end of a verse, *campagne* for *Allemagne*, and had Queen Maria of Neuburg say, instead of "*Pas un livre allemand,*"

Pas un livre amusant, tout en langue espagnole,

which, by the way, was not very complimentary to Spain and her literature.

In the *Temps* for March 5 and the *Revue Contemporaine* for February, M. Paul Souday and M. André Thérive differ as to whether Sainte-Beuve and Renan were on really friendly terms. The former pronounces their friendship "touching and lasting," whereas the latter contests this assertion and speaks of "the feline duplicity of the hermit of Montparnasse." In the *Minerve Française* of last October M. Thérive treated the same subject. It seems to us that M. Souday comes off second best in the argument.

On March 30 was celebrated at Paris the tenth anniversary of the death of the French poet, Jean Moréas, and the *Revue Critique* and the *Minerve Française* devote special numbers to his memory. Though the publishing department of the *Mercure de France* has issued not less than eight volumes of his—short stories, essays, plays and poems—there still remains among his papers enough finished material to fill two or three additional volumes, which his literary executor, M. Raymond de la Tailhède, has promised to bring out.

A peculiarly interesting man has just disappeared from the scientific world of Paris. M. Marcel Dieulafoy was a civil engineer, a lieutenant-colonel, a member of the Institute, and a traveler, whose explorations in Persia brought about the discovery of the palaces of Darius and Artaxerxes, the bas-reliefs of which form part of his celebrated Asiatic archæological collection in the Louvre. In this last work he was ably seconded by his wife, who always wore male attire. The tall, slim husband and the rather squatty wife, both neatly attired in their Prince Alberts, gloved and topped with silk hats, were well-known figures in the Passy quarter of Paris, Mme. Dieulafoy always awakening the often indiscreet curiosity of the passers-by who could not exactly make out "the queer little gentleman."

Last August the President of China informed the University of Paris that the Pekin Government would contribute annually 20,000 francs for the establishment at the Sorbonne of a department of Chinese studies, and last month the French Government announced that it would contribute a like sum. President Deschanel is the patron of the new department, which opens with three courses of lectures—the History of Chinese Civilization, the Applied Sciences in China, and Chinese Painting, Music, and Poetry.

During the war the American Library Association organized a fine book service for furnishing reading matter to our Expeditionary Forces in Europe. Its headquarters were in the spacious mansion in the Rue de l'Elysée, formerly occupied by the Papal Nuncio, overlooking the gardens of the Elysée Palace, the White House of France. In this connection Mr. Herbert Putnam, the Librarian of Congress, who was the principal agent in bringing this about, wrote us recently:

> The library is remaining at the Rue de l'Elysée. The American Library Association has undertaken to maintain it during the present year and residents of Paris, that is to say especially members of the American and British "colonies," have organized a Committee and subscribed nearly 200,000 francs towards a further maintenance. An arrangement has been, or is being, effected between this Committee and the authorities of the American Library Association, which will insure not merely the maintenance, but the development of the collection and suitable professional administration of it. The interest of the American Library Association is something more than in a library for local use; it is in a bureau of information available to any inquirer from any part of Europe, upon American library methods, and the promotion of the knowledge of American institutions and affairs, in addition to such service as may be rendered to American commissions that may be operating in Europe in relief, commercial and educational undertakings. Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, head of the Chillicothe, Ohio, library, who so efficiently managed the Paris enterprise during the war, is returning, leaving in temporary charge Mr. Henry O. Severance, librarian of the University of Missouri. The general direction of the administration still remains on this side; not with me, however, for I withdrew from the War Service last October; but with Mr. Carl H. Milam, until recently head of the public library at Birmingham, Alabama, who succeeded me with the residue of the work.

Books That Appear in the Spring

An amiable critic of current literature has complained that the satirists are all poking fun at the "new" things, at the vers libristes, the futurists, the expounders of the soviet. This is most unfair, he thinks; the province of satire is to ridicule things as they are, the worn-out systems of the past. He might have a hard time to prove it—satirists have a fashion of tilting now at the new, and now at the old, and when either side complains, or whines "We don't object to the ridicule, but to the manner of it," that side is confessing the weakness of its position. When we are permitted to select the weapons of our enemy we have him beaten at the start. If the radicals in literature, in painting, and sculpture, or in politics, can not survive laughter, they may as well begin to shout "Kamerad!"

Is it because what they call radicalism is so often merely a campaign towards the triumph of a school? If I were invited to choose between drinking absinthe with M. Gauguin, Miss Amy Lowell, and Mr. Max Eastman, or taking a dish of tea with Sir Edwin Landseer, Miss Felicia Hemans, and George III, I should be hard put to it, the company would be so delightful at either table. Absinthe, although it sounds wicked, is as insipid to me as tea. But I might expect to hear as much liberalism, as much sympathy with freedom and democracy, in one place as the other. M. Gauguin's friends tell me that Heaven didn't know everything when it made man somewhat thinner in the ankle than the thigh, but that they have changed all that. Miss Lowell's admirers call my attention to the fact that a white beard on the chin of Longfellow is the sign of toryism and reaction; attached to Walt Whitman it means democracy and progress. And Mr. Eastman, growing eloquent against tyrants who wear golden crowns or plug hats, wishes to commend me to one who wears a greasy cap.

George Ade is one of the satirists complained about, and Heywood Broun is the plaintiff. Both of them have books in the spring lists. Mr. Ade's "Hand-Made Fables" (Doubleday) is a bit more mellow, a trifle more ponderous, than in the days (1899!) when his first fables were published. But he is still telling the truth, to the discomfort of pretense and humbug. When I listen to readings of Rabindranath Tagore I am still reminded of Mr. Ade's preacher who quoted the great Persian theologian Ramtazuk, "that the Soul in its reaching out after the Unknowable was guided by the Spiritual Genesis of Motive rather than

by mere Impulse of Mentality." Mr. Broun's book has a title halfway between Victor Hugo's "Things Seen" and one of Eugene Field's poems, "Seeing Things at Night." In other words, he calls his book "Things Seen at Night" (Harcourt), and it presumably discusses some of the plays—and other things—which a dramatic critic may expect to see. Mr. Broun's observations of books and plays are better, not worse, for being unweighted with solemnity, and his humor never deserts him, except momentarily when he asks to have the artillery of the satirists trained only upon conservatives and academicians.

F. P. A. has a rather well-worn catchword for the title of his new book, "Something Else Again" (Doubleday), but the selections will, as usual, present the cream of his newspaper column, and his deftest verse. Of Albert Bigelow Paine's compilation, "Moments with Mark Twain" (Harper), it is certainly not priggish to say that the best thing about such a book is that it may cause you to read the books from which the extracts are taken. Mr. Paine's life of Mark Twain is yet to be esteemed as it deserves; it tells of adventures more varied than Lockhart related in his Life of Scott. Both books have their tragic and heart-breaking chapters.

If you can enjoy the rebels without hating the tories, or take tea with the tories without despising the rebels, you may have pleasure in the nicety of Walter De La Mare's "Collected Poems" (Holt), or in Vachell Lindsay's new book, the very name of which is glorious—"The Golden Whales of California" (Macmillan). Walt Whitman's genius for splendid titles—flamboyant titles, I suppose some would say—is repeated here. But it is a tame thing to sit down and read Mr. Lindsay's poems, after hearing him recite them. In "Others, for 1919" (Brown), edited by Alfred Kreymborg, there is a circus in verse, the genuine acrobats, the clever clowns, and the mere freaks. It is to poetry what the exhibition of the Independent Artists is to the Academy. How many of the poseurs therein would not gladly write such finished verse as in Arthur Guiterman's "Ballads of Old New York" (Harper), if they had the ability and the honest respect of the artist for his art?

The announcement of Winston Churchill's "The Green Bay Tree" (Macmillan) is interesting to readers who enjoy the religious-political novel; less earnest souls will look eagerly for "Mrs. Warren's Daughter" (Macmillian), by Sir Harry Johnston. This is Vivie Warren, daughter of Mrs. Warren of infamous repute, in Mr. Shaw's play, and we are assured that she comes out all right in the novel. Of course she would;

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she was so coldly virtuous and calculating that her mother's easy-going lack of all respectability was tolerable by comparison. Who are the other characters? In "The Gay-Dombeys," Sir Harry Johnston had the whole Dickens gallery to draw upon, and a fascinating book he made—in part a good story, and in part a literary and political puzzle. Many a pleasant evening could be spent in identifying the persons of the tale. In Rider Haggard's "The Ancient Allan" (Longmans) the author is reversing the process of the Elsie books—they carried Elsie from childhood to her grandmotherly days. Now, Allan Quatermain, friend and comforter when our worst troubles were improper fractions and Harper's School Geography, is being projected by his creator into an earlier incarnation, in the reign of the Emperor Hwang. Wallace Irwin has a little fun with the drawing-room Bolshevists in "Trimmed with Red" (Doran), while Arthur Train's "Tutt and Mr. Tutt" (Scribner) will contain, I hope, some lawyers and rascals as lively as those in "True Stories of Crime" and "The Confessions of Artemas Quibble."

It is customary, in commending a book to-day, to say that you read it under fire, in a trench at the front, with German shells bursting round. I can not say I read Christopher Morley's "Kathleen" (Doubleday) that way, when it first appeared in a magazine, but I did read it while in a guardhouse (not, I aver, as a prisoner) and sitting under a stove-pipe which had just been drilled with a Springfield bullet, let off in the course of experimentation by one of the guard. "Kathleen" is a capital story (Mr. Morley refrains from mentioning pipe-smoking, to the best of my recollection), and it kept me from pondering too nervously upon how soon some one of the guard might perforate his commanding officer, as that person sat steeped in literary calm, behind the thin pine boards which divided the orderly room from the rest of the shack. The republication of two books by James Branch Cabell, "The Cords of Vanity" and "The Cream of the Jest" (McBride), recalls the stupid prosecution of his "Jurgen." Many books, suppressed or attacked, are no great loss; their persecution is an affront to liberty, not to art. In the instance of "Jurgen" it is different; there is imagination, humor, beauty in it, and a suggestion of eeriness that is like Dunsany's best. It was unwisely advertised by its friends; fervid persons brandished it before the "Puritans," with the lamentable result. The defense of it has sometimes been disingenuous; to deny its double meanings is as hypocritical as Comstockery itself.

Professor William E. Dodd's "Woodrow Wilson and His Work" (Doubleday) is a good partisan volume; if you trust the author you are led to the conclusion that nobody has opposed the President except those actuated by greed for money or thirst for human blood, but it is a good partisan book, nevertheless. Sir George Arthur's "Life of Lord Kitchener" (Macmillan) is promised. "George von L. Meyer" (Dodd), by M. A. De Wolfe Howe, and "Some Letter of Augustus P. Gardner" (Houghton), contain interesting sidelights upon our foreign and domestic politics. Observations upon Presidents Taft and Roosevelt are contained in Mrs. Larz Anderson's "Presidents and Pies" (Houghton), and informal biographical material about Mr. Roosevelt in "Talks with T. R." (Houghton), by John J. Leary, Jr., and "The Political Adventures of Theodore and Me" (Macmillan), by William Allen White.

An attempt to clear away the ancient grudge against England is the purpose of Owen Wister's "A Straight Deal" (Macmillan). Philippe Bunau-Varilla in "The Great Adventure of Panama" (Doubleday) lays the refusal of Colombia to ratify the treaty with this country to German intrigue. It needs rather more evidence to make it strong enough —especially as the defenders of the theory that our Government was in the wrong about Panama, would hardly care, now, to find proof that we and not Colombia were right. Philip Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told" (Harper) searches over the notebooks of this able correspondent and tells us what the censor would not permit to be published before the armistice. It is that war is terrible; high-explosive shells have a frightful effect upon the human body; and that the manners of men under the awful strain of war are not always nice. A useful book if it serves to keep anyone from thinking that war is glorious and much to be desired; a pestiferous one if used by pacifists to prove their contention that the safety of our bodies is the end and aim of existence. Sir Reginald Bacon's "The Dover Patrol" (Doran) is one of the books which I am sure I wish to read, when I can get a chance, and Bashford Dean's "Helmets and Body Armor in Modern Warfare" (Yale Univ. Press) should be one of the curious literary by-products of the war.

A new Kipling book is announced, "Letters of Travel" (Doubleday). "Modes and Morals" (Scribner), by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, is another annoyance to the radicals. Professor George L. Kittredge's "The Old Farmer and His Almanack" (Harvard Univ. Press) has happily been reprinted. A new index to St. Nicholas is announced (H. W. Wilson Co.). It might be dangerous to own. I have a few volumes—covering that golden period when Cleveland and Harrison were Presidents—and if some caller finds them, some caller who was of the St. Nicholas age in the years 1880 to 1888, I get no more out of him. At midnight I hand him his hat and coat, and push him out. He keeps murmuring "Just a minute, just a minute—here's that story by Frank Stockton I used to read."

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

The Ship's Library

I CAME aboard the transport reviling my luck. My locker and bedroll were in France and I had neglected to bid them good-bye; I had nothing but musette and kit-bag, in which I had been living for a month. The limping old Mudjekeewis was the shabbiest tub in the service, slow, devoid of comfort. Her engines took a day off every week. Her smoking room was given over to clacking typewriters which manufactured colored tissue paper orders for the decoration of the main companionway. The white and gold music room was no place for one who was constitutionally unable to derive solace from craps or poker. But when I discovered that the ship's library had survived the ravages of war, I began to see the hand of providence. As I reviewed the backs of the fifty and odd most respectable volumes in tough brown calf, my locker and bedroll "fell from my back and began to tumble, and so continued to do" till I thought of them no more. I was free as air in spite of the livery I wore. I tossed a polished copy of "Mr. Midshipman Easy" into my berth, cast off my shining greaves and brass-mounted regalia, chinned myself on the T-iron that ran across the top of the stateroom, swung my legs over the edge of the berth and dropped after them. I opened the porthole to the deck and the summer night, disposed tobacco and other necessities in the wall-pockets, started the fire in a well-crusted briar bowl, and forthwith I was in company with an old friend whom I had not seen for years—"By nine o'clock that evening Mr. Jack Easy was safe on board his Majesty's sloop Harpy."

With him I sailed for uncounted hours, a midshipman six weeks in the service who practically single-handed captures a vessel, cuts loose on a cruise in her, quells his mutiny, and captures more ships. It is like a child's dream of piracy, like the picture of the chubby four-year-old with cocked hat, sash, and pistols, standing with folded arms on the quarter-deck surrounded by bearded cutthroats and ruffians who bend to receive orders from the baby lips. The dream rises from the child's desire to escape restraint. Here is the sailor as an overgrown child, slipping free of the iron discipline of the navy and gamboling through a dream of heroic conquest of

Spaniards and French, pirates and bandits, howling gales and crashing surf. "Jack knew that his life depended on holding to the yard, which he did, although under water." Or again, "Our hero and his comrade had both drawn their pistols, and just as they burst open the door the old gentleman who defended himself against such odds had fallen down. Jack seized one of his assailants by the collar of his coat and held him fast, pointing the muzzle of the pistol to his ear; Gascoigne did the same by the other." And who could have guessed that the old gentleman had a beautiful daughter and chests of coined gold! On and on it flowed, a racing stream of action, melodramatic but always lively and artlessly engaging; leagues of open sea, with sun, wind, and cloud that fail not from the face of it, the wind on your cheek and the spray in your teeth, breezy stretches of flight and pursuit across whole oceans of blue water. It was midnight and more before my three roommates came in and began to unbuckle the harness of war, prating of sevens and elevens, of broken flushes and fallen kings. A barren recital; a noise and a shaking of dry bones! What were their paltry stakes to me? Why, there were fourteen thousand Spanish dollars on the *Nuestra Señora del Carmen* alone, not to mention prize money, and Donna Agnes was safe aboard the privateer.

But the privateer was sold, Jack Easy was married and done for, and it behooved me to ship again. I looked in vain for "Wing and Wing"; I longed for Clark Russell (I could have relished "A Three-Stranded Yarn"), but was fain to embark on a land voyage. I took up with "Guy Mannering," and set out with the Colonel in "the brief and gloomy twilight of the season," on the road from Dumfries to Kippletringan "through a wide tract of black moss extending for miles on each side and before." We came safely to Ellangowan; the heir was born and his perilous fate foretold. The sound of a jazz orchestra recruited from among the enlisted men came down the gangway like the chorus of a summer swamp, mosquitos, peepers, and hylas—"zing, zing, zing, zing, ze-e-e-!" The cigarettes of the deckwalkers drifted past the porthole like fireflies, the smoke of my pipe swirled out, and genial scraps of profanity floated in. From the walls of Ellangowan we "saw a lugger with all her canvas crowded standing across the bay, closely pursued by a sloop of war that kept firing on the chase from her bows, which the lugger returned with her own stern chasers." Dirk Hatteraick landed, Kennedy met his death, and the heir was carried off. Meg Merrilies came and went with stately maledictions and oracular scraps of ballads. Dominie Sampson expressed his elementary

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PHILIPPE BUNAU-VARILLA, the engineer of the old French Panama Canal Company ¶ Organized the Panama revolution ¶ Signed the Hay-Bunau-Varilla treaty between Panama and the United States ¶ And finally was wounded in defence of his country at Verdun.

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(*Continued from page* 405)
thoughts in ponderous Latin, and his elementary emotions in ponderous capers. Mr. Pleydell brought himself and a brace of wild duck to supper, and whispered to the cook his "poor thoughts" about the sauce. With them all I was well content. The cover of any novel of Scott's opens like a magic casement on a fair prospect of a safe passage to the islands of the blest and a happy sojourn there. Only you mustn't be in a hurry. If you expect sixty miles an hour, high tension, and the clatter of a flat wheel, you won't get what you want. Don't embark on the old three-decker if you have the speed-mania of realism. I like realism as I like beer; it is a good drink, and there are times when it is just the thing, but when the table is spread with silver let beer remain below stairs. The true romantics bring me the vintages of Burgundy. Scott is Chambertin—or Richebourg—anyway, he is the king of them all. Stevenson is Clos de Vougeot, either still red or sparkling. From Anthony Hope I get an occasional glass of sparkling Volnay—and even the *ordinaires* come from the Côte d'Or. Sip them gently; let them settle into your being with finality, with warmth and a happy glow—if you want to get drunk quickly and have it over with, choose another bottle. I was loth to tuck the book in among the cork jackets over my head at the midnight incursion of noisy roommates. The F. A. lieutenant had "cleaned 'em up," and we were to have a nightcap. I had supped with Mr. Pleydell and had my liquor in a smuggler's cave, but I accepted my modest share of his winnings since I could not share mine with him.

Again I explored the narrow shelves. The steward began to recommend his wares. "John Halifax, Gentleman"? Bah!—Richardson and milk! "The First Violin"? No, Brontë and water. "Westward, Ho!"; "The Cloister and the Hearth"? Just the thing; take them both—no restriction on hoarding food for the imagination. Here are scenes roomy and bustling; for stage the one has the whole Spanish Main, the other the entire continent of Europe. Of "The Cloister and the Hearth" my memory from earlier readings held only dramatic scenes of action, the escape from the tower, the fight with the bear, the stealthy hand pinned to the doorpost by a bolt from Denis's crossbow. Now I think of it as the Middle Ages passing in review, a flickering stream of life in every form, under all conditions, crowded inns and swarming streets of villages and cities, hut and palace, university and monastery, highway and footpath. It is not a placid stream; too often I found myself shooting a series of rapids with nerves taut and muscles braced. I was tempted to lay it aside till a time when I might want a thriller and be too lazy to seek one at the movies, but it was impossible to leave such a tale half told. With the calming aid of the even rise and fall of the ship under me, and restful periods of vacant gazing through the porthole to watch the sea's "long moon-silvered roll," I came safe and rather breathless to the end—and promptly shipped with Amyas Leigh for the Spanish Main. Here were stalwart fair-haired heroes, militant Christians such as think little and mope never. Either they are right by instinct or else magnificently wrong. They are chivalrous and romantic, but they do not concern themselves very greatly or very long about love. They have no time to stand tied to apron strings; great deeds are toward, and women and children had better stand out of the way. What shall we say of a romance in which a heroine, all that the heart could desire in the earlier chapters, is burned by the Spaniards as a Protestant heretic in the middle of the book? Merely that if you read the tale at the right age (whatever your years), the matter does not trouble you much; it is lost and left behind in the swift forward surge of the action, the bustle and activity of scenes of arrival and departure, brilliance and pageantry of crowds of soldiers and courtiers, the spirit and manhood of sailor and knight, magnificent fighting by sea and land, and the peril of enforced marches across unknown continents. We thrill with these exploits when we read them in the unemotional pages of history; here they are not unemotional; Kingsley presents them instinct with life and color, "vivid and resolute."

On the last night of the voyage there was no poker, no craps, no reading; we stood at the rail watching the shore lights come up out of the dark till nearly one o'clock, when we anchored off Quarantine.

"When I get my *dis*charge papers," said the F. A. lieutenant, "I'm just going to put on long pants and narrow shoes, and put my feet up on the mantelpiece where I can admire them."

"Me for the overalls," said the Q. M. captain, "and digging in the garden."

"My specifications," said I, "call for a stationary bed with a reading light, and anybody that wants to can bring in my meals."

I was thinking of the Clerk of Oxford who preferred his twenty books to the polyphonics of a jazz orchestra. They were old books, and he kept them at the head of his bed, sagacious man.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

"BOOKS AND THE NEWS" FURNISHES, EACH WEEK, A SELECTED BIBLIOGRAPHY ON TIMELY TOPICS.

The Nature Lover

THE nature lover of 1920, whose interest has been aroused, and attention focused on the appearance and lives of the plants and the animals of this earth of ours, is to be both envied and pitied. Envied, because of the wealth of literature and illustration, guiding and helpful, at hand; pitied, because of the narrowed field of work and the diminished necessity for personal endeavor.

In past years one would rush off to the nearest berry tangle or grove, in the early morning before school, find birds and describe them, recording size, color, song, and habits on stray scraps of paper. Then, at the week's end, go to the Natural History Museum, and after careful search, and analysis of notes whose sincerity outweighed their clarity, there would come conviction that the bird was a fox sparrow and not a brown thrasher! That kind of thing brought the same thrill as my first Baedekerless walk in London, when Westminster took form and flashed into recognition without warning or mapped anticipation. It was an alchemy of method which transformed the drab confidence of certainty into the poignant delight of discovery.

In those early years the writings of J. G. Wood filled one's mind with much truth and considerable error, and one revelled in the lurid, stiff-necked creatures in the plates of De Kay and others. Thoreau and Burroughs were text-books as well as essays, and I used to make classified lists of the birds in "Wake-Robin." For tales of animals in strange, foreign lands there were Fenn and Hudson, Kingston, Bates, Waterton, and Belt. Years afterward came the identification books, with colored plates and keys, condensed summaries of seasons and songs, patterns and plumage, notes and nests. And when Chapman's Handbook appeared, the high-water mark was reached, for to-day no other has approached it.

But the law of compensation is inflexible, and the places where formerly, when eyes failed, one could resort to a 22-calibre shot cartridge, are now become a no man's land, fenced either with real barbed wire, or with blatant signs making trespassing a sin and flower-picking immoral. So to every succeeding generation the country near at hand becomes less like wild planet land and more like a museum. This is inevitable, and only those who love nature enough to make sacrifices of time and effort win through to the few wild places left in far distant corners of the world.

It is possible to detect faint adumbrations of a cycle of change in nature interest. At first nature books were for readers in libraries. Gilbert White and Audubon were read far more frequently in an arm-chair before a fire than in anticipa-

tion of a coming walk, or expected direct acquaintanceship. But closer contact began to be established, as soon as people ceased for a moment their struggle for wealth or position, and, looking out upon the strange world beyond factory and bank, fashioned the queries "What?" and "Why?" The demand began to be met at once, and ushered in the era of identification books, the colorful host of "How-to-Knows." And now the interested layman can call by name many of his lesser fellow creatures, bound like himself by gravitation, and with him breathing and eating and playing upon our planet. "What?" being answered in part, "Why?" still remains, and to-day, strengthened by the staff of identification, we have begun to trudge hopefully along the path of interpretation.

To-day the literature of biology is of appalling extent. A specialist finds it difficult to keep up even with the writings of his own limited field. Inquiry in any direction reveals regiments of volumes and cohorts of periodicals awaiting the reader. And in the midst of this technical desert—a desert absolutely necessary and desirable for the advance of knowledge—the layman finds now and then a rare oasis of balanced popular literature, not in words of one syllable, nor of sentimentalized nature, but of real literature, of facts so clothed in simple dignity, so interpreted, that their appeal is instant and universal. I recall especially Levink's "Antarctic Penguins," Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia," "The Story of Radium," Slosson's "Creative Chemistry," Roosevelt's "A Book-Lover's Holidays in the Open," as well as the writings of Vernon Kellogg, Thompson Seton, the Peckhams, Wheeler, and J. Arthur Thompson.

In certain ways the cycle becomes a closed spiral, and to-day we can often do no better than to reach up to the books on the higher shelves, blow the dust off the tops, and reopen those wonderful pages of Audubon, Fabre in the original, Izaak Walton, Gilbert White, Darwin, and Huxley.

We realize eventually that the law of compensation works both ways and the devastating advance of civilization outstrips itself by means of its superlatively efficient means of travel, and thus brings the very wilderness of the antipodes to the sophisticated doryard of the nature lover. Roosevelt has summed this up in a single perfect paragraph:

> The grandest scenery of the world is his to look at if he chooses; and he can witness the strange ways of tribes who have survived into an alien age from an immemorial past, tribes whose priests dance in honor of the serpent and worship the spirits of the wolf and the bear. Far and wide, all the continents are open to him as they never were to any of his forefathers; the Nile and the Paraguay are easy of access, and the borderland between

(*Continued on page* 408)

NEW PUBLICATIONS!

Some new titles in The MODERN LIBRARY, 85 cents each, 6 cents for postage. A Modern Book of Criticism, edited by Ludwig Lewisohn; The Cabin, by Blasco Ibanez; two volumes of plays by Oscar Wilde with introductions by Edgar Saltus; Walter Pater's The Renaissance. (Send for catalog.)

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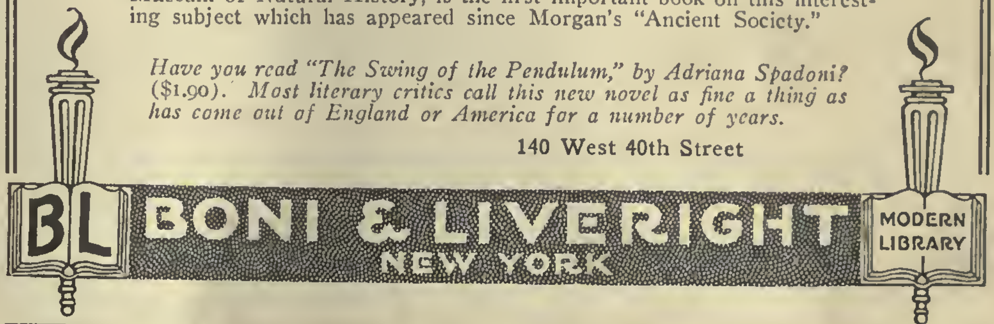

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WILLIAM BEEBE

Problems of Labor and Capital

II—Honest Ballots for Unions and Employers' Associations

A RECENT statement issued by the Industrial Council for the Building Trades in Great Britain reads as follows:

> Industry needs no truce, no compulsory arbitration, no provisions for postponement of disputes. What it needs is confidence and a courageous forward movement, supported by the constructive genius of both sides in common counsel. Industrial peace must come, not as a result of the balance of power with a supreme court of appeal in the background. It must arise as the inevitable by-product of mutual confidence, real justice, constructive good-will.

One of the greatest obstacles, if it is not the greatest, in the way of collective bargaining agreements is the lack of confidence on both sides. This lack is due in great measure to a belief on each side that the other is organized in an undemocratic way and is led by a group of organizers, in the case of the union, or a clique of large employers, in the case of the employers' association. Confronted with the suggestion that collective bargaining might lead to industrial peace, an employer engaged in an industry which has never attempted collective bargaining usually declares a willingness to deal collectively with unions, but refuses to deal with the particular union in his trade because of the type of leadership which, it is alleged, controls the workmen. It is a common belief among employers—and to a great extent the facts justify the belief—that the members of the unions do not freely choose their leaders, that they are, indeed, often under the domination of agitators and demagogues. The fact that many leaders of local unions have been successfully bribed by employers in the past, coupled with the fact that many employees confidentially state to their employers that they should prefer to continue at work were they not in fear of the leaders of the union, has gone far to destroy the confidence. The labor unions, on the other hand, with no less justice, have lost faith in the leadership of the employers. They have contended for years that in all employers' associations a few large employers have control through a small executive committee. Organized labor is of the opinion that small manufacturers are often denied a voice in the management of the employers' associations.

Reasons for the lack of confidence on both sides, then, exist in plenty. It is not often, to-day, that the leadership either in the union or in the employers' association is genuinely representative. The leaders on both sides, in a great majority of organizations, are elected without a sealed ballot, and, if there is a sealed ballot, there is no guarantee of an honest count. The secret ballot and an honest count is no less important in industrial reform than it was in political reform. Secrecy and honesty should apply, too, quite as much to votes on strikes or lock-outs, as the election of officers.

Instead, we have a situation typically as follows. If it is proposed in the union to make a demand upon the employers, an employee must possess exceptional daring publicly to address the union in opposition to the proposed demands. On a question of a strike, it is true, there is apt to be a division of opinion, and a small minority might feebly mumble its dissent. But in many unions the more representative skilled workmen not only fail to record opposing votes on questions of prime importance, but actually refrain from attending the union's meetings. In some industries employees opposing a demand for increased pay or shorter hours have even suffered assault at the hands of their more aggressive fellows.

The situation is equally serious among the employers. Action looking toward a lockout, or the refusal of the workmen's demands, is agreed upon either by a rising vote or by a call of "ayes" and "nays." Representatives of small concerns, through timidity or other reasons, follow perforce what appears to be the sentiment of the larger concerns. Furthermore, the usual constitution and by-laws of the employers' associations, with a view to greater efficiency, create executive committees vested with full power and not subject to review by the association as a whole. It is not unusual for such an executive committee of five to decline a proposal of arbitration without even presenting the question to the several hundred members of the association.

Though the honest count may be harder to obtain than the secret ballot—so it has proved in political life—in both the employers' associations and in the unions, the secret ballot is the first step toward effective understanding between

them. And it is unlikely that either the unions or the employers' associations would be heard to argue against the mandatory installation of secretly cast and honestly counted ballots. The method of enacting legislation which would make this mandatory in such organizations is contingent, possibly, upon bringing under Government supervision all organizations of employers or employees. The plan most generally discussed is that of the compulsory incorporation of unions and of employers' associations. Whether such compulsory incorporation is impracticable and likely to prove barren of the results sought will be discussed in a subsequent article. The alternative proposal of mere compulsory licensing of all employees' and employers' associations will be set forth. The choice between them should be made to depend on which gives the better promise of establishing swiftly and finally a control of the affairs, both of the union and of the employers' associations, which is not only genuinely representative at this moment of its election but continues to be representative through seeking, frequently and in all frankness, validation of its acts at the hands of the body which created it.

MORRIS L. ERNST

Books and the News

Primaries

THE primary elections have transformed our Presidential campaigns into something resembling a general election in England. As they extend over a period of five or six months it is possible to see their merits and defects. Their virtues, as contrasted with the old convention system, were negatively displayed in 1912, when the managers of the Republican Party contrived to give the members of the party a candidate who it was clear was not wanted. Their defects, in doubling the work, expense, and effort of the campaign, are always apparent. Perhaps their greatest merit is that indicated by Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, in the book mentioned below: they tend to make a candidate honestly declare himself, and so do a great deal to destroy that hoary old humbug of American politics, based upon a perversion of the historical facts about Washington—the "reluctant" candidate, "in the hands of his friends," protesting against his nomination in public, but privately pulling every string in sight. Whatever else might happen, this sham, in all his shades and degrees, would have to disappear if there were complete Presidential primaries.

Frederick W. Dallinger, in "Nominations for Elective Office in the United States" (Longmans, 1897) contributed

(*Continued on page* 410)

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(*Continued from page* 409)
to the series of Harvard Historical Studies an excellent history of the development of the nominating system. He describes the abuses of the caucus and the primary, the abuses of the convention, and the proposed remedies. The book's one fault to-day, of course, is its date of publication.

Somewhat later, but still before the Presidential primaries had been tested, there appeared one of the few books devoted singly to the primary—Charles E. Merriam's "Primary Elections" (University of Chicago Press, 1909). This is a small book, of about three hundred pages, but it traces the primary in this country from its earliest forms; it has a bibliography referring to articles and to separate chapters in books; and it summarizes the laws in various States so far as there were any such laws when the book was published.

In the "Proceedings of the Academy of Political Science," January, 1913, Volume III, No. 2, may be found a report of a debate upon the primary—a debate in which Professor A. B. Hart participated, and various active politicians offered their comments. An extensive study of the primary in one State may be found in "The Direct Primary in New Jersey," by Ralph S. Boots (Published by the Author, 1917). This also contains a bibliography.

In the Debaters' Handbook Series Clara E. Fanning has edited "Selected Articles on Direct Primaries" (Wilson, 1918). This is very good for its compilation of articles and arguments for and against the direct primary, its list of further references, and its tabulation of the opinions of politicians. It is more up to date than most other publications on the subject; many of its discussions are based upon the actual workings of the system, rather than upon theories.

Charles Willis Thompson's "The New Voter" (Putnam, 1918) has a chapter on the direct primary; it also discusses in the form of conversations the "things he and she ought to know about politics and citizenship," and should prove digestible to the reader who usually finds politics tough and dry. Another new book, on a related topic, is "How the World Votes; the Story of Democratic Development in Elections" (2 vols. C. A. Nichols Co., 1918), by Charles Seymour and D. P. Frary. It describes political parties and elections all over the world.

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EDUCATIONAL SECTION

The University President

AT the moment, it is said that no fewer than seventeen presidents of American colleges and universities have resigned or announced their intention of resigning. With so many important positions soon to be filled again—the presidency of Yale, of Cornell, of the University of Minnesota, and so on—the question of the right man for leader in education, and the proper functions of such a man, calls for thoughtful discussion. It is not often discussed on the basis of principle alone, and it should be discussed on no other. Personality, tact, qualities that defy analysis, pertain to the individual case; they do not enter into a general consideration of the topic.

First of all, should the position of college or university president exist at all? Certainly not, with the indiscriminate functions now attached to it. Strive as he may to save himself as a leader of scholars and a promoter of scholarship, the American college president—at the beck and call of the undergraduate, the parent, the impecunious instructor clamoring for an increase in his stipend, the world clamoring for tangible "results," and expecting vast external growth in the "plant"—finds himself unable to keep up more than a show of the contemplative life, and sooner or later—insensibly and slowly, or promptly and with open eye—makes his compromise with the crowd and with Mammon; if indeed he has not fully compromised himself beforehand in order to win the position. The position as it now exists is truly anomalous. It originated in the small colonial institution that was modeled after the English college, and, by accident as it were, has been transferred to institutions that have grown, at least in externals, to resemble the populous and many-sided university of Continental Europe, with a polytechnic school superadded. The president of an American university combines the functions of the head of a small college with those of the Vice-chancellor of an English university and those of the Rector of a German, though not with those of the head of the Collège de France. But the term of the Vice-chancellor of Oxford is four years, ordinarily enough to spoil his best energies for the rest of his life, as was the case with Jowett. And the tenure of office for the Rector of a German university is one year. The post has often been refused by eminent men, such as the geographer Ratzel, who preferred not to interrupt their usefulness in research and publication even for so brief an interval. No man can adequately perform the duties of an American university president as they are now generally conceived, having come to be what they are by force of circumstances, through the numerical growth and ever-increasing complexity of institutions, and through the process of uncritical imitation, each man deeming that he must undertake all the activities of his predecessor and of his fellows who are similarly placed.

The first thing to suffer is his scholarship. The rare individual like Pepper of Pennsylvania, or Harper of Chicago, working nineteen hours a day, and able to tire out three stenographers, may succeed in preserving an active interest in the specialty for which he was trained. As a rule, however, an elevation to the presidency of a large institution has ended the participation of the new incumbent in systematic research, and therewith his complete understanding of the men who form the true kernel of the university.

There is much to be said for abolishing the position; for university administration by some form of commission government, with a changing committee and a rotating chairman. But since we are not likely to see it generally abolished in the near future, the question of what is expedient under present conditions becomes more pressing. How can the position be transformed from one that no productive scholar dare accept into one the incumbent of which will not lose his scholarly soul?

In two ways. First, by limiting the tenure of office to four or six years. Secondly, by relieving the president of every function (save his duty to scholarship) of which he can easily be relieved. The budget of the university, for example, though subject to his approval—yet not to his alone, nor even his in the main—should not be his production. He should not in effect have the financial responsibility of the organization; and, above all, it should not be considered his duty to secure funds for the institution. And again, the responsibility for the relations of the institution with all sorts of individuals—students, their parents, and the like—should not be his. Three-fourths of the duties now performed by him should be the affair of a secretary of the university and a secretarial staff. At a Continental university there is a clerical force that the average person sees but twice a year

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who render most of the services with which the time of our university leaders is squandered; that force is not a part of the administration proper.

By relieving the president of unnecessary burdens, we should make it possible for him to know his faculty. A man in his position may commonly be fairly well acquainted with one thousand persons; but the thousand or five hundred members of a university faculty are not usually the persons whom the president knows well, or desires to know best. The present nature of his position leads him to wish for an influential acquaintance outside the institution. He is likely to know all the trustees better than he knows all the faculty. He usually knows but a few of his faculty well. He ought to know every one of them, down to the newest assistant, before knowing any one else in the world. As it is, instructors come and go, meeting the head or chairman of a department often after the barest contact with the president, sometimes with none whatever.

By relieving him of all needless burdens, we should also render him free for a certain amount of intensive study in the field that was his before he became president; such freedom is even more necessary than that he should try to teach. In this way he would retain his ability to estimate the promise of candidates for positions on the faculty, and especially of those at the bottom of the ladder, from whose ranks are to be drawn the professors of the future.

Meanwhile, if the duties of the university president are to be reconstructed, a much better system should be introduced for the selection of faculties, and the advancement of the men already composing them; that is, if there can be said to be any system at present. Promotion should in some sense be an affair of the academic community, not a departmental one. This, as well as the selection of new professors who are called from other institutions, should be arranged at least by a committee of the faculty concerned, with the advice and consent of the president. His should be the veto power, but his vote in favor of a candidate should not be worth more than the vote of a member of the committee who understands the subject to be taught. As an executive, he should see to it that competent men examine every line the candidate has written, in order to determine, in the first place, whether the man is at bottom a scholar, and, in the second, whether he has the ability to communicate that sound learning which is a part of character.

Our country has run too far in the direction of what is called "administration." Everywhere we have developed a kind of genius for rendering administration complex and difficult. That the national tendency has invaded the realm of education hardly needs remark; there the mechanism of administration has become so involved as almost to throttle independent scholarship. Given the real scholar and teacher, the mechanism of teaching is simple. And whatever "administration" may signify at Washington, or in the collection of an income-tax, in the university it means, not government, but service.

The chief function of the university president is to be the intellectual leader of the institution—of its faculty, who are the intellectual leaders of the students. His first duty is to create a current of ideas in the organism of which he is the *head*. In choosing our university leaders, let us go to Europe in order to learn what sort of men are taken on the Continent for the heads of educational institutions, and what they do after they have been raised to places of eminence. And having chosen real scholars, let us make it possible for them to retain their scholarly leadership while they occupy the posts to which they have been advanced. Make the pay in money less, and the pay in honor more.

The president of an American university is, or should be, the intellectual leader of what is at once an aristocracy and a democracy of intellect and spirit. A true democracy is possible among scholars. How strange that, in this American commonwealth, the one place where true democracy might hope to flourish so frequently tends to become a pure bureaucracy, or an affable tyranny in the guise thereof.

PROFESSOR

Universal Training

THE war has taught us the possibilities of universal training for civic responsibilities. An excellent article on the subject in the April *Atlantic* by Mr. Frank E. Spaulding has now the additional merit of timeliness. Four years ago somewhat similar suggestions were made timidly here and there, but the country had not yet been shown what the instruction of the draft army could accomplish; even the advocates of preparedness, with the emergency of war before them, felt that anything not strictly military was out of consideration. Now, with the war over and with peace nevertheless no nearer than when war was on, the moment is peculiarly "psychological" for people to think nationally on such a subject as education. A new crop of cures for national ills, political, economic, social, springs up almost every night; but, fortunately, the American people, in spite of their good-natured toleration of quacks, have the habit of looking solidly to education for permanent results.

Whatever may be the pros and cons of purely military training, not many persons who visualize the problems that face us remain still unconvinced of the educative value of a year of compulsory training of some sort. It would serve as a redeemer of those physically below par. It would make sure, as isolated schooling with its variations could never do, that every man before he reached voting age spoke the English language and knew something of American institutions and ideals. It would supply, if properly conducted, technical skill to millions who would otherwise go untrained or poorly trained. Much more than this, it would bring together from every walk in life and subject to an indelibly democratic influence young men at the most formative period of their lives.

Indeed, it is not conversion to the general idea that people need so much as a specific plan. This Mr. Spaulding gives. His article, moreover, is not merely a statement of a plan for universal training, but reviews admirably, if briefly, the whole problem of its title, "Educating the Nation." The year of training for "civic responsibility" would therefore come as a related part of the whole scheme, concluding logically the years devoted to "essential elementary knowledge, training, and discipline" and to "occupational efficiency." Thus conceived and viewed in perspective, it takes on a reasonableness which it would in many cases lack if it were an isolated year stolen from a man already in full career. The plan has further merits: it provides a sufficient flexibility to meet the needs of those who would go to college and of those who would not, as well as of those, at present the majority, who would not even complete the regular secondary stage. Another important point is the advocacy of a Federal Department of Education, with its head a member of the Cabinet. In this connection the author speaks of "a certain degree of national direction," when he appears to mean "an uncertain degree"; but this uncertainty is not to be regretted for the present: in fact, it will scarcely be possible to determine the degree till the office is in working existence.

One serious defect of the plan is that the final year of training is to provide only for the "male youth of the land." Even though military training is part of the scheme, women gave abundant evidence during the late war that they were indispensable in war work which required special instruction. Furthermore, why should they be deprived of the benefits which the plan would bestow, and why should the country not enjoy a quickened sense of service in the "better

(*Continued on page* 414)

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half" of its citizens? A couple of generations ago the men might have replied gallantly to such a question, "Ah, the women! They do not need it!"—but now that we have reduced woman to a human being, who works and experiences cerebration, who pays taxes, who votes or is about to do so, we must care also for her education in civic responsibility. Not only are there many lines of technical work in which she takes an important part; she needs also the physical benefit, above all the democratizing experience of mixing for a year with young women from all walks of life. It may be contended, to be sure, that to double the number to be provided for would double the cost, while to supply special training for women, so different from that for men, would greatly complicate the problem. Such a contention may have a temporary, practical cogency, but it has no more logical force than a contention in favor of restricting the number of men called to one-half the actual number available. Sooner or later the year of training should include both sexes.

This would not be true, of course, if the training were to be purely military, but though there is provision for military training in the Spaulding plan—perhaps wisely if it is to meet with favor at the present time—the emphasis is rightly placed on training for civic responsibilities in time of peace. It is not merely that military training, by itself, is not constructive or productive in the normal life of a community or nation, or that, as the imminence of war recedes, it tends to become perfunctory, even vicious; the best training for war, as for peace, it has been found, involves a great deal that can not even remotely be called military. One of our schools, during the war, was greatly agitated over the question of what sort of war-work it should adopt. The boys naturally wanted to be as military as possible, but they did not take kindly to close-order drill, recommended by an army officer. It happened just then that a great man, back from the front, visited the school and reported that he had left the British soldiers in Houtholst Wood chopping trees and building pontoons. Noticing that there was a serious shortage of fuel in the neighborhood of the school, he said, "Why don't you chop wood, like the British soldiers?" — then added wisely, "You can call yourselves an engineer corps if you like." This is scarcely the whole field of military effort, to be sure, but it may serve to remind the fearful that military training may be more constructively useful than its name would imply, and to remind the zealous champions of isolated military training that any scheme of universal service which does not provide mainly for the occupations of peace will fail.

There is one important point on which Mr. Spaulding might have placed a different—or at least an additional—emphasis. "In no sense," he says, "would this year be a year out of the life of each one, a year simply donated to the service of the nation, or to preparation for such service. Quite the contrary: this year, considered solely from the standpoint of the individual's advantage, would prove to be the most profitable year in the life of every young man." It may be quite necessary to call attention to the benefits which the individual will enjoy (and they are unquestionable) if only to meet the objections which might be made my many members of the A. E. F., who apparently represent much of the opposition to universal training at least of a purely military character. That is, it might be impossible to "sell the idea" if the man who is to pay taxes to support it, and is to give his time as well, does not clearly realize that he will benefit personally. The most important feature of any such plan, nevertheless, is the fact that every citizen will have not merely an opportunity but an *obligation* to give *himself*, to give more than mere cash, to his country. During the recent draft, though many received great benefits and appreciated the fact, none went with the delusion that he was going primarily for the benefit to himself. It was an act of service, and from it resulted an exaltation which, though too often temporary, did actually make many men into finer stuff. It is a grave question whether this idea, fundamental in any plan of universal service, can be "infiltrated" successfully if the work is launched with other avowed motives. Without universal service as the idea behind universal training, any plan is likely to be still-born.

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chinery, have made liberal donations to its construction.

This model mill, just going into operation, is to be operated entirely by the student body of the Textile Industrial Institute. The plan divides them into two sections, each with its own superintendent, overseers, section hands, loom fixers, and operatives. These organizations will operate the plant on alternate weeks. For the week of work in the mill, the student receives pay sufficient to support him for two weeks. The section in charge in any given week is subdivided into two shifts, each working ten hours a day, but for four hours of this time the shifts overlap. By this arrangement the student runs his job alone for six hours, runs it and teaches a student of lower rank for two hours, and works as a learner on a new job, under a more advanced student, for the remaining two hours. In this way no student is put in charge of any new work until he has had a turn at it under direct supervision of one who has already had experience. Everything from the opening of the bale of raw material to the taking of mailbags of the finished product to the train will be done by students, and no student will be admitted to the classroom work who is not willing to work alternate weeks in the model mill.

In its classroom work the Institute does not aim to give a general education, but frankly confines itself to its narrow specialty. Its text-books are those of the textile industry alone, with the exception of a somewhat broader outlook in the commercial department, where the principles of cost accounting, etc., of course have a more general application. As the primary purpose is to provide leaders for the industry, not simply to increase the efficiency of the rank and file, the classroom work gives opportunity for specialization in such branches as loom-fixing, designing, bleaching, dyeing, mercerizing, carding, and spinning. On the financial side, it is not the intention to treat the model mill as a mere adjunct of the school, not necessarily self-supporting, but to keep it steadily on an efficient production basis.

GRACE ORB

MISS ORB describes a very commendable educational project, all the more commendable because it is just what it purports to be—education for a highly specialized purpose only—and because it is just where it ought to be—within the precincts of the cotton industry itself, dealing with those who have already given themselves to that special industry, and not attempting to form an integral part of a more general and fundamental course of education. No thoughtful person would wish to belittle the importance of special education of just this type. But it should pass for what it is—technical preparation for a particular task, and not that education of broader scope which must be sought from studies not so closely harnessed up with the material necessities of the present hour. The important thing is to realize that they are two different things.

THE University of the State of New York is engaged in active coöperation with the public schools for the conservation of birds and trees. A recent bulletin, sent to all the schools, is filled with material well adapted to interest school children, from the pens of John M. Clarke, of the State Museum; Homer D. House, State Botanist; Edward F. McCarthy, of the State College of Forestry, and George D. Pratt, Conservation Commissioner. The birds, we are told in this bulletin, are the main reliance for holding in check the noxious insects which constitute the greatest menace to the food supply of mankind. The Visual Instruction Division of the University has a list of 700 lantern slides to lend, illustrating 162 species of the birds of New York, made from living specimens of the birds themselves, their nests and eggs in normal position, their habitat, etc. A proper utilization of this opportunity would be of immeasurable value in putting bird conservation on an intelligent basis.

MISS L. W. HILL, formerly director of physical education at Wellesley College, called much needed attention at the recent State Conference of Massachusetts high school principals to the "Relations of Correct Muscular Habits to Personal Efficiency." Of one hundred and ninety-seven high schools which responded to a questionnaire one hundred and twenty-three reported that they had no gymnasiums, and of these ninety reported no courses in physiology, hygiene, or health habits. These figures, though they do not cover all the schools of the State, are fairly representative of a region which in educational matters is among the most forward-looking.

What is perhaps equally significant, physical education, where it does exist, is often little more than a name. It is not merely that competent instructors and adequate equipment are rare. In many schools where there is a possibility of better things physical training is still classed with athletics as something to be permitted if the pupil has satisfied the scholastic requirements. It may be that our Puritan inheritance tells us to distrust anything which might prove to be fun. At all events, it is unusual, almost unknown, to find a school where a pupil is given more physical training, even more athletics, *because* he is doing poorly in his studies; though such a prescription might conceivably, if not commonly, be the best one.

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GENERAL WOOD'S campaign for the Presidential nomination rests fundamentally upon what he has done. The signal success of his administration in Cuba, his leadership in the organizing of officers' training during the years preceding the war, and his efficiency in the execution of every duty that has devolved upon him constitute a very respectable claim to support. But a candidate, either for nomination or for election as President, is judged not only by what he has done but quite as much by what he says. In response to a formal request by the New York *Tribune,* General Wood has answered the question "What do you regard as the most important issues of the Presidential campaign?" in two columns of utter banality. If he had said in a few words that he regarded it as premature, or for any reason unwise, to define the issues at this time, the answer might have been disappointing, but it would not have been ridiculous. To talk about twenty things, and say nothing worth while about any of them, is a desolating performance. It would not take many exhibitions of that kind to put General Wood out of the running.

MR. HOOVER, if he should be nominated at Chicago, will have one specific advantage that will make great play in the campaign. All the candidates will doubtless talk about cutting down the enormous expenses of the Government, but Hoover is the one man whose promises on that subject will be taken at anything like par. Not that others may not be equally sincere, and also fairly able; but bringing down the vast structure of governmental expense is a task which calls for much more than sincerity and fair ability. The public has been too often disappointed, in the States and in the nation, to put more than a very faint trust in the expectations aroused by even the most well-meaning pledges of economy. The prospect of a budget system, now very favorable, is an encouraging element, to be sure; but no system will automatically work out the great task before us. In the field of administration and coördination, in the field of scientific adjustment of ways and means, Mr. Hoover is a master. It is coming to be recognized, too, that Government expenditure is a not inconsiderable factor in the high cost of living. The candidate who embodies in his own person a real pledge of improvement in this vital matter will have a preferential standing with the voters which it will take mighty solid claims on the part of his opponent to overcome.

ONE of Senator Johnson's managers states that he is "authorized to say for the Senator that it is not intended to let him be nominated for a hitching-post." Whether the contemptuous designation of "hitching-post" is justified or not, Mr. Johnson is quite right in declaring that he wants the Presidential nomination or nothing. The Vice-Presidency is in fact an office of very great importance, for experience has but too often taught us that the succession to the Presidency is not a merely theoretical attribute of it. The nominee for Vice-President ought to be a man of Presidential calibre. But by the same token he ought to be a man whose candidacy is in keeping with, and not in contrast to, that of the head of the ticket. The very worst thing that the Chicago Convention could do would be to make its ticket a "good Lord, good Devil" combination.

HERESY-HUNTING legislation at Albany may have one consequence which will put the New York lawmakers into the class of those who build better than they know. They are doing their best to discredit the existing political institutions of America, but it is quite possible that their performance may result in giving an unexpected "boost" to one of the most essential of those institutions. The bills which are designed to exclude the Socialist party from the official ballot, and to disqualify the individual members of that party from holding public office, appear quite clearly to collide with the civic rights guaranteed to all citizens by the Constitution of the State of New York. If those two bills are passed, there can be very little doubt that the courts will promptly and emphatically make waste paper of them, and then won't it be delightful to see what the radicals will have to say about that fossilized remnant of mediævalism, the American judiciary!

LLOYD GEORGE and Millerand are fighting a duel at San Remo, with their Italian and Belgian colleagues in attendance as witnesses.

Opportunism is pitted against consistency, each buttressed with an equal amount of sagacity. The tactician of expediencies has found a strong antagonist in the Frenchman, who stubbornly refuses to join him in his living from hand to mouth. Lloyd George looks a day, Millerand a generation, ahead, and confronted with so widely different perspectives, they will hardly succeed in viewing in the same light the objects of their common observation. The policy towards Germany is one, the treatment of Turkey is another. A year ago Lloyd George used the threat of an economic blockade to meet the danger of Spartacism in Germany; to-day he has recourse to it again as a preventive against a militarist revolt. France always insisted, and still insists, on the necessity of military coercion to repress any attempt on Germany's part to violate the peace terms she has signed. In the Turkish problem French suspicion of British aims is at the bottom of the dissension. As to the chief punitive measures to be taken the two Premiers seem to be in perfect agreement, but the question how to deal with the new situation that will arise after the signing of the treaty threatens to prove a source of fresh discord.

"SUBSTITUTES for cocktails" the disappointed hard drinker would doubtless call the little sallies into the emotional which are now so plentiful. Warm regard for Bolshevism, which is insinuated here and there by decorous people, is the most peculiar phase of this outburst. It is not explained by the confused information coming from Russia. It springs from the heart and the imagination. The overthrow of the Tsar's Government let loose an idea of brotherhood which proved to be all too stimulating to many mortals. Somehow, somewhere Liberty was to set up its residence on earth, and the tyranny practised by the Bolsheviks has not been quite able to destroy the vision. One recalls the lookers-on at the festival of the Romanticists during the few decades after the French Revolution. Pantisocracy, Shelley's new plan of government, the dreams of the Schlegels thrilled in those days the hearts of many who had no intention of practising the new proposals for living. From these they merely extracted a heady sort of vicarious experience. If there is haunting beauty to be found in the Bolsheviks' order of government, we pray that some artist may perpetuate it in verse or fiction so that the emotional in man may worship it at a distance instead of, as now, flirting dangerously with it as a possible ingredient of our democracy.

IT is difficult these days not to be the bedfellow of a radical, especially the sentimental radical. As a liberal, you may be constantly fighting his views, and yet as you confront the various practical issues of the day, there he is by your side. You opposed the Treaty in the form in which it came from Versailles, and so did he—but for a different reason. You have a kindly feeling for Mr. Hoover, so has he. You think that the five Socialists should not have been excluded from the Albany Assembly, so does he. You disapprove of giving soldiers the bonus, he does too. Yet the more he is with you, the more you are against him. For you realize how dangerous is his propaganda, which, in the name of liberalism, is seeking not only to prevent the return to power of reactionary forces, but to wipe out those prerogatives of the individual which have been the cornerstone of our democracy. The situation is one which requires all good Americans to have a real reason, and not merely a vague feeling, for the politics which they espouse.

THE movement to put the men of the nation into overalls discovers at the outset one grave disadvantage —the first step, and one which bids fair to cost more and more, is the purchase of a suit of overalls. Denim, being made of cotton, is not cheap now, and by the time the ingenuity of tailors has had opportunity to conspire with the natural vanity of man a really natty suit of overalls will cost almost anything you choose to pay. If the weather is warm enough to wear the new garment in lieu of a suit of alleged wool, well and good; cotton is the only wear for hot weather. But if the overalls are worn in the old-fashioned way *over* one's ordinary clothes, economy sickens and dies. There is more to be hoped from a general consent to go on wearing old clothes. Possibilities in that direction have not yet begun to be realized. The patched suit, the battered hat, the quite impossible shoes have not yet appeared. Let them come forth. The business demands courage, but it need involve no lowering of morale. The spirit of the summer holiday will put us through, the spirit which delights to honor the camper whose sartorial ruin is most nearly complete. It is not necessary to make this the occasion for the upbuilding of an elaborate clothes philosophy, though there may accrue to society some indirect benefits from anything which will remind both those who, formerly ill-dressed, are now at least expensively dressed and those who, accustomed of old to go well-clad, now hold their patch a badge of honor, that clothes do not make the man. Whatever benefit accrues will be chiefly to the individual, who thus has it in his power to save a little money for something else, and who in many ways will profit through having the advantage of this particular bit of economy brought strikingly to his mind.

ANOTHER army that has not demobilized with the cessation of major hostilities is the Salvation Army. They go marching on, and, that they may march the better, they are planning to ask the public, in May, for ten million dollars. To make up this sum a good many pennies will have to rattle into the old tambourine, but a good many pennies are needed if such enterprises as the recently dedicated Memorial Training College in the Bronx are to be successfully carried forward. Beyond doubt, the pennies will be forthcoming in a sufficient abundance. The Salvation Army has made good. The immortal cruller proclaims it.

Success, however, is not without its perils, and the Salvation Army might profitably ponder the history of the Friar movement, which, though it is a matter of some eight hundred years ago, still carries a lesson that is worth heeding.

SWEDEN'S experiment with an exclusively Socialist Cabinet will be watched by her neighbors with intense interest. The Socialism of the new Ministers is of that moderate type which during the war did not refuse to share the responsibility for the Government with the liberal party. The political crisis, which put an end to the coöperation of the entire left, was brought on by the friction between Liberals and Socialists over the municipal taxes bill proposed by the Socialist Minister of Finance Thorsson. Hjalmar Branting's acceptance of the King's request to form a new Ministry was the logical, though not generally expected, solution of the crisis. Branting's programme, as outlined by him to a correspondent of the Associated Press, has little of the revolutionary in it. Socialization of certain branches of production and commerce is, of course, a plank in his platform, but the question will first be thoroughly investigated by committees composed not entirely of friends of such social legislation, but also of able men of other opinion. He wants the Parliament to determine to what extent the development or evolution of the country shall go in accord with the Socialist programme. Without the Liberals' support the Socialists will not be able to realize their legislative plans. It remains to be seen whether Branting's moderation can resist the pressure from the left wing of his party which, if Minister Thorsson's taxation schemes should be defeated, will demand, as they openly declare, the dissolution of the Parliament and new elections so as to obtain an absolute Socialist majority in both Chambers. "This Government is for the whole of the people and not a party government," said Branting to his interviewer. The Premier's more radical comrades will put his impartiality to a severe test.

MR. MIRZA'S communication on the Anglo-Persian treaty, which appears in our correspondence columns, combines with an expression of distrust in England's sincerity a just appreciation of the cultural task which the English-speaking people perform. The Persian nation has a great history, and is, for the part it played in the distant past, entitled to the respect due to culture and age. But former greatness, the traces of which are preserved in its monuments, lays obligations on the people which it has failed to fulfill. The peasant and the fellah are in a miserable plight, and the men in power are ready to barter their own honor and their country's freedom for money. In a country where high and low are thus demoralized the right of self-determination should be applied with the greatest caution. For the determining factor would be the small intelligentsia from which the backshish-taking Cabinet members are recruited, and the peasant's and the fellah's lot would remain just the same. English supervision of the government, though humiliating for the educated class, may redound to the welfare of a larger portion of the people than would benefit by absolute political independence. We do not defend the treaty by which Great Britain, contrary to the spirit of the League of Nations Covenant, has gained control of Persian affairs, but disapproval of the course taken should not make us blind to the advantages which may be won at the goal.

MIGRATORY birds are no longer at the mercy of the most lax State legislation, or absence of legislation, with which their habits may bring them into contact. The Supreme Court has handed down a decision sustaining the migratory bird act, passed by Congress in 1918. This act put into effect, with suitable penalties, our treaty with Great Britain, negotiated shortly before, for the protection of birds whose seasonal movements involve both British and United States territory. The law was attacked by authorities of Missouri, on the ground that it interferes with the sovereignty of the State and the property rights of its citizens. The decision is an important victory for the policy of wild life conservation, and clears the field for whatever Congressional action may still be necessary to protect migratory birds from extinction on American soil.

EXTERMINATION of any form of bird life not positively harmful is becoming more and more repugnant to right-thinking people; but when it threatens the most beautiful of all birds, just because they are beautiful, the wrong is greatly aggravated. Add to this the most revolting cruelty in the methods by which extermination is being accomplished, and it might seem that nothing could delay the adoption of preventive measures. But where both feminine fashion and selfish financial interests are involved, the problem is not so simple, as we have learned from the long fight necessary to secure such protective legislation as has been adopted in our own country. In England, just before the war, Sir Charles Hobhouse had pushed to the committee stage in the House of Commons a bill to restrain what the *Spectator* denounces as "the barbarous and grossly uneconomic trade" in bird plumage for millinery purposes, but the stress of war legislation crowded the matter out. The fight has now been renewed, through bills introduced into the House of Commons by Colonel Yate, and into the House of Lords by Lord Aberdeen, with an apparently fair chance of favorable action. At present London is the great feather market of the world, and about the best the interests involved can say by way of defense is that if the trade is driven from England, it will go to Paris and Amsterdam. One recalls the defense which Cowper put into the mouths of the slave traders long ago:

> Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch and Danes
> Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains.

The editor of the *Spectator* suggests that women who wear the feathers of the albatross should read "The Ancient Mariner" once a year, to develop a duly haunting sense of remorse.

"The Review" and the Treaty

MR. JAMES M. BECK'S letter in the *Review* for April 10 has brought out several interesting letters which appear in our issue of to-day, some upholding and some opposing Mr. Beck's view of Senator Lodge and of the treaty. One of our correspondents makes a point concerning the whole position of the *Review* throughout the treaty debate which is worthy of special attention. He complains that our treatment has not been "definite and clear" and has been lacking in a "large conception" of the subject. We freely admit that there is a great deal of truth in this criticism. But we do not feel that we have anything to apologize for.

From beginning to end there has been in our mind one dominant thought. The world was in the presence of a situation of such appalling gravity that any language that could be applied to it would fall short of the reality. To bring to bear upon it the united wisdom and good will, the united power and resources, of the leading nations of the world was from the start, and is to-day, the supreme need of the hour. If anyone had predicted on the day of the armistice that division of opinion in the United States was going to result in international paralysis extending over a period of eighteen months or two years, and that at the end of that time our country would still be in the nondescript position that now confronts us, he would have been pronounced a ridiculous pessimist. But if, in some way, people had become convinced that there was real danger of such an outcome—that, in fact, this thing was sure to happen unless we got together on some practicable basis—what would have been the attitude of men of sense upon the question? Can there be any doubt that they would have stood together as one man and insisted that a way be found to avert such a calamity?

"Large conceptions" are very well in their place. But there are times when that is truly the largest conception which centres itself upon the practical need of the moment. Mr. Wilson had been feeding the world on the East wind of *his* large conceptions, with practical results that there is now little joy in contemplating. Then came the "100 per cent. Americans" of the type of Borah and Johnson, with *their* large conceptions of America, the hem of whose garment must not be soiled by any touch of obligation to work in concord with other nations to save the world from chaos. Mr. Wilson's large conception was to the effect that by a stroke of the pen all the nations of the world could be brought immediately into Utopian harmony. Mr. Borah's and Mr. Johnson's large conception was that that same stroke of the pen would reduce America to a state of servile dependence, a condition in which her best blood was to flow on Old-World battlefields at the behest of a council of foreign statesmen. It was a small conception, perhaps, that both these views were the product of an inflamed imagination. It was an uninteresting view to hold that the League Covenant was neither the herald of the millennium nor the doom of liberty. But to one who did hold it, nine-tenths of the disputes upon which the great flood of oratory and argument has been expended were matter of indifference in comparison with the supreme need of practical action.

That supreme need the *Review* has recognized from the beginning. The one reservation that it has felt to be important to make in the Covenant was that relating to Article X. Upon the exact definition of the obligation which that Article imposes, with and without the proposed reservations, and of the degree of obligation which we ought to be willing to accept, we have, to the best of our ability, repeatedly expressed our views. We have regarded nothing else in the way of reservations as vitally necessary, and have said so.

What we *have* regarded as vitally necessary is that President and Senate should get together on any basis that was possible. It must be remembered that before the treaty was completed the two points chiefly insisted on by objectors to the original form of the Covenant were that our participation should be terminable upon short notice, and that the Monroe Doctrine should be safeguarded. In the treaty as submitted, both these points had been conceded; in a form open, indeed, to some objection, but surely the slight modification required offered no fatal obstacle to the adoption of the treaty. With these points covered, and with Article X interpreted or modified by a reasonable reservation, there was nothing in the Covenant which, in a dispassionate view, furnished occasion for patriotic alarm—unless, indeed, such alarm was justified by any form of League whatsoever. Borah and Johnson were fundamentally opposed to any League; their position, whether right or wrong, was a perfectly intelligible and respectable one. The Lodge position, on the other hand, was one that made mountains out of molehills; and we saw little profit in applying a microscope to the molehills.

The great question before the nation, from first to last, was this: Was there any possible way of putting the treaty through without danger to the future of the country? Mr. Wilson had—very wrongly in our judgment—made the League Covenant part of the treaty. To reject the Covenant and save the treaty was absolutely out of the question. It only remained to consider whether any reservations which Mr. Wilson and the Allies might reasonably be asked to accept would suffice to make the treaty safe for America. Borah and Johnson have consistently answered this with an emphatic No. The Republican "mild reservationists" answered it with a distinct Yes. Mr. Lodge has all along been virtually saying both Yes and No. It is true that on the face of the record he stands opposed to the "irreconcilables" and in favor of acceptance with reservations. We believe that in fact he has been desirous of such acceptance. But he has not made the country feel that he was sincerely devoted to that object. Probably at least half the people who applaud what he has done are thankful to him not because he has modified the Covenant, but because in their opinion he has de-

stroyed it. Not for one moment has he made the country feel that he regarded the adoption of the treaty as an object of supreme moment. Yet nothing would have been easier, if such was really his conviction, than to make it perfectly clear to all. Had he done so, he would have had behind him the overwhelming support of public sentiment.

The country has never sympathized with President Wilson's position that the Covenant must be adopted without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t. Had Mr. Lodge made it plain from the start that there were certain definite and reasonable changes that he wanted, but that if these were made he and those who followed him would be heart and soul for the treaty, he would have put the President into an absolutely untenable position. Mr. Wilson's obstinacy might have been proof against even such a situation; but the blame would have rested squarely and exclusively on his shoulders. Mr. Lodge has presented the figure not of a great captain leading his forces towards a clear objective, but of a guerrilla chief harrying his opponent by a series of haphazard manœuvres, and winding up at the end in a position dictated by chance rather than by design. Indeed, at the close, he presented the queer spectacle of matching the President's insistence that not an i should be dotted nor a t crossed, by his own insistence that unless every i was dotted and every t crossed just as he had done it the treaty could not be allowed to go through.

An intense conviction that the League of Nations is a bad thing, root and branch, is full justification for the position of the irreconcilables. And a conviction far less extreme would in ordinary times justify an indefinite amount of hesitation or obstruction. But in the situation of the world as it was at the close of the great war, and has continued ever since, all considerations of remote possibilities of evil shrink into nothingness alongside the stupendous evils that have come, and that will continue to come, through our failure to take our place alongside the other great nations in the restoration of settled conditions in a distracted world. To discuss the treaty as though it were a fresh proposal, upon which every one could seek to engraft his own views of what is theoretically best, is to substitute for the duties of statesmanship the exercises of a debating society. There is no little resemblance between the clamor for perfection in the treaty and the clamor of the pacifists during the war for an exact definition of its aims. The business during the war was to make war; the business after the war was to make peace, and gradually to restore the world to a normal condition and a normal state of mind. If anybody can see in the minutiæ of the various minor reservations an object as important as that, he is quite welcome to the enjoyment of his "large conception." As for ourselves, the bigness of the immediate duty has quite dwarfed any interest we might otherwise have taken in the intellectual disputations to which those minutiæ have given rise.

Governor Smith's Opportunity

WHAT seemed at the opening of the session of the New York Legislature to be a hasty act of folly has proved to be the precursor of a series of deliberate violations of the first principles of American liberty. Four bills, all of them bearing the name of Mr. Lusk, chairman of the Senate Legislative Committee, and aimed at the suppression either of Socialistic teaching or of Socialistic activity in the political field, have been running a triumphant course in the Legislature. Two of them have been passed, and there is no doubt of the speedy passage of the other two. It rests with the Governor to decide whether these bills shall actually disfigure the statute-book of the State of New York, at least with the consent of its chief executive.

No greater opportunity for an act of courage, and of signal importance to the future of American institutions, has presented itself to any American Governor in many years. What evil genius has taken possession of the Legislature, and impelled it to the adoption of a course repugnant to the deepest feelings of every man who knows what civil liberty is, we can not undertake to determine. But we feel confident that a ringing word from Governor Smith, asserting the inviolable principles of freedom and the fundamental rights of citizens in a republic would meet with an enthusiastic response, and break the spell under which the bulk of the members of the Legislature have been following the lead of a few shallow politicians.

It requires no legal learning, nor anything but an ordinary sense of the spirit of our institutions, to realize the sinister nature of these bills. But fortunately the Bar Association of the City of New York has a standing committee whose duty it is to report on the character of proposed legislation of importance. This committee, consisting of nine eminent lawyers, chosen, of course, with no reference to any such question, has registered its unsparing condemnation of the bills. Of the education bills, the committee says:

> These bills may be aptly described as bills to Prussianize the educational system and the intellectual activities of the State of New York, although it may well be doubted whether the late Imperial German Government, destroyed by the over-development of its regulatory powers, even in its heyday ever perpetuated such a frank and undisguised attempt at casting into a rigid mould the thought and intellectual development of its subjects.

The essential feature of one of the education bills is that which forbids the operation of any school, or the giving of a course of instruction on any subject, except under a license from the Board of Regents, which license shall not be granted unless the Regents are satisfied that the instruction proposed will not be "detrimental to the public interest." The obvious consequence of this, as the Bar Association committee says, is that the members of that board are to be permitted to suppress any and all opinions with which their preconceived ideas do not correspond. The other education bill empowers the Commissioner of Education to revoke the certificate of qualification of any teacher in the public schools if, in his opinion, the teacher is not "loyal

to the institutions of the United States and of the State and laws thereof." And upon the exercise of this blanket power of indefinite proscription no check is placed, since there is no provision for a hearing on proceedings for the granting or for the revocation of a certificate.

The two political bills are even more extraordinary in their character. One of them excludes from the definition of a party under the Election law any organization which advocates "principles, doctrines, or policies" that "tend, if carried into effect, to the destruction, subversion or endangering of the existing governments of the United States and of the State of New York, and of the rights, privileges and institutions secured under such constitutions." The other bill makes ineligible to public office any person who is a member of such organization. There is evidently no limit to the possibilities of this proscriptive decree. There is hardly any change of a really important kind that does not tend to endanger some of the "rights" or "privileges" or "institutions" which at a given time are secured by the Constitution of the State or of the United States. If such a law had been in operation before the Civil War, no advocate of the abolition of slavery could have sat in Congress, or even in a State Legislature. Members of any association devoted to the propagation of Henry George's doctrine of the single tax would be ineligible to public office today if the principle of this bill were put into execution. And there have been times when in the opinion of large numbers, sometimes indeed of a majority, of the people of some of our States, members of the Catholic Church came very distinctly under the ban which the bill pronounces. But without invoking these examples —which, however, are by no means fantastic—it ought to suffice for any man grounded in the principles of liberty to recognize that the bill is intended to suppress the voice and to extinguish the political rights of those of our fellow-citizens who honestly believe in the principles of socialism. If the bills become law the State of New York will have the shameful distinction of having set the first example of a kind of tyranny to which not only the liberal nations of Europe, but the despotic government of Prussia, had not found it necessary to take recourse.

The most flagrant evil of these measures lies in their departure from the American tradition, their betrayal of the principles of liberty. But they are as pernicious from the standpoint of expediency as from that of principle. Every enemy of our institutions will have reason to rejoice in their passage. The Socialist and the Communist will find in them the seed of thousands of conversions. Even more welcome will their enactment be to the unavowed Socialists and Communists who, without perhaps knowing just what they are after, delight in discrediting the existing order. They will exultingly point to these laws as confirmation of all that they have been saying about the eclipse of liberty in America. Those who have felt, as we have, that these assertions were in the main exaggerations and vain imaginings will find it impossible to deny that, so far as the Legislature of the leading State in the Union is concerned, the charges have received substantial confirmation. Those are doing the best work for the strengthening of our Government, and for resistance to the Socialist danger, who speak out without mincing matters upon this course of folly and outrage. The New York *Tribune* in particular is splendidly performing this duty. Again and again, in the course of this anti-Socialist madness, the *Tribune* has lifted up its voice in most emphatic protest. Of the Lusk bills it declares that "they represent apostasy to all the deep principles of Americanism." In spite of all that has happened, we still believe that the action of the New York Legislature is a political freak, and that "the deep principles of Americanism" will before long triumphantly reassert themselves. To Governor Smith is given the rare privilege of making himself the spokesman of those principles in a way that will be of vital service to his State, and that will gain for him the respect and admiration of the whole country.

The Vatican

OF the two great international organizations, the Roman Catholic Church and the Socialist Internationale, it is the Church alone that has stood the test of the war. The rigidity of the Socialist doctrine drove a wedge between its orthodox and its temporizing adherents. But the Mother Church has not lost part of its fold to a third Catholic Internationale. It has, on the contrary, come out of the war with its power and prestige considerably increased, in spite of the overthrow of ancient dynasties which had always been looked upon as pillars of the Curia. The fall of the Hapsburgs, the reduction of Austria to a small and powerless state, the change from monarchic to republican government in Germany, meant a diminution of influence for the Vatican necessitating an entire re-orientation. But the Roman Church has always shown great pliability in adapting itself to unavoidable reverses. The readiness with which the German Centre Party accepted co-responsibility for the Government with the Socialists affords a striking example of that elasticity which easily yields where resistance would bring on disaster. In Belgium also Roman Catholic Ministers sit in the Cabinet which counts Socialists and Liberals among its members. And in Italy Signor Nitti receives the support of the Roman Catholics newly organized as a political party. The universal fear of the red danger has facilitated this change in political conduct, as the other parties readily accepted the coöperation of the Catholics, who, as members of an international church, were better organized than they to oppose the spread of Communist tendencies.

The Vatican, therefore, could view with indifference its exclusion from the counsels of the Peace Conference. The veto of Italy, which prevented the Curia from being represented at Versailles, could not prevent its power from affecting the destinies of the new Europe. France had to recognize it officially by the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican. The anti-clericalism of

Combes had proved a cause of weakness to France during the war; it had alienated clerical sympathies in neutral countries, and thus prepared a fertile soil for German agitation against France. A reconciliation with Rome would strengthen the country's international position. The return of Alsace-Lorraine afforded a welcome pretext for such a step. For these provinces the Concordat was still in force, and as their population is preponderantly and devoutly Catholic it would have been a reckless and foolish policy to arouse its resentment by extending the effects of the rupture with Rome to the recovered territory. So Millerand chose the wiser course, which is no "truckling to the papacy," as *l'Humanité* called it, but a step in the interest of France. For by the use of this pretext it regained the good-will of the Vatican, which the French Government needs in reestablishing its former right to extend its protection over the Catholic missions in the Near East. As the League of Nations' mandatory over Syria, France would lack prestige in the eyes of the Christians of that country if her protectorate over those missions were not recognized by the Holy See.

In her policy with regard to Poland, France has a natural ally in Rome. The revival of Poland is a compensation to the Vatican for the fall of the Hapsburg and German dynasties. For the Poles, in their long resistance against the encroachments of the Greek Orthodox Church of Russia and German Protestantism, have tenaciously adhered to their Roman Catholic creed and may be reckoned among the faithfulest of Rome's fold. French political interests in the satisfaction of Poland's ambitions coalesce with the interests of the Vatican in the establishment of a strong Roman Catholic state.

England also can ill afford to ignore the influence of Rome. It has been said that the last word in Irish politics is with the Roman Church. The approaching conference between the Irish Bishops and the Curia may have a beneficial effect on the solution of the Irish problem. A deliberate campaign of murder can not command the approval of the Church. If by the influence of the prelates in Rome the action for Home Rule is restricted within legal bounds, it will be possible for the British Government to yield where, under present conditions, yielding would be interpreted as an admission of fear.

Thus the Holy See brings its influence to bear on the gravest problems that Europe is called upon to solve in the near future. No invitation to join the League of Nations has been sent to the Pope. Not representing a nation, His Holiness was not eligible to its membership. But the Church of which he is the spiritual head, and which, unlike the League, has a strong hold on the hearts of the masses, plays a real and effective part as a bond of union among the nations.

Turks and Germans

THERE is a close analogy between Greece and France in the positions they have assumed toward Turkey and Germany respectively. The war of revenge, against which the French Government is moving heaven and earth to guard the country, is no less to be feared by Greece from the side of Turkey. But Greece is not allowed to take her own precautions against Turkish reprisals, as France did a fortnight ago. Lest the resistance of the Turks should be intensified by their being placed under the control of a hated neighbor, the Entente will supervise Turkey's future behavior; but, as the Entente shrinks from the sacrifice which such a supervision entails, it hopes to reduce the necessity of it by a reduction of the terms to be imposed upon Turkey.

It is questionable whether leniency will have the effect of making the Turk more amenable, and a less dangerous neighbor for Greece. The lesson which Germany's recent history has taught us makes one skeptical on that score. Just when the Entente, at the instigation of London, had initiated a more lenient policy towards Germany, involving economic support for the country's reconstruction, the Junker and militaristic elements made an attempt to restore the old order, which was, and would again be, a menace to France. To these people the shame of defeat is intensified, rather than softened, by a clemency which they themselves would not have shown had they been victors. Besides, the parties which are bent on revenge, the Nationalists in Turkey, the Junkers in Germany, are in opposition to the Government which bears the responsibility for submitting to the imposed peace terms. A successful attempt on their part at ousting the submissive Government will endanger the execution of the peace, whether its terms be justly severe or lenient. No mercy from the side of the Entente will withhold them from making that attempt.

The disclosures of Marshal Foch about the camouflaged army which, under Noske régime, was organized in Germany, furnish an amazing proof of insincerity on the part of the former Cabinet. It matters little whether Noske was dupe or accomplice. He was officially responsible for the carrying out of the peace terms providing for the reduction of the army, and the violation of these, whether in spite of his control or with his connivance, tends to prove that the militarist party is still a real power in the country. The failure of Herr Müller's Government to punish the leaders of the Kapp revolution is another indication of its lack of authority over the partisans of the old régime.

In Turkey matters are of a similar ambiguity. The Government which is to sign the treaty is powerless in Anatolia, where Mustapha Kemal with his nationalist forces defies both the Sultan and the Allies. Kemal, unlike Ludendorff, makes no attempt at camouflage. He will deny the binding force of peace terms signed by the Cabinet in Constantinople. If the Entente shall fulfill its promise of protection for Greeks and Armenians, it is not by the mitigation of peace terms that it can do so, but only by showing Kemal its determination to enforce them, if necessary, by violent means. The victory gained at so great a sacrifice can not be maintained by cheapening the price to be paid by the defeated.

Greek at Oxford

ARISTIDES, we are told, was ostracized from Athens because certain classes of his fellow Athenians were annoyed to hear him continually spoken of as "the just." There are those to-day who would gladly ostracize what is left to us of ancient Greece, for a similar reason. It irks them to hear Greek continually mentioned as a superior instrument of higher education. To persons in this frame of mind, the news that students may hereafter compete for the academic honors of Oxford University without the study of Greek doubtless comes as a source of joy. Aha! The enemy has at last been forced from his chief stronghold! *Nunc est bibendum* (bibulousness metaphorical, of course) *nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.*

But it would be rash to assume that Oxford and Old England are thinking to drop out of their future that part of Greek life and thought—its marvelously effective language and eternally vital literature—which has been so fruitful an element in making England and Oxford what they have been in the past, and what they are to-day. The statute recently passed by the Oxford Congregation does make it possible that the honors of Oxford may be taken hereafter without Greek. That the privilege will be followed, however, by a very serious reduction in the attention given to Greek studies is not an inevitable conclusion. In the newer universities of Great Britain, where classical studies have not been compulsory, there has been of late a very marked growth of interest in both Latin and Greek. In the six midland and northern English universities, for instance, the number of students in both these tongues has more than doubled in recent years; and the pages of the Educational Supplement of the London *Times,* during the past few weeks, contain evidence that the discussion of the new Oxford statute has at once set in motion a very active agitation in favor of Greek studies. Says a recent writer in the *Times*:

> The Oxford decision will mean not less Greek, but more, since all who love Greek and who realize what it has meant, and means, to the world will cease to rely on a compulsion that was outworn, and come to rely on a teaching which can not be outworn—the teaching that Greek, and all that Greek implies, is a gift which the new democracy can not forgo.

The currents of human history have so run as to throw upon the great universities of England the responsibility of educating men for the solution of many of the most vital problems of all time. In the building up of her mighty empire, her military and naval commanders, her colonial officials, her diplomatic representatives and the agents of her great business organizations, have had to meet and adapt themselves to every important race and type of human kind. In organizing the lands and peoples gradually incorporated into her empire, and fitting them for eventual autonomy in local interests and increasing participation in imperial control, she has had to adapt herself to almost countless types of local government, and to develop numerous and constantly changing variations in the relation of outlying parts to the central body. Such have been her tasks, and unless she had met them with a fair degree of success, the chances are that the world to-day would be shivering in the chill shadow of an uncurbed Prussian despotism. And the effective leadership in these great tasks which have meant so much to the world's progress, not to that of England alone, has been taken in an extraordinary degree either by Oxford men, or by men educated after the Oxford type, in which the intellectual achievements of the Greeks—the most acute, most original, and most versatile of all ancient races—have always formed a very important part.

One example out of many, the marvelous administrative career of Lord Cromer in the reorganization of a corrupt and impoverished and chaotic Egypt, finding rest and renewal of strength and keenness of insight for his all but superhuman task in the pages of the Greek poets, orators and philosophers, shows how little validity there is in the assertion that classical studies disconnect the mind from the life of to-day, and unfit the student for participation in its practical problems. In a recent pamphlet issued by the Bankers Trust Company of New York, setting forth the opinions of leading financial authorities in Great Britain on the tremendous problems of post-war finance and the restoration of Europe, the foremost place is assigned to the views of Walter Leaf, Chairman (or President, as we say) of London County, Westminster and Parr's Bank, which carries deposits of over a billion dollars, and which was, of course, one of the strong supports of British finance during the war. But to many men in various lands, Walter Leaf is known chiefly, if not solely, by his accomplishments in the field of Homeric scholarship.

With the supposed aid of the Oxford compulsory requirement now eliminated, the friends of classical studies will feel an obligation to active propaganda, and this will possibly prove to be the more effective method of the two. It must be remembered that Greek has not been compulsory in the English schools, and that the students of these schools were not confined to Oxford for their future education. On the whole, we may be fairly confident that England will remain essentially true to the conservatively progressive principles on which her civilization has been built up, and that while she will admit into her educational system such new elements as may prove desirable, she will not eliminate that which has proved its fundamental and continuing value by many generations of experience. Greek is an intellectual leaven of which no high modern civilization can afford wholly to deprive itself.

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Lord Bryce on Turkey and Armenia

[Mr. R. Fulton Cutting has received, and has kindly permitted us to publish, the following letter from Lord Bryce, of whose expert knowledge of the Turkish Empire and deep concern for the future of Armenia no American needs to be informed.]

Dear Mr. Cutting:

IN reply to your questions I send you an outline—brief, because I am pressed by urgent work—of the causes which have brought about the present situation in the Near East, and of the steps which the friends of the Eastern Christians deem necessary for their safety.

The Turkish Empire has been the storm centre of European politics for a century, because the treatment by the Turkish Government of the subject Christian races has been an evergrowing scandal and horror. The oppression and cruelty of Turkish rule caused the Crimean War in 1853; the Russo-Turkish War in 1877-78; the War between the Greeks and the Turks in 1897; and the Balkan Wars of 1912-13, these last having had a good deal to do with the outbreak of the Great War of 1914. The leading European Powers repeatedly summoned the Turks to reform their Administration, and the Turks repeatedly promised to do so, but never attempted to fulfill their promises. Whenever resentment at oppression flamed out into an insurrection of the subject races, the Turkish Government had only one expedient. It was massacre—indiscriminate massacre, accompanied by horrible cruelties. They massacred the Greeks in 1822, and the Bulgarians in 1876, and the Armenians in 1894-95-96, and again, on a far vaster scale (for nearly a million perished), in 1915. Emboldened by the impunity which they have enjoyed, they have now begun afresh the work of massacre in Cilicia, where many thousands of Armenian Christians have been slaughtered in the last few weeks.

Their motive and their policy are simple and scarcely concealed. They want to have an Empire inhabited only by Moslems, and their way of accomplishing that is to exterminate the Christians—men, women, and children. The British Blue Book of 1916, containing the evidence, largely drawn from American sources and from German missionaries, constitutes the most hideous record of slaughter and enslavement, of outrages perpetrated upon women and children, that history recounts. No provocation had been given, and all Christian subjects who could be reached were destroyed—Nestorians, Assyrians, Chaldeans, and in some districts Greeks also, as well as Armenians. The regions where these things were done have been left since the war ended in the hands of the Turks, because the Allies had not troops enough to occupy them. The two chiefs among the bloodthirsty ruffians who directed the massacres from Constantinople, Enver and Talaat, have escaped, but their followers and partisans have regained control in Constantinople and are terrorizing the remnants of the Christian population throughout Asiatic Turkey. Nearly eighteen months have elapsed since the armistice and the terms of the treaty are not yet settled. The delay is excused on the ground that the Allies hoped the United States would take a mandate from the League of Nations for Armenia, or for Constantinople, or for both. But the non-ratification by America of the treaty with Germany has prevented any decision as to the part (if any) that America will take in the settlement.

Two questions have arisen. What is to be done with Constantinople and what is to become of Armenia? Eighteen months ago everyone supposed that the Turkish Power would be extinguished in both. It was a danger to the peace of Europe, it was a curse to its subjects. Its faults were incurable, because the Turk, as a ruler, is an irreclaimable savage. Yet to-day there are those who plead that the Turkish savage should be allowed to remain in Constantinople because there are—it is said—Indian Moslems who would be offended if the Sultan were turned out of the city which his ancestors conquered from the Christians some centuries ago. It is amazing that any weight should be allowed to this arrogant pretension of persons, alleging themselves to speak on behalf of Indian Moslems, to dictate the policy of the Allies, and let the massacres of innocent Christians go unpunished. And it is all the more amazing because Constantinople is not a sacred city to the Moslems like Mecca or Medina or Jerusalem. It is not even a Moslem city—the bulk of the population having always been Christian. The Indian agitation has been a factitious one, got up mainly from political motives, and never ought to have been yielded to. We are not surprised to hear that the decision to let the Sultan stay has been received with amazement and indignation in America. It has been generally hoped here that the influence of the United States in the councils of the Allies would have averted such a disaster.

There remains the question of Armenia. To leave the Turk in power there would be not only a disaster but a crime. It would also be a grave breach of faith with the Armenians, who were, after the massacres of 1915, asked by the Allies to fight on their side, and thousands of whom did volunteer, and fought valiantly, and died in the Allied cause. The Turk has soaked the Near East in blood and reduced much of it to desolation. More than half the Christian inhabitants have perished, and a large part of the Moslem inhabitants —Kurds and others—have also been driven by the Turkish Government from their homes. The Armenians are an energetic and industrious people; and if, as is expected, the refugees whom American liberality has been keeping alive out of reach of the Turk during the last four years are enabled to return to their ruined villages, they may in time repair the losses suffered. But they must have a helping hand. Some civilized Power must undertake to furnish officers who can organize a gendarmerie to supply officials who can set up some sort of administration, to furnish funds to set the people on their feet again. We, in

Britain, having already undertaken to look after Mesopotamia and Palestine, the responsibility for which no one else was willing to assume, can not undertake Armenia also. Let me say in passing that it seems to be supposed in America that we have made a profit out of the war by taking Mesopotamia. It is all the other way. So far from making any gain we have incurred a heavy liability, with no prospect in sight of any return. There was not and there is not, so far as I can see, any desire in England to occupy these countries; they were taken merely because they could not be allowed to go to rack and ruin. They are in no sense Turkish but Arab, and there is no Arab Government capable of administering them.

We who are friends of the Eastern Christians rejoice to know from the recent meeting in New York, and from many other American sources, how strong and general is the feeling in the United States for the liberation of Armenia. I have just received assurances from Canada that the feeling there is no less active and general. Though, owing to an unfortunate chain of circumstances, America has not so far found herself in a position officially to express her sympathy and actively exert her influence, we can not but hope that this influence will, somehow or other, make itself felt. How that is to be done you can judge better than we. As to the difficulties which have prevented the British people (who, as I believe, feel as strong a sympathy as you do with the Eastern Christians and as strong a detestation of Turkish rule) from securing all they desire, I could say much, but perhaps it is better to refrain. Meantime it is believed that the Allied Powers propose to liberate what was Turkish Armenia, and we trust this decision will include the Armenian part of Cilicia, which has been the scene of the most recent massacres. It is, moreover, essential to the peace of the East that the militant Pan-Islamic propaganda, so dangerous to that peace, should not be allowed the vantage ground which a Turkish dominion contiguous to Persia and Central Asia would furnish. The urgent and still unsolved question is —who shall undertake a mandate under the League of Nations to find a staff of officers fit to reorganize administration and look after the maintenance of internal order? Whether the League undertakes this, or whether some minor Power can be persuaded to do so, money will be needed until the country can, after a few years, begin to pay its way. Four or five million dollars a year might suffice, but the European Allies are now staggering under a load of debt, and the League is not yet in possession of funds. Whatever the difficulties may be, some solution must be found. It is surely impossible for civilized Christian nations to let these unhappy countries fall back under the heel of their oppressors, impossible not to extend a helping hand to those ancient Christian races who have now, after protracted suffering borne with unfailing constancy, an opportunity of regaining freedom and peace. I am,

Very faithfully yours,

JAMES BRYCE

London, March 25

The Naval Inquiry

THE naval inquiry precipitated by Admiral Sims's criticisms is producing the usual exchange of personalities and equivocations. And it has been ill reported in the press. As it nears its conclusion, however, it appears clearly that Admiral Sims has substantiated all his main positions. His criticisms are directed to the first seven or eight months after the declaration of war, and are solely concerned with the conduct of naval affairs at Washington. There are three main allegations:

First—the war caught the Navy unprepared.

Second—there was for months after war was declared no general plan of operations.

Third—as Force Commander for European waters he was unduly interfered with, insufficiently informed, and often not properly supported.

As to the general unpreparedness of the fleet at the outbreak of the war, it was merely a part of the deliberate neglect of the nation's military security by the Administration. Secretary Daniels had the temerity to declare that the ships were "ready from stem to stern." As a matter of fact, it took three months to get the fleet fairly ready and to start thirty-two destroyers for Ireland. They got there about the middle of July. For three months previous the Allies had been losing towards a million of tonnage a month, much of which might have been saved had our destroyers been ready to jump quickly into the critical area off Ireland. Admiral Sims's estimate that prompt aid in the anti-submarine campaign would have shortened the war by three months is conservative.

Details of the neglected condition of the fighting fleet were supplied by Admirals Fulham and Plunkett. Eager as a boy to build new ships, Secretary Daniels was never interested in manning them. Admiral Fulham's battleships on the Pacific station were all in reserve; his battle-cruisers, though supposed to have their peace complement, were so undermanned as not to be able to move from dock. In June of 1916 Admiral Fulham wrote the Chief of Operations that a declaration of war then "would find the navy in a state of pandemonium and absolute inefficiency." Repeatedly Secretary Daniels had cut out of Navy bills proposals for necessary increase of personnel. In May, 1917, with war on for a month, Secretary Daniels proposed suspension of enrollment in the Reserve Force. At that moment the Navy had about half the men necessary to run the ships, and there was in sight no other way of procuring them.

That the Navy itself was as ready as its reduced forces permitted goes without saying. That is the Navy's constant job, and it is used to it. That, with war a possibility from the autumn of 1914, Secretary Daniels

not only made no effort to man his ships, but opposed his naval advisers at every point when they pleaded for men, is the index of his incapacity for his high place. Even the apologists for the Administration only argue that the neglect of our military business from 1914 to 1917 was philanthropically intended, or fall back on the still lamer contention that Congress and the nation would not have permitted our existing regiments to have been recruited and our existing ships to have been manned to war strength. With either apology history will make short work. Admiral Sims's most serious allegation is that the Navy Department entered the war without a working plan of operations, and had nothing approaching such until July, 1917. This is proved to the hilt.

We appear to have the testimony of Admirals Wilson, Fletcher, and Rodman to the contrary, but only apparently. Admiral Fletcher inadvertently let the cat out of the bag. There was a plan—was it not in three hundred typewritten pages? Had it not gained mellowness through three years of waiting? Speaking strictly by the book, there was a plan. It took no account of exclusive submarine warfare, was based on the presupposition of free use of all types of ships. It had no reference to the actual situation at our entrance into the war. Nobody ever thought of acting on it. But it was a perfectly good plan, considered apart from events and the actual emergency. Admiral Rodman, with a sea dog's waggishness, speaks of the plan as being "later modified to meet existing conditions." He fails to state that any modification of the plan resulted from natural and progressive decay of the three hundred pages in the musty files of the Bureau of Operations.

Captain Harris Laning's testimony whisks this smoke screen down the wind. He was in Operations, precisely the strategic bureau, until July, 1917, and thereafter in the executive and personnel branch, the Bureau of Navigation. In that brief and forceful utterance of which few flag officers seem capable, he tells the exact facts. On February 18, 1917, war being certain, he wrote to Admiral Benson:

> We have little or no preparation for handling a situation like the present, where the immediate menace is confined to submarine effort. Without any other plan in mind than that developed to meet a situation in no way similar to the present situation, the Navy Department as a whole is proceeding with its task as if there were nothing new in the situation. . . . Aren't we failing in our duty if we don't do all we can to meet the emergency? The first step to meet it is to have a plan and an organization ready to carry it out. Can't we have it?

After a fortnight Admiral Benson requested Captain Laning and other subordinates to present plans. On March 13, as he admits on the very defective information then possessed by the Department, Captain Laning presented his plan. It was a reasonable defensive plan based on the facts of submarine warfare. It would have afforded a basis immediately for economical action and could readily have been modified to meet the unanticipated need of an offensive in foreign waters. Such was Admiral Benson's judgment when with slight modifications he approved the Laning plan and laid it before Secretary Daniels, who disapproved it. Thus the Navy worried along without a plan.

About the middle of April Admiral Sims sent the Department from London the fullest information about the appalling submarine sinkings. It was a reasonable estimate, as things were going, that England would be starved out in a matter of five months. Accordingly Admiral Sims proposed the first plan based on knowledge of the actual military situation. All shipping for England and the theatre of war had to pass near southern Ireland. There the sinkings were most serious. Accordingly he recommended that all suitable light craft should be sent over for aggressive operations in this critical area. Within a week Washington offered him six destroyers. In despair he appealed, on April 27, to Ambassador Page, through whose representations he received, after the middle of July, thirty-two destroyers that rendered the first naval aid to the Allies.

Here Captain Laning's testimony affords an edifying bit of chronology. In the face of the fact that most of our destroyers might have to go to Ireland, the Navy estimates went to Congress without any considerable appropriation for anti-submarine craft. Captain Laning called Secretary Daniels's attention to this grave defect, and requested an emergency appropriation of $250,000,000 to cover the case. It was a moment when Congress would have given the Navy whatever it asked. Secretary Daniels declined to transmit the request to Congress. The result was that the contracts for the new destroyers were not placed until we had been six months at war.

The layman should not need to be told of the necessity of an operating plan. Until the Navy knew what ships were to be made ready, where they were going, what service was expected of them, it could not make the necessary calculations for personnel, ordnance, and supply. The result was a scramble of all the navy bureaus to achieve a maximum programme and not be caught short. In time and money it was a terribly wasteful process, but it was the only one Mr. Daniels left open. Thus the Navy staff overrode law and regulations, competed with each other and with the army, disregarded the Secretary, and heroically bungled through to a belated success.

The testimony abounds in delicious bits about the methods of ignoring Mr. Daniels. He frequently ordered recruiting stopped. Of course we went ahead. We needed the men, Admiral Palmer testified. The Secretary refused authority for training stations, and such magnificent organizations as Pelham and Great Lakes arose almost surreptitiously. His incompetence had the saving grace of amiability. He didn't mind being ignored. Often he was unaware of what was going on without his authority, and whenever he saw any unauthorized effort going well he gracefully took the credit for it. His head never grasped his job, his restlessness hindered others from doing it for him effectively, but his heart was in the right place.

On July 19, 1917, three months after the war began, the Navy at length transmitted a general plan to Admiral Sims.

Into the failure of the Navy Department to give loyal support to Admiral Sims we need not go elaborately. The facts as brought out by the correspondence amply bear out the charges. They refused him a staff for months and then sent him an inadequate one; they declined to let him give provisional ensignships to willing and competent Americans abroad. They diminished his prestige with his own force by withholding the usual right of promotion. They negotiated over his head with the French and British Admiralties. They failed to inform him of additions to his fleet. They interfered with his local tactical dispositions. It is a discreditable chapter, due mostly to blundering. From day to day Washington hardly knew its own mind. Yet Admiral Sims is right in insisting that their attitude of distrust was such that their only correct course was to have removed him. He had at once the chagrin and the relief of seeing Admiral Rodman come over in the autumn of 1917 to check him up. Admiral Rodman reported just what Admiral Sims had been reporting for six months. Washington believed Admiral Rodman, and decided to act as if the Navy were at war, and things began to go well. Admiral Sims's strategy was adopted in its essentials. He had at least the inner rewards of him who endureth.

S. P.

The Bolsheviks' Horn of Plenty

ALTHOUGH Bolshevist propaganda in this country is persistent and carefully coördinated, and its volume is very great, there is little of it that may be regarded as deserving rebuttal. In fact, to undertake to answer it would only be to dignify it unduly and give it unmerited attention. But occasionally there appears an article which is so cunningly contrived and so prominently placed as to carry weight in the business community and which, therefore, can not be allowed to pass unnoticed. Such an article is that which appeared in the *Nation* of April 10 under the title of "Our Future Trade with Russia," written by Mr. Albert Coyle, who is described as a prisoner taken by the Soviet army last summer from the American forces on the Archangel front, and to whom is ascribed a knowledge of the Russian language which "opened many interesting doors."

The general thesis of Mr. Coyle's article does not differ greatly from the view held by economists everywhere. Russia has a vast reserve of undeveloped natural resources both in foodstuffs and in raw materials. Reconstruction in Europe is dependent upon the development and exportation of these resources. For this development and exportation, the rehabilitation of Russian railways is prerequisite. So far there is no dispute. But when Mr. Coyle develops his thesis and draws the conclusion that these desirable results can be obtained by recognizing the Soviet Government and opening up immediate trade relations, he furnishes data and follows a line of reasoning that display either ignorance or dishonesty.

In introducing his subject, he calls attention to the strain under which the Soviet Government has been laboring during the past two years and then marvels that it has emerged victorious, "actually stronger economically than at the outset, and immediately prepared to conduct commerce with the rest of the world." If Mr. Coyle would take the trouble to consult the files of the official journals published by the Soviet Government during the past few months, he would learn that they frankly admit, first, that, economically, owing to nonproduction, Russia is on the verge of a complete collapse and in infinitely worse condition than in November, 1917; and secondly, that the Soviet Government is not "immediately prepared to conduct commerce with the rest of the world." Reference to later paragraphs in Mr. Coyle's own article corroborates this.

Calling attention to the "iron regimen" of the Soviet Government—and "iron" is a very mild appellation for it—he points to its two results: "(1) The amassing of large stocks of foods and raw materials which could not be transported for consumption or utilized for manufacture; and (2) the creation of the greatest vacuum of consumers' wants that the civilized world has ever known." The first of these two statements is simply not true. Large stocks of foodstuffs have not been amassed, because the peasants in the regions occupied by the Bolsheviks have ceased to cultivate more land than was necessary to provide for their own needs and have carefully concealed their small stocks against Soviet requisition. The regions in question are for the most part those which normally import a portion of their foodstuffs from the more fertile black land region. It is ludicrous for the Soviet authorities, on the one hand, to claim that large stocks of foodstuffs have been amassed and, at the same time, complain bitterly of the starvation of the cities. The harvest of last summer was indeed a fine one, and the southern regions, then in control of Denikin, produced a surplus which competent observers estimated at 3,000,000 tons.* These regions have now fallen into the hands of the Bolsheviks and in all probability the peasants have succeeded in concealing their grain so well that little will inure to the benefit of the Soviet authorities.

Mr. Coyle's second conclusion as to Russia now being the "greatest vacuum of consumers' wants that the civilized world has ever known" is one of the very few true statements in the article.

Following his introduction, Mr. Coyle sets forth an array of statistical material calculated to deceive the public into believing that he is giving a scientific basis for his argument. His data, however, strongly suggest the familiar style of the stock-selling prospectuses of "get-rich-quick" concerns, and his figures will not bear analysis. So, for example, he states that the largest coal field in the world is the Kuznetsk in Siberia, whereas the explorations made there are not sufficient to determine anything of the kind; but even if it were, it is so distant as to have no influence upon European Russia. Certainly it will furnish no coal for export. The Donetz basin in South Russia is, to be sure, the largest coal field in Europe, and in it is found a very considerable proportion of anthracite. In the future this field may be developed to export coal to Europe, but it is interesting to read what Mr. Coyle writes with reference to present conditions. He states that during the first few months of 1919, 4,000,000 poods of anthracite had already been mined from the Donetz basin. 4,000,000 poods means only about 73,000 tons, not an important production for several months in the largest coal field in Europe. The fact is that under the first Revolution, owing to labor troubles and sporadic attempts at workingmen's control, the production fell greatly below the normal of about 2,250,000 tons per month.† But the real ruin of the Donetz production followed the assumption of power by the Bolshevik régime; it is this that explains the production for the first few months of 1919 to which Mr. Coyle refers. When the Volunteer Army under Denikin recovered the Donetz coal basin, production was immediately increased to more than ten times the Soviet production, so as to

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*See Report on Economic Situation in South Russia, by B. Ivanov, to the Russian Council of Trade and Industry, London, December 2, 1919.

†The 1914 coal production in the Donetz Basin was 1,683,800,000 poods, or about 30,000,000 tons. Annual of Ministry of Finances, 1915, page 503.

take care of railway and local needs, and this would have been still further increased had transportation facilities been available for its export. The statements of Mr. Coyle concerning the Moscow coal basin, peat, and schist beds are still more ludicrous. He mentions that the Moscow coal basin last year produced 38,000,000 poods of bituminous coal. Translated into English, this means 700,000 tons, but there is practically no bituminous coal in the Moscow region. The coal there is lignite, or brown coal, which is of very inferior value as a fuel and can only be used in connection with higher grades.‡ The million tons of peat produced, together with this lignite, was so unsatisfactory that the factories stopped for want of fuel and the people of Moscow suffered terribly from the cold last winter. His report that the discovery of immense schist beds in Samara and Simbirsk regions *has opened up* an important supply of fuel and tar products suggests particularly the prospectus of the "get-rich-quick" promoter. There are, to be sure, some oil-bearing schists in the neighborhood of the Volga. They have been known for years, and it may be possible that some day in the future a means will be found for extracting the oil from them at a cost that will make it a commercial enterprise. Just now, however, the geological report concerning them was resurrected from the archives for propaganda purposes.

Space is lacking to take up in detail Mr. Coyle's other statistical misinformation, and this analysis of the fuel situation must suffice to show his general method. But attention must be called briefly to his report on textiles, because upon this he bases the conclusion that the Soviet Government has in its possession materials to exchange for foreign goods. He states that the report of the Supreme Economic Council shows that the Turkestan cotton crop this year is 5,000,000 poods (365,000 bales). It may be. The normal production was more than four times this amount and, at that, provided but two-thirds of Russia's own consumption, the remainder being imported from abroad.§ He then says: "Flax *increased* to 4,000,000 poods, which, including reserves, makes a total of 5,500,000 poods, about half of which will be utilized by Russian industry and the balance held for export." The flax production of Russia in 1913 was 32,455,500 poods,‖ so that the "increase" to 4,000,000 poods is remarkable. In 1913 the domestic consumption was about one-half of this, or 16,000,000 poods.** It will be interesting to find out how Mr. Coyle arrives at the deduction that one-half of 5,500,000 poods will suffice for Russia's needs and permit the balance to be exported. The 2,750,000 poods indicated (50,000 tons) would make but a small impression in the foreign market, but even in regard to this Mr. Coyle is overoptimistic—to put it mildly. If he had read the Petrograd *Izvestia,* the official Soviet journal, for January 13, 1920, he would have found the following statistics in regard to amounts of flax and their location:

District.	*Soviet Warehouses.*	*Coöperatives.*
Vologda	31,416	89,081
Kostroma-Yaroslav	148,972	92,727
Bezhetsky	401,408	707,432
Rzhev	213,514	569,868
Vladimir-N. Novgorod	67,038	6,936
Smolensk	205,279	595,775
Staroruss	107,670	215,540
Vitebsk	45,827	13,734
Total	1,221,124	2,291,093

By their own showing, then, the Soviet Government and the Soviet Controlled Coöperatives have but 3,500,000 poods of flax, and that is scattered all over Russia.

The subject of textiles should not be passed without calling attention to another egregious error. He says: "In order to clothe the army, these [textile] mills have had to be kept in operation, several of the largest still being under the able superintendence of the English spinners who directed them before the Revolution." The truth is that these mills have not been kept in operation and that the attempt of the Soviet Government to nationalize them and operate them under a central administration resulted in closing down practically all of them a year ago. As to the "able superintendence of the English spinners," I can quote to him a cablegram received last week from Mr. B., formerly proprietor of a mill of 100,000 spindles, who has just escaped into Finland. He wires: "Plant perfect order. Liquid assets squandered. Spindles stopped year ago."

So much for Mr. Coyle's statistical data. Let us turn to some of his generalizations and conclusions. He calls attention to the fact that the American businessman has not been blind to the value of Russian commerce, but that there have been "good and sufficient reasons why he has permitted Germany and Britain to corner approximately two-thirds of Russia's import and export trade." These good and sufficient reasons he finds to be, first, the "various import duties to provide sufficient crown revenues"; secondly, that German and British firms had cornered many of the most lucrative markets in such a way "that the American found himself facing a closed game preserve"; and thirdly, that American firms were also at a great disadvantage because of their inability to secure competent representatives who knew the Russians and their language. As to the first point, Mr. Coyle needlessly goes out of his way to play upon popular prejudice. The tariff duties imposed under the ministries of Vishnegradsky and Witte were not to provide crown revenues and were never so disposed. They were imposed as a part of the protectionist programme designed to stimulate Russian domestic production. As to his second point, it has only to be explained that the reason why the Germans succeeded in the Russian market was not because of special privilege or by possessing "a closed game preserve." It was simply because the Germans studied the markets, acquainted themselves with the Russian needs, and met these needs in an intelligent and energetic manner. British trade was largely confined to exporting coal to Russia and importing certain raw materials. It had little to do with manufactured articles. His third point is unfortunately true.

He then goes on to state that the Revolution has suddenly swept away all of these barriers, and that, since foreign trade is now a monopoly of the state, all tariffs are illogical and unnecessary. Furthermore, "since the state now owns all sources of natural wealth, foreign concerns have lost their corner on certain valuable markets and commodities." Evidently when he wrote this sentence he overlooked the fact that, a few paragraphs before, he had quoted the words of Chicherin to the effect that the Soviet Government was ready to grant concessions and permit foreign capital to exploit the mines and forests of Russia. Mr. Coyle is firmly of the opinion—at least he says so—that if the Soviet Government is recognized, trade can begin at once. In his words "there is only one country which can *immediately* exchange with us value for value. And that country is Russia." But a little further on in his article, he slips into the contradictory statement, "we must not forget that Russia's export commodities are not now in storage at ports of clearance. In many cases their sources are several thousand miles inland and they could *not be immediately* transported in large quantities." To meet this contingency he recommends the extension of a short-term credit to the Soviet Government "to enable it to utilize our first shipments of rolling stock for the collection and transportation of goods it wishes to exchange with us." Considering that the Soviet authorities have repudiated the foreign debt of Russia, and that includes $187,000,000 lent by our Government, to say nothing of the millions of Russian Government obligations held by private citi-

‡Cf. Russian Year Book, 1915; p. 194. Also B. Ivanov, Report, previously cited.

§Russian cotton crop of season 1915-16 was 20,600,000 poods, or 1,487,000 bales. In season 1914-15 Russia produced 1,242,000 bales and imported 528,000 bales. Van der Muhlen, *Cotton Industry of Russia.*

‖*National Economy*, 1914, page 112. Published by Ministry of Finances.

**Amount of flax exported in 1913, 16,632,000 poods (about 275,000 tons). Annual of Ministry of Finances, 1915, page 553.

zens in America, this proposal to extend a short-term credit to a defaulting creditor shows charming naïveté. One wonders what the frugal French peasants, who lent their hard-earned savings to the Russian Government to build the Trans-Siberian and other railroads, would think about it.

A further conclusion of Mr. Coyle is that "if we immediately send Russia sufficient farm machinery, we shall not only facilitate the collection of the July harvest in the Southern black soil belt, but also enhance the Northern yield in September and October." Considering the length of time required to manufacture and transport this agricultural machinery to Russian ports, Mr. Coyle's estimate shows a childlike optimism; but when one also realizes that even if the machinery reached Russian ports this summer, it could not be transported to the interior and distributed until the railway system had been rehabilitated, the absurdity is still more manifest. Even here we have another statement of Mr. Coyle's in corroboration, for, speaking of the textile industry, he says, "yet, due to lack of transportation, new garments in the provinces are practically unknown outside of the army." The transportation of Russia will not suffice to carry garments, and yet he proposes to distribute agricultural machinery throughout the country!

Is any further comment on the *Nation's* much advertised "authoritative" article necessary? Making every allowance for the Bolshevist sympathies of that journal, I can not believe that its staff is so devoid of intelligence that the patent contradictions and misstatements in the article could have escaped their attention. Since the public is likely to be gravely misled, will not Walter Lippman and Upton Sinclair, guardians of newspaper truth, please take notice?

JEROME LANDFIELD

Correspondence

Reactions to Mr. Beck's Letter

Major Putnam Objects

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the *Review* for April 10 you have brought into print a letter from Mr. James M. Beck, in which he makes protest in regard to certain criticisms, in your editorial "The Wreck of the Treaty," of the action of Senator Lodge. It is Mr. Beck's opinion that this criticism is without justification.

During the years after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Mr. Beck rendered loyal and patriotic service, in coöperation with the citizens who constituted the American Rights League and others, in arousing the righteous purpose of the country in order that America might do its duty in the world's war. Mr. Beck held with us that America was shamefully late in coming into the war, and that this delay of two years or more in our war action, and a further delay of more than twelve months, due to our lack of intelligent preparedness, after the decision for war had been arrived at, in beginning the coöperation of America, brought upon Europe and upon America itself a serious risk of domination by Prussian imperialism.

At the time of the discussion in regard to America's coöperation in the war, Mr. Beck was prepared to recognize that America *had* a duty to perform as a member of the family of nations, in helping in the fight to maintain civilization and to protect national liberties and representative government on both sides of the Atlantic. He was doubtless ready also to recognize that such action was not only a duty but constituted a vital interest for the Republic. It is difficult to understand why he and his group should not realize that a similar duty rests upon the Republic in regard to coöperation with our late Allies for assuring the peace of Europe and of the world.

The responsibility for the shameful delay in taking our part in the organization of the world for peace rests with Senator Lodge and his associates.

Mr. Beck himself appears to be of opinion that the present situation of America is unsatisfactory, not to say humiliating. Having made great sacrifices in the war and rendered enormous service to Europe and the world, America is now without a friend among the non-aggressive states of the world.

The President's management of the treaty *has* been ill-advised in the extreme. He ought, of course, to have taken with him to Paris representatives of the Republican Party to be selected by the leaders of the party. If men like Senator Root, Mr. Taft, and Senator Lodge himself had been asked to coöperate in the framing of the treaty in Paris, the compact would have come to this country not as a Democratic measure, but as a national decision. The blame for the rejection of the treaty, an action which leaves the United States outside of the civilized world, rests, however, with Lodge and his Republican associates. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, as made up under Republican direction, included a group of bitter opponents of the League, men who had opposed America's action in the war. It is difficult to see the justice of praising the leadership of Senator Lodge when the result of this leadership has been to allow the action of the Senate and the policy of the country to be determined by a group of fourteen or fifteen obstructionists led by such a "statesman" as Senator Reed, of Missouri.

The treaty as presented to the Senate is not Mr. Wilson's treaty, although Lodge and his associates have so described it. The difficulty with Lodge's leadership is that he has made the issue a personal matter between himself and Mr. Wilson. He said frankly: "I am fighting Mr. Wilson." The wise and proper action of the United States has been interfered with, and civilization itself has been blocked because of the self-sufficiency of two men, President Wilson and Senator Lodge.

The treaty, however, as presented to the Senate, is a message from Europe. Mr. Wilson has simply acted as a messenger in bringing the document with him from Paris. No single state concerned has found itself satisfied with the provisions of this treaty, but all the states, excepting only the United States, have been ready to sacrifice their own personal preferences rather than not to see some compact or agreement put into shape. Several of these states are accepting, in coming into the League, risks and burdens much greater than any that could come upon the United States, the strongest and richest nation in the world. If each of the other Allies had undertaken to nationalize the agreement as the United States Senate considered it essential to Americanize, and even to Hibernianize, the agreement, there would, of course, have been no possibility of arriving at any conclusion at all: the debates would have gone on indefinitely. The opponents of the treaty include not a few patriotic citizens like Mr. Beck whose apprehensions and criticisms bring very keenly to memory the protests and arguments of the opponents of the Constitution in the great debates of 1787-89. The opponents of the League include also, however, practically all of the groups which opposed America's action in the war. Mr. Hearst, with the influence of his chain of newspapers, the pro-Germans, the pacifists under the direction of papers like the *Nation* and the *New Republic*, the men who contended that "America had no duties in Europe" and who look upon the world from what may be called a "district" point of view, men of whom Senator Reed is a type, the Socialists and the I. W. W. —all these are opponents of the League, and it can hardly be satisfactory to a patriotic citizen like Mr. Beck to find these men in accord with his position and with the purpose of Senator Lodge.

The letter that a month or two back

came to us from Lord Grey was pathetic in its appeal. The demand for help was as urgent as that brought by Mr. Balfour in the spring of 1917. England can not carry alone the burden of adjusting the problems of Europe. She needs, and has a right to depend upon, the coöperation of the United States. Lord Grey said in substance: We do not think it worth while to question the changes proposed in the treaty. We will put to one side the discourtesy and lack of confidence shown in these reservations. The essential thing is to get now the help that is needed and to have America do its part in helping to adjust the problems of the world.

We Americans should recognize that this is not only a duty, but an essential interest for the Republic. The action that will enable this duty to be performed and these interests to be protected has been blocked, as said, because of the President's bad management and self-sufficiency and because Senator Lodge and his associates have persisted in making the issue personal and partisan. We can not accept the view that leadership of this kind is wise or patriotic, or that it gives any evidence whatsoever of intelligent, or even decent statesmanship.

GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

New York, April 15

A Rap for "The Review"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

If you will permit me to speak plainly, I would say that Mr. Beck has afforded the *Review* opportunity to see itself as others see it. All the way through the matter of the "League of Nations" the *Review* has been less good than it should have been. It should have seen that there were three different grounds it might have taken: that the League should be adopted—and shown the reasons; that the League should not be adopted—and shown the reasons; or that the welfare of our Government as a political structure demanded some of the things proposed and could not admit of others—and made them clear. But the *Review* was not definite and clear in the matter in any large conception of it, and consequently failed to rise to its opportunity.

C. D. HIGBY

Erie, Pa., April 14

Thanks to Senator Lodge

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

On subscribing for the *Review*, I took occasion to congratulate myself and your other readers upon the existence, character, and purpose of such a paper. You kindly assured me in reply that you would be glad to hear from me at any time.

I can at least express the great satisfaction which I take in the *Review* when I wish to add one to those "whom no man can number" in dissent from your estimate of Senator Lodge and his service for our nation. I am confident that Mr. James M. Beck expresses the grateful convictions of the great majority of your readers and of the whole people.

I write this because it is a gratification to express a personal appreciation of this eminent statesman and his success in keeping us out of a disastrous national entanglement—while it gives me opportunity to say how much I like the *Review*.

A. F. BEARD

New York, April 11

As to American Independence

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Mr. Beck's letter in defense of Senator Lodge was much appreciated in large part by many. But what some of us would like to know is wherein the late victory of the Senate over the President resulted in "saving the independence of America." We can not see that either England, France, or Italy has sacrificed its independence or its national sovereignty by entering the League, and certainly what is freedom enough for those nations which stood so much more of the brunt of the war than we did should be freedom enough for us. And what some of us are far more concerned about than the question of our independence or our rights, important as this may be, is the question of our *inter*dependence and our obligations to civilization. We dislike to think of ourselves as too good or "too proud" to soil our hands with "purely European questions," for in these days there are no purely European questions. Whatever is vital to civilization or to the peace of the world is our concern, and many of us are considerably ashamed of the stand which our once honored country seems to be taking in the face of to-day's world-unrest.

JARED S. MOORE

Western Reserve University,
Cleveland, Ohio, April 14

The Newberry Trial

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The scant comment of the New York press, with one or two trenchant exceptions, on the Newberry conviction is ominous when it is recalled that a jury in the Federal Court found him guilty, together with a score or more of his party adherents, of conspiracy against the Corrupt Practices Act.

The testimony at the trial, which lasted many weeks, showed a vast outlay of money in every conceivable way, from subsidizing the press to giving gasoline, unasked, to ministers of rural churches—proof of attempted bribery so rank as to excite feelings of disgust in the mind of the unpartisan citizen.

That Ford employed the same tactics during the campaign is no excuse; on the contrary, it doubles the offense against the law and public decency.

To make the affair even more sinister, Newberry's manager (jointly convicted) issued and published a statement, as soon as the verdict was rendered, in which he defied the judge and public prosecutor, and flouted the law under which the conviction was had.

Have Goldman, Berkman, or other "Reds," deported or undeported, ever uttered more seditious words or done anything more calculated to bring the administration of justice into contempt?

W. E. V.

Princeton, N. J., March 25.

Wild Life Preservation

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I strongly endorse every word of your editorial of April 17, on "The Preservation of Wild Life." Your proposal for a national commission on ways and means is a great idea, and I hope that I shall live to see it carried into effect, on an ideal basis. Whenever the 5,000,000 sportsmen and hunters of America can be made to realize the fact that their own sport is on the toboggan slide and going straight to Oblivion, they will want just such a saving factor as you propose.

The present destruction of game, through absurd hunting licenses, wicked bag limits, and (some) criminal open seasons, I regard with great alarm and anxiety. In a short time my views will be in type, and ready for distribution. I believe that the game shooters of America now must cut down their killings by 50 per cent, or they will exterminate their own game and sport. Will they do this before it is too late?

A national commission, as broad and as well grounded as you propose, could serve a host of admirable purposes—provided the States would pay heed to its warnings and advice. Perhaps some day it will represent the last call to the exterminators to "Beware!" and "Put on the brakes!" Naturally, the Commission should consist of fearless experts, and be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion. Its members should be as Theodore Roosevelt was—never afraid, and seldom cautious. If it could not make up its mind to act with all the boldness that emergencies demand, then it should not be born. If it would hew to the line, "cry aloud, and spare not," then the friends of wild life should prepare for it a rousing welcome; for on that basis it is sorely needed at this critical hour.

WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

New York, April 18

The Anglo-Persian Treaty

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The probability of Great Britain's making a protectorate of Persia through the instrumentality of this treaty has been frequently mentioned in the press and diplomatic circles. The fact that it was negotiated while the Peace Conference was discussing "the real blessings and permanent advantages of concord between the nations," which was to guarantee forever the "political independence and territorial integrity of great and small nations alike," has aroused displeasure not only in Persia, but in America and France and in England as well.

Positive denial is made by Lord Curzon with regard to having a protectorate over Persia, but the fact is that this treaty, although recognizing the independence of Persia, takes away by its terms all of her independent rights and robs her of her sovereignty. This opinion is frankly admitted by the Paris *Temps* which, in commenting upon this question, says "Since Persia promises to confide its army only to British officers and its finances only to British specialists, it has no longer force or resources to exercise its sovereignty."

In view of these realities, this treaty appears, therefore, of sufficient importance to quote here its full contents.

On August 9, 1919, the following treaty was signed by the Persian Government and His Britannic Majesty's Minister at Teheran:

It is hereby agreed between the Persian Government on the one hand and His Britannic Majesty's Minister acting on behalf of his Government, on the other hand, as follows:

1. The British Government reiterates in the most categorical manner the undertakings which they have repeatedly given in the past to respect absolutely the independence and integrity of Persia.

2. The British Government will supply, at the cost of the Persian Government, the services of whatever expert advisers may, after a consultation between the two Governments, be considered necessary for the several departments of the Persian administration. These advisers shall be engaged on contracts and endowed with adequate powers, the nature of which shall be a matter of agreement between the Persian Government and the advisers.

3. The British Government will supply, at the cost of the Persian Government, such officers and such munitions and equipment of modern type as may be adjudged necessary by a joint commission of military experts, British and Persian, which shall be assembled forthwith for the purpose of estimating the needs of Persia in respect to the formation of the uniform force which the Persian Government purposes to create for the establishment and preservation of order in the country and its frontiers.

4. For the purpose of financing the reforms indicated in clauses two and three of this agreement, the British Government offers to provide or arrange a substantial loan for the Government of Persia for which adequate security shall be sought by the two Governments in consultation, in the revenues of the customs, or other sources of income at the disposal of the Persian Government. Pending completion of negotiations for such a loan, the British Government will supply on account of it such funds as may be needed for initiating the salient features of reforms.

5. The British Government, fully recognizing the urgent need which exists for the improvement of communications in Persia, both with a view to the extension of trade and the prevention of famine, is required to coöperate with the Persian Government for the encouragement of Anglo-Persian forms of transport; subject always to the examination of the problem by experts and to agreement between the two Governments as to the particular projects which may be most necessary, practicable and profitable.

6. The two Governments agree to the appointment forthwith of a joint committee of experts for the examination and revision of the existing customs tariff with a view to its reconstruction on a basis calculated to accord with the legitimate interests of the country and to promote its prosperity.

Primarily, this treaty is claimed to be unconstitutional and legally of no effect from the Persian point of view, as it was concluded at a moment when there was no parliament* (Mejliss) to ratify it. Secondly, it was negotiated at the time when the British troops were in possession of the Persian territory. Thirdly and finally, the present Persian Cabinet is not, constitutionally speaking, recognized by the Persian people. Their appointment, in order to be effective, must be confirmed by the Persian Parliament. This Cabinet has not as yet been presented by the Shah to the Mejliss, and the fact that the majority of the Cabinet members are devout adherents of the old pre-constitutional régime of Persia and subject to backshish makes them not only unpopular but extremely suspicious. According to the information, which is believed to be quite accurate, the present Persian Cabinet not only disregards constitutional powers and limitations, but, since its term of office, has exiled, merely on account of disagreeing with their views, over sixty former ministers and members of the Mejliss. Among this list there are the names of Mohtashemas Saltaneh, several times member of the Foreign and the Finance Department; Mamtazol Molk (Gen. Mortza Khan), ex-minister of Persia to the United States, and ex-Minister of Education at the time of his exile; Mamtazol Dovel, ex-president of Mejliss; Mostashor-ed-Dovleh, ex-Minister of the Interior. It is thus seen that the Persian troubles are not from without but from within. All the blame rests on the dishonest and unreliable government officials whose business is in giving or receiving backshish, and deceiving the Persian people.

As for the material help that Persia can obtain from England at the present time, there seems to be a great deal of pessimism. Some people believe that it will take Great Britain many decades before she can recoup herself financially from the effects of the Great War, and in advancing money to Persia just now she must have a motive in view. It is said that England will advance annually, at seven per cent. interest, 2,000,000 pounds for a period of twenty years, and, as a guarantee for the payment of this loan, Persia will pledge all her revenue and customs receipts. That Persia does not get sufficient consideration to warrant her in making this treaty is to say the least. In fact, England with only 2,000,000 pounds obtains control of a country with an area of 638,000 square miles, an empire more than twice the size of the State of Texas.

In view of what has happened in Persia in the past with regard to that famous tobacco concession of 1890, which caused the assassination of Nasred-Din Shah in 1896 for selling this important product of Persia to the British capitalists for money to be used for his own pleasures, and in view of that Anglo-Russian Agreement of 1907, which divided Persia between Russia and England under the terms of "Spheres of influence" and "Specific penetrations," which was the cause of the Persian uprising, what assurance, it may be asked, can there be that the same course of procedure will not take place with reference to this new treaty if it is put in operation? There is only one thing to prevent it, and that is the revolution.

The seriousness of such a cataclysm can hardly be overestimated. An uprising in Persia against the British rule would spread like fire in India and Egypt. It would have a sweeping effect upon millions of inhabitants in these countries. As the English hold in these lands is no firmer than the walls of Jericho, a strong revolutionary wind can shake it flat to the earth. Persia has always found much sympathy in India, not only on the ground of close ethnic relations, but on account of cogent religious ties (both being the Shies and followers of Mohammed). A revolutionary movement would, therefore, be effectively supported by the Shies and welcomed by the Sunnies.‡

On the other hand, it must be remembered that the safety of the world depends on the English-speaking people, therefore a strong English rule with the coöperation of the United States will undoubtedly secure the natural rights of the Persians, and it will much improve the condition of the peasant and the fellah who are now in a miserable plight.

YOUEL B. MIRZA

Washington, D. C., April 15

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*Art. 24 of the Persian Constitution states that "Treaties, Conventions, the Granting of Concessions or Monopolies, either commercial, industrial or agricultural, whether the other party be a native or a foreigner, can only be done with the approval of the National Assembly or Parliament.

†Cf. Gibbon's "The New Map of Asia," p. 277.

‡The number of Mohammedans is variously estimated at from three hundred fifty to four hundred million. They are divided into several branches and sub-branches, but the Sunnies and Shies are the greatest of all Islamic political parties. Persians and Mohammedans of India are Shies.

Book Reviews

"The Real Nature of Man"

Education During Adolescence. By Ransom A. Mackie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE bibliography of some two hundred and sixty numbers appended to this book confirms the reviewer's conviction that the recent German and American literature of education is a new scholasticism, no less tautologous in its supererogatory verbosity than the old—and much less logical and more futile, its divagations being controlled by nothing so definite and coherent as the basic study of Aristotle.

Mr. Mackie is a fervent disciple of President Stanley Hall and composes his book for the greater glory of that "focus of international interest and admiration," who sets the seal of official approval upon his own apotheosis in a commendatory introduction. A medley of extracts and résumés taken from the writings of President Hall himself and of lesser contributors to the pedagogical seminary floats on a turbid stream of denunciation of "the stone wall of conservatism" and the older culture with its supposed shibboleths of exclusive classics and mathematics and discipline for discipline's sake. The new era for which this older education will no longer suffice is to introduce a psychogenetic pedagogy based on the psychology of adolescence which will ask as the genetic psychologists have long been doing, "what is the real nature of man," and proceed to "reëvaluate everything in terms of man's innate capacities and spontaneities." From this revolution will come, among other things, the practical suppression of Latin, which "cripples the vernacular," the reading of magazines and such books as Ellwood's "Sociology and Modern Social Problems" instead of the English classics, and the substitution of the "crispy, staccato, lingua franca of youth" for "the language and style of Burke, Macaulay and Addison which would not be tolerated in Congress."

Iteration is the method employed to drive home these saving truths. On few pages are we allowed to forget that education must study the needs and nature of the child, not the logic of the subject, that it is preparation for life, not preparation for college, that adolescence is effervescence and abhors precision, that it is indispensable to "vitalize" the school and "socialize" the recitation. The polemic against Latin is as incessant as it is in the class rooms of the schools of education. Herbert Spencer's elementary arguments are reproduced with the elegant variations and the dainty metaphors of Professor Alexander Chamberlain, and with no hint of the considerations by which they must be qualified or of the literature in which they have been answered. The invidious appeal to the high school to revolt against the tyrannous domination of collegiate prescription is reiterated with utter disregard of the actual facts of the present situation. And neither President Hall nor his disciple feels any scruple in presenting the problem of "disciplinary values" in its crudest and most question-begging form with no warning to the reader of the extent to which all psychologists who respect their reputations have "hedged" in the matter by liberal concessions to the teachings of plain common sense and experience.

Education, as in other books of this class, is taken in the lump. The occasional perfunctory recognition of different kinds of education is sustained by no effective, continuous discrimination of the various types, grades, and economic social or cultural subdivisions of education in the concrete. It is just education. The new education is to be primarily and predominantly vocational. Some leisure may remain for more general and cultural studies, provided that they are modern, social, and, above all, inexact. The studies that may be prescribed or approved for all students are contemporary English, carefully guarded from all contamination by English classics or confusing Latin etymologies, sociology or civics, and history, studied by the problem method and in the socialized class room. By the problem method in economics pupils "can analyze expenditures of their own families" and "formulate the expenditure of fifteen hundred dollars a year for a family containing four children." Applied to history the problem method (in defiance of Quintilian and Mr. Trevelyan's "Clio, a Muse") casts everything in the form of a proposition to be proved. "Prove that the time from 1783 to 1789 was 'the critical period' in American history." "Prove that the Renaissance was a period of tremendous change in Europe." "We devoted eight days to this problem." "In the third lesson we proved that there was a revival of architecture in the Renaissance." Though the new psychology has exploded the superstition that there is any disciplinary value or mental training in classics and mathematics, it appears that it is otherwise with history taught in this fashion. "It supplies a kind of intellectual training that can be secured in but few other ways." It even apparently reinstates the discredited "faculty psychology," since it "enlarges the student's mind, cultivates his perception, stimulates his memory, and trains his judgment."

Such unvocational study of literature, sociology, and history can do no harm if redeemed in the socialized class room from the tyranny of pedantic dictation from above and the superstitious accuracy which is the vice of the classicist. President Hall's experience as a writer has convinced him in his own immortal apophthegm that "accuracy atrophies." If he had delayed to verify his references and correct his own or his typewriter's spelling of the queer words which his desultory reading and his Germanized culture deposited in his notebooks, the stream of inspiration might have dried up before those mighty reservoirs "Adolescence," "Jesus the Christ," and "Educational Problems," were filled. In his own words, again, "the school-bred habit of accurate and painstaking familiarity with a few things such as professors of literature inculcate . . . would greatly slow down my pace and cool my ardor." His study of the adolescent mind has convinced him that adolescence is naturally expansive and recalcitrant to the restraints of accuracy. And the fosterings of this salutary defense-reaction in the youth of American high schools is the first task of a reformed and psycho-genetic education that spurns the yoke of Latin and mathematics. It is perhaps in unconscious subservience to this aim that these pages still retain a few of the gems that so profusely adorn President Hall's own more ambitious work. The "*consensus* of opinion" may serve once more to illustrate the uselessness of Latin. A "floating plankton" may remind the reader that, as Xenophon said of Socrates, though the master regarded such knowledge as useless, he was not himself unacquainted with it. And the defiant repetition of the statement that Plato "reproached" Aristotle as a reader shows how little the true philosopher is to be awed from the career of his humor by the carping cavils of a classicist.

There are, of course, some good ideas in the book and much praise of things that in due place and proportion are praiseworthy. The "socialized recitation," for example, may be a helpful device if regarded only as a corrective of the kind of teaching, if it still survives, that calls for a verbatim recitation of paragraph 3 on page 50 of the history or the grammar. But every teacher who, in Rooseveltian phrase, is worth his salt, knows that without intelligent direction and the check of peremptory closure, class-room discussion rapidly degenerates into the time-wasting triviality of the experience meeting. Even Plotinus found this out when he socialized the discussion of Platonic love in his class room.

Good or plausible ideas are as plentiful as blackberries. No one who takes notes in a library can miss them. And nothing is easier than to praise idealism, modernism, reform, "life," and "vitalization" in the abstract, and denounce in general terms pedantry, prescription, and

conservatism. It is the work of intelligence to coördinate, harmonize, relate, and adjust conflicting ideas and ideals, and to praise and censure educational methods and practices with nice discrimination of time, place, measure, and purpose. I find nothing of that kind of reasoning in this book, and little in the literature of which it is a sample.

If this be thought a harsh and illiberal judgment, I will apologize when anyone points out in the book any ideas that are at once new, true, and significant; any truths that are not either truisms or irresponsible exaggerations of partial aspects of truth; any considerable sequence of coherent argument or discussion that takes due account of exceptions and qualifications, or does even-balanced justice to the consideration of every side of the question. Meanwhile, the author and President Stanley Hall may cheer themselves by the reflection that one dissentient review will do little harm. The book will doubtless be welcomed as a "contribution to educational science" by the spokesmen of the large and, I sometimes fear, growing public that flocks to the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge, that subscribes to the memory-training course of the gentleman who remembers the names and the telephone numbers of the Rotary Club of Seattle, and is not offended by full-page advertisements of Pelmanism from the pen of one who but a few years ago was the official guide of American patriotic opinion.

PAUL SHOREY

America Unveiled

OUR AMERICA. By Waldo Frank. New York: Boni and Liveright.

ONE strives with patient endeavor to learn what all this foaming cascade of syllables is about. It appears that things are in a dreadful mess and have been so for the last two hundred years. Puritanism, pioneering, and materialism would seem to be the chief causes. A great Darkness lies upon the land. But let no real lover of America despair. The night is pierced here and there by the gleam of signal fires, lit by revolutionary minute men, and within the mass of the dark people the impulse of new aspirations begins to stir. "The Old Guard—martyrs like Eugene Debs, William Haywood, Emma Goldman—religious, nostalgic for prisons—find at last the brains and culture of a younger generation to fertilize their martyrdom."

"Nostalgic for prisons" is a fetching phrase, which brings up visions of the Prisoner of Chillon, Torquato Tasso, the Man with the Iron Mask, Silvio Pellico, and other victims of long immurement in earless dungeons. But fetching as it is, the observant reader can not but wonder what it is doing here. For homesickness for prisons is not a common complaint, and it is developed, if at all, in only one way. Now it happens that of the trio named, Mr. Debs, prior to his recent conviction, had undergone only one imprisonment—a six months' term in Woodstock jail nearly twenty-five years ago, in the summer and autumn of 1895; Mr. Haywood, kidnapped from Colorado, had been held in the Boise penitentiary until he was freed by a jury verdict; while Miss Goldman, more lucky or more tactful than the others, had been conspicuously scant of the experience necessary for acquiring this dower of martyrdom.

How, then, might they have acquired this imputed nostalgia? The author scorns to explain. And by what characteristic symptoms has it been shown? There is no answer. Is there, the observant reader may ask, in any speech or writing of either of the two who had suffered brief terms of imprisonment—and neither is what might be called a reticent man—any expression of regret for the loss of a loved home, any reminiscence of regaining freedom with a sigh? Again there is no answer. One may wonder, also, if the true and unmistakable symptoms of this "nostalgia for prisons" are to be found in the resort to all legal means of defense; in consent to the solicitation of defense funds; in application for writs of habeas corpus; in appeals from verdicts and decisions. May not such activities rather seem, to the ordinary person, the symptoms of a form of claustrophobia—of a stubborn and unreasoning prejudice against any confinement whatever? But it is too much to require of a revolutionary writer—a harbinger of the Great Dawn—that he cancel a phrase so fondly conceived out of regard for an objection so trivial. That the words have only a dubious intrinsic sense and no fitness to the instances given is a small matter; what counts is the fetchingness of the phrase. There is much more of this kind of thing. This America is a land whose people bear the singular distinction of being in both their first childhood and their second. They "are still in the baby stage of playing with their toes" (p. 196), and yet "Everywhere is the impotence of senility" (p. 230). The penury of America is manifold. The people have no soul, no spiritual or æsthetic energy. "All of the peasant and proletarian peoples of Europe have this deep potential energy, religious, esthetic. . . . Here America, of all lands, is poorest" (p. 231). America has, indeed, nothing except motion pictures. "The whole world now has its cinemas. America alone has nothing else" (p. 214). Its universities are "for the most part the incubators of reaction" (p. 209)—a curious comment in view of the fact that virtually all the parlor Bolsheviki are college bred. Its press is venal, and the multitude who might naturally catch the meaning of the gifted revolutionary seers and prophets is unable because it "is too enslaved and enfeebled by the poisonous pabulum with which Business persistently has fed it" (p. 209). But there is no need to go on. It is all bad (except for Walt Whitman, "Bill" Haywood (p. 228, 230), Oswald Garrison Villard (p. 228), Van Wyck Brooks, the late Randolph Bourne, and a few others), has always been, and will always be unless something is done about it. There is some discrepancy between the unrelieved pessimism shown on some pages and the qualified hopefulness shown on others; but no attempt at harmonizing this difficulty can be made here. On the whole, the book is a terrific indictment. Not in many a day has so resounding a slap been delivered on the wrist of your Uncle Samuel.

Almost anybody, it may be thought, gifted with a lack both of inhibitions and of misgivings, could write such a book. But to think so is to fall into grievous error. This offering is, for the time, a unique accomplishment. It reaches to heights, depths, and lateral expanses of the fantastic not heretofore attained, and at times it seems to be pushing out for a fourth dimension. Its fellow is not likely to appear for some time.

W. J. GHENT

Italy Warm and Cold

SOULS DIVIDED (Ella non rispose). By Matilde Serao. Translated from the Italian by William Collinge, M.A. New York: Brentano's.

TALES OF MY NATIVE TOWN. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Prof. Rafael Mantellini, Ph.D. Introduction by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

IT may be held that what divides the Latin from the Anglo-American is less a diversity of feeling than a diversity of taste or, to speak more modestly, of habit. We northerners do not give ourselves away with gestures and superlatives. Our eyes are not permitted to flash or our tongues to hasten. We are at some pains to master an air of good-humored but skeptical tolerance. We are terribly afraid lest somebody suspect that we do not see the joke and we are incessantly though furtively on the watch for that joke, which we know must be about somewhere, in any place, at any time. A Martian might discover in us a sort of frozen adolescent self-consciousness such as older races have outgrown and cast off. He might find something of pathos in the waste energy we put to the concealment of passion, whether for love, for beauty, or for virtue. Or he might find that, on the whole, the famous joke was "on us"—Romeo the cub and Juliet the flapper being visible to him, and very much at home, somewhere on our premises.

"Souls Divided," the English version of "*Ella non rispose*," is described by its sponsors as "an impassioned love story of an unusual kind." I do not see in what sense it is unusual unless in quality. Stories of this general kind have been written often enough in English, and have had their great audiences; but for a long time these have been audiences of the vulgar. It is for shop-girls and stenographers of the tenderer sort that our movies and newspaper syndicates turn open without stint the flood gates of sentiment. Only among such a class does Shakespeare's race now frankly prepare to shed its tears when the prompter calls. Not a single gleam of humor "saves" this Italian study of ill-fated passion. No code of restraint subdues the record to the cautious murmur exacted of ourselves by literary breeding. It is all upon the high horse of romantic feeling, a prolonged outburst of the emotion we "Anglo-Saxons" still endure from the poets, whose business it is, in lyrical moments, to give themselves away, though we hardly brook even the shortest flights of prose. Paolo, the lover, who is forever done for by a voice, and Diana, the beloved, who sacrifices all for duty to her family and never tells her love till it is too late for the lover to hear the sad secret—these are the very staff of tragic romance. Standards of literary breeding are variable, but the "human heart" is a constant. The author must have been justified in her prophecy that her book would win response from simple souls the world over—"souls who shall have shed silent and solitary tears of human pity with me, and for me, over the luckless love of Diana and Paolo."

Mr. Hergesheimer's introduction to "Tales of My Native Town" has, excellent as it is, something of the tone of apology, or apologia which so often is heard in official introductions and prefaces. This wonderful article (the theme runs commonly) by so famous a hand, shows certain traits of the author which have been taken exception to by prudes or provincials: they are not blemishes to the generous eye. Moreover, in addition to the qualities for which the Master has been given general credit, here are others which the dull world has ignored. Gabriele d'Annunzio, for example, is "perfectly within his privilege" in expressing the minutiæ of lust, disease, and physical abnormality—good medicine, we take it, for a race like ours which, with a "natural but saccharine preference for happiness," systematically veils the unpleasant. And further, whatever his coldness and brutality of method, his work is animated by "a saving spirit of pity, the valid humanity born of understanding." I wish I could feel this, as Mr. Hergesheimer does. For me D'Annunzio's coldness is inherent. His intellectual understanding of his fellow-beings seems fatally limited by the fact that his real ardor is for himself or for such causes—beauty, freedom, amorism, as may have the good fortune to be identified with himself. D'Annunzio "the man" worships the Italy which has produced D'Annunzio and set a stage for him. D'Annunzio the artist worships what Mr. Hergesheimer calls "the beauty of sheer living as a spectacle" because it offers itself to be conveyed, as a spectacle, by his supremely skillful hand. Conveyance, on the whole, is the word. Mr. Hergesheimer rightly contrasts these tales with the short stories of American convention. They are not trimly completed bits of action, but "coherent fragments": "He has not lifted his tales into the crystallized isolation of a short story; they merge from the beginning and beyond the end into the general confusion of existence, they are moments, significantly tragic or humorous, selected from the whole incomprehensible sweep of a vastly larger work, and presented as naturally as possible. However, they are not without form, in reality these tales are woven with an infinite delicacy, an art, like all art, essentially artificial. But a definite interest in them, the sense of their beauty, must rise from an intrinsic interest in the greater affair of being. It is useless for anyone not impressed with the beauty of sheer living as a spectacle to read 'Tales of My Native Town.'" Granted; but it hardly follows as the night the day that all persons who are duly impressed with the beauty of sheer living are bound to find it in these particular tales, or sketches by a mighty sensualist dreamer of our day. In their English dress, certainly, they are not overwhelming. One can with a fairly good conscience own to the impression that, with all their marvel of detail, several of them are oppressively squalid and even tedious: squalor and tedium having, of course, their part, a relative part, in the spectacle of living.

H. W. Boynton

The Autumn of the Middle Ages

Herfsttij der Middeleeuwen. Door J. Huizinga. Haarlem: H. D. Tjeenk Willink & Zoon.

The study of the past has its chief fascination in what it reveals about the origins of the present. It is the germ of the new that we look for in the old. The discovery of early manifestations of the romantic spirit in the age of Swift, of the Renaissance in the poetry of the Thirteenth Century, give zest to our study of "Gulliver's Travels" and the "Roman de la Rose." The systematic search in mediæval history for early symptoms of modern culture made it seem as if the culture of the Middle Ages was only the advent of the Renaissance. But in history, no less than in nature, death is coincident with the birth of a new life. Old forms of culture die off at the same time and in the same soil in which the new find the food for their efflorescence. The historian, therefore, is not restricted to one way only of envisaging the past. The writer of "Herfsttij der Middeleeuwen" has chosen to study the fifteenth century in France and the Netherlands as the decline of an era towards death and dissolution, seeing the gorgeous pageant of its life overcast by the shadow of the approaching night.

In Mr. Huizinga the artist and the scholar work together. While looking at the past, the one is no less susceptible to its picturesque beauty than the other is fascinated by its lore. The scholar guards the artist against romantic vagaries, and the artist colors the scholar's record with the realism of his vision. It is the artist, again, who has taught the other to reject the economic interpretation of history as the only true and complete presentment of the past. The book, though the author refrains from stressing that claim, is a brave and brilliant attempt to discover the essence of life no less in the flattering dream which the livers loved to make of it than in the crass realities which their dream had to color. A careful and unimpassioned study of mediæval legal documents has taught us that the romantic picture of the chivalrous late Middle Ages was a distorted vision of that period. Feudalism and chivalry had had their day before the close of the thirteenth century. It was the commercial power of the communes and the power of the kings supported by it which were the ruling factors in the political life of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. But the people whose lives made up the history of that age were themselves not conscious of this social decline of the nobleman's status. They still recognized in a martial nobility the chief element of the social structure. The glamor of prowess colored their vision of the time they lived in, and for our knowledge of its cultural life that illusion has the value of historic truth.

This book, then, is a picture of the fifteenth century, not as the economic interpreters of history have taught us to see it, but as the people of the age saw it themselves. The record of their illusions and delusions is the author's theme, and his sources not the dusty documents of the archives, but the literature of the poets and the records of the chroniclers, the journalists of those early days. Georges Chastellain was one of them, the greatest of all Burgundian historians. He was a Fleming by birth, a native of the district of Aalst. But he wrote in French, being the recorder of princely deeds and knightly adventure. His work is the truest mirror of the life

and the thought of his time as they appeared to a shrewd, clear-sighted onlooker. This man, bred in the fields of Flanders, the home of a proud democracy, still lived by the belief that God had made the people to labor, to till the soil, or to live by trade, the clergy to teach the true faith, and the nobility to exalt virtue, to maintain justice, and, by their deeds and moral life, to be a mirror to others. The traditional vision of society lingered on, uncorrected by its glaring contrast with reality. This clever representative of his age and people did not even see, in his naïveté, that his own chronicle belied that fanciful picture of divine ordination, so little was the critical faculty developed in its intellectual élite. Among the nobility whose deeds of prowess he lauded were men who had risen from the ranks of the "tiers état," or, as he called it, "le tiers membre qui de soy n'est gaires capable de hautes attributions, parce qu'il est au degré servile." And among the bourgeoisie he knew people with a truer conception of honor than his own chronicle shows the nobility to have known and practised. To the mediæval mind life, from its highest to its lowest manifestations, is fixed in immovable, eternal forms, and these forms, not their contents, are the essential thing.

Experience can not destroy this conception of society as a tripartite structure, of which each part has its permanent attributes. That prevalence of form over substance pervades all mediæval thought. Every notion becomes isolated, and is given a form and a fixed place in the immutable hierarchy of things, every function receives its visible organ. The King of England had among his "magna sergenteria" an office for holding the king's head when he crossed the Channel and got seasick.

The art of the period reflects that same tendency to visualize everything conceivable. In the paintings of the Van Eycks the presentation of the elements of sacred lore has been carried to the highest point of realism, each detail being the setting for a wealth of more diminutive miniatures. The mystical content evanesces and leaves its brilliant outward show behind. It is an art of consummate skill in execution, but void of ideas. In the opinion of the author the naturalism of the Van Eycks, which is usually explained as an early symptom of the approaching Renaissance, is the maturest growth of the late mediæval spirit, not a beginning but an end. Its material perfection could not be improved upon, and as it was inexpressive of the deeper emotions of life, it lacked the living element from which a new art could take its birth.

This character of finality, of completion beyond renewal, attaches also to the moral and religious life of those days. Of a whole-hearted enjoyment of life's gifts, such as Rabelais, the robust herald of a new age, was to preach in the next century, the era of Gerson and Thomas à Kempis was no longer capable. What it had left of passion and vitality burst out in mystic exaltation or in bestial debauch. Gerson, himself too balanced a pessimist to be subject to these outbursts, was well aware of the fact that both extremes sprang from the same root: "Amor spiritualis labitur in nudum carnalem Amorem." The soul, having been absorbed in the contemplation of God, lost its will, the Divine will only remaining, and in that state of exaltation the mystic could not commit sin, though he should follow carnal cravings. Such was the belief of the Fratres liberi spiriti, of the Turlupins, and similar sects of hysterical madmen who, while professing to serve God, lived a life of diabolical debauch. Gerson, the famous Chancellor of the University of Paris, wrote a "Discours de l'excellence de virginité," taking his argument from a deeply pessimistic picture of man's misery. Contempt of the world is praised as the wisest attitude towards life, and life's propagation condemned as a folly. In the austere features of the kneeling donors on the triptychs of the Van Eycks one can read their denial of the beauty and the glory of life, which the Renaissance was joyfully to assert.

The Run of the Shelves

THERE are two million men in the United States whose feeling toward books on the war is that of the raconteur waiting for the other fellow to finish a story in order to begin on his own. Every one saw and felt things well worth telling to the fellow who wasn't there; nine out of ten hope to write books of personal reminiscence. Two men who have done it with no unusual qualifications so far as their experiences go are Captain Ewen C. MacVeagh and Lieutenant Lee D. Brown of G-3 and G-1, respectively, Headquarters Staff, Second Corps, who write jointly of "The Yankee in the British Zone" (Putnam). They are announced as "trained observers," and the reader concedes the title, adding that of trained or naturally facile writers, for they have dressed their material with real skill. They find for it an ostensible core in the discussion of Anglo-American relations in the Amiens sector, where the Second Corps was brigaded with the British, a subject that would not make more than a magazine article were it not attractively clothed in personal reminiscence and anecdotal history, a rippling obligato to war of information and anecdote cleverly played up each to the other. It deals with nothing essential; the world can move on without it except as it may add a drop of lubrication to the gears where American affairs mesh with British. Read it and you have seen nothing happen, but you have haunted the *point de liaison* between British and American troops, loafed in company street and officers' mess, wherever Yank and Tommy mixed and mixed 'em up. You have idled amiably for a time on the sunny side of war, but it is a very real side of war, a pleasant, comfortable rest camp for the reader who has been personally conducted through much of the other side. In one way the book stands as a model to aspiring compilers of reminiscences. The personality of the authors is nowhere directly presented. It is always elusively just below the surface, seen only in glimpses between surface reflections, until the curiosity of the reader is genuinely aroused and finds only meagre satisfaction.

For the great tribe of collectors of Stevensoniana, Mr. George E. Brown's "Book of R. L. S." (Scribners) will be a precious *vade mecum*. Here, under alphabetical heads, information is given regarding the publication of essays and books, the places connected in one way or another with Stevenson's life, and the friends he met on the way. A good deal of human interest is packed into this little encyclopædia, as indeed human interest is almost synonymous with the mystic initials, R. L. S., whatever may be the critical judgment, outside of Scotland, finally pronounced on the owner of those initials as a writer.

"Villa Elsa" (Dutton), by Stuart Henry, who most decidedly does not handle his subject with gloves, is described in its sub-title as "a study of German family life." The publisher explains it as "a genuine study at first hand of the real Germany of the twentieth century by an American writer who lived there for many years," and the author gives, in a private letter, this account of himself and his book:

> Despite its form as a novel, with love, spies and action, it is meant to be a profoundly serious book. I not only lived and studied in Deutschland but, for a quarter of a century, have had much to do with German businessmen. This has forced me to learn to know German character more thoroughly than the usual "literary feller" or critic who has had small chance to get acquainted with Germans, either intimately or in their large cross-sections. Needless to say I regard the problem of the German race as a mighty serious and dangerous one, not to be lightly tossed off through smug indifference or clever epigrams.

In "Beaumarchais and the War of American Independence" (Boston: Badger) Miss Elizabeth S. Kite clearly sets forth the facts concerning Beaumarchais's invaluable contribution to the success of the American Revolution. One of his biographers, the French Senator, M. Lintilhac, wrote in 1887: "We are

surprised that no descendant of Beaumarchais was invited to represent France at the unveiling of the Statue of Liberty, upon whose pedestal his name would not be out of place alongside that of Lafayette. With John Bigelow, I may well ask if Americans have done their whole duty towards the memory of Beaumarchais." It is plain from Miss Kite's two volumes that we have not.

Even so early as 1775, Beaumarchais foresaw the gravity of the conflict between the colonists and the mother country and pointed out to the French Government where its interests lay. Little by little it shared his view and told him to go ahead and aid the insurgents, but without compromising the French Government, which gave him a subvention of a million francs. Before the end of 1776 he had brought together with all possible secrecy his first cargo, consisting of 200 cannon, some mortars, 25,000 rifles, and 200,000 pounds of powder. After running many risks, his three ships reached America. Beaumarchais received no payment, however, nor did Congress even thank him. He had put 5,000,000 francs into the undertaking, and sent an agent to America, who, after remaining there three years, returned empty-handed. To prevent a fiasco and an international scandal the French Government again came to his aid with a subvention. Beaumarchais's chief occupation throughout 1783 was the removal of the obstacles in the way of the playing of the "Marriage of Figaro," but he did not neglect his claims against America. The bills of exchange which he had received from Congress in 1779 were far from satisfying him. Four times—in 1781, 1787, and 1793—Congress sent agents to verify his accounts; but nothing came of it, and forty years passed before his family finally succeeded in obtaining 800,000 francs of the 2,280,000 which were claimed.

Miss Kite modestly says in her preface that her volumes are based wholly on the printed works of Frenchmen bearing on the subject, one of which, however, she failed to see, for the simple reason that it was passing through the press in Paris while her own books were being printed in Boston. M. Jules Marsan's "Beaumarchais et les Affaires d'Amérique" (Edouard Champion) prints for the first time some thirty letters of Beaumarchais, all of which are connected with the American episode in his life and all of which strengthen in various particulars Miss Kite's contention.

"Le Livre Pratique des Spirites" (Paris: *Revue Contemporaine*), by M. Achille Borgnis, who informs the French public that he is a "laureate of the New York Institute of Sciences," marks him as being either very naïve or very tricky, perhaps both. He holds spiritualistic sittings in his own apartments, supported by "a young lady who plays the piano," by "my secretary, M. Maurice, who has charge of the lights," and by "a medium who has been tried and found to have the power." To these sittings he admits only "those who are believers or who are neutral and open to conviction"; all "scoffers must be vigorously refused admittance." No wonder that under such conditions this "guide," as he calls himself, and "laureate of the New York Institute of Sciences," aided by the young lady of the piano, the secretary of the lights, and the medium of the cabinet, obtains "manifestations that astonish all those who participate at my sittings." Cicero materialized on one occasion, and we are given a picture of his apparition. In fact, there are nearly a score of these pictures scattered through the book; but their value disappears to "a scoffer" when he learns that "these are not the results of direct photography, but are produced from drawings made during the sittings. The spirits informed me that they were opposed to being photographed. However, when I begin a new series of sittings, it is my intention to employ photography." On one occasion Mary Queen of Scots appeared on the scene, when she spoke in this rather unidiomatic language: "In spite of sad circumstances, I wish you and everybody happy Christmas." Another favorite materialization is that of "a fakir, a fine Hindoo"; and one is tempted to ask if the "fakir" may not be M. Borgnis himself.

That seventeenth-century worthy, Lambertus van den Bosch, headmaster of the Latin school at Dordrecht, must have been a popular master in the eyes of the Dutch youngsters who studied the classics under the sway of his ferule. He seems to have preferred contemporary to ancient literature, as is the way of the adolescent age of all generations. And his was not a sneaking love of profane modern writers, indulged "en négligé" and disavowed where his dignity as a scholar had to keep up appearances; unblushingly he proclaimed it on the title pages of numerous translations, the best of which was one of Don Quixote, the first to appear in Dutch, and never surpassed for picturesqueness of language by any later rendering. The quality of the rest of his work is in inverse ratio to the number of his writings, and in Holland it would be a hazardous undertaking for a publisher to bring out a reprint of a work by Van den Bosch, his Don Quixote alone excepted. An American scholar, however, has found it worth his while to edit a drama of the old schoolmaster. But Prof. Oscar James Campbell's purpose is not the literary rehabilitation of the author, but, as the title explains, to ascertain "The Position of the Roode en Witte Roos in the Saga of King Richard III" (University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature. Number 5). Not the Dutch play itself, but its possible English source and the relation of that source to the extant English plays on the same subject is the editor's excuse for his interest in Van den Bosch's rhetorical and lifeless drama.

In an interesting introduction to the reprint the writer compares the Dutch play, which was printed at Amsterdam in 1651, with the chronicle tradition and with the three dramas referred to above: the Latin "Richardus Tertius" of Thomas Legge (c. 1573), the "True Tragedy of Richard the Third" (c. 1590), and Shakespeare's version of the story. The upshot of his ingenious investigation is thus summarized by the author:

> The resemblance which the Dutch play shows in turn to the Chronicles and then to each of the three English plays in points peculiar to them, shows, first, that the *Roode en Witte Roos* belongs to the English *dramatic*, as distinct from the *historical*, tradition of Richard III.

Professor Campbell accounts for this many-sided relationship by postulating the former existence of a fourth English play which must have held a middle ground between the Senecan production of Legge and the Shakespearean conception.

> This lost play Shakespeare must have known and used, now and then, to point material which he derived largely from Holinshed. This fact would help to explain the strong Senecan flavor of *Richard III*, which has led numerous critics to believe that it must be the direct descendant of an earlier play.

In the case of Van den Bosch, however, our extensive knowledge of his life and work must be taken into account; Professor Campbell, in this respect, has taken his task too easily. "A man," he writes, "who made a business of miscellaneous translation as did Van den Bosch was obviously not a trained dramatist. A play bearing his name is perhaps, then, even more certain to be a translation than his other admitted adaptations." But the possibility of the Roode en Witte Roos being an independent dramatization by Van den Bosch of a chronicle version can not thus lightly be dismissed. The play in question and a translation of the English morality "Lingua" were not his only contributions to dramatic literature, as the writer seems to assume. In 1645 he published "Carel de Negende, anders Parijsche Bruyloft," for which no other source has been found than "Thuani Historiæ Sui Temporis," and in 1649 he dramatized an episode from Hooft's prose history of Florence under the rule of the Medicis in "Rampzalige Liefde ofte Bianca Capellis." The fact that Van den Bosch had twice made an independent attempt to remodel historical prose into drama before he wrote the "Roode en Witte Roos" affords, at any rate, an ar-

gument in favor of the assumption that his third historical drama was the product of the same method. The resemblances which the writer has pointed out between the Dutch and the English plays are not so striking as to make a thorough comparison of the former with all the chronicle versions superfluous.

Professor Campbell's translation of the Dutch text is, on the whole, a successful performance. Where he has misunderstood a passage, it is not an insufficient knowledge of the Dutch, but rather the involved rhetoric of Van den Bosch, which is at fault.

M. Romain Rolland, who is again residing in Paris, writes in a recent letter:

> If I exiled myself for a few years to the land of Jean Jacques, believe me it was not because I had a penchant for the Swiss mind and still less for its present literature, which, except in the case of the genial—I here use the word as the adjective of genius—Spitteler, does not appear to me to be very interesting. I went there in order to let it be seen publicly that I did not approve of a fratricidal war, which the future will be all the more inclined to pronounce monstrous when all its fatal consequences begin to appear.

Heine's Buried Memoirs

Among the lost or suppressed works of genius none has offered a more tantalizing bait to literary curiosity than Heine's Memoirs of his own life, frequently alluded to in his letters and other writings. As Heinrich Heine wrote very much and always charmingly about himself, the acute reader will not suppose that I am overlooking the pages of autobiography entitled "Confessions," which were dictated about a year before his death. My present aim is to direct attention to a work of Heine's prime—not one of his last and decadent period.

As far back as 1837 the poet refers to this work in a letter to his publisher, Julius Campe. "I am busy day and night," he writes, "with my great book, the romance of my life, and now for the first time I feel the full value of the papers that were lost in the fire at my mother's house. I had intended to publish this book later, but . . . it is to be the next book given to the public. You know I am no braggart, and I prophesy the most extraordinary results" (from this book). A few months later, writing to his Uncle, Salomon Heine (with whom he was then in uncertain relations), the poet thus alludes to the work: "I have taken care that when we are all in our graves my whole life shall be known for what it has been."

The book so portentously referred to was long a subject of apprehension to Heine's wealthy relatives in Hamburg, to whom he was something of an *enfant terrible* and by whom his literary genius was held in small esteem; and the poet's occasional hint at publication may have been intended to keep them in proper disposition toward himself. I do not like to believe that he deliberately used it *in terrorem*, at least until the break that followed Uncle Salomon's death. It should be added, however, that there were many other persons, outside the intimate Hamburg circle, who heard with quakings of the spirit any rumor as to the threatened publication.

In 1839 Heine writes to Campe that he has decided to postpone the bringing out of his Memoirs; but in 1840, writing to him, Heine admits having used a part of them in his work on Börne, a rather inferior production, in spite of some brilliant pages, and disfigured by personal malice; it was later in great part suppressed.

In 1840 we get a significant and meditated statement as to the Memoirs in a letter to Campe, as follows:

> I am quite happy and calm inwardly. I am used to abuse, and I know that the future is mine. Even if I were to die to-day there remain four volumes of the story of my life, my Memoirs, which show forth all my thoughts and endeavors, and if only for their historical matter, for their true exposition of the most mysterious of transitive periods, will go down to posterity. The new generation will want to see the swaddling clothes that were its first covering.

This seems to indicate that Heine had finally resolved upon a posthumous publication of the book.

In 1845 the bitter dispute with his cousin, Karl Heine, relative to a financial provision for the poet (Uncle Salomon was now dead), broke out, and besides causing Heine great anguish of mind, hastened his end by the reaction upon his physical state. Writing to J. H. Detwold, Heine mentions a first offer of compromise by Karl, the condition being that he submit the MS. of the Memoirs to be "supervised" at Hamburg.

He writes to Campe (October, 1845):

> I am still in a most unpleasant position as regards my cousin, Karl Heine, for I do not agree with the form of payment. I will not agree to conditions— I will not forgo the least particle of my dignity as an author or of the freedom of my pen, even if as a man I allow myself to be subjected to family considerations.

A few months later he informs Campe that he had tried the way of kindness pointed out to him by friends and by his own heart, in order to arrive at a settlement with his cousin; while the latter persisted in his injustice. Heine adds these memorable words:

> I have followed my softer feelings, while the cold voice of experience hissed in my ears that rarely is anything won from the hard men of money by tears and supplications in this world, but only by the sword. *My sword is my pen.*

In the same letter, he says:

> Yes, I have been working for some days at a horrible memoir in which the insolence of Karl Heine is shown up. I shall drop my action [he was threatening to go to law with his cousin], so that it may be seen that it is no longer a question of money. . . . I am calm, for I have done everything that a man can do for love of his wife, and more.

Again he writes to Campe (1845):

> As for the undertaking which I am prepared to sign, it does not matter much how binding you make it. *I shall never, at any price, deliver up anything that I write to the censorship of my relations.*

In this final stage of the negotiations between the poet and his family it is significant that not a word is said as to the destruction of any existing manuscript Memoirs.

The upshot of the inheritance-quarrel was that Heine obtained a satisfactory settlement both for himself and, following his decease, for his wife Mathilde. On the other hand, though he is reticent as to the point, it seems probable that he complied with certain of Karl's wishes respecting the Memoirs.

What these wishes were, or what the conditions of the agreement reached by the poet and his kinsman, is not precisely known. But after Heine's death the manuscript fell into the hands of Uncle Salomon's family, who made such disposition of it as they saw fit. It is believed that for many years past the papers have been sealed up in the archives of the Imperial Library at Vienna. Nor has official reserve ever suffered a hint to escape as to when, if ever, publication will be permitted.

William Sharp, in his "Life of Heine," alludes to certain Memoirs, "which the poet tells us that he himself destroyed." Evidently Mr. Sharp is here at fault, and most likely his reference is meant to cover "the papers that were lost in the fire at my mother's house"—as quoted above from Heine's letter (1837) to his publisher, Julius Campe.

That Heine expected his Memoirs would be published after his death and counted upon it to the very end, is placed beyond doubt by a piece of strong evidence. I allude to the incident related by Camille Selden in her little book of reminiscences of Heine, entitled "The Last Days." "Camille Selden" was the pen-name used by a young German lady, not otherwise clearly identified, who acted as reader for the poet in the last stage of his illness. She is said to have been a person of culture, charm, and beauty, as beseemed the "Mouche" of the latest poems, and the poet seems to have felt a remarkable tenderness for her. Lovers of literature must always be grateful to this Unknown for giving the poet his last romance and his latest inspiration.

Camille Selden, then, relates how she entered Heine's room one day early in that fatal February, 1856, after he had

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undergone a dreadful attack of his disease affecting both mind and body, and found him scribbling furiously on large sheets of paper with a pencil that seemed to her sharp as a deadly weapon. She continues:

I heard a cruel laugh—the laugh of satiated revenge. I looked at Henri: "I have them," he cried, "dead or living, they shall not escape. The tiger's claws shall survive the tiger."

Heine thus referred to his Memoirs on which he had been even then working; and the story, though a shade melodramatic, may be accepted as true. There is no lack of testimony that he attached great importance to this "book of his life," as he called it. Most significant witness is offered by Alfred Meissner, to whom Heine once showed a box of MSS., remarking: "Look you! There are my Memoirs. Therein I have been collecting for many years a series of portraits and frightful silhouettes. Many know of this box, and tremble. In it is shut up one of the best, but by no means the last, of my triumphs."

Such is the unsatisfactory tale of Heine's personal Memoirs, which the connoisseurs of literary scandal value at a higher rate than the lost "Confessions" of Byron. There can be little doubt that the matter of these unpublished manuscripts is worthy of Heine's fame, for the writing was begun when his powers were at the full. And as he scarcely ever wrote anything without literary value, even in his character of the modern Aretino, the harsh and long-continued interdict on his own life-story must be resented by every lover of literature.

MICHAEL MONAHAN

"Impressions de Voyage"

A STAY of but twenty-four hours at Honolulu is scant warrant for a discussion of the affairs of our Pacific Ocean outpost; still, if enjoyed by a visitor returning after an absence of many years, it may furnish grounds for a comparison between his recollection of what was then and his impressions of what is new.

There has, happily, been no change in the natural aspects of the enchanting island of Oahu, which holds the capital of the Hawaiian group. The bold promontory of Diamond Head marks, as of old, the point where vessels coming from the East swing around to the northward and head for the narrow channel which leads across the bar to the docks at the city of Honolulu. The noble skyline of the mountains that, running east and west, divide the island into the smaller plain between them and the sea from the wider plain between them and the northern end of Oahu. At right angles to this chain runs another and loftier ridge close to the western edge of the island. At the intersection of these two, the land falls away into a more level expanse whose peculiar yellowish green proclaims its devotion to the culture of the sugar cane. The summits of these mountains are arid and treeless, but running up their valleys the varied colors of the vegetation bespeak an intensive cultivation of the rich, red volcanic soil. Palms wave their crested plumes at intervals, dividing banana groves, orange orchards, pineapple farms, and market gardens, or adorning country places. The famous "punch bowl," once a crater, overlooks the city, while behind it and a little to one side is the Nuuanu Valley, which climbs up, up, up, some 1,200 feet to "Mt. Pali," a gap in the east and west mountain range just mentioned. In the twinkling of an eye there bursts upon the vision one of the finest views known to the writer, himself a traveler with no slight experience. A tier of high peaks frames the picture on the left. From the observer's feet the land drops almost sheer to the northern plain, a succession of splendid plantations, each wearing its own distinctive hue, stretching down to the blue ocean which, after churning itself into milk-white foam streaked with unusual opalescent hues where it meets an outlying coral reef, rolls on to break into surf on the white sand beach dotted with bathers. The ceaseless roar of the waves tells the inhabitants that the sea is ever ready either for works of benevolence or appalling disaster, as suits its varied mood. The whole of this enchanting spectacle is bathed in brilliant light, except where the scurrying trade-wind clouds throw their shadows on the land, ofttimes discharging a burden of mist and rain, and frequently using the sun's rays to add a rainbow to a panorama already quite perfect. What the traveler sees from the Pali is well worth the trouble of the long journey from home to Honolulu. The writer recalls but one comparable landscape—the "Chinese View," lying between "The Gavin" and "The Sugar Loaf," near Rio de Janeiro.

During the fifteen years elapsing since he spent a Christmas in this exquisite island, the writer, due to the brevity of his halt, could only note sundry surface indications. Even in this respect he may err widely; he makes no claim to accuracy in these random "impressions de voyage." A distressing symptom—as he saw it—was the decrease in the native population, possibly relative and not absolute, and the astounding growth of the Oriental elements. The Chinese and the Japanese are fast absorbing all the smaller businesses. Japanese women clad in kimonos and straw sandals are everywhere, and the supply of Japanese babies, slung in shawls behind their mothers' backs, seems inexhaustible.

How the city has increased in the past fifteen years! Apparently, three or four fold. Where farms and market gardens formerly marked the slopes behind it, handsome villas are now built and building. No wonder, either, for here one may live in a delicious and practically unvarying climate of warm, not hot, days, cool nights, and in a Garden of Eden offering rides, drives, picnics in every direction, and boasting a country club from the veranda of which one overlooks an alluring golf course melting away into an incomparable vista of verdant loveliness which ends only in the distant sea horizon of darkest blue.

It was inevitable, of course, but the sturdy native pony is almost never seen now; the motor has displaced him and in numbers which surpass one's power of guessing. Think of Honolulu with traffic policemen at each street crossing! Shades of Captain Cook! Motors in turn have demanded and secured better roads everywhere, so that the trip around Oahu which, on horseback, once required several days of the writer's time—a glorious experience it was, by the way—is now easily made by automobile between lunch and dinner.

The trolleys have kept pace with the growth of the town; the lagoon, once known as Pearl Harbor, is gradually being developed into a naval station, with the largest of our drydocks already completed. The agricultural resources of Oahu might have been expected to attract a strenuous commercialism, but those who knew the Hawaiian Islands in days gone by may be pardoned when they miss the once simple, easy life that has given place to the fierce competition of trade and the introduction of grave ethnical problems arising from the need of coolie labor. What pangs and travail the solution may bring upon this community remain to be seen. Already a strike by the local Japanese Federation of Sugar Workers sounds the warning note of what may occur.

None the less, the tourist, from the porch of the modern Moana Hotel, watches the bathers on the safe beach at Waikiki and the native, standing erect on a plank far out, at tremendous speed riding towards the shore, driven on its incoming crest by the rushing breakers as they climb over an outlying reef.

His meditations are interrupted by the resident at his side who, after explaining that the Cook and Castle families are noted for their wealth, claims supremacy for Honolulu in that it alone has a diamond head, a pearly harbor, the largest punch bowl in the world, a Castle on every corner, while all its Cooks are millionaires.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

At Sea, between Honolulu and Guam, Washington's Birthday.

Drama

Andreyev at the Neighborhood Playhouse

THE Neighborhood Playhouse appears to have a quick eye for that rather elusive thing—the popular element in the literary drama. I could not have expected that Andreyev would succeed in Manhattan, nor that Americans, whom the classics impress so little, would be quick to respond to a travesty on the classics. But the welcome given to the "Beautiful Sabine Women" on Grand Street is more than adequate; it is lavish. The success is not reduced by the unusual and seemingly untoward circumstance that the parties to the action are not persons but groups—husbands, wives, captors, who employ persons as their spokesmen and delegates. The Greek chorus, which was actor as well as choir, habituates us to the use of one such group, but, except, dimly, in the "Suppliants" of Æschylus and Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife," I scarcely recall a second instance in which the collision of two or more groups has released the dramatic impulse of the play.

The three acts are compressible into one; indeed Acts II and III might be fairly described as a very slow curtain to Act I. The obvious satire turns on the willingness of women to be snatched from the milksop by the daredevil, and their unwillingness to confess this willingness to the insolent captor. Their surrender at the close of Act I is plain, and the Sabine husbands, whose reclamations are particularized in the two ensuing acts, are such evident and arrant nobodies that their burlesque march to Rome is seen from the start to be a march towards ignominy.

The play is called a satire, but satire has called farce to its aid, or, to speak more precisely, farce has been called in to the aid of the playmaker but to the injury of the satirist. I have no quarrel with farce; I am perfectly amicable even to that grade of farce which permits itself allusions to registered letters and to encyclopædias in the Rome of the eighth century B.C. The jumbling of epochs need not be harmful; what really harms is the jumbling of purposes. The original purpose of this play was not farcical, but comic; it meant, on the surface, at least, to bring out, through comedy, the resistance of the mind of woman to that masculine coercion to which the frame of woman and also the heart of woman acknowledge their docility. The two purposes do not combine, and the farce halts the comedy.

It is said that behind the farce and comedy lurks political allegory. The

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Romans are Russian reactionaries, the Sabines are Constitutional-Democrats, and the Sabine women are promises—promises the substance and force of which the reactionaries, in the first decade of this century, snatched away from the Constitutional-Democrats. Whether Andreyef is voucher for this key I can not say; one would like to think that he was aware of the shallowness of this form of depth, a form that can not even claim the characteristic merit of shallows—transparency. I was glad that the joy of the Neighborhood Playhouse audience, which was a complete and satisfying joy, was undisturbed by problems of interpretation. Even in a Roman play one hardly cares to take the part of haruspex or soothsayer. Moreover, in such combinations, the allegory serves as sinker to the nonsense much oftener than the nonsense acts as float to the allegory.

The acting was rapid and spirited, and the evenness of its quality, which was noticeable, did not prevent the observer from finding or fancying a slight margin of superiority in the female parts. I found beauty in Mr. Frank Stout's bright, vivid, and as it were, exclamatory setting; but I should have liked it better in "Hernani" or "Siegfried" than in the "Beautiful Sabine Women." Against that haunting and romantic background, the farcicalities in the play seemed as irrelevant as the chicken-bones and egg-shells which the shuddering Ruskin found, in the wake of excursionists, on the Alpine glaciers.

The "Glittering Gate," a one-act piece by Lord Dunsany, opened the programme. A burglar, on some ledge or scarp of nowhere, picks the locks of Heaven's gate before our eyes. The boldness of the invention is remarkable, and the distance that our realistic Anglo-Saxondom has traveled in the last twenty-five years is measured by the fact that its boldness startled nobody. We were all quite ready to believe. If we did not quite believe in spite of our readiness, I think it was because we waited—and waited vainly—for Lord Dunsany to set us the example. Faith is somehow not his attribute. He has a real, though slight, originality; but when he throws open the door upon some sombre vista of eccentric and enticing picturesqueness, he says, "Look in" rather than "Come in." In this play the burglar literally opens the gate, but behind it nothing is to be seen but blue space and the clearness of the unapproached stars. The lesson is wise and timely. Heaven baffles the aggressions of men less by resistance than by removal; Utopia vindicates its etymology. The setting, by Mr. Warren Dahler, which was half the play, was a good half; and the acting, if it did not satisfy, sufficed.

O. W. FIRKINS

Problems of Labor and Capital

III. Compulsory Filing of Collective Bargaining Agreements

THAT the public is the third party, not to be ignored in the warfare between unions and employers, becomes clearer after each struggle between them. Even where the public welfare is only remotely concerned both labor and employers recognize the advantage of satisfying what is known as "public opinion." Both unions and employers' associations spend fortunes in advertising with the hope that the weight of evidence may incline it to their side. More than this should be done: all collective-bargaining agreements, with all their modifications and amendments, should be made a matter of public record. Such agreements should be filed with the governmental agency having charge of the mediation and arbitration of disputes, such as, for example, the Bureau of Mediation and Arbitration of the Industrial Commission of the State of New York. If the agreement is inter-state in scope, then the proper depositary is the corresponding Federal bureau.

The advantages of such public filing are many. In the first place, it will furnish a public record of inestimable value to attorneys and others who are called upon to prepare contracts between one or more employers and groups of employees. Although the legal profession has ready access to many other types of contracts, such as leases, deeds, wills, and trust agreements, which have been tested in the courts for generations, there is nowhere in existence a compilation of collective-bargaining contracts. In spite of the accumulation of information which is at the hands of the legal profession on other subjects, many contested cases arise annually merely because the intention of the parties has not been clearly expressed. It is not surprising that in the comparatively new type of contract involved in a collective-bargaining agreement, in itself a difficult instrument to draw, disagreement and confusion should arise.

In the second place, the public agencies which have been charged with the settlement of industrial disputes have been comparatively ineffective because of the fact that they are called into the conflict between the employers and the employees after it is already well advanced.

Through the public recording of all such instruments, the agency charged with mediation and arbitration would have a calendar of prospective "trouble-dates" and could in advance use its machinery to reform, modify, or continue the agreement then in existence. Many collective agreements provide for notice of renewal or of proposed modifications at dates previous to expiration of the contract. A Bureau of Mediation could apply this effective device on a large scale.

Finally, many industrial disputes are aggravated, if they are not actually caused, by a belief on one side or the other, or both, that the original agreement has been modified by oral statements or correspondence. In practically every industrial disturbance, following a period of comparative peace under collective agreements between unions and employers, there appears a clear-cut issue as to the terms of the existing agreement. The public recording of all such agreements would estop either party from claiming that the agreement, as recorded, was not the entire contract between the parties, since no modifications or amendments that had not been filed could be regarded as valid.

This proposal is subject to certain queries. If the filing of all such written agreements is mandatory, will there not be created a desire to avoid reducing to writing the terms of the understandings? The negative answer to this question lies in an examination of our everyday business practices. Transactions on the stock exchanges, and the sale or consignment of precious stones, for example, are conducted without writings or even receipts, and conversely, where the personal relations of the parties has not permitted a development of confidence, everything tends to be reduced to writing. The advantages resulting from clear, unequivocal understandings, and the impossibility of operating under an oral collective-bargaining agreement containing provisions as to hours, wages, apprentices, holidays, overtime pay, rights of discharge, and innumerable other provisions relating to conditions of employment is not within the realm of dispute.

Again, would each and every collective agreement become filable? Should a profit-sharing plan in a single plant or office be made public? The answers to such questions can be found in the adoption of the following principle: Every agreement between three or more employees and one or more employers, if reduced to writing, and if it affects the terms of employment, should be filed. There is no apparent desire on the part of the employers for secrecy in matters of profit-sharing schemes. In fact, employers seem to be vieing with each other to procure publicity in such matters. Where then lies the danger? If the plan goes so far as to give all employees the right to an accounting, or if not that, at least discloses the net profits of the employer, may it not be presumed that the employer who has advanced so far in this direction will also find no objection to the public recording of agreements?

On the part of organized labor the public filing of agreements will doubtless meet with approval. In addition to the specific advantages of such a plan, the organized labor movement will be benefited by the seeming stamp of Government approval which will result from such public filing.

MORRIS L. ERNST

Books and the News

New American Books

TO name, as I have been asked to do, ten or a dozen American books of the past three or four months, is sure to make one keep on the watch for the national point of view, to think carefully what is really American, and what is imitative. Sometimes the imitative book represents a passing American tendency. How many of the novels and essays that you read are American, and how many of them are English? You may be surprised if you make a count. Books reach across national boundaries—fortunately

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—so much that an investigator of recent biographical works in English said that the four best biographies of the past year or two were an American and an English autobiography, the life of an Englishman by an American, and the life of an American by an Englishman. These were: Henry Adams's "Education," W. H. Hudson's "Far Away and Long Ago," Professor Cross's "History of Henry Fielding," and Lord Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln."

For the new American books, "The Letters of Henry James" (2 vols. Scribner, 1920) is named with misgivings, and yet not without the feeling that it belongs in the list. An American who died a British subject, and had the insignia of the Order of Merit brought to him on his sick-bed, may seem a strange choice. Certainly no American is willing to give up other Americans, like Sargent and Whistler, also exiles, who contributed to the art and culture of other lands, and of the whole world. Henry James's exasperating obscurity, which appears in many of these letters, did not keep him from thinking clearly enough on the war. And, an arch-stylist, he never was deceived by the myth about the "exquisite English style" in which our diplomatic correspondence with Germany was conducted, from 1914 to 1918.

John Spargo's "The Psychology of Bolshevism" (Harper, 1920) should be added. In "The Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1919" (Small, 1920), edited by W. S. Braithwaite, we have a reflection of the current poetry, and in Vachell Lindsay's "The Golden Whales of California" (Macmillan, 1920), a single, striking volume, strong in its American flavor. The crash of its jazz poem about Daniel and the lions could never be duplicated by anybody born far from the sound of negro camp-meetings. Rockwell Kent's pictures for his "Wilderness; a Journal of Quiet Adventure in Alaska" (Putnam, 1920) are, sometimes, conscious, grandiose, and too near William Blake for comfort. Often, however, they are excellent; the end-papers best of all.

To keep up with recent magazine fiction read "The Best Short Stories of 1919" (Small), edited by Edward J. O'Brien. For essays, "Modes and Morals" (Scribner, 1920), by Katharine Fullerton Gerould, have the rare quality of irony. Mr. Huneker's "Bedouins" (Scribner) belongs in this list, and W. E. B. Du Bois's "Darkwater" (Harcourt, 1920), for its interpretation of the negro. Although not a new book, in the customary sense, A. Edward Newton's "The Amenities of Book Collecting" (Atlantic Monthly Press), deserves in its new edition a second reading. If you missed it at first, so much the better for your enjoyment now.

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THE REVIEW

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THE distinctive development of the past ten days in the Presidential nomination field has been the increased prominence of President Wilson. His letter on the treaty to one of the Kansas delegates-at-large to San Francisco; Mr. Jim Ham Lewis's warning, in his address at the Kansas Convention, that "the country must be ready to see the convention at San Francisco put Wilson as its candidate before the nation as a protest" against the defeat of the treaty; the announcement made by the New York *World* that the President intends to return the treaty to the Senate "some time this summer," accompanied by reservations of his own—all these things point to something like a certainty that Mr. Wilson, if his health holds out, will play a very big part in the political developments of the next few months. If the last of these statements is well founded, the one thing to be hoped for by all patriotic Americans is that the President's proposal, whatever it may be, will be considered and acted upon solely according to its merits, and not as a continuation of the unhappy contentions of the past ten months. As to the Presidential campaign itself, it seems to us as clear as it ever was that no profitable method can be found for turning it into a referendum on the treaty. If Mr. Wilson should not be a candidate, the issue would be merely confusing; and if Mr. Wilson should be a candidate, while the issue of the treaty would undoubtedly be a genuine and live one, it would be overshadowed by the personal issues involved in the question of his own re-election.

COMMENTING on the results of the Michigan primaries, we pointed out that the proper view of Senator Johnson's vote was to regard it as cast for him on the one side as against four prominent candidates on the opposite side; and we stated that "Johnson beat Wood by a plurality of perhaps 45,000, but he fell short of the combined vote of the four by about 55,000." The complete returns have been slow to come in. They show that while Johnson's plurality over Wood was almost precisely what the earlier returns indicated, the combined vote of the four surpassed Johnson's by a much larger figure than we stated. Johnson polled 156,939 votes; Wood 112,556; and Wood, Lowden, Hoover, and Pershing polled an aggregate vote of 245,458. Thus Johnson fell short of the combined vote of what may well be called the four normal Republican candidates by nearly 90,000; his vote was 156,939 out of a total of 402,397 for the five. Johnson is cast for a big rôle at Chicago; but he does not command majorities, or anything like majorities, in many States.

BUNCOMBE is the only wear for a Presidential campaign—that must be the conviction of the House Democrats and "insurgent" Republicans who have concocted a bill to raise money for the proposed bonus by means of a retroactive war-profits tax. The bill would impose a tax of 80 per cent. upon the whole amount by which the income of an individual or corporation for each of the years 1917, 1918, 1919, and 1920 exceeded pre-war income. This sort of raid on incomes of past years which have already yielded to the Government what it thought fit to exact, and which have been spent or used upon the supposition that the recipient had them at his disposal, is so preposterous that there is not the slightest danger of its being actually imposed by any Congress and President that may be elected next autumn, unless the country goes crazy in the interval. The bill is not meant to be passed, but to serve as a "good enough Morgan till after the election." But it won't be even that.

DEPRAVED as we all know the American press to be, some of us will be surprised at the exposure of its calculating wickedness which comes from Italy. But the truth must be faced, however disagreeable and unexpected. Occasional items of a disturbing character in regard to labor unrest in Italy have been appearing in the newspapers, but most people, in their innocence, have looked upon them as stray items of news, like so many similar ones relating to other countries, including our own. But the *Giornale d'Italia* understands the thing better. A campaign of false news, it tells us, is being carried on by American newspapers against Italy, and the motive for it is obvious. "Naturally," it says—and there is a world of mean-

ing in the word—"naturally, the principal reason of this campaign is to depreciate still further the value of the lira, thus imposing on us usurious prices for products which we are forced to buy from abroad." That news is systematically suppressed, that nobody is allowed to hear a word from radical leaders, that the labor men's side of a strike dispute is never to be found in the news columns of our capitalist press—with all this we have long been familiar. But even our most wide-awake reformers have not suspected a depth of depravity which would cause those organs of Satanic plutocracy to manufacture a series of false news dispatches for what is, after all, even to Mr. Morgan or Mr. Rockefeller, the comparatively minor object of lowering the value of the lira.

THE League of Nations has refused to accept a mandate for Armenia on the ground of inadequate resources. An advertisement in a Detroit weekly reveals the cause of this lack of funds: "The League of Nations, Wall Street, and other financiers are paying Wood's campaign expenses to get your vote. Vote for Johnson, who smashed the fake League of Nations, who stands for free speech, a free press and free America, Ireland included." This makes it quite clear why the League can not become a mandatory for Armenia. But it does not explain whence the League, since it was smashed by Johnson, derives the financial strength to support Wood's campaign. Or was this self-contradictory statement inserted with the express purpose of showing what free speech is capable of under a Johnson régime?

AT the San Remo Conference, peace between London and Paris was renewed by a give-and-take on either side, though in this transaction between the stubborn Millerand and the pliable Lloyd George it was the Frenchman who made the smaller sacrifice. By yielding on the subject of the German payments, which will now be fixed at a lump sum, and by promising that France will declare in unmistakable terms that she has no intention of annexing the left bank of the Rhine, he received in return Lloyd George's support of his insistence on the disarmament of Germany, and the continuance of the Commission of Control which the British Premier wanted to be discharged. Millerand has scored yet another point by eliciting from Lloyd George a flat denial, which it seems difficult to reconcile with recent utterances of his, that he wished to have the treaty with Germany revised.

THE renewal of peace between the Premiers will have a stabilizing effect upon affairs in Germany. The lack of authority of Herr Müller's Government is in part due to the agitation of those who, foreseeing an estrangement between England and France, opposed the Government's endeavors to execute the peace terms. The frustration of their hopes, and Lloyd George's outspoken support of Millerand's refusal to have the treaty revised, will deprive that opposition of its backbone and help to strengthen the Berlin Government. Whether it will gather strength enough to carry out the disarmament in the teeth of the army's resistance remains to be seen. The fate of Germany lies now in the hands of Ludendorff and his party. If they consider it, in their blindness, a patriotic duty to refuse obedience to the Government, civil war and foreign intervention, to which Lloyd George is now pledged, will be the results. The Prussian militarists have never impressed the world by their political foresight, but the situation created at San Remo is so clear-cut, and the consequences of an infraction of the treaty so plain to be seen, that even these purblind meddlers of the old régime can not fail to perceive them and act, or rather refrain from action, accordingly.

THE silence of the insurgent press regarding the new Soviet labor code is dark and profound. Even such journals as have heretofore made a practice of printing certain documents of an alleged revelatory character, in order to shame and defy the hated capitalist press, have balked at the labor code. Of course, a Soviet code which transforms all male labor into slave labor may be thought, even by the most frantic pro-Bolshevist editor, to be a trifle extreme and therefore something to be kept from its readers. But having swallowed so many camels in the way of Bolshevist outrage upon human rights, to strain at the gnat of labor enslavement must seem to ordinary persons a bit absurd. Of the two stock justifications for such measures, with which the pro-Bolshevist editor has heretofore always been ready, the first, "protection against counter-revolution," is obviously unhandy for the case in point. But the other, "the exercise of proletarian self-discipline," fits like a glove. For a long time it has been evident, from the columns of the less mealy-mouthed of our insurgent contemporaries, that the essence of "proletarian self-discipline" lay in unhesitating obedience to any arbitrary order of the oligarchy of thirty-four. Why the present silence? Why the failure to apply the rule, or theory, or principle, to a comparatively trifling matter like the enslavement of labor? Here is a puzzle which only Time will solve.

IT was a noble gesture, quite in the grand style, with which the *Freeman*, the latest entrant in the field of insurgent journalism, qualified its acceptance of the welcome extended it by the *Nation*. "Thank you very kindly," it said, in effect. "Your language attests the generosity of your heart, but unfortunately it reveals some grave defects of understanding. You welcome us to the field of 'liberal journalism.' Know, then—and may this statement serve not merely as a gentle reproof to yourselves but as a stern warning to others—that we are not *liberals;* we are *radicals*. There is a fundamental difference between the two, which a schoolboy should be whipped for not knowing. Thank you again most kindly, but in the future please be a little more circumspect in your use of terms." Thereupon the differences are carefully expounded. It appears that lib-

erals believe in the political state, whereas radicals scorn it and all its works; and it further appears that liberals recognize but two factors in wealth production, labor and capital, whereas radicals, with scientific precision, recognize in addition a third factor, the land. Far be it from us, even though we doubt the sufficiency of the distinction, to challenge it openly. But if one's attitude toward the political state is a prime test, then the *Nation*, in this verdict of exclusion from the ranks of the radicals, has suffered a cruel and unusual punishment. More than once it has emphatically proclaimed the uselessness of the state and the need of merging ourselves in that large and joyous nebulosity, the Great Society. We can not but admire the grand manner of the *Freeman* in this important episode; but at the same time we feel bound to protest against a hasty and an unjust judgment.

STRANGE, as we have had occasion to remark before, are the mental workings of sentimental radicalism. One of the editors of the *Survey*, reviewing, in a recent issue, a biography of Debs, admits the legal guilt of the Socialist leader. "But after that is admitted," he says, "the contrast between our attitude toward the German Socialist, Dr. Liebknecht, and Eugene V. Debs is striking. When Liebknecht went to jail because his Socialist principles opposed all wars America applauded an honorable man. Our toleration does not extend to Debs even though he is a much milder type of Socialist than Liebknecht turned out to be. History is full of such irony." But where, either in the classical or in the derived sense of the term, is the irony? That Debs is a "much milder type of Socialist" than the Liebknecht of the winter of 1918-19, who sought the armed overthrow of a representative Government, would be difficult to prove in the face of his passionate indorsement not only of Liebknecht but of Lenin. Indeed, his most devoted partisans will indignantly resent the attribute of revolutionary mildness given him. But this point aside, there is the plain fact that the Liebknecht of 1915-16 denounced the military aggression of the German Government, while Debs in 1918 denounced the measures taken by the United States Government against that aggression. To straight-minded folk the distinction is clear enough. One course of conduct tended to frustrate the German Emperor, while the other tended to sustain and strengthen him. The popular attitude was a logical response to the facts: Liebknecht was applauded, while Debs was condemned. If history is full of such instances, so much the better for history, with its attestation to the general common sense of mankind.

BETWEEN the two extreme notions that a man with a diploma has finished his education and that before he can begin it he has a good deal to unlearn, lies the truth that he has indeed made some progress but must still keep in touch with the progress of the schools or lose much of the ground he has gained. Princeton's proposal to send to all her graduates full reports of the work that is being done by her professors is evidence of the growing realization of the necessity of "continuation" schooling. In another field the New York Post-Graduate Medical School has for nearly forty years provided increasingly effective graduate instructions for the practising physicians of the country. When it is considered how much has been accomplished by this institution on an endowment which yields only $20,000 a year, the hope is well grounded that, with an endowment of two million, it can set up in New York a centre to which medical men throughout the world who formerly looked to Vienna and Berlin will gladly and profitably repair.

SIGNS multiply that the birds are at last coming into their own. The decision of the Supreme Court upholding the Migratory Bird law, and thus making effective the policy inaugurated by the British-American treaty of 1918, has been followed by the announcement that the Rockefeller Foundation has deeded to the State of Louisiana 85,000 acres of land, partly swamp and partly dry, to be used as a refuge for migratory birds and a game preserve. It is a magnificent gift, and an evidence of sound and farsighted judgment on the part of the trustees of the Foundation. The land available and favorably situated for such preserves, or "sanctuaries," without sacrifice of other interests, is ample in quantity, if suitably protected, to prevent the actual extinction of any species of our birds and land animals. It is to be hoped that the next few years will see an enormous increase in the total area and general distribution of these tracts of absolute safety, where the "open season" is twelve months long, and belongs to the birds and animals, not to the hunter.

THE reduction of illiteracy among children of from 10 to 14 years of age in the eleven Southern States during 1900-1910 was approximately 33 per cent, and it is believed that the new census will show another marked decline. The last decade has shown a great increase in child-welfare laws. In 1910, except for inadequate measures in Kentucky and North Carolina, there was no compulsory school attendance law in any of these eleven States. Now every one of them has such a law. Notable changes have also been made in health laws and child-labor laws. Very recently, Alabama, which for so long a time had stood out determinedly against child-welfare laws, enacted four measures of importance. Child labor under 14 years is now prohibited, and an eight-hour maximum day for children up to 16 years is ordained; a department of child welfare, with a child-labor division, has been created; extensive improvements have been made in the compulsory education law, and the local health administration bodies have been reorganized for more effective functioning. The fight for child welfare has been a long and stubborn one; but it is now resulting in a succession of victories which a decade ago only the most hopeful looked for in so short a time.

Lawmakers Found Wanting

IF the future of representative government in America were to be judged by recent experience at the capitals of the nation and of its foremost State, it would present a dismal outlook. The case of Albany is so hopelessly bad that it gives no occasion for discussion. Confronted with extraordinary need for helpful constructive measures, the New York Legislature has failed to do anything to which even party advocates can point with any semblance of satisfaction. To those looking upon its record with dispassionate judgment, it can almost be summed up in the statement that the Legislature has done those things which it ought not to have done, and left undone those things which it ought to have done. Even if it be granted—as may indeed be true—that the one striking bit of legislation passed (apart from the heresy-hunting), the bills for the relief of tenants in the housing crisis at New York City, was a good and useful measure, the credit which can be assigned to the Legislature for it is of the slightest. For the bills were passed in response to a tremendous wave of popular pressure, and might just as well have been passed if the State had been under a government by mass meeting, and not by representatives selected to exercise thought and judgment on public affairs. Having done what the people demanded in their exigency, the Legislature did not stir a finger to better the situation out of which the exigency had arisen.

At Washington the long-drawn-out nightmare of the treaty discussion in the Senate has naturally overshadowed all other aspects of the Congressional session. There has, of course, been much valuable, as well as necessary, work done in relation to many of our governmental interests. But there has not been perceptible any large purpose, either in the direction of a return to normal conditions of governmental expenditure, or in that of other great measures called for by the extraordinary circumstances of the time. Under the pressure of a fixed time-limit, a railroad bill has been passed which is as good as could have been expected, and for their efficient work upon which some Senators and Representatives, notably Senator Cummins, deserve high praise. But few will claim that, whatever may have been done in a number of particular and even important fields, Congress has risen to anything remotely approaching the need of the time. As for the matter of the treaty itself, fully as we are convinced that the heaviest burden of responsibility for its failure must rest upon President Wilson, it is impossible to point to the conduct of the Senate as a whole, or to the leadership of either party in it, as presenting a shining contrast to the attitude of the President.

In the circumstance that both at Albany and at Washington Legislature and Executive stood in party opposition to each other, there is ground for consolatory, but also for disturbing, reflection. That opposition undoubtedly suffices to explain a great part of the impotence that we have witnessed. One may comfort oneself with the thought that the paralyzing effect of such a situation is the exception, not the rule, in our system of government. But the exception is too frequent to be viewed with complacency. Granting that, the separation of powers which is fundamental in our Constitutional structure results in a balance of good, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the price which has to be paid for the attainment of that good. It has been part of the misfortune of Mr. Wilson's career that, recognizing, as he has always done, the great drawbacks of this separation of powers, he has acted upon the assumption that he could remove those drawbacks by ignoring, or almost ignoring, the fact that the separation exists. So long as the ship of state was sailing in smooth waters, the theory that he actually was captain and helmsman and mate all in one worked fairly well; but in the time of storm and stress that simple method of exorcising all difficulties very naturally ceased to be effective. So long as we have our present system, we have got to work according to its rules; if the system is to be changed, it must be changed deliberately. And it should never be forgotten that the other system—the British parliamentary system—has its own checks and balances, though of a very different nature from ours. To introduce the predominance of the Premier without his responsibility, is a plan whose boldness is not greater than its crudity.

Unfortunately, whatever consolation may be got from ascribing some part of the failure either at Washington or at Albany to party disharmony between the legislative and the executive power, a vast amount of it remains unaccountable in that way. It was to no such cause that Speaker Sweet's preposterous programme concerning the Socialists was due, nor the following that he received in the Assembly. In the Senate at Washington, the absence of impressive and coherent leadership in the treaty fight is not to be explained by the fact that the majority of the Senate was Republican while the President was Democratic; nor was the utter nonentity of Democratic leadership in the Senate attributable to that cause. The truth is that we are at this moment in an extremely poverty-stricken condition as to the quality of our representative assemblies. It is quite possible that the average calibre of the members of Congress and of such a body as the New York Legislature is as good as ever it was; and in point of political morality and personal honesty the standard is probably much higher than it has been in the past. But of outstanding personality, of men who mean something more than the humdrum every day member, there is a woeful scarcity. There is hardly a man in either house of Congress—not to speak of the New York Legislature—whose words are eagerly looked for, or whose judgment exercises powerful influence upon any considerable section of the public. Whether this is a passing condition or a permanent one, there is little means of judging; but it is a patent fact, and one which sober Americans can not afford lightly to dismiss from their thoughts.

If the Overallers Are in Earnest

IT seems fairly clear by this time that overalls are not in themselves destined to spell salvation. It is chiefly as a symbol of the desire—and what, we judge, is practically far more important, the necessity—for economizing that the overall movement is generally discussed. If that desire exists in sufficient degree—still more if that necessity exists in sufficient degree—something is going to happen of considerable importance, overalls or no overalls. But it ought not to be impossible to utilize the sudden burst of general interest in the subject for the promotion of a clearer understanding of the problem.

Probably of all the motives assigned for the overall movement the one most frequently and conspicuously put forward is the determination to check retail "profiteering." There is reason to believe that retail profits are in a large range of cases higher than there is any need of their being. How much higher, and to what extent the excess is to be attributed to anything which justly deserves the opprobrious epithet, are questions wide open to conjecture. But certain it is that of the millions of persons who have welcomed the overall movement, the majority are convinced that a large part of what they are suffering is due to the exorbitant profits of retailers.

But to fight these profits, if they are anything like so unreasonable as is generally believed, a method is open far more effective than any spasmodic display of abnormal frugality can offer. There is no reason to suppose that people in general will continue long to exercise that virtue which, under the pleasing excitement of a concerted drive, they may for a time enthusiastically exhibit. A certain amount will indeed have been saved, and that is so much to the good; provided it is really saved and applied to the reduction of debt, or the increase of production. But presently we shall have retail "business as usual" again, and percentages of retail profits will be about the same as before. On the other hand, if the protest against these profits has a sound basis, and if the overallers are sufficiently in earnest to be willing to put thought and pains, as well as feeling, into their movement, they can produce results of a far more permanent character.

It is a most striking circumstance that, through all this agitation over retail profiteering, one hears hardly a word of the possibility of consumers' coöperation. It is true that coöperative stores never have been able to make much headway in our cities, but this has been largely due to the fact that on the whole the well-being of our people has been such as to make the 10 per cent. saving, or thereabouts, which is all that the Rochdale stores in England have been able to effect, too unimportant in the eyes of our free-and-easy people to stimulate them to the skilled and continuous effort required for the successful management of such an enterprise. But matters are very different now. Millions of persons in the middle walks of life are suffering keenly from the inadequacy of their unincreased, or slightly increased, incomes to meet the enormous advance in prices, so that even a saving of 10 per cent., if it can be effected, will be a matter of great importance to them. And if anything like what is usually alleged about the retail business of these war and post-war years is true, a far greater saving ought to be possible. Furthermore, the very conditions which make life so hard for thousands of persons of the salaried classes would make available for important parts of the work of management the services of large numbers of men and women who are seeking a change from their present under-paid occupations.

To start, and to carry on with efficiency and success, a coöperative store requires, besides a firm and clear-cut purpose, the devoted labor of a considerable number of competent and trustworthy managers of the undertaking. If, however, the overall movement is something more substantial than a bit of child-like enthusiasm for a novelty, and if the grievance against the retailers is a real one, surely there ought to be forthcoming a sufficient number of persons willing and able to perform those functions for reasonable pay. Nevertheless, from what we know of the American temper in such matters, we should be loth to express any expectation that the thing will be done, or even seriously attempted. But there is another thing that might be done to effect the same object, and which makes a far less exacting demand whether on seriousness of purpose, on thoughtfulness in planning, or on special personal qualities in those who carry on the undertaking. A great stock company might be formed upon ordinary business principles, but dedicated to the purpose of establishing reasonable rates of retail profits. Every person who has joined, either literally or figuratively, in the overall movement expects to save, by economy in the course of the next few months, a tidy little sum of money. In the city of New York alone there may well be supposed to be—if the movement amounts to anything at all—a million persons who should save not less than an average of fifty dollars each. It would take much less than fifty million dollars to start a great general store, or chain of stores. Even one such store, with a capital of two or three million dollars, would, if successful, set an example that would be of powerful and cumulative effect in the control of prices. There have been times when the objection might have been raised that such a store would be disastrously handicapped by discrimination against it on the part of manufacturers and jobbers. But such discrimination would to-day be made impossible either by specific provisions of the law or by the imperious demand of public opinion.

The question before the people is partly one of fact and partly one of their own earnestness and competence to deal with facts. It is easy to keep howling about profiteers. It is easy to egg on the officers of the law to hunt down here and there some individual who is no more a criminal than anybody else in the same line of business, and send him to jail or drive him to suicide. It is easy to

parade in overalls, and, as the experience of the other day showed, still easier to stand on the sidewalk and watch other people parade in them. What people do not find easy is to do a little sober and continuous thinking. Apart from that unfamiliar and distasteful exertion, it is really just as easy to form a stock company as it is to do any of those other more congenial stunts. It remains to be seen whether the modicum of thinking and working necessary for the purpose is going to be done.

The Newberry Verdict

WE print on another page a letter from Mr. Hal H. Smith, counsel for Mr. Blair, who was treasurer of the Newberry committee and disburser of the fund which led to the indictment and conviction of Mr. Newberry, Mr. Blair, and others connected with the campaign. Mr. Smith objects to the editorial comment in the *Review* for March 27 on the outcome of the trial.

His first objection is that it was stated that Mr. Newberry's letters showed that "he had full knowledge of the large sums used and gave constant advice as to their expenditure." As to this point, we may quote from the charge of Judge Sessions, as reported in the Detroit *News* at the time:

> If the jury was satisfied that Mr. Newberry, at or about the time he became a candidate, was made aware of the cost of the campaign, and that it would be in excess of the amount allowed by law, and if he thereafter advised, counseled, procured or participated in the unlawful expenditure, they would be warranted in holding him guilty.

On the evidence presented, including a mass of letters and telegrams from Mr. Newberry, the jury was satisfied that Mr. Newberry had taken active and unlawful part in the expenditures under investigation. As to the effect of these letters and telegrams, one of the jurors was quoted by the Associated Press representative, immediately after the rendering of the verdict, as saying: "The defense itself had supplemented the scanty Government proof that Mr. Newberry himself had taken an active part in the campaign, and shown by his own writing that he directed almost every important move." The words of the *Review*, in their natural interpretation, were in harmony, we think, with the evidence given and with the apparent interpretation of that evidence by the Judge and the jury. We did not say, of course, that Mr. Newberry had advised or directed the commission of a specific criminal act. The offense lay not at one specific point but in a totality of items of which most, if not all, would have been separately permissible, so far as the criminal law is concerned. In point of morals, the *Review* could not make the same concession.

And this brings us to Mr. Smith's second objection, that it was said that "the wealth of Mr. Newberry himself was lavishly used in violation of the law and of political decency." The exact words of the *Review* were, "the wealth of Mr. Newberry himself, *his family and his friends*, was lavishly used in violation of the law and of political decency." The difference is quite evident: we were referring to the campaign fund, and its use, as a whole.

Of course the criminal law must be strictly interpreted, and the accused must have the benefit of every doubt. Yet the jury promptly arrived at a verdict of conviction. But when the *Review* spoke of the violation of political decency, it had in mind far more than the criminal law can ever hope adequately to cover. If neither Federal nor State law had forbidden the expenditure of the entire sum involved, we should still feel obliged to characterize such expenditure as a violation of political decency. The very lavishness of it was intended to frighten away possible competing candidates. Mr. Newberry himself wrote, during the campaign, "I am glad Mr. Warner is scared out. As long as we keep up our publicity work, it will be harder and harder for a new man to get a start." We shall not stop here to enumerate the various forms of expenditure testified to in the trial and described by Mr. Newberry and his supporters as "publicity work," or advertising. "Definition" of these terms ceases to define, if it is stretched sufficiently to include such activities as, for example, the paying for solicitation of names for the nomination of an extra candidate to oppose Mr. Ford in the Democratic primaries. Such uses of money always have been corrupting to any electorate, and can never be anything else.

We can not agree with Mr. Smith, however, in the opinion that the jury convicted the defendants merely on "the theory that the expenditure of a large sum of money was wrong." Both Congress and the Michigan Legislature have put that theory into the form of very definite statute law, and it was under this that the jury rendered its verdict. Nor can we find any evidence that the trial itself was "a hideous concession to popular clamor and to the prejudice against wealth." We venture the opinion that most men of wealth are themselves fully convinced that a restraint on this particular employment of wealth is altogether wholesome and necessary.

Into direct bribery—"corruption" as it would be thought of under the forms of criminal law as developed in the past—men like Mr. Newberry would not enter. That particular kind of "moral turpitude" can not rightly be laid to their charge. But it is their misfortune not to have grasped the higher conception of duty and propriety in such matters which is gradually bringing the law to a higher level, and with which political practice must conform just as fast as it becomes law, if no faster. Candidates for office should note, too, that the day has closed when they could come off morally clear in the court of sound public opinion through the plea that they were ignorant of what their own agents were doing. It is their positive duty to know, and the public good demands that they be held to that duty. A political campaign conducted in brutal disregard of these nicer moral distinctions, which can not always be easily covered by positive law, may be far more corrupting in ultimate effect than the coarser crimes of direct bribery and intimidation.

Branting Prime Minister

"WHEN the Communists maintain," writes Karl Kautsky in his "Terrorismus und Kommunismus," "that democracy is in practice the domination of the bourgeoisie, one might answer them that the dictatorship of the proletariat is in practice a return to pre-bourgeois, barbaric club-law. Democracy, with its universal suffrage, is not the domination of the bourgeoisie. The latter, in its revolutionary period, did, indeed, introduce a class franchise, but after a long and heavy struggle the proletariat obtained universal suffrage. This is a fact of common knowledge, which the Communists, however, seem to have forgotten. Democracy, with its universal suffrage, points the way by which the class war may be changed from a war with the fist into a war with the brain, where only that class can conquer which is its opponent's intellectual and moral superior. Democracy is the only way towards that higher form of society which socialism means to civilized man."

Kautsky is the Nestor, and the most learned, not only of German but of European Socialists, and his word still carries authority among the leaders of the Labor parties of various nationalities. His vindication of democratic government as against proletarian dictatorship is shared by a large majority of the intellectual exponents of Socialism. It is everywhere a minority that, captivated by this magic catchword of uncertain meaning, clamors for their party's accession to the Third Internationale of Moscow. In Switzerland a resolution to that effect was actually carried by the Socialist Congress, but defeated again by a referendum among the members of the party. A similar resolution, moved by the delegates from Paris, was rejected by the French Socialist Congress at Strassburg. At the Easter Congress of the Belgian Socialists only one-fourth of the votes were cast for the resolutions proposed by Jacquemotte, the spokesman of the Leninists. The majority agreed with Kamiel Huysmans, who declared that "the advocates of the Third Internationale can only divide the proletarians." This is, in fact, their only achievement: they have caused a cleavage in Labor by their advocacy of a Russian Socialism which can not appeal to the average workmen of Western Europe who, in spite of Marxian doctrines and religiously memorized definitions of capitalism, class war, etc., has much more in common with the bourgeois of his own country than with the "free" proletarian of Russia.

In Sweden evolutionary Socialism has reached a stage which it has not attained in any other country of Europe. The development has been extraordinary in its rapidity. It is only a few years ago that Premier Staaff, the leader of the Liberal party, was forced to resign and hand the reins of Government to a conservative successor, and now the Socialist Hjalmar Branting is at the head of affairs, with a Cabinet of Socialist Ministers only. The Swedish nation does not yet stand on the threshold of the Socialist millennium. "The general ideas of the Social-democratic party have not gained sufficient adherence among the people and their representatives to make a Government like this Socialistic one of ours a parliamentary necessity." In these words Branting admitted the precarious position of his Cabinet, which compels him to restrict his Socialistic programme to those projects which he may expect to realize with the help of the Liberal party, such as the reform of municipal taxation, treatment of the housing problem, reform of the defense system necessitated by Sweden's accession to the League of Nations, and socialization of some branches of production and commerce, which is tentatively thrown in along with the rest.

A bourgeois Government under Socialist disguise, Branting's Cabinet is called by the radical wing of his party. There is some truth in the taunt. But those who make it should at least admit that Branting and his colleagues have not donned the disguise to conceal their identity from a hostile bourgeois mob, but only to win the goodwill and support of a peace-loving nation whose democratic constitution, of bourgeois make, has enabled them to rise to their present position. It is up to them to convince the people, by the practical results of their legislative and administrative activity, of the excellence of the Socialist doctrine. The proof of the pudding is in the eating; by merely hearing the recipe read the people can not be persuaded of its excellence.

That the left wing of the party disapproves of Branting's acceptance of the Government need not be wondered at. It is a matter of general experience that the Socialist who shoulders responsibility for the management of the country's affairs loses his dogmatic rigidity and is apt to slide back to bourgeois moderation. To-day's conservative rulers are the radicals of yesterday, when they were not yet in power. Hence the fear of the extremists lest the party by coming into power should stray from its dogmatic seclusion and become fused with the bourgeois liberals and radicals. In order to prevent such falling off the extremists have stated their minimum demands, and if Mr. Branting does not comply with these at their own speed they will probably call a political strike to force his hands. These reformers of Lenin's school will not believe that Rome was not built in a day, nor will they believe, which is worse, that in a day Alba Longa could be destroyed.

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Behind the Financing of China

(IN FOUR PARTS—PART IV)

THE reopening of the closing door in the Far East is the purpose of the revived American financial activity which resulted in the Consortium. Its success or failure determines the fate of Japan's persistent efforts to revive the spheres of influence which, since 1900, have been demonstrated to be inimical to the peaceful development of the Chinese Republic. Its significance is fully grasped by the Elder Statesmen and their star-chamber associates dominating the Cabinet from behind the throne. And it is for that reason that they speak of Japan's "special position" in the Far East. Japan's "special position" is incompatible with the Consortium.

Had it not been for the war, Japan would appear to-day as a minor economic factor with no other than political claims for participating in the inevitable coöperative financing of China so nearly consummated in 1914. Japan is aware that the war broke down the balance of power in the Far East. Its prolongation gave the Japanese military party the opportunity to resuscitate the discredited diplomacy which based itself on regional monopolies under rival Powers. If this involves the impairment of China's integrity, it involves also the virtual leadership of Japan.

The problem, then, is whether Japan's affirmation of her "special position" can be reconciled with a necessarily coöperative financing of China. Its solution must take into account the generally successful tactics of the Japanese statesmen. (1) They attempt to block the proposal prejudicial to their interests by direct opposition. (2) If this fails, they skilfully turn to indirect methods of obstruction. (3) As a last resort, they unqualifiedly accepted the proposal "in principle," and then drive the best bargain they can with regard to its application in practice. (4) This compromise becomes the starting point for a new set of manœuvres with hope that the thousandth chance may prove the reward of a venturesome statecraft.

The repudiation by Japan of the terms of the Inter-Group Agreement of May, 1919—her nullification, in fact, of the Consortium—carried Japanese statesmen to the point where American pressure forced them to a compromise. Her original opposition had been based on the determination of the military party in Tokyo to keep intact the Japanese hegemony over Manchuria, Mongolia adjacent to the Three Eastern Provinces, and presumably the ex-German rights in Shantung. Bowing to the inevitable, Japan's Foreign Office was instructed to seek the best way out.

It is no secret that the British Government, late in November, 1919—doubtless prompted by her Japanese ally—cited the Ishii-Lansing Agreement as justifying the exclusion of Mongolia and Manchuria from the scope of the Consortium under our implied recognition of Japan's "special position." Our Government at once informed Britain that such recognition was not intended to imply a monopoly or a priority of economic or industrial rights. Attention was expressly directed to the concluding clauses of this much-discussed agreement, which specifically and without qualification—the State Department so declared—preserved the principle of equality of commercial and industrial opportunity through the whole of China. This, of course, was but the State Department's formal reiteration of ex-Secretary Lansing's public testimony giving the lie to the sedulously circulated official statements of the Japanese Government that the United States had accepted the "special position" doctrine in 1917.

The reasonable interpretation of Japan's reaffirmation of the Consortium is that she recognizes the case has gone against her. Granted Japan has been given considerable latitude in the definition of her vested interests in North China, the fact remains that the United States has retained ample means to bring the Japanese War Office cabal to time. And without much more than she obtains under the present state of the Consortium, her dream of empire in Eastern Asia must remain in great part a dream. The future of her rail-and-iron policy lay in the acquisition of the dormant Russian rights for future construction in North Manchuria and Mongolia, as well as in her unfettered ability to weave a web stretching from Shantung into Central Asia on China's other flank. But these are schemes upon which no "substantial progress" has been made; accordingly, Japan really loses the key to her expansion westward on the continent planned for the next hundred years.

Japan's attitude as defined in her semi-official pronouncements springs from her need to protect "vital Japanese interests." Under the old conditions, it is true, ruthless competition among the Powers did threaten Japan's position in the East. But under the Consortium all legitimate interests of Japan are conserved. The Consortium does, however, threaten the strategic points of Japanese expansion within her neighbor's domains. Japanese imperialism, pushed into a corner, justifies itself by declaring that other nations in the past have employed aggressive tactics against China. Obviously, for the peace of the future a broader point of view than this is needed in the Far East. Japan, or any other Power, can not set herself against the coöperative handling of the Chinese problem, which is striving to redress old wrongs and insists upon renouncing new aggressions.

The Consortium will once more make the Open-Door policy, formulated by Secretary Hay two decades ago, a vital factor in support of China's integrity. It is essential to peace in the Pacific. Under American leadership the Consortium means the democratizing of money-power in the East. The State Department—barring the possibility of the President's reversing our position as a token of friendship which is to lead Japan into better ways—has achieved its ends; for Japan has been aligned with us on the fundamental proposition that China's future development must be handled by joint action. In so far

as the Consortium, with American leadership, can demonstrate to Japanese business that its future is brightest under conditions which assure to Japan China's friendship, the support of the Powers, and a vast share in the work itself, it offers a way to break the grip of the War Office junto. That means everything to China, to ourselves, and to a stable world.

CHARLES HODGES

Propaganda and the News

THE chorus of protest against the alleged suppression or falsification of news by the capitalist press has its ridiculous as well as its serious phase. No person who has devoted himself to unpopular causes, no person who has employed himself in the gathering and handling of exact information, will deny that there is ample cause for complaint. Unfortunately, however, the complainants do not, as a rule, come into court with unsoiled hands. They are mainly the revolutionary, radical, and pseudo-liberal journals that are playing the same game they attribute to others. What they really object to is the suppression or falsification *not* of facts *per se*, but of facts or fabrications conceived by them to be favorable to their own programmes, causes, or theories. By their own habitual practice they confirm this statement. From the frothiest revolutionary sheet to the most pretentious of the critical journals they pick and choose the material useful to their purposes and trim unuseful material to the same end. To the inconvenient fact they are, as a rule, coldly inhospitable or actively belligerent. They ignore it, or they assault it, and mutilate it beyond recognition. They are the advocates of a double standard. For themselves to sort and reject and trim is highly ethical. They do it in the name of truth, justice, democracy, loyalty to the people (or to the working class), and devotion to the cause of one or another of a score of "isms." But for the capitalist press to do a similar thing, with no pretense to a higher morality, is anti-social.

One must distinguish between the two general classes of journals which are parties to this controversy—the one, usually a daily, which is chiefly a purveyor of news, and the other, usually a weekly, which is chiefly a purveyor of opinion and propaganda. Of course, neither keeps to an exclusive field; the daily has its editorials, and even the most opinionated of the weeklies gives space to what it calls news. The propaganda journal, while reserving the right to give its readers only what it thinks is meet and fit for them, denies this right to the news journal and insists that the latter furnish an adequate and impartially written record of happenings.

The contention is, on the whole, sound, even though the circumstances under which it is made are so absurd. We have a right to demand of the purveyors of news that they give us the facts. It is the general conviction that they do not do this. Their delinquency is not so great as Mr. Upton Sinclair pictures it in "The Brass Check," or as Mr. Walter Lippmann, by repeated innuendo, implies it to be in "Liberty and the News." It is, however, a real one. Men disagree, of course, as to what matters are inadequately or unfairly treated in the news; but they agree that the news is qualitatively or quantitatively affected by the editorial attitude. The average reader who is in accord with the editorial attitude on a particular subject usually finds the news treatment of that subject satisfactory; the reader who is not in accord finds the treatment inadequate or unfair. The ignorance and inexperience of reporters, the complexity of subjects or situations dealt with, the conflict of testimony from which news accounts must be written, the sometimes amazing obtuseness of copy-readers (who prepare the "stuff" for the printers)—these and other factors contribute to the result. But to most men, and especially to those who are or have been on the inside, the factor of the editorial attitude is chief.

I can not undertake, for the present, to sustain this view, which is disputed by the defendants, further than to say that the editors and writers on the propaganda journals furnish in themselves a sufficient confirmation. It would be singular if the proneness to manipulate the news to accord with their policies, which they so clearly show, should not in some degree at least be shared by the editors and writers of the news journals. Nor can I now enter upon a consideration of remedies. The matter about which I am here mainly concerned is a comparison of the reliability of information given on the one hand by the news journals and on the other hand by the journals of open or disguised propaganda.

One who seeks the truth about any happening in which a political or a social issue is involved must give his days and nights to the scrutiny of many sources of information. What one newspaper or periodical furnishes him is contradicted or omitted by another; and for every point of view there is offered a special set of alleged facts. One must test and compare; one must strive to know the interest—material, doctrinal, or sentimental—which the journal or its special writer holds in the matter; and if one can not get this from outside sources, one must learn to detect it between the lines of the account. It is an endless and an awful task; but if an approximation to the truth is really wanted, the task will be undertaken.

The testimony here offered is that of one who has spent a great number of his days in the gathering and compiling of what is known as exact information. It is also the testimony of one who, by conviction and long habit, is a partisan of a particular school of social radicalism; and, still further, of one whose interest in the manifold phases of radicalism has made him an avid reader of propaganda. The mournful judgment must be recorded that most of the stuff labelled "information" appear-

ing in the radical and pseudo-liberal press is utterly unreliable. Much of it is flagrantly false; much of it is fragmentary, true enough in itself but false in its implication; much of it is trimmed, colored, "doctored" to accord with a particular view. Sometimes, indeed, the insurgent periodical prints facts or figures of great value which have been suppressed or distorted by the regular news journals; but for every service of this kind that it renders it perpetrates a score of offenses against the truth.

There is every reason—except an ethical one—why this should be so. The bias of the insurgent reader and the bias of the insurgent editor are usually in accord, and the result follows. The reader wants facts, near-facts, or fabrications that sustain his social theory, that confirm his suspicions, that feed his prejudices, and that warm up his antipathies. The editor or writer on an insurgent periodical who does not understand this truth and conform to it finds himself without a job.

The capitalist news journal appeals to a more general audience. It must, in the nature of things, give a fairer presentation of the news. There are, it is true, in most newspaper offices certain recognized tyrannies that must be obeyed—the department-store tyranny, the index expurgatorius of "enemies of the paper," and that other index—the list of good men and true, "friends of the paper," who must always be spoken of with respect. There is, also, the obvious fact that most daily newspapers—especially those which are members of the Associated Press—are upholders of the capitalist system, and that that system is not deliberately made to appear at a disadvantage in the news. But though the editors and owners are committed to the prevailing system, all the reporters and news writers are not. Indeed, many of them are radicals of one sort or another. The popular notion (as it appears in the insurgent journals) that all of these persons are more or less conscious prostitutes, selling their souls in order that they may hold their positions, is insulting fiction. There are men enough, and too many, indifferent as to what they write so long as it brings rewards; but, as a rule, it may be said that the reporter on a capitalist news journal, at once sympathizing with insurgency and indulging in the luxury of a conscience, who does not know how to write his reports fairly without jeoparding his job, is deficient in common sense. In his attempt to write honestly he fares immeasurably better than he would if he were employed on a Socialist, radical, or pseudo-liberal journal.

Insurgent editors and writers acknowledge the fairness of the capitalist news service when it suits them to do so—when the material given is useful to their purposes. They depreciate or denounce it when the material is inconvenient. With all allowances made for the obvious derelictions of the regular news journals, it is still to be said that they print the news. Along with much that is trivial, much that is mere baseless gossip, and much that is deliberately colored, they print most of the worth-while information (other than statistical—and some of that) upon which we rely. The news accounts in the insurgent journals are, in the main, notoriously undependable; they are discounted, even by the insurgent following, when sincerely seeking the truth.

Instances, covering no more than the last two years, of the stupidly dishonest ways in which the news is manipulated or suppressed by the insurgent journals could easily be piled up in sufficient volume to fill an entire issue of the *Review*. Strikes, the I. W. W., Russia, Mexico, Germany, the Allies, the Peace Conference, Belgium, Czechoslovakia are subjects upon which a particular activity of commission or omission is habitually shown. The enthusiastic credence given to the testimony of hand-picked and pap-fed correspondents regarding Russia, and the entire ignoring of the testimony of the most intelligent and trustworthy Socialist regarding that land, has been characteristic of the insurgent, and particularly the Socialist, press, since November, 1917. A similar policy has been followed regard ing Mexico, though, very recently through the breaking out of an amus ing controversy in the columns of on of the most radical of the revolution ary journals, some essential fact well known to others, have been com municated to the insurgent worl They were, of course, unwelcom facts, and the informant was sharpl rebuked by his opponent.

Then there are Belgium an Czechoslovakia. All Socialist, sem Socialist, "radical democratic," an "intellectual radical" journals migh be supposed to be interested in th fact that these countries, under gov ernments in which democratic Socia ists have a large measure of powe are making rapid progress. The tes timony regarding Belgium is v luminous; regarding Czechoslovaki hardly less so. Of the latter countr Charles R. Crane has been recentl reported as saying that "it is polit cally the sanest and healthiest spot i Europe." In the days before 191 the insurgent papers, and particu larly the Socialist party papers, woul have given columns and pages to th exploitation of such news. But, as matter of fact, nearly every Socialis paper and almost all the papers in th other branches of insurgency hav wholly ignored the subject. Why Because all these papers are i greater or less degree the partisan of Bolshevism. To praise, even t mention, the orderly, legalistic Socia Democratic progress in Belgium an Czechoslovakia would be impliedl to condemn the sort of thing that ha happened in Russia. To omit all men tion is the safer course; and besides it gives more space in which to de nounce the capitalist press for it suppression of the truth.

As a constructive radical, I shoul prefer to believe that the greater vi tue of practice, no less than of pre cept, is to be found in at least som of the organs of radicalism. Bu long experience and a reasonabl close application to the subject com pel me to say that in this matter c the manipulation of the news th radical journals are much worse tha the capitalist journals.

W. J. GHENT

Asia, Europe, and Bolshevism

IS Russian Bolshevism a danger for the non-Russian world? Yes, and no. For some Powers it is a great one, for others it is hardly a danger at all. As a military power it no longer signifies much, and its armies can be dangerous only to internally feeble states. Except in a limited way, its propaganda westward has little force remaining. Towards the East, on the other hand, its propaganda has gained in strength, and Great Britain, now the real ruler of West, South, and, part at least, of Middle Asia, will be the first to notice its effects.

The situation in Soviet Russia is very peculiar. To the foreign onlooker the Bolshevist state gives an impression of tremendous power. It has defeated, one after another, the Russian generals who, from the south, the east, and the west, made an attempt to restore the old Russia. Yudenich, who advanced within sight of Petrograd, possessed no real strength, at most 20,000 unreliable troops, and the victory over him was gained by the Bolsheviki with the tanks which, in the spring of 1919, the French, when evacuating Odessa, had left behind on the quay of the harbor. Kolchak and Denikin were much stronger, but they failed owing to peasants' risings in their rear. The best work for the Soviet Government against Denikin was done by the Ukrainian peasants who were stirred to resistance by the uncompromising Great-Russian nationalism of Denikin and his opposition to the national spirit of the Ukraine. Hence the land he had reclaimed from the Red forces was left, in the rear of his advancing army, to a hostile population, which lamed his action against the Reds.

Military campaigns on a large scale against a well-equipped enemy are impracticable for the Bolsheviki because of the dilapidation of the Russian railroads. Local lines are not worked any more, and on the main lines run, a few times a week, exclusively Government trains, in which private travelers can obtain passage by means of excessive bribes or by forged passports. Nor could the ammunition factories produce the supplies that would be required for a real fighting campaign. They are kept going by the lure of what under present Russian conditions may be called fantastically luxurious board and lodging for the workmen. In spite of all its violent measures to stimulate production the Soviet Government has not succeeded in keeping the remnants of Russian industries fit for the upkeep and supply of numerous armies. All figures which they publish about their fighting forces are greatly exaggerated. Besides, the Soviet troops would be a poor match for an efficient and well-equipped enemy. Their discipline has been restored by barbaric severity, but no troops can fight well which know themselves greatly inferior to the enemy in material equipment.

The weakest spot of Bolshevism in Russia (apart from the fact that the resuscitation of its industry is a task beyond its strength) is the passivity of the peasants, who form more than 80 per cent. of the population in Soviet Russia. The peasant cares not for Bolshevism and Communism; he has left the old Russian community of the village, the "mir," a few strong and well-to-do individuals having usurped control of the villages and kept the poor and the dispossessed in subjection. The peasants lack, indeed, all urban manufactures, but they can provide for their clothing and their food from what they produce themselves; only a few iron utensils, such as needles and axes, they have to buy at exorbitant prices. Economic conditions in rural districts of Soviet Russia are most primitive, but the peasant subsists independently of the Bolsheviki, who control only the principal towns and the railroads. In making a forecast of Russia's future one must not lose sight of the fact that the bourgeoisie, the great landowners, the capitalists of the cities, and the industries are altogether ruined, that the landowners can never return, and that a peasant democracy of a crude, semi-Asiatic type is the most likely form of constitution for Russia after the fall of Bolshevism. The duration of the Soviet Government will largely depend on its skill to eke out the dwindling remnants of railroad stock and industrial plants. It need not fear any military aggression from outside, as the new border States evolved from the old Russia lack the necessary power, and the workers of both England and France are set against armed intervention in Russia. It is easy to see why the Soviet Government is so anxious to resume commercial relations with the Western World. A recuperation of means of transportation and a revival of Russian industry by the establishment of new plants would seat the Bolsheviki more firmly in the saddle. But it is a mistake to expect that Soviet Russia, in its turn, will be able to meet large orders for the European market. There is no surplus of grain, as the peasants produce no more than they need themselves. There is plenty of wood in the forests of the north, but the lack of means for its transport puts it out of the reach of the foreign trader.

In spite of its internally weak position, the Soviet Government is energetically active on all sides. In the west its chief object of aggression is Poland. If military superiority were to turn the scale, Russia would not be able to cope with Poland, but the rulers in Moscow know that the Polish army, the Polish workmen, and, in part, the Polish peasants are not impervious to the political propaganda of the Bolsheviki. The Polish army is numerically stronger than the forces which the Soviet Government, by an extreme effort, could muster against it. It is also better equipped and has some eminent French staff officers. But as a fighting instrument against a Bolshevist army it is unreliable, and an offensive of Soviet troops on the Polish front would probably be accompanied by labor revolts and peasants' riots in Poland itself. Another factor making for internal weakness is the inclusion of so many non-Polish races within the new Polish frontiers. A Bolshevist advance would probably not be brought to a standstill until it had reached the German provinces of Poland, where the people are more advanced and more accustomed to an established political order. Germany herself may be expected to have no difficulty in resisting a Bolshevist invasion, as the new German army, the Reichswehr, can be relied upon and is superior in military efficiency to the forces of the Soviet Republic.

But the Bolshevists' schemes are far more ambitious in the east than in the west. Asia is to be won for Bolshevism. This idea is less fantastic than it might seem at first glance. In Asia the Bolsheviki want to strike a blow at England. Lenin recently delivered an address at Moscow, in which, among other things, he said that the Communist propaganda among Oriental peoples must be changed and adapted to their peculiar psychology. In order to vanquish Europe, Bolshevism ought to force for itself a way towards the Far East, and there crush, first of all, the power of Great Britain. England now rules from the Caucasus to India; but she does not only rule, she exploits the Asiatic peoples. Under her direct or indirect government she unites nearly the entire Mohammedan population of Asia. The Islamic world knows only one antagonist: England. Early last winter Mohammedan representatives, who had come to Moscow in the deepest secrecy, entered there into a compact with the Soviet Commissaries for the purpose of a joint propaganda in behalf of the "liberation of Asia" from the Bosphorus to Malacca, and to the northernmost frontiers of China. In the autumn of 1919 the Soviet Government had already established a special committee for Turkestan and Afghanistan. The Commissary for Asia in the Foreign Office at Moscow is a Mohammedan, Karachan. The railroads running from Russia to the Afghan frontiers are almost entirely in the hands of the Bolsheviki. In Moscow they have established a university

for Bolshevist propaganda in Asia, for which the Soviet Government has appropriated fifty million rubles in gold and one billion paper rubles. Young-Turkish delegates, emissaries of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, Afghans, Persians, Caucasians, Indians, Chinese, come and go at Moscow and in the Asiatic sub-committees of the Soviet Government, and the Islamic agitation joins with that of the Bolsheviki in the cry: "Away with the suppressors!" who to the Bolsheviki are the capitalists, to the Moslems the foreigners and faithless.

The strength of the Bolshevist advance in Asia is in the absence among the Orientals of any feelings of nationality, which form the principal check to their progress in Europe. According to the Bolshevist press of Moscow, a propaganda train, with the well-known female agitator Balabanowa (to judge from her name, a woman of Tatar descent) at the head of the mission, left Moscow recently for the Orient. The train was given the name "The Red East." The mission is equipped with an abundance of material for agitation, among other things with movie films, and numbers a great many popular orators of various nationalities and creeds, Tatars, Kirghizes, Bashkirs, Afghans, Persians, Indians, able to speak the numerous tongues of Asia, and driven by ardent fanaticism. Their aim is the overthrow of British power in Asia. That achieved, they hope for a crushing reaction in Europe. Eccentric though these plans may seem, and verging on the fantastic, they must not be underestimated or ridiculed. The English are far from regarding them as harmless. The growing anxiety about the Bolshevist danger in Asia finds a vent in the British press. The surest test as to whether the Bolsheviki make successful progress in the East will probably be the Entente's change of attitude with regard to the revision of the peace treaties with Central Europe.

DR. PAUL ROHRBACH

Berlin

M. Millerand, the French Premier

ALTHOUGH the average reader over here is more interested in Presidents than in Premiers, on the other side of the Atlantic it is the Premiers that count and not the Presidents. That is why M. Millerand received very little attention as long as he was only a Prime Minister. A prize fighter and a midnight folly dancer easily beat him in the space granted by our dailies and in the curiosity of the public. Now, however, that he has tackled and settled a big railroad strike and appeared before Europe as the most outspoken and resolute advocate of the full enforcement of the treaty of Versailles, his name is beginning to emerge in the world's limelight.

M. Millerand is a Parisian born in Paris, a most uncommon thing nowadays among those who call themselves Parisians. That was in 1859 and makes him just two years younger than M. Paul Deschanel. Little is known about his early life except that he studied in two good lycées of the capital, took his law degree at the University, and entered the bar, where he obtained an honor which seems in France to be the first sign of a great political career: he was elected "secretary of the conference," the conference being a sort of debating society organized and administered by the Paris lawyers. Before him Grévy and Ribot, and after him Poincaré and Barthou bore the same title.

When he entered politics, in the early eighties, and began to write for the newspapers, the French Government was being run by the men who to-day are looked upon as the patriarchs of the Third Republic—men who have boulevards named after them and statues erected in their honor both in Paris and in the provinces. But Gambetta and Jules Ferry, who, after their death, were universally acknowledged as wise statesmen, were then the object of the most bitter attacks of an impatient youth. Paris was as it always has been from the dawn of history, a city of opposition. Hardly any one who was not an extremist, in one direction or another, had any chance of election. The most popular papers were those which carried on a continuous and often scurrilous campaign against the Government. The municipal council was controlled partly by wild demagogues and ex-communists, and the deputies of the capital came mostly from the extreme parties.

Millerand was brought up in that atmosphere; being a Parisian, he naturally was of the opposition and, more than likely, enjoyed with all his contemporaries the witty and scathing articles in which Rochefort was then showing up now Gambetta, now Jules Ferry. Clemenceau especially was in those days the hero of the young radicals. Millerand enlisted under his banner and, for the first few years after his entrance in Parliament, sat under him at the extreme left and learned from him the deadly warfare in which Clemenceau was past master.

Perhaps it is his temperament, perhaps also his experiences of early life, that threw him in the opposition, first with the radicals and afterwards with the Socialists. At any rate, as a young lawyer, he became immediately the advocate of the revolutionary groups who were then being prosecuted by a conservative Government which believed in the "big stick." His first criminal case was in 1882 when he defended some striking miners of Montceau les Mines guilty of violence. His name became widely known. Like Viviani and Briand later, he was to be, from that time on, the favorite criminal lawyer of all the militant workingmen.

When he joined Socialism, around 1890, Socialism was getting to be all the rage. Students, literary men, professors, artists were flocking to the ranks of the new faith. Jaurès abandoned for it the moderate and opportunist party, where he could have had anything he wanted, and Millerand left what he thought was a sterile parliamentary guerrilla for what he considered a wider and more worthy field of activity.

To show that he meant business, he lent the already great authority of his name and his talent to the Socialist ticket. In 1892 he went to Lille to support the candidacy of one of the most pronounced Marxists, Paul Lafargue, and, the following year, he was elected as a Socialist by the same district that had voted for him as radical and later was to elect him again as a half-conservative. When, a few years later, the Socialists needed a man to expound their doctrine, it was to Millerand that they appealed.

He explained one day his adherence to Socialism by his ambition to give to the Socialist party "more cohesion and more discipline, a better sense of realities and also to render France and the Republic the service of disciplining these masses too easily accessible to the appeal of violence." He said that, however, ten years later, when he was already leaving the party, having failed in his endeavor to discipline it. He stayed with it until 1900 and, although he did not commit himself too much, he shared in the glory of his party when, under Jaurès and Pressensé, it waged the admirable fight for justice in favor of a poor Jewish officer, victim of clerical and military fanaticism. That was the "heroic period" of French Socialism, period of militancy, of enthusiasm, and of illusions, a period during which the Socialists won, at times the admiration of all liberal republicans.

For its noble attitude the Socialist party was rewarded in the person of Millerand. When in 1899 Waldeck-Rousseau formed his Ministry of "republican defense" to liquidate the Dreyfus affair, he took this Socialist into his Cabinet. It was a bold stroke; hence the scandal and the uproar were great. If Millerand had remained an extreme radical, that would have seemed very plausible; but he was a Socialist, a sensible, practical, business-like Socialist, to be sure, but an orthodox Socialist nevertheless. Was it not Mil

lerand who, a few years before, in 1896, at St. Mandé, had, in an epoch-making address, laid down the law of the party, the immovable dogmas the acceptance of which was compulsory if one was to be counted a Socialist? And among those doctrines was the gradual suppression of private ownership, the abolition of the wage-earning system, etc., etc. M. Waldeck-Rousseau overlooked the St. Mandé speech. He knew Millerand to be a sound, hard-working, pragmatic type of man; he had heard him many times in the courts. He knew he must give the Socialists a place in his Cabinet and he chose the Socialist who seemed the least afflicted with "ideology."

It did not take long for Millerand to find out that his party was not quite as accommodating as himself about this collaboration with the "bourgeois" Government. In convention after convention, from 1901 to 1903, his case was brought up, discussed, his actions condemned, his personality upbraided. He appeared once as an accused man to hear Hervé (who now admires him unreservedly) indict him for desertion and treason to the "cause." Millerand attended for a while these tribunals of the Holy Socialist Inquisition, defended himself as best he could until, in January, 1903, he was officially expelled. He called himself, from that time on, an independent Socialist, whatever that may mean, and it means very little if we are to judge by the case of the two other "independent" ones, Briand and Viviani, who have also lost the faith and who seemed since to have found the bourgeois Government a pretty good makeshift, while waiting for the millennium that they once preached.

It is only fair to state that, during his passage in the Ministry of Commerce, this Socialist carried out some of his ideas of social reform; law on protection to women and children, law on the liability of employers, law that gave the ten-hour day to more than a million workmen, bills on compulsory arbitration, bills for workingmen's pensions; all this shows that he had not betrayed his friends during his two years of coöperation with the "bourgeois." It is necessary to state, likewise, that he has always condemned recourse to violence. To the miners of the Loire he dared to say, in 1902, that Socialism should expect "the liberation of humanity from its own efforts and from its own free and tenacious endeavor" and not from a revolutionary outburst.

That is enough to prove that Millerand was getting ready for an active and consistent coöperation with the parties of "orderly progress." In 1910 he was the Minister of Public Works of M. Briand, and in 1912 the Minister of War of M. Poincaré. From that time on, his last Socialist friends abandoned him. His effort, two years before the war, to awaken and maintain the military spirit in France by the musical parades every Saturday night, and by a special attention given to the morale of the soldiers, made him the butt of the sarcasms and quips of his former associates. Millerand was accused of being a "nationalist," and the accusation, if it be one, is not absolutely wrong. The Parisian has always combined an ardent chauvinism with very advanced political views. Millerand's name is undoubtedly linked with the patriotic revival that characterized the years preceding the war.

However that may be, Millerand's passage in the War Office had won for him the confidence of the army and of its chiefs. When Caillaux and later Viviani came into power, he was replaced by some one else. But, at the end of the first month of the war, his methodical mind, his intelligence, and tenacious labor brought him back to the same department, where it then took a man capable of coping with the colossal problems with which France was then confronted. M. Millerand made good in the organization of the task of giving the army quantities of ammunition that had to be prepared on a scale never dreamed of before. His services were not forgotten, even if they were, in the course of events, dispensed with. He gave way to Galliéni when the disappointments of the campaign brought a change in the Government.

He did not stay long out of governmental activity. When, in 1919, a few clumsy officials were threatening to make a mess of the delicate and momentous work of the administration of Alsace-Lorraine, when again it took a man out of the ordinary to start things right in the new province, to facilitate the transition and to decide on the compromises necessary between the old régime and the new, Clemenceau turned to his former lieutenant, who had, since those early days, like his chief himself, learned much about the art of government. There, too, he made good and his prestige was at its highest. Therefore, when Clemenceau retired and the new President of the Republic had to choose his first Prime Minister, Millerand was on all sides mentioned as the logical candidate.

At the elections of November, 1919, he had been elected in Paris on the ticket which was known as the "national block" and which contained members of almost every party except the Socialists. It was a paradox to have Millerand, the former radical and the ex-Socialist leader, elected on such a conservative ticket. The other paradox was to have Deschanel, the foremost opponent of radicalism, appeal to Millerand to form the first Cabinet of his presidency.

The Ministry that he brought together seemed at first disappointing. He had been concerned more in gathering around him competent workers than parliamentary stars. He even had the audacity to seek his associates outside of the members of Parliament. For Minister of Finances he took a banker, for agriculture an agronomist, for the ministry of liberated regions an administrator who already knew the difficulties and needs of that department. The reception given him was not enthusiastic. But the very slim majority that he received on his first appearance soon grew to large proportions. His shortcomings in the formation of his Cabinet were soon forgotten when the Parliament saw him govern and heard him express his views on his policy towards labor, on the carrying out of the treaty, on the French policy in the Near East.

At San Remo he is representing the unanimous sentiment of the French people with the exception of the very group of which, twenty-five years ago, he was the most prominent spokesman.

And that is the third paradox of his career: to see this erstwhile foe of capitalism ruling France with the support of all the conservatives inside and outside of Parliament.

That is an object lesson on the vagaries of Socialism that ought not to be overlooked, and which has its value even outside of France.

OTHON GUERLAC

Correspondence

Zachary Taylor and Herbert Hoover

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In 1848 the Whig party nominated General Taylor for the Presidency. His availability was simply due to the fact that he had been a hero in the Mexican War. He was not a member of any political party and was wholly without any partisan preferences. He had never even voted for a Presidential candidate. The only claim that the Whigs had upon him was the fact that he once stated that if he had ever voted at all, he would have cast his ballot for Henry Clay in 1844. The General, with a certain naïve superiority to partisanship, accepted the nomination from any and every organization that put him forward as a candidate. He even went so far as to accept nomination from a company of Southern Democrats who were dissatisfied with the nomination, by their own party, of Lewis Cass for the Presidency. This got General Taylor into considerable trouble with the anti-slavery Whigs of the North, but the difficulty was smoothed over, as he was too available a candidate to discipline.

As you remember, General Taylor was elected, and for the fifteen months dur-

ing which he occupied the White House he made a very good Chief Executive.

Herbert Hoover has, of course, a much greater claim to be regarded as a Republican than General Taylor ever had to be regarded as a Whig, but among the questions that have been asked by Hoover's opponents is one, "Has he ever voted at an American Presidential election?" He has done so, whereas General Taylor had not.

X

New York, April 23

The Bonus

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

This morning I went down "automobile row" and noticed the almost interminable string of autos of the most expensive makes. I talked with a college professor of physics and he told me that the average American was so flush with money that he bought a car for its upholstery and varnish, with slight attention to the scientific construction of its engine. I lunched at the club and heard men talk of transactions involving thousands of dollars as if talking of chalk and marbles. I happened to be caught in the outrush from a matinee performance and noted the smug, complacent, overdressed air of the men and women.

And then I came home and read in the *Review*: " . . . the public is not going to be pleased with the spectacle of men of whom it longs to be proud scrambling in the gutter for coppers." And then I wondered if I had not got hold of the *Nation* by mistake. I read that paper for twenty-five years and gave it up because of just about such rot as the above quotation.

I sat at table with a young man to-day who had been to the war, but those lines and creases were never on that face when I knew him best, before the war. I have seen others maimed and limping through life; others, kith and kin of mine, abide in the soil in France, blessed martyrs to a noble cause, and I envy them. I have seen acquaintances of mine, men who spoke little English, some voluntarily and others through compulsion, going off to fight for us who remained at home. And I have seen the new look of intelligence, a newer and broader conception of America, beaming in their faces on their return.

I am a teacher by trade, and I need not tell your readers what that means in a financial way, but I am loath to believe that one of my class of laborers would begrudge a penny used to make life easier or happier for the men who went to the front that the principles which we teachers have taught these many years might live and flourish in this country. Nor can I believe that rich, prosperous America—America with a memory and with a conscience—feels otherwise. The spokesman of the ex-service men may have been indiscreet in his utterances. We owe compensation to our soldiers and sailors, and it is a wicked shame to compare them to beggars "scrambling in the gutter for pennies."

E. L. C. MORSE

Chicago, April 10

[Mr. Morse's appreciation of what the American soldier has done for us is shared, even though he might not be able to express it so well, by every American worthy of the name. It is probable that if the Government had mustered out the soldiers with considerably more than the belated and paltry $60 they received, some of the present demand for additional compensation would not now be heard. If the Government had not fallen down on the work of rehabilitation, the present demand would be still more reduced. If a way could have been found to prevent the undue enrichment, whether in profits or in wages, of those who are now squandering their money on automobiles and other luxuries, that demand would be less widely heard. But if all these things had been done and not done, there would still be a demand for money made on behalf of the soldier, this year, next year, and for the next fifty years. It is safe to say that demands of that sort are in great part manufactured by a comparatively few individuals and are seconded in large measure by boys with no other idea in their head than the naïve one that if something good is going round they want theirs, while they are opposed by a majority of the thoughtful men who wore the uniform. If we oppose such a movement it is not because our feeling toward those who represented America in the field and on the seas is a whit less cordial than Mr. Morse's. Our opposition rests on large grounds of sound public policy, some of which are set forth in the editorial on "Justice and the Bonus" in the *Review* for April 10. EDS. THE REVIEW.]

A Woman's View of the Bonus

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The doughboy had no monopoly of hardships. Not only did millions who stayed at home during the war suffer from the increased cost of living, as you say, but an incalculable number rendered services and incurred dangers quite equal to those of drafted soldiers. Let me give two examples out of a multitude which might be cited.

I myself throughout the war (not merely after the tardy entrance of the United States), and while engaged in the fairly arduous task of earning a modest living, spent literally all of my leisure and strength and a good deal of money in a monotonous and very obscure form of war work for which I never have received and never shall receive any other reward than that of knowing that I did my bit to win the war. Shortly before the armistice my doctor told me that if I did not end this drain on my strength, which was resulting in serious illness, I should die, and die soon. I have not yet recovered from those terrible years; perhaps I never shall. I am not aware that there is any movement on foot to give me a bonus or "adjusted pay."

Soon after the United States declared war a friend of mine, a woman of 25, gave up the interesting and congenial occupation by which she was earning her living and from a sense of patriotic duty went to do very delicate and dangerous work in a smokeless powder factory, where, as she well knew, any minute might bring death. Her wages were $15 a week, enough to feed and lodge her, but not to cover all her expenses. The last time I saw her, some months after the end of the war, she was looking for a job. I know of no plan to give her a bonus or "adjustment of pay."

The American soldiers were incomparably the best paid in Europe (their pay was just twenty times that of their French comrades); they were excellently fed, clothed, and cared for; they had the very enviable opportunity of foreign travel and of observing one of the supreme crises of human history at close range, and when one contemplates the picture of Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Red Cross, and Salvation Army vieing with each other to tempt the doughboy's palate with home-made dainties and to rescue him from ennui with concerts and the movies, and then turns to look at other armies, for example, at the Serbians during the appalling retreat to Albania, an American begins to feel a little shamefaced. No American soldier had to suffer, as did French, Belgians, Serbians, and Rumanians, the moral anguish of leaving his family and property a prey to enemy invasion; no American troops fought for as much as eighteen months, only a minute fraction of them went through a winter campaign, and large numbers never reached the fighting line at all. It was the potential, not the actual, exploits of the American army which turned the scale of victory.

Those soldiers who have come back to us crippled or mutilated richly deserve adequate pensions and the best of "reconstruction" work, but if the country is going to give a bonus for losses and suffering caused by war service, let *all* who lost and suffered be rewarded—which brings us to the *reductio ad absurdum*.

B. D. C.

New York, April 11

A Case of Relaxed Vigilance

To the Editors of The Review:

The thinking public, to say nothing of the medical profession, will view with astonishment and just indignation your publication of the diatribe of Dr. John Hutchinson in the Correspondence columns of the *Review* for April 17.

To the uninstructed the words of one doctor are as valid as any other's, and to such this wholesale attack on all that is modern in progressive and preventive medicine will gain great weight from its appearing in your journal. Is the *Review* to be classed as an antivaccination journal? If the thing is published as a jest I submit that this is not made sufficiently apparent, and is very ill judged and ill timed. Did you look up Dr. Hutchinson's qualifications as a critic of scientific medicine? If the policy of the *Review* is exemplified by this publication, I should like to be informed of the fact.

Thos. R. Boggs

Baltimore, Md., April 19

The Newberry Verdict

To the Editors of The Review:

The writer is a subscriber to the *Review.* I have been very much pleased with the general tone of its editorials and its articles. I felt that it had a very important place in American journalism and have taken occasion to say to my friends that it ought to be encouraged, but I can not refrain from expressing my disapproval of the editorial comment in your issue of March 27th on the subject of the Newberry trial.

I say this, appreciating the fact that I may be prejudiced in this matter, for I was counsel for the treasurer of the Newberry committee, Mr. Frank W. Blair, who disbursed for that committee $178,000. The editorial indicates that the knowledge of the person who wrote it, as to what took place at the trial, was extremely inaccurate.

For instance, it is said that Senator Newberry's letters showed that "he had full knowledge of the large sums used and gave constant advice as to their expenditure." I think the most that the prosecution claimed in this respect was that Senator Newberry's letters showed that he was in close enough touch with the campaign so that he must have known that more than $3,750 was expended, but no one has claimed that he gave "constant advice as to" the expenditure of such sums. In fact, the letters were offered by the defense because they did not refer, in any place, to the expenditure of any money.

Again it is said that the wealth of Mr. Newberry himself was lavishly used in violation of the law and of political decency. There was not a word of evidence in the case that Mr. Newberry's wealth was used, as there was nothing to connect his name with the contributions. His brother and his friends made contributions and that money was used. We might disagree as to the definition of "political decency," but it is well to remember that the court, on its own motion, struck from the case the count of the indictment which dealt with political corruption.

It was undisputed that more than $3,750 was used in the campaign. Upwards of $50,000 was expended for advertising, directly to the newspapers. Perhaps an equal amount was expended in the distribution of literature. Approximately $40,000 was paid out in various counties for the distribution of petitions, of cards, of literature, hiring halls and holding of meetings. All of these expenditures, and in fact every dollar of the expenditures, were within the Michigan statute known as the "Corrupt Practices Act," if they are expended by the committee and not by the candidate. The charge was that the defendants and Senator Newberry conspired together to cause to be expended more than $3,750. It was on this technical charge that the defendants were convicted. Perhaps I ought not to say this. I do not believe the jury thought there really existed such a conspiracy. What they did do was to convict these men on general principles, upon the theory that the expenditure of a large sum of money was wrong. This is exactly the part of your editorial to which I take exception.

Has it come to pass that one who is not known to the public and who resorts to otherwise perfectly legal methods of advertising, and whose friends resort to otherwise perfectly legal methods of advertising to bring his name to the attention of the public, is thereby a criminal? It is easy to talk of the use of wealth in politics, and I agree with you that when that wealth is employed to corrupt the public, it should be punished; but when it is used only to bring home to the public the merits of the candidate, and when the recognized avenues of the press and the post office are so employed, how has the public been corrupted?

In this particular case, Mr. Ford was known to everyone, and Mr. Newberry, who to our minds has always been a much more deserving citizen, was not known. By what means does he become a successful candidate for office if not by legitimate advertising, and why should his friends be condemned if they expend the funds necessary to advertise him and procure his election?

Of course, the singular thing of this case was that Senator Newberry and his friends were convicted—at least that was the technical verdict—of conspiring to cause Senator Newberry to cause to be expended more than $3,750. The court holds that he did not have to be the originating cause; if he participated in the activities of the campaign that resulted from that expenditure, with a knowledge of that expenditure, then he had caused it to be expended just as much as if he had solicited the subscription in the beginning.

You can easily determine where this theory would leave a candidate for office.

I did not intend to discourse at length on this trial. It is to me a hideous concession to popular clamor and to the prejudice against wealth. I regret very much that the *Review,* which I thought was above such things, has fallen in with this popular view and has given to it the endorsement of its conservative columns and deservedly wide influence.

Hal H. Smith

Detroit, Mich., April 19

C. T. Winchester

To the Editors of The Review:

It is with regret that I note that none of the literary weeklies has so far mentioned the recent death of Professor C. T. Winchester, for nearly fifty years head of the department of English literature at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. I say with regret because he was one of the small band of truly literary teachers of literature. To sit in his classroom was at once an education and an inspiration. His voice was like one of those voices at Oxford of whom Arnold wrote so eloquently in his essay on Emerson. In our American universities, in our departments of English literature, we now have, if you will, "more knowledge, more light," but such a voice as that of Winchester is most rare. In very few cases is the great author tried by his peer. Shakespeare becomes a curiosity of Elizabethan English, and we learn everything about Chaucer except his literary qualities. Professor Winchester was a peer of literary greatness. To read his books, "Principles of Literary Criticism" and "A Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century," is to be acutely conscious of this. His exquisite literary taste and judgment, his rare faculty of imparting literary enthusiasms—which never included mediocre authors—drew to him a band of disciples limited only by the number of students in attendance at Wesleyan. Several times he refused flattering offers from great universities. His work, he said, was at Wesleyan.

The loss of such a teacher of literature is a calamity; but in the shadow of those mountains which he loved, beyond the Connecticut River below Middletown, his memory will need no laurel.

Harry T. Baker

Goucher College, Baltimore, Md., April 23

Book Reviews

Champ Clark's Reminiscences

My Quarter Century of American Politics. By Champ Clark. Two volumes, illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1920.

WHAT the majority of readers are most likely to appreciate in these volumes is their wealth of interesting anecdotes and incidents, not only of politics but in many other fields, and by no means confined to the twenty-five years named in the title,—all told in a way that is quite Champ Clark's own, in spite of his incorrigible overworking of a great many commonplace expressions, as for example in the following reference to a case of murder: "The times were sadly out of joint, everything was topsy-turvy, and in some way, through some sinister influence, he went unwhipped of justice, though he richly deserved to stretch hemp." Murders, duels, and fist-fights claim at least as high a percentage of his space as they do in the actual life of the period with which he deals, to say nothing of exciting, though less bloody, encounters of opposing counsel in his own law practice, or suggested by it. One chapter is devoted by title to "cloak room stories," but a very large share of the work might have been put under that heading without raising any question of propriety in the mind of the reader.

Literary allusions and quotations abound. In the very first chapter, the fact that the author was born on the fateful 7th of March, 1850, calls for Whittier's "Ichabod" in full; his boyhood loss of a dog, on a false charge of sheep-killing, brings in Senator Vest's "beautiful Oration on the Dog," along with Byron's "'Tis sweet to hear," etc.; his Kentucky boyhood sports draw four lines from "Locksley Hall;" his "surgical operation," as he calls it, on his own name, Beauchamp cut down to Champ, brings in the inevitable line from Shakespeare; his own early circumstances introduce, by way of a quotation from Lincoln, Gray's words, "the short and simple annals of the poor;" a wise saying from Patrick Henry enters from the pages of Wirt's biography, presented to him by his father; and the Duke of Wellington's alleged ten-word description of the battle of Waterloo introduces his own statement about "pounding away" at certain things, which he desired to accomplish. And in this same first chapter are incidental allusions to the Proverbs of Solomon, the Epistles of St. Paul, Robert Southey, Charles Dickens, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, George D. Prentice, Horace Greeley, Carl Schurz, Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Watterson, and a host of others who stand on the border-line between literature and politics.

Mr. Clark's lively interest in "scholarship" suggests that he might have become, if never a consecutive logical thinker, at least a man of much erudition, had he consistently followed an early bent in that direction. In Kentucky University he studied Greek under Professor Neville, whom he calls "the third handsomest man I ever saw," and at the end of the first year he stood by the side of William Benjamin Smith, the mathematician and biblical scholar to be, with a grade of 100. "That was one of the happiest days of my life—happier than when I was elected to my first office, happier than when I was first elected to Congress or elected Speaker, happier than any other days of my life, except the day when I was married, and the days on which my children were born." A little shooting affair, fortunately not fatal, growing out of stronger provocation than his Kentucky temper could brook, separated him from Kentucky University before graduation, and his college education was completed at Bethany College, in West Virginia. How far he carried his classical studies he does not say, but in his occasional use of bits of Latin he does not always remember that "circumstances alter *cases*," grammatical as well as otherwise. Nevertheless, Professor West, of Princeton, was justified in quoting him as a good friend of classical studies. To the late Dr. William Everett, Mr. Clark appropriately assigns a very high place in Congressional scholarship. In his mind, the most "astounding revelations" of Dr. Everett's learning were instances of "first aid" to congressmen in trouble with the pronunciation of unusual words. B. Gratz Brown is attested as one of the most scholarly of Missouri's governors by the fact that "he wrote a book on higher mathematics as a mental recreation."

In characterization, whether of men or things, Mr. Clark runs freely to superlatives. Congressman DeArmond had "the sarcastic faculty perhaps more largely developed than in any other man that ever sat in either branch of Congress." Of Blaine, "A more brilliant man never figured in American politics," and his "Twenty Years in Congress" is "the best historical work ever written by an American." Charles James Fox was "the greatest debater that ever spoke the English tongue," and Burke, "taken up one side and down the other, was perhaps the greatest transatlantic orator that ever spoke the English tongue." Transatlantic, mind you; for in our own land, within the life of our Republic, "the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished tower of Babel." "One of the finest epigrams ever uttered," Mr. Clark heard from the lips of George H. Pendleton, as follows: "The sweetest incense that ever greeted the nostrils of a public man is the applause of the people." This suggests a translation of a certain passage in the "Antigone" of Sophocles, heard in the college days of the reviewer, "An unseen odor steals upon my ear."

It would be easy to pick some pretty serious flaws in Speaker Clark's code of political morals, but they are of the head rather than the heart. He is honest and patriotic "up one side and down the other," but there is gradually developing a revised definition of honesty and patriotism in politics, which frowns on many things that seem wholly unobjectionable to him and to the older school to which he belongs. He denounces some unnamed congressman said to have sold his quota of garden seeds and pocketed the price, instead of distributing them to his constituents, as "a miserable scoundrel for whom the penitentiary is too good;" but he is blind to the essential dishonesty of the whole seed distribution business, nor does he realize that he is discrediting his own moral insight when he tells of his efforts to secure Government appointments for one or another of his constituents, either to reward them for personal services to him, or to remove them as possible rivals for his own position. He thinks of himself, and is eager to be thought of, as a reformer; and yet his understanding of the problems of political and social reformation is such that he can say of William Randolph Hearst, "No great reform has been accomplished, or even advocated, in this country, in a quarter of a century, without the powerful and aggressive aid of his newspapers and magazines."

Mr. Clark might well have spared his two or three pages of lamentation over the "political suicide" of John G. Carlisle, who lost his hold on his Kentucky constituents by his support of the gold standard, during the second Cleveland administration. Carlisle was a far abler man than Mr. Clark, and when forced by the exigencies of his official position to go to the bottom of the financial problem, and its immediate relation to the country's welfare, his logical mind brought him at once out of the haze in which Bryan, Clark, and so many others continued to wander, and enabled him to render a service of immeasurable value to the country at a very critical time. Carlisle knew in advance what the cost of that service would be to him personally, and he had the courage and character to pay that cost without flinching. His memory calls for no word of pity in the matter but only of praise. The careful student of history will lament the blindness of his constituents, and his splendid self-sacrifice.

Satire and Soothing-Syrup

Hand-Made Fables. By George Ade. Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

"GOOLD and silver fluctuates," said Mr. Dooley, "up wan day, down another; but whisky stands firm and strong, unchangeable as the skies, immovable as a rock, at fifteen or two f'r a quarther. If they want something solid as a standard of value, they'll move the Mint over to the internal rivinue office an' lave it stay there."

It was a generation ago that he said it, in the days of free silver and sixteen to one. Now the bottom of the whisky barrel has dropped out, and the price has blown up, but Dooley still issues his observations which pass current at their face value. The Katzenjammer Kids are old enough to have kids of their own, but still they do their juvenile turn, as did their forebears, Max and Morris, for a generation before them. Alphonse and Gaston now exhibit their manners as Percy and Ferdy, and Gloomy Gus, to keep abreast of the times, has become Gasoline Gus. Fables in Slang have not shown a fluctuation in twenty years. Change and decay in all around we see, but humor stands firm and strong, unchangeable as the skies, immovable as a rock. If you need something solid as a stabilizer amid the pitching and rolling of all about you, try the new crop of Hand-Made Fables. It makes a man feel at home in his generation, and not out of place in that of his children.

At first glance it invites comparison with the past. On the jacket are two vignettes of McCutcheon's in his familiar wood-block style, by no means so rough-hewn as they would appear. In one a lady with hour-glass waist, swathed to the chin in a basque and to the heels in a flaring skirt, is ogled by a man in frock coat and high hat, who carries gloves and cane. In the background is a horse-car which an agitated citizen pursues in frantic haste; presumably there will not be another for an hour. In the other street scene the lady wears a few clothes somewhere between her chest-measure and her knees. She is accompanied by grandma similarly arrayed. The ogler turns to look at them over the loose back of a belted coat, but the long narrow bows of his shoes point forward. The second glance disarms any comparison with the present. The preface informs us that "although the period in which these fables appeared enveloped the Great War and lapped over the Great Unrest, the author has proceeded upon the theory that old Human Nature continues to do business, even during a cataclysm." Thus directed, the reader takes from the shelves the crop of twenty years ago, "More Fables, 1900," and is not surprised to find that if the two books were to masquerade in one another's clothes, there would be little to betray the trick. And the fact sets him to wondering about the titles. Slang, so the purists tell us, is characteristically ephemeral. Fables in slang should teach by humor; they class themselves as satire, and if satire is successful it should be content to pass from memory with the abuses it has destroyed. What we seem to have in these books is an ostensibly ephemeral form in frothy language, whose most striking characteristic is its durability—like a carved statue of a glass of soda-water with the bubbles forever winking at the brim. To all appearances we are lashed with satire; in effect we are fed with soothing syrup.

If slang is the ephemerid of language, then twenty years are in its sight but as a day. Mr. Ade calls his diction slang, but if slang is the current phrase, clean-cut when newly minted, but soon worn smooth and discarded, then his ware is not so much slang as the embroidered phrase, the vernacular writ large. He rarely mints a phrase that gains currency, and phrases already current are blank canvas for his embroidery, or empty bladders for him to inflate and gild. Sometimes the phrase is cryptically concealed under the embroidery, as "convert the Fliv into a Baby Doll." More often his work is like structural ornamentation, and if the original metaphor has any real imaginative basis, he follows the original lines—the term "scream" as applied to "loud" clothing returns to something like the original in "if Colours could be converted into Sounds her Costume would have been a Siren Whistle." In "More Fables" only two genuine bits of current slang impress the reader of to-day; "chestnut" because he is surprised to find it surviving so late as 1900; and "no one could tell him where to get off," first surprises one that it is so old, second that old as it is it is neither dead nor respectable. The new volume has such verbs as "to periscope," to "mop up," and a few other new expressions. Half a dozen have died, six have been born; where is the noisome corruption of language of which the purists complain, and where the winged and barbed phrase fresh every hour of which slang loves to boast!

See then the humorist with his tongue in his cheek dealing with the permanent elements of human nature in language essentially unchanged since the Spanish War, which we open with popping of corks and gulp in haste lest the bubbles should cease hissing. He does it by a process that might be called playing both ends against the middle. The first of the Hand-Made Fables would seem to teach that somehow good may be the latter end of total abstinence; the twenty-fifth apparently indicates just the opposite. Like Senators and popular proverbs they can be set off in neutralizing pairs. Sometimes the sting of the satire and the counter-irritant come in the same fable, as in the case of the local reformer who is ostracized by 200 per cent. of his fellow citizens who afterward wait on him to ask him to return to his functions; or that of the returned exile who first judges in sorrow that the world he knew of old has reformed, then to his shame that it has not. The inference is that common sense lies between extremes. The effect is satire that everyone enjoys because no one is hit; the shell always lands on your next-door neighbor's house, and you whoop when you see the splinters fly, and he is whooping too because he thinks it is your house.

Ireland's Future

Ireland a Nation. By Robert Lynd. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Clanking of Chains. A Story of Sinn Fein. By Brinsley MacNamara. New York: Brentano's.

MR. LYND is a brilliant London journalist, literary editor of the *Daily News*, a member of the group of young Irishmen who have carried not only their artistic talents but their unquenchable love of their native country into the vocation of literature across the Channel. When the present writer used to meet him twenty years ago, he was a central figure—almost an oracle—among college students in Belfast who were breaking away from the "Ulster tradition." In depicting Ireland he has the sure touch of one who grew up among the scenes he has to describe, and who now looks back upon them after mixing with the wider world. In this book Mr. Lynd expounds the Irish national spirit to English and American readers, and, if his pages have at times the intractable vehemence which belong to his nationality, they are no less lit up with the wit and sparkle that seldom desert a man of his race.

He gives us a vivid account of the sources of discontent in "John Bull's Other Island," an informing study of the Sinn Fein movement from its inception down to the revolt of 1916, a dissection of the Ulster problem with some very mordant criticism of that gospel of violence whose first aspect was Carsonism and which reappeared among the Irish Volunteers. Passing from political subjects, Mr. Lynd resumes his favorite calling of literary critic, and in five chapters, entitled "Voices of the New Ireland," he sketches the varying moods of the Irish literary renaissance. P. H. Pearse, Mrs. J. R. Green, T. M. Kettle, Dora Sigerson, George Russell (known to all magazine readers as "A. E.") are discussed with a clearness and a discernment which must appeal to everyone, apart from either sympathy or resentment towards the views with which these

writers are identified. It is a book of much charm, with many good things that remind us of Mr. Chesterton at his best, and one may conjecture that G. K. C. has had a very strong influence in moulding Mr. Lynd's style. The reader does not need to be warned that this influence has its dangers. We may say of Mr. Chesterton, as someone has said of Wordsworth, that "he is great when he is on the heights, but then he is so often not on the heights."

The chief fault to be found with this volume is one that appears in its very title. If "Ireland a Nation" is not a question-begging phrase, it is at least one that requires very careful explaining for those who hate to mask realities behind names. Mr. Lynd likes Lord Northcliffe's scheme for making Ireland a Dominion rather than Mr. Asquith's Home Rule Act. "But," he says, "it suffers from the defect that it implies that England has the right to impose on Ireland a settlement other than Ireland herself desires." What he would himself propose is to put the Act of 1914 into immediate operation, and leave the members of a freely chosen Dublin parliament to "hammer out a constitution for their country, republican or colonial, according to the national will." About the present discordance of this "national will," about the prevailing orgy of crime, about the probable consequences to the world of setting up a Sinn Fein republic, he has almost nothing to say! These matters are to him apparently irrelevant, so long as the rubric of "self-determination" is followed. Unhesitating Home Rulers may agree in fixing the chief blame for the existing chaos just where Mr. Lynd fixes it. But we had to deal with facts as they are, and one of the curses of our age is just this reliance upon some slogan which we think we are using, but which is in truth using us. By all means let us vent our rage against the narrowness of Unionists. But let us not forget what Ibsen has so suggestively taught us about the blind worship of cast-iron formulæ.

Mr. MacNamara in "The Clanking of Chains" has furnished, no doubt without intending it, a useful corrective to Mr. Lynd. Whether he meant this as a novel with a purpose may perhaps be questioned, and the purpose—if there was one—is not quite easy to diagnose. The book is in the first instance a picture of the rival movements and tendencies of Irish life during the years from 1913 to 1917. One might have predicted that before long that seething period would be presented in a work of fiction, and Mr. MacNamara has the gift for this in a high degree. The scene is laid in the village of Ballycullen, where the hero—Michael Dempsey—is a young clerk in a grocery store, who feeds his mind each evening by candlelight "upon the more ferocious portions of Irish history." He acquires an intense hatred for the English invaders, works himself into ecstasy about his country's martyrs, and broods darkly upon an Irish triumph in the future which will be at the same time revenge for the past. In a play about Robert Emmet and Sara Curran, staged by the Ballycullen Dramatic Class, he declaims Emmet's speech with a fervor that astounds his audience. Old Parnellites and doughty survivors of Fenian and Land League times display a delight mingled with hopelessness. And of course there is a girl, who sees Emmet reincarnated in Dempsey, with a coming Tom Moore who shall celebrate herself as Sara Curran. Michael is enraptured with Sinn Fein in its earlier and quite peaceful form, when the motto "Ourselves Alone" meant no more than a gospel of self-reliance and self-development as against depending on England and English political alliances. Thus his programme is at first one of arousing interest in Irish history, Irish folklore, Irish language, Irish industries, that the soul of a nation so long half dead may be made to renew its life. He is no preacher of armed revolt, but limits himself to such modest schemes as getting the Ballycullen smokers to use only matches made in Ireland! Some mock, however. The liquor men dislike the provision of literary and historical attractions that may compete with the bar. The local sergeant of police is impressed with the greatness of the British Empire, and thinks it would be better to urge all young Irishmen to join "the Force," so that meetings should be "composed of peelers rather than patriots." The job-hunters see more jobs if the country remains under the British Crown, and are strong supporters of constitutional Home Rule. The farmers, who have bought out their land under the Wyndham Act, have ceased to trouble themselves about nationality, and think the Emmet stuff is out of date. Even the girl begins to wonder whether Sara Curran was not well advised to marry a British officer, and tentatively walks out with another young man who, believes in making the best of things as they are. At these ominous signs Michael Dempsey loses heart. The Carsonite drilling in Ulster stirs him to the thought of an Ireland fighting for herself, and his joy knows no bounds when he learns of the Curragh Camp mutiny. "Was it not really in keeping with the old, heroic, rebel traditions?" Ireland, he thinks, can be saved only by those who will die for her. But the nationalists of Ballycullen are too strong for him and an attempt to upset the local organization leads to his being harried out of the village. With a heavy heart he goes abroad, and his fickle fiancée goes with him.

The story is very vivid and very interesting. Irish village life is satirized with considerable skill. But one wonders what exactly Mr. MacNamara intends us to infer. He seems very bitter about the faults of the Redmondite League, and what apparently makes him hopeless regarding Ireland's future is her servitude to the party tradition, party methods, party dreams. Even that pure and bracing air which belonged to the original Sinn Fein has, he thinks, been polluted by reversion to the mental habits of the stifling parliamentary past, so that those who would be free are still embarrassed in every effort by the clanking of old chains. Emigration seems to be his own counsel to the better spirits, as it was Dickens's counsel in "David Copperfield" to the disappointed English Chartists. But then, as now, this was a counsel of despair, and it is not by those who despair that a constructive solution can ever be reached. Just as the British Labor Party has devised a better plan than universal expatriation for the workingmen, so the resources of civic wisdom may surely yet find something better for Ireland than that her best sons should quit her shore. John Redmond made a gallant effort, and though amid the delirium of the war he failed when just on the point of success, one may hope that the same high principles of conciliation will be tried again when the atmosphere has cleared. If Mr. MacNamara will look into Mr. Lynd's book he may see that there are chains quite different from those of which he has written, but quite as fatal to a genuine settlement.

In these disordered times there is perhaps no fetter which clanks more destructively round the neck of those who would make progress than the fetter of some old maxim that men follow in the dark. Nationhood, self-determination, and the like are some men's food and other men's poison. That each people should, so far as compatible with the world's safety and well-being, fix its own form of government is obviously just, and we may well cry shame upon those who would say of it—as of the Conscription Law—"This shall not apply to Ireland." But it is also a maxim that can be pressed to the world's undoing. If it is to mean that every little group which chooses to magnify its group-antagonisms must be constituted into an independent state, and that every selfish whim can be turned into a sacred right by being called "national aspiration," then we have evolved the surest recipe on record for promoting international quarrels. It is idle to object by saying "Where will you draw the line?" We must draw this here, as everywhere else, by intelligent forecast of consequences, using the best light we have.

Herbert L. Stewart

Adventures in the Past

Luca Sarto: A Novel. A History of His Perilous Journey into France in the Year Fourteen Hundred and Seventy-One. By Charles S. Brooks. New York: The Century Company.

His Majesty's Well-Beloved: An Episode in the Life of Mr. Thomas Betterton as Told by His Friend, John Honeywood. By Baroness Orczy. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Burning Glass. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Forging of the Pikes: A Romance of the Upper Canadian Rebellion of 1837. By Anison North. New York: George H. Doran Company.

The Matrix. By Maria Thompson Daviess. New York: The Century Company.

IF it is the habit of reviewers to speak condescendingly of the historical novel or to dismiss it with more or less good-humored disdain as "costume romance," it is also the habit of a considerable number of story-tellers, year after year, to go steadily and self-respectingly about their natural business of reanimating or regalvanizing the past, as the case may be. And this of course means that a considerable number of novel-readers, a steady if not clamorous constituency, continue to find the home of their fancy in the past. Call it cowardice, or languor if you will, a dodging away from "reality" into the scented and rose-lighted land of never-more. But understand what your disdain lets you in for, how it cuts you off (in theory) from generous enjoyment of many of the greatest story-tellers and their stories. Reflect whether "Ivanhoe" and "Henry Esmond" and "Westward Ho!" mean nothing more than names and moods outgrown, to us who are adult and of the twentieth century. Which would we the more readily part with or could we the more comfortably spare, in that consciousness of experience from which our lives draw secret nourishment: "The Three Musketeers" or "Anna Karenina?" —"Tono-Bungay" or "The Talisman?"

A test, to be sure, rather than a main question. In a sense it is precisely *not* the question. For if we could have done with comparing the incomparable, we should retain contempt for neither. . . . The historical novel, at all events, by no means cries out for defense, if one can judge from the continued support it receives from publishers become by all accounts more cautious. People write books, and publish them, because people read them. And it is still possible for a writer like Charles S. Brooks, having gained recognition as a whimsical essayist, to lay the scene of his first novel safely in the past and on foreign soil. When you settle down to spin a yarn of an Italian artist's sword and garter adventures in fifteenth-century France, you leave behind all concern with the disposition of your neighbor's wash, though it dangles before your eyes through the square of your study window. Sordid fact and humdrum reason are kicked under the table; and for racy incident and vivid detail you have the alternative of turning some yellowed page or frankly scratching your head—nobody's business which. Mr. Brooks has capably turned out a costume romance, a spirited and amusing if not inspired narrative of adventure-cum-politics. He does not shrink from staging his scene in the France where Quentin Durward once journeyed and loved. The Louis of the cruel hands and craven heart, with his leaden images and his personal squalor, once more appears. If what we gather about the passing of Scott is true, Mr. Brooks is safe in handling his Louis as if he had never been painted before: it is the right method anyhow. For the simple-hearted and simple-headed Quentin we have here a picaresque rascal, Roman artist and ruffler, who appears to have read his Hewlett. The tale as a whole quite cheerfully lacks the richer fabric of motive and action which distinguishes (if anything really does) a living historical romance from a 'sdeathly diversion of the moment. As for style, the fabulist is somewhat happier than most experimenters in this field. He contrives (as Stevenson confesses one must do) a quite artificial but fairly plausible jargon to convey an illusion of the past; and only now and then (as who but Hewlett does not?) drops into modernism: a slight knock in the engine.

From rapier and dungeon to powder and patches, in "His Majesty's Well-Beloved." Place, London, century the mid-seventeenth, atmosphere a blend of court and theatre, plot a web of polite intrigue involving Tom Betterton, Mary Saunderson, and divers nobilities and royalties who play their parts capably if without especial conviction. The Baroness Orczy is an old hand at this kind of story, has the machinery under control and the lingo pat. Her experiment in the use of capitals is not happy; they seem to be scattered about with a loose hand: "There was a sooty chimney-sweep, whom I knew to be an honest Man, and the broom Men and their Boys, and many law-abiding Pedestrians who, fearful of the crowd, were walking in the traffic way, meekly giving the wall to the more roisterous throng." Such a trick merely peppers the page without enriching its flavor. This also is plainly a costume romance: a clever enough fabrication in its highflown to highfalutin style. The author of "The Burning Glass" is another inveterate explorer of the romantic past. Notwithstanding her frequent crudity of manner, she has always something of value to offer—usually, as here, a portrait vividly conceived and vigorously if not quite powerfully executed. Here is the likeness of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse towards the end of her short and troubled years; the enchantress, the fine lady, *grande amoureuse*. Highflown also is this tale, without relief of humor (a commodity the writer lacks) and yet by no means machine-made: an absorbed imaginative study of character in its environment.

Portraiture is what the author of "The Matrix" has attempted chiefly. Close upon Mr. Bacheller's story of, or including, the youthful Lincoln comes this tale of Lincoln's parents. It is told in a reverent, perhaps an overreverent spirit by one who was "born and reared in the same little Bluegrass valley which was the cradle of the great romance." It is the story mainly of that Nancy Hanks about whom legends still linger in that country. "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel Mother, blessings on her memory" is a saying of Lincoln's which gives the keynote to this book. It is not the author's fault if she has produced a pious memorial rather than a living portrait. In "The Forging of the Pikes" we are upon fresher ground. Primarily, with its theme in the roots of Canada's political past, it is a story for Canadians. But though, as the author modestly surmises, "it will probably be the love-story of Alan and Barry that will attract the greater number of readers," there is plenty of vitality in the larger action. So that though it chances to take place in the Upper Canada of eighty years ago, it may be of interest to any reader on either side of the water who has followed the struggles between the "Reformers" and "Tories" of his own day. The style is flowing and simple and has an agreeable if not strictly synchronous flavor of Pepys.

H. W. Boynton

The Run of the Shelves

MR. EDWARD O'BRIEN'S "Best Short Stories of 1919" (Small, Maynard and Company) is the fifth of his annual compilations. There are twenty stories; five from the *Century* against two from *Harper's*, which cultivates the short story, one from *Scribner's* and none from the *Atlantic Monthly*. The stories run to shortness or to length; the sixty-minute story, once normal for the magazine, is here the exception. The demand for the supernatural is apparently eager and the supply punctual.

Mr. O'Brien's standards define themselves with precision, and a summary of his tests will serve as test for Mr. O'Brien. He has no eye for style. The emergence of a genuine style among his tales in Mr. Cabell's somewhat too debonair and condescending "Wedding-Jest" is as startling in its isolation as the blooming of the winter thorn at Glas-

tonbury. Mr. Hergesheimer in the "Meeker Ritual" is apparently standing his style in the corner; even from the corner it is audible. Mr. O'Brien is tolerant of veneer and affectation; one would more readily condone an entire bareness (the total absence of style, like other totalities, is respectable). The second point in literature to which Mr. O'Brien is insensitive is tone. The tone of the whole book is that of the sidewalk, the sidewalk that avoids the gutter and misses the lawn.

The third and final want is the sense of workmanship. This is the surprise. The story as craft, as trade, has been made so much of in our day both in literary and unliterary circles that one blinks a little at the unconcern with which a reputable compiler admits to his book stories that are ridgy, that are baggy, that are pasty, that are shapeless. Miss Yezierska's "Fat of the Land," Mr. O'Brien's favorite, is half-built. Lovers of technique may rejoice that Mr. Horace Fish's "Wrists on the Door," one of the best tales in the collection, is well made; but their joy ought to be clouded by the discovery that Mr. H. M. Jones's "Mrs. Drainger's Veil," another of the best tales, is unmistakably clumsy.

Mr. O'Brien, however, has qualities which are as incontestable as his limitations. He has a keen, if not infallible, sense, of the powerful in motive, the original and trenchant in conception. Stories have many aspects, but their conquering aspects are few and simple; they win oftenest by their thews. Mr. O'Brien is a judge of thews. He has a second merit, of less extent but greater elevation. He likes the fact—the everyday, present-day fact. That he relishes a tincture of miracle in this actuality is undeniable, but this does not overset, or even wholly offset, the counter truth that he enjoys a savor of realism in his miracle. In stories like Miss Brownell's "Dishes," Mr. Hallet's "To the Bitter End," Mr. Ingersoll's "Centenarian," and Miss Yezierska's "Fat of the Land," a taste for the common, at least as the wrappage or selvedge of the uncommon, is healthily and laudably apparent. Mr. O'Brien's collection will be of service to those readers who are wise enough to grasp its limitations.

"A World Remaking or Peace Finance," by Clarence W. Barron (Harper), consists of a series of articles written mainly in the spring of 1919 describing economic and social conditions in Britain, together with remarks on the Peace treaty, Socialism, inflation, and kindred topics.

Mr. Barron is a trained observer and generalizes soundly from what he has observed. Thoroughly versed in economic problems, to which he has devoted a lifetime of study, he is able to reach down through the welter of phenomena to the fundamental causes of things and set them forth in a way that the lay reader can comprehend. His book is designed for readers of this class. There is nothing in it which will be news to those whose business it has been to follow closely the economic vicissitudes of belligerent Europe, but even for the latter there is attraction in the grouping of facts and the statement of their relations.

Mr. Barron is a disciple of the old-fashioned "Placing-his-hand-u p o n-my-shoulder-as-w e-left-t h e-conference-hall-the-Emperor-said-to-me" tradition of journalism and there are many little affectations of speech scattered through the book which some may find irritating. But it is, nevertheless, a good book and well worth reading.

Mr. Noel Leslie, an actor known to Boston in the "Doctor's Dilemma" and to New York in the "Rise of Silas Lapham," is the author of "Three Plays" (Boston: Four Seas Company). The plays are set with an actor's solicitude, and each begins with a promise which is overcast by partial disappointment. In "Waste," a dying girl is supplanted by her own sister in the affections of her betrothed. This is touching, and might be very touching, if the extreme bleakness of the general situation did not absorb and deaden this particular. The "War Fly" begins forcibly with a sombre and mysterious dinner; the interest rises to a devil and sinks to a fly at almost the same moment, and the little counteracts the large. "For King and Country" has moments of true pathos, but the love-story is imperfectly cemented with other and stronger appeals, and the ending leaves a fissure in the play.

The latest effort to identify Shakespeare—this time he is Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford—is, perhaps significantly, from the pen of J. Thomas Looney.

The record of a single regiment in modern operations is rather like the tracing of a thread across the pattern of a brocade; and if it is worth anything it must be done one stitch at a time. The chronicler has to deal with minute materials—companies and platoons, and even the fate of single men; and whatever his final form, there must underlie his work a meticulous accuracy as to time and place. Captain W. Kerr Rainsford has made such a narrative ("From Upton to the Meuse, With the 307th Infantry"; Appleton), which is unusual enough, and has succeeded in making it clear, expressive, and entertaining—thanks in good part to a never failing sense of humor. We must give credit, too, for his having provided the maps necessary to follow his narrative—a too unusual provision in books about the war.

The actual task in the Argonne is made far more clear by his precise and matter-of-fact statement than by any of the pretentious verbiage with which we are only too familiar: Compare, for instance, his account of the "Lost Battalion" incident with the half-bravado, half whitewashing presentations in the press or in official propaganda reports. This sobriety and measure is in fact the peculiar note of the book, and its general tone—towards all matters, large and small, towards American and Allied—is perfect. It is rare to find a history of a particular unit which avoids disparagement or invidious comparisons—and there is none of the boasting which has made certain Divisional histories little more than swashbuckling on the typewriters. Captain Rainsford does not even praise his comrades—but merely sets forth what they have done. One of his particular criticisms, however, may be quoted here:

> A fruitful cause of trouble was an almost criminal inexactness on the part of many infantry officers in map reading. . . . It was the one salient point on which the training of infantry officers was found to be deficient. Many a company commander or liaison officer was entirely capable of waving a vague finger over a valley marked on the map, while stating that the troops in question were "on that hill," and, if pressed to be more precise, he would give as their cöordinates figures which represented a point neither in the valley to which he was pointing nor on the hill on which they were.

This failing was in no way peculiar to the author's regiment; it was notorious and universal, and was responsible for more things than it is pleasant to consider.

Two more of the numerous elementary books dealing with questions of public health are "Home Nursing," by Abbie Z. Marsh (Blackiston Son), and "The Health of the Teacher," by William Estabrook Chancellor (Forbes). Miss Marsh's book is brief, well written, and reliable. It will no doubt be of real service to many mothers of families, especially when hospital facilities may be difficult or impossible of attainment. Dr. Chancellor's book is a poor affair. There is much advice of a very detailed and particular kind. Those who want specific dietary instructions will find them here; there is nothing uncertain or indefinite in his directions. For a "city teacher," woman aged 40 years, sinewy motor, body-coefficient 2, in April damp weather" a six o'clock dinner is described in detail. Among other things it includes a baked apple "2½ inches in diameter" and ice cream "made with cream, and two large cookies." If, as the preface states, the author has for years given his lectures in a known American college and school of education, one can not but feel sincere regret that so many persons have been mistaught in matters pertaining to the health and care of their bodies.

Drama

The Unreviving London Stage and Its Revivals

THE British drama is making a very slow recovery. The infrequency of my communications to the *Review* is simply due to the fact that there is little or nothing worth writing about. None of our playwrights of the first rank have produced anything. We were to have had a play by Sir James Barrie about this time, but it has been postponed on account of the illness of Miss Fay Compton. One or two pleasant trivialities have been produced, which I shall mention later on. But the memory of man scarcely runneth to the time when a play of any serious pretensions made its way to the London stage. Yet people are positively gasping for something to "break their minds upon." We are all convinced that a great revival must follow the war, but we have not even got the length of pointing in any definite direction and saying "Lo, here!" or "Lo, there!" Instead of a revival we have revivals—of the Euripides-Murray "Trojan Women" and "Medea"; of "Julius Cæsar" (a Gilbert-Miller-Ainley effort, only moderately successful); of "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice"; of Mr. Shaw's "Arms and the Man," "Pygmalion," and "Candida," and of Sir James Barrie's "Admirable Crichton."

One of the things that sometimes fills the students of the theatre with despair is the wild talk about things theatrical that passes current among cultured outsiders. An instance is afforded by a recent review in the *Times Literary Supplement* of Mr. Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America." The writer (unknown to me) complains that Mr. Hornblow's work is a chronicle, not a philosophic history, and illustrates his point as follows:

> Take the recent war: the chronicler of the theatre will string a list of productions and players. To the historian the interesting thing will be the social causes which filled the stages of London with rubbish and the auditorium of many a once august London theatre with pleasure-seekers, while the old patrons kept severely away; and next the quick revival of a better drama and the return to some theatres of the old patrons and the old sense of style, oddly mingled with new social factors and habits.

This passage is so amazingly remote from the facts as to lead one to wonder in what realm of *a priori* figments the writer has been living. It is eminently desirable that there should have been "many august London theatres" supported by faithful bodies of "patrons" who were not mere "pleasure-seekers" in the vulgar sense of the term. Had such theatres existed, it is highly probable that, during the war, they would have been given over to comparative "rubbish," by which the austere and non-pleasure-seeking patrons would have been flooded out. And, had this been the case, we might fondly have hoped for a "quick revival of a better drama" after the war, and "the return to some theatres of the old patrons and the old sense of style." But the whole picture is a Freudian dream, a vision of the night, the wish being father to the thought. It is true, of course, that the public taste —or at least the managerial taste, which more or less creates the public taste— set towards frivolity during the war. But it is not true that there were any—and much less "many"—theatres of "august" traditions, which were invaded by the tide of frivolity, to the displacement of their severely intellectual habitués. It is not true that any particular "sense of style" prevailed in any theatre or theatres, and was displaced by the war. Least of all is it true that there has been "a quick revival of better drama" and a restoration of the "sense of style." All these are imaginary phenomena, and the philosopher who should give an account of their "social causes" would be a philosopher of Laputa.

It is at least seventy years since any theatre in London made any pretence of faithfulness to an "august" tradition. There was some faint show of the re-establishment of something of the kind in the Irving management at the Lyceum and the Vedrenne-Barker management at the Court: but both of these were false starts and came to an end years before the war. For the rest, the most obvious phenomenon of the theatrical world is a state of constant flux, which prevents the establishment of any local tradition, "august" or otherwise. Theatres are constantly passing from hand to hand and totally changing their style of production. The only exceptions are such houses as the Gaiety and Daly's, which have been faithful for a long series of years to musical farce. The management of Sir George Alexander and Sir Herbert Tree gave to the St. James's and His Majesty's, respectively, a certain character: the one for social drama of the Pinero type, the other for spectacular plays and revivals. It was not the war, but the illness and death of Sir George Alexander, that left the St. James's for some time in the hands of wild-cat enterprises; but it was never invaded by mere war frivolities. As for His Majesty's, has it not been occupied for four years by a production which may be called the apotheosis of the Tree tradition—"Chu Chin Chow" to wit? The only other London theatre which can be said to have any tradition is the Haymarket—a comedy house—and its standard has been fairly maintained throughout the war. At no point, then, can we find any basis for the vision of "high-brow" patrons driven out of "august" theatres by war frivolity; and still less is there any sign of their "quick" return to their old haunts, to be rejoiced by a revival of "the old sense of style." The article reveals the difficulty of getting even very intelligent people to take a realistic view of the theatre.

The writer goes on to say that Mr. Hornblow "sees clearly and describes with understanding the social conditions which have led to the decline of the American theatre since the last decade of the nineteenth century!" This is rather surprising to me, in as much as I regard that period as one of very rapid advance. But it would be an impertinence in me to do more than state that view for what it is worth.

One of the very few conspicuously successful productions of the spring season is "Mr. Pim Passes By," a light comedy by Mr. A. A. Milne of *Punch*, in which our leading comedy actress, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, returns to the London stage after a long absence. "Light" is too mild a term for it—such is its insubstantiality that many of us doubted on the first night whether even its agreeable wit and Miss Vanbrugh's genius would carry it to success. Olivia Marden is a bright and clever woman, married to a brainless but well-meaning country squire to whom she is much attached. She has been most unhappily married before, to a drunkard and scoundrel who died in Australia. One fine morning, a doddering old gentleman named Garraway Pim wanders into Marden Lodge on some trivial errand. In the course of desultory conversation, he says something which leads Olivia to believe that her first husband is still alive. The intelligence naturally causes some dismay in the Marden household; but though the dismay is natural, one can not say the same of the conduct of the parties concerned. Fortunately, it is needless to go into the question, for in the course of the afternoon Mr. Garraway Pim wanders back again, and it appears that he has mixed up two names, so that Olivia is as innocent of bigamy in fact as in intention. One would have said that there was barely matter for a one-act play in this brief misunderstanding. It is only fair, therefore, to recognize the art, or knack, with which Mr. Milne spreads it out over three acts to the complete satisfaction of his audiences.

The Little Theatre, wrecked by a German bomb, has been rebuilt and reopened under the management of Messrs. Vedrenne and Vernon. Their first venture, "Mumsee," by Edward Knoblock, has been but moderately successful. It introduces us to an Anglo-French family, resident in a French country town at the time of the German invasion. The eldest son is a youth of weak character and a

confirmed gambler. He drifts into the clutches of a German spy and is induced to sell him some military information. Being discovered, he ought to meet with an ignominious death; but a sympathetic British officer gives him a chance to expiate his crime by carrying a despatch to a point of danger from which he can not—and does not—return alive. So far, we have a very passable war play, not unskillfully handled. But Mr. Knoblock has not been content to write a military melodrama: he has tried to concentrate interest upon the character of the young man's mother, the "Mumsee" of the title, an embodiment of the heroic spirit of France. This was in itself not a bad idea; but when Mr. Knoblock sought to make Mumsee the heroine of a romantic love-story, his daring outran his discretion. Her very name emphasizes her maternity; and as she has four grown-up children, we must credit her with at least forty-five summers—and winters to match. What is our amazement, then, when a grizzled and battered Anglo-Indian Colonel pleads guilty to a hopeless passion for her, and when the author, in the last act, positively kills off the father of her four children in order that she may be virtuously happy with Husband No. 2! It may be set down as a maxim of stagecraft that a prudent author will not undertake to enlist our sympathies for a pair of lovers whose united ages run to over a hundred.

A curious bucolic comedy named "Tom Trouble" has been produced by Mr. Lewis Casson, a free-lance manager of some distinction. The author's name, "John Burley," is probably fictitious. The place is a Yorkshire village, and the play opens with an exceedingly vivacious and well-written scene of rustic courtship. After a lovers' quarrel, the girl, in a fit of pique, falls an easy prey to the Don Juan of the district. The question then is whether her seducer will marry her; but he is killed in an accident before the point is decided. Thereupon her original lover returns to her, overlooking her divagation; and, from the Yorkshire point of view, all ends happily. The play is marked by the simplicity, the brevity, the lack of structural development, which we note in the Irish drama; but it is by no means without talent. We learn that in this Yorkshire district, experimental marriages, not to be ratified in church unless they prove fruitful, are a recognized social institution—as they are in Thomas Hardy's "Isle of Slingers." It is an odd sign of the times that this free-and-easy custom should not only be openly discussed on the stage, but that the heroine's father, a well-to-do farmer, should be represented as triumphantly vindicating it in a discussion with the parish clergyman.

The Haymarket has scored a success with a light and bright comedy, entitled "The Young Person in Pink," by Miss Gertrude Jennings, a lady whose very real wit and observation have hitherto been displayed only in one-act pieces. In the first act we find a "young person in pink" wandering, in a rather suspicious fashion, in St. James's Park. Her proceedings attract the unfavorable notice of the park keeper; but her beauty, distinction, and evident innocence appeal to the chivalry of the young Lord Stevenage, who finds, on inquiry, that she has totally lost her memory, and has no idea who she is. Lord Stevenage claims for her the protection of Lady Tonbridge, a woman twice his age, to whom he has incautiously engaged himself when recovering from his wounds—on a day when his temperature was many degrees above the normal. Lady Tonbridge affects to befriend her, but in reality behaves to her in an odious fashion, which leads to the breaking off of the engagement, and leaves Stevenage free to transfer his affections to his protégée, who, of course, proves to be the daughter of a Duke. Probability, as you will have perceived, is not the distinguishing virtue of the piece; but it is very brightly written, contains a number of amusing character sketches, and is admirably acted. It is entirely a woman's play, Lord Stevenage being, with the exception of the park keeper, the only man in it.

The Stage Society has taken its courage in both hands and has actually produced a German play—"From Morn to Midnight," by Georg Kaiser, translated by Major Ashley Dukes. Kaiser is understood to be a noted communist, and is certainly a disciple of Frank Wedekind, the author of "Erdgeist," "Die Büchse der Pandora," and other somewhat anarchic plays. The disciple, however, is a little less morbid, and much less heavy-handed, than his master. The hero of this play is a bank cashier. Suddenly inebriated by the heady perfumes of a lady whom he conceives (erroneously) to be a "dashing Cyprian," he steals 60,000 marks and proposes to elope with her. Defeated in this purpose, he goes home in time to see his aged mother die of apoplexy; then turns up at a "velodrome" where he offers fantastic prizes for bicycle races; then visits a disreputable cabaret where he threatens to enter upon the career of a "Jack-the-Ripper"; and finally goes to a Salvation Army meeting, where he takes his place on the penitent bench, causes the meeting to end in a scramble for his ill-gotten wealth, and, being betrayed to the police, blows out his brains. All this, be it noted, occurs between morn and midnight. There is a streak of something very like insanity in the conception of the play, and it is hard to discern any merit, whether philosophical or artistic, in its crude cynicism. But it is drawn with the bold firm strokes of a "lightning caricaturist," and seems to represent a striving after a new technic which is not without its interest.

WILLIAM ARCHER

London, March 30

On Profiteer Hunting

THERE is a "flying squadron" that flies in the newspapers in heavy headlines, and it is hunting the profiteer. It is connected with the Federal Government. It is in earnest. It will protect the poor. It is investigating cases of overcharging in many necessities, such as Chinese beads, French paper-backed books, and white net gamps. It recently arrested a man in Brooklyn for asking $45 at retail for a raincoat which is supposed to have cost him only $23. The disgrace of the arrest so worked upon the man's mind that he committed suicide on the same day. It was not alleged that the man misrepresented the coats. It was not asserted that he compelled anybody to pay this price. It was not maintained that he was attempting any monopoly. It was not charged that he kept anyone from going down the street and getting a similar coat more cheaply. Under these conditions, if his price were so much above the prices of people around him, one would imagine that his punishment would be simply that the goods would remain unsold. But that is not the way our "flying squadrons" reasons. It is flying too fast to take out time to think.

The outbreak of the hysteria directed against "profiteers" has reached a highly mischievous point. Present conditions are unfortunate and regrettable, especially as applied to rents and to the housing shortage, but these conditions can be remedied only by calm thought and expert knowledge, not by high emotions. Denunciation of "profiteers," and threats against them, are not only useless but harmful. If they did nothing more than divert attention from the true remedies they would be harmful enough, but they are apt to lead to measures that are positively dangerous.

If profiteers are now charging "all they can get," it must never be lost sight of that they are *always* charging all they can get, and that they were just as greedy before the war as they are now. The same amount of heartlessness that exists to-day has existed since the beginning of economic history, and as it is not a new factor, it obviously can not be an explanation of present prices.

Most popular agitation about prices is based purely on the price to which the public has become accustomed. How many people know offhand the "cost of production" of common articles, such as a newspaper, a car ride, a pair of shoes

(*Continued on page* 468)

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(*Continued from page* 466)
a hat, a loaf of bread? Yet when the price of any one of these goes up, there is certain to be clamor and wrath and denunciation. That a price is three or four times what it was four years ago is considered *prima facie* evidence of robbery.

Nor is cost of production itself, even when known, a proper index on which to base a "fair" price. In the long run prices are governed by costs of production, but in any given season prices are unrelated to cost of production, and are determined solely by supply and demand. This is well illustrated by the crops. When the farmer plants his crop he is not only uncertain of what the next year's world demand will be, but he can know very little about the world's supply. He does not know how much competing farmers here and in other countries are going to plant; he does not know what weather conditions over the world are going to be, and how they will affect output. When his crop is harvested his price will be determined by the world competition of buyers and of sellers. The price may be, and often is, below cost of production; but the individual farmer can not hold his stock for a price that will bring cost of production plus a "fair" return. The result of trying to do so would be merely that nobody would buy his stock at all; he would suffer a total loss. His only recourse is to sell his stock for what it will bring. At these times nobody inquires as to the farmer's cost of production. There is no agitation to pay him the difference between cost of production and the price.

What is true of farm products is true of all manufacturing lines in which competition exists. Prices are fixed at any given time purely by supply and demand, and if cost of production is not used to fix an arbitrary price in times of business adversity, it should not be so used in times of prosperity. The influence of cost of production will naturally and inevitably make itself felt, without public agitation or regulation. When farmers receive too little for a given crop in one year, they will plant less of that crop in the succeeding year, so that a smaller supply will bring prices above cost of production. When, as now, certain lines of business are receiving profits far in excess of cost of production, the result must be that manufacturers in that line will constantly strive to increase their output in order to increase such high profits; and that outsiders will be attracted into the same business, thus further increasing output. This will bring down prices more effectively than any public regulation, and it will increase the supply of goods at the same time. Always provided that real competition exists, people in any line of business who are demanding "excessive" prices, though they may be creating temporary distress, are unconsciously performing a public service, for they are stimulating increased production in that line. This a priori conclusion is supported a posteriori. There was no more notorious price increase last year than that in men's clothing. Government statistics show that from January, 1919, to January, 1920, the number of workers engaged in the men's clothing trade increased 54.2 per cent, the largest increase of any industry.

Persons who believe that the present situation could be cured "if they would only jail a few of these profiteers" might do well to consider an historic precedent. In his monograph on "Fiat Money Inflation in France," the last edition of which appeared in 1914, the late Andrew D. White speaks of some of the accompaniments of that inflation of more than a century ago:

The washerwomen of Paris, finding soap was so dear that they could hardly purchase it, insisted that all the merchants that were endeavoring to save something of their little property by refusing to sell their goods for the wretched currency with which France was flooded, should be punished with death. Marat declared loudly that the people, by hanging shopkeepers and plundering stores, could easily remove the trouble. The result was that on the 28th of February, 1793, at 8 o'clock in the evening, a mob of men and women began plundering the stores and shops of Paris. At first they demanded only bread: soon they insisted on coffee and rice and sugar; at last they demanded everything on which they could lay their hands—cloth, clothing, groceries and luxuries of every kind. Two hundred such stores were plundered. Finally order was restored by a grant of 7 million francs to buy off the mob.

On September 29, 1793, France passed the law of the *Maximum*. First—the price of each article of necessity was to be fixed at one and one-third times the price in 1790. Secondly, all transportation was to be added at a fixed rate per league. Third, five per cent. was to be added for the profit of the wholesaler. Fourth, ten per cent. was to be added for the profit of the retailer. Nothing could look more reasonable. Great was the jubilation. The report was presented and supported by Barrère. He insisted that France had been suffering from a *Monarchial* commerce which only sought wealth, while what she needed and what she was now to receive was a *Republican* commerce—a commerce of moderate profits and virtuous. . . .

The first result of the Maximum was that every means was taken of evading the fixed price imposed, and the farmers brought in as little produce as they possibly could. This increased the scarcity, and the people of the large cities were put on an allowance. Tickets were issued authorizing the bearer to obtain at the official prices a certain amount of bread or sugar or soap or coal to cover immediate necessities.

But it was found that the Maximum, with its divinely revealed four rules, could not be made to work well—even by the shrewdest devices. In the greater part of France it could not be enforced. As to merchandise of foreign origin or merchandise into which any foreign product entered, the war had raised it far above the price allowed under the first rule, namely, the price of 1790, with an addition of one-third. Shopkeepers therefore could not sell such goods without ruin. The result was that very many went out of business, and the remainder forced buyers to pay enormous charges under the very natural excuse that the seller risked his life in trading at all. That this excuse was valid is easily seen by the daily lists of those condemned to the guillotine, in which not infrequently figured the names of men charged with violating the Maximum laws. Manufactures were very generally crippled and frequently destroyed, and agriculture was fearfully depressed. To detect goods concealed by farmers and shopkeepers, a spy system was established with a reward to the informant of one-third of the value of the goods discovered. To spread terror, the Criminal Tribunal at Strassburg was ordered to destroy the dwelling of anyone found guilty of selling goods above the price set by law. The farmer often found that he could not raise his products at anything like the price required by the new law, and when he tried to hold back his crops and cattle, alleging that he could not afford to sell them at the prices fixed by law, they were frequently taken from him by force, and he was fortunate if paid even in the depreciated fiat money—fortunate, indeed, if he finally escaped with his life. . . .

To reach the climax of ferocity, the Convention decreed in May, 1794, that the death penalty should be inflicted on any person convicted of "having asked, before a bargain was concluded, in what money the payment was to be made." About a year later came the abolition of the Maximum itself.

Mr. White's account shows the result of public clamor and emotion when carried to their logical extreme. During tions in France was completely overlooked. There is a danger at the present day that high feeling against profiteers may similarly lead attention away from the real cause of present prices, and hence from their true corrective.

HENRY HAZLITT

Jazz a Song at Twilight

AMERICA'S chief contribution to the arts so far, say the learned ones, is ragtime; or, in vulgar parlance, jazz. This cosmic syncopation is affecting man's activities. Rooted axioms waver; nations adopt intoxicating figures like the Turkey-Trotsky, the Lenin Leaning, the Bryan Grape-juice Waddle. Later Slavic music, Cubist Art, Vorticist Sculpture, Vachel Lindsay's chants and Amy Lowell's shredded rhythms—what are these but jazz?

Recently we ran across the advance sheets of a distinctly modern volume of music, "Home Jazzes." An energetic adapter has redone the old songs in the crepitative metre. We quote a few of

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the ragged melodies, beginning with an old favorite:

Home, home, saccharinic home,
Place to lay your dome,
Lay your dome,
Lay your dome.
There's no place—no show place—
Or "gq" place—or slow place—
There's no place like home—
What?
Home!

The nationalistic note appears in this brief chorus:

Come back to Erin for a Sinn Fein rag;
Use the ballot—or a mallet—for the old green flag.
We'll print our books in Gaelic,
So we can never failic,
Till we win at last that Home Rule, Sinn Fein rag!

"Annie Laurie" sticks closer to the accepted jazz forms:

Down in bonny Scotland where the thistles grow
There's a little kiddie with a brow like snow,
She hasn't any frosty mitt, I'd have you know,
She's a bear—Theda Bare—Oh, my!
(*Slower*) And on Maxwelton's brae
Amid the new-mown hay,
She's waiting 'neath a Scottish sky:

(*Chorus*)

Annie—Annie Laurie,
My heart's in a flurry,
Let's get preacher, license, ring,
And do that thing!
Annie—Annie Laurie,
You will ne'er be sorry,
My classy lassie, un-surpassy,
Let's do the Highland Matrimonial Fling!

We regret we can not quote the intoxicating strain of "Drink to Me—Only with Thine Eyes," "The Auld Lang High Syne," "The Battle Hymn of the New Republic," "Shimmying To-night on the Old Camp Ground," "The Jazz-Jangled Banner," or the pathetic stanzas of "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs—the Law Will Not Permit It." Instead, we give the unexpurgated chorus of "Love's Old Sweet Jazz":

Just a jazz (it's just a jazz) at twilight,
In the shy light,
Not a high light.
Life's a muddle, kiss and cuddle,
Ba-by dar-ling,
While the shadows flicker all the quicker
As though liquor filled 'em;
Though the way (although the way) be weary,
Rather dreary,
Simply bleary,
Still to us at twilight
Through the shy light
From the skylight
Comes the jazz—
(THE JAZZ!)
For it has
(IT HAS!)
A sneaky, squeaky, shrieky Bolsheviki
Sort of razz;
It's the jazz—
(THE JAZZ!)
For it has
(IT HAS!)
An easy, squeezy, Japanesy,
Funny, bunny, hug me, honey.
Can't embarrass, Peace-at-Paris,
Razzle-dazzle JAZZ!

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EDUCATIONAL SECTION

The War and the Rhodes Scholarships

THE war has produced important changes in the working of the Rhodes Scholarship scheme. In the first place, it has brought about a new and very much keener interest in the scholarships on the part of students in this country. In the second place, it has caused sweeping changes in the regulations of the University of Oxford. And in the third place, the war, if not the cause, has at any rate been the occasion of radical alterations in the machinery by which Rhodes Scholars are selected in the United States.

Oxford has been affected profoundly by the war. An elaborate system of short courses has been arranged for men whose education was interrupted for five years and who have not now the time (nor in many cases the money) to spend in taking a degree in the ordinary way. The requirement in the Greek language has been abolished for admission and for all degrees. Oxford has instituted the Ph. D., has altered the old regulation which defined "residence" as sleeping within a mile and a half of Carfax, is preparing to admit women to degrees, and is asking the Government for support which, if granted, will probably carry with it such measure of government control as will make the university in a sense a state institution.

First in importance among these changes is the establishment of the Ph. D. degree, which is already attracting to the Rhodes Scholarships in larger numbers a type of student not, indeed, unknown among Rhodes Scholars in the old days, but much more rare then than he is likely to be in the future. Facilities for research have always existed in Oxford, but not until now has the university offered a degree which would be generally recognized in other countries as indicating the successful completion of an original investigation. The Oxford doctorates (the D. Litt., the D. S. C., and the D. C. L.) have hitherto been unobtainable before middle life, when their value to an American scholar would be negligible.

While Oxford has always offered opportunities for research, there has not been in the past a systematic organization of research work and definitely defined requirements necessary for the administration of graduate work on any except a small scale. It has been this lack of the organization of graduate work which, even more than the lack of a doctor's degree, has deterred the type of American student, who formerly went to Germany, from going to Oxford. Individual assistance from the most eminent men in the university has always been given to students engaged in research with a generosity which would have been impossible had these students been more numerous. But such help has been largely informal; the graduate student has been left "on his own" to work out his thesis and to prepare himself for what was likely to be a severe examination for his degree.

It must not be expected that with the institution of the Ph. D. degree the University of Oxford will be able in a day, or in a year, to improvise the type of organization which is to be found in the larger American graduate schools. In one very important respect the situation there differs from that in an American university. The man who has taken an Oxford B. A. with honors will already have done much more highly specialized work in his particular field than the American A. B. Furthermore, the Oxford honors man will have already learned to work independently for himself in a way which is not usual over here. On this account it seems likely that work for the Ph. D. at Oxford will be less elaborately organized, will remain freer and more independent than in many cases it is in the United States. As a result of this situation it follows that the American student who has done only the A. B. course is not ready to begin work for the Ph. D. at Oxford. He should have taken at least his A. M., should have acquired some experience in independent work, and must produce evidence of "fitness to engage in research" before he is ready to become a candidate for the Oxford Ph. D.

So far as Rhodes Scholars are concerned, it seems extremely likely that the Oxford Ph. D. will, for the most part, be combined with graduate work in the United States, either by men who begin their graduate study in Oxford and take the degree over here, or by men who begin their advanced work in this country and go on to Oxford for the Ph. D. American Rhodes Scholars who have only just graduated from college before going to Oxford will be well advised to take the former course, spending two years at Oxford on the A. B. in one of the Final Honor Schools, and beginning a piece of research in their third year which could then be completed in this country in one or two years, as the case may be. On the other hand, Rhodes Scholars who have already begun to work on the Ph. D. in this country will be able to finish their work and to take their degree at Oxford.

Of less importance among the changes at Oxford are the abolition of compulsory Greek and the provisions for granting "Senior Standing" under the Foreign Universities Statute. Until a year ago every candidate for the B. A. degree at Oxford was required to show a "sufficient knowledge" of the Greek language. During the past year a hot battle has been waged over the proposal to abolish this requirement, a battle which was only ended on March 2, when the requirement was defeated by a majority of seventy-five in a house of about eight hundred. The new entrance regulations provide that the Greek language shall be an optional subject, but that candidates for the B. A. degree in any subject, except mathematics, natural science, or jurisprudence, shall be required to offer, either on entrance or on their intermediate examination, a portion of Greek history or literature *with texts studied in translation*. That was the live issue in the recent contest, whether students of literary subjects should be compelled to study Greek. The answer of Convocation might be given in the words of Professor Gilbert Murray: "If by Greek you mean the Greek *language*, no; if you mean Greek *civilization*, yes."

Interesting as this contest is, it has comparatively little application to American Rhodes Scholars, because of the provisions for granting Senior Standing (with excuse from all entrance and intermediate examinations) to graduates of approved foreign universities. Most Rhodes Scholars are college graduates when they go to Oxford, and, while no list of institutions which are to be considered "approved" under this statute has yet been issued, it seems probable that the majority of American Rhodes Scholars will be granted Senior Standing and will proceed directly to the specialized study of the subjects in which they expect to take their degree.

Last in order but perhaps not least in importance among the changes wrought by the war in the Rhodes Scholarship scheme is the new plan under which selections will be made in this country. The outstanding character of this plan is the simplication of the procedure. Examinations are no longer required. Selections are made on the basis of the candidate's record in school and college, supplemented by confidential references and by a personal interview with the Committee of Selection. The candidate is no longer required even to procure testimonials. He simply fills out an application blank giving certain information about himself and giving the names of men to whom he wishes to refer. His record is then investigated by the committee, the more promising candidates are summoned for a personal interview, and the selection is made.

Committees of Selection in the various States are composed of ex-Rhodes Scholars, of whom there are now four hundred in this country, and this plan brings their love of Oxford and their enthusiasm for the scheme to bear upon the selection of the Rhodes Scholars of the future. Until 1919 the ex-Rhodes Scholars had had practically no part in the working of the scheme in this country. Not the least of the benefits of their participation in the selections comes from the fact that information about Oxford and about the Scholarships will be more readily available in almost every State, inasmuch as the men who are administering the Scholarships have themselves been at Oxford. Ex-Rhodes Scholars feel almost to a man that the Scholarships open what is perhaps the greatest intellectual opportunity in grasp of an American boy—an opportunity all the more valuable in that it involves not merely the opening to personal success but also qualifies a man to do his part towards building up an understanding between the members of that group of nations which, by working together, can do most for the stability of the world and the preservation of free institutions.

FRANK AYDELOTTE
(American Secretary to the Rhodes Trustees)

THE growth of constructive educational work in industrial centres is shown clearly by the March Bulletin of the National Association of Corporation Schools. Many have realized that some such work was going on. Few realize, however, just what sort of work is being done. Still fewer, perhaps, appreciate the enormous benefits which may accrue, not only to the corporations interested, but to the employees and so eventually to the country, of which the employees make up the larger part. Membership in the company clubs of this far-reaching association amounts to approximately twenty-nine per cent. of the aggregate number of employees. These figures are made from the reports of only fifty-three establishments; but when the movement spreads to practically the whole industrial life of the country, as it bids fair to do, the work, already of great importance, may prove to be, in more than a mere quantitative sense, the chief contribution of America to education.

"The object of such clubs," as their supporters phrase it, "is to promote social activities and to provide a medium through which better understanding may be had among employees and among those charged with management and oft times including stockholders." The work done, though it varies greatly according to the special needs of each club, usually, in addition to community houses, country clubs, and libraries, includes hospital service, health supervision, provision for insurance and savings funds, with instructions regarding them, night schools, and "Americanization" classes which provide instruction in English and in the principles and forms of American government.

Much of this work, to be sure, individual concerns have done for some years. The virtue lies not in the addition of particularly new ideas, but in the organization of rather obvious ideas into constructive, well-articulated work, and in the coöperative state of mind which such organization implies. Also, something refreshingly definite and practical is being done. While the mails have been flooded with propagandist literature, crying out for theories good and bad, forward-looking industries have quietly gone about their important business of making better workers and so better citizens of both employer and employee. If the ills of modern times are economic rather than political, as our Socialist brethren tell us, little could be more promising than this great effort to teach, in a practical way, the fundamental conditions of economic development.

Harry F. Atwood's "Back to the Republic" (Chicago: Laird & Lee) is a militant little volume, which pleads for the golden mean in governmental organization and policy. But it is not couched

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(*Continued from page* 471)
in the velvet whisperings which usually exude from the friends of compromise. The author is assertive and epigrammatic. He wastes no sentences. His aim is to indicate with a few trenchant strokes just what ideals and principles guided the American Republic to greatness in the nineteenth century. This done, he proceeds with his plan for eradicating some of our contemporary troubles. Most of his suggestions are good enough, but without any flavor of novelty.

Books and the News

Sport

A LIBRARIAN of my acquaintance says there are no books which he recommends with more diffidence than the ones which describe, or pretend to describe, outdoor games and athletic exercise.

There are, I agree, few topics on which one can recommend a book with less chance of success. But his talk set me hunting for books about outdoor sport—not so much for the manuals, the "How to" books, as for the books which tell something of the joy of the game. At the very outset, I found one. Since the time when "A Was an Archer," that sport has naturally led the list, and while I fancy that few readers of the *Review* are thinking of going in for archery ("taking it up seriously"), anybody who likes a charming book on an odd subject should enjoy Maurice Thompson's "The Witchery of Archery" (Scribner, 1879). For the author began, not as a member of a toxophile society, but as an Indian hunter in the romantic Floridian wilds.

Next in order is coaching, and for that read "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways" (Macmillan, 1914), by W. Outram Tristram; read it for pleasure, for its information, and for Hugh Thomson's pictures. "Cricket" (Newnes), edited by Horace G. Hutchinson, is a history of the game, not a manual of instruction. For the canoe, there are books upon its "selection, care and use," but its chief dwelling place in literature is Stevenson's "Inland Voyage."

Fishing occupies one of the big sections in the library of sport, and literary folk have done well by it. I will not do the obvious thing and name the book, which, as my librarian friend says, everyone recommends and nobody reads. Instead, there is a charming volume in Sir Edward Grey's "Fly Fishing" (Dent, 1899), while a book called "Angling" (Scribner, 1896) has some agreeable chapters on American fishing by Leroy M. Yale, Robert Grant, C. F. Holder, and others. "The Tent Dwellers" (Harper, 1908), by Albert Bigelow Paine, is of the right kind, and tells of fishing, camping, woods-life, and other matters with comments upon such interesting topics as the edibility of the brown owl.

For golf there is an amusing book, "The Mystery of Golf" (Macmillan, 1912), by Arnold Haultain, on what may be called the philosophy of golf. Horace G. Hutchinson's "The Golfing Pilgrim on Many Links" (Scribner, 1898) contains pleasant essays about the links of Scotland, England, and Europe, while "The Winning Shot" (Doubleday, 1915), by Jerome D. Travers and Grantland Rice, is full of informal paragraphs and verses about the game.

The school of fox-hunting novelists have celebrated the horse in dozens of volumes. T. F. Dale's "The Game of Polo" (Constable, 1897) is historical and general, and appeals to me as readable. So does Charles E. Trevathan's book on the turf in this country, called "The American Thoroughbred" (Macmillan, 1905). Swimming is scandalously neglected, except by the writers of the "How to" books. Mr. A. S. Pier, in the one adequate essay on the subject I know (you will find it in his "The Young in Heart"), says, "The poets have astonishingly neglected it—astonishingly, I say, for it supplies one of the most sensuous human experiences." Here is the prince of sports—but the books about it are so many texts, describing the difference between the trudgeon and the Australian crawl.

It is almost the same with tennis—only they who are already devotees will care to read such books as J. Parmley Paret's "Lawn Tennis; Its Past, Present and Future" (Macmillan, 1904), but it has historical chapters which redeem it. So it is with W. P. Stephens's "American Yachting" (Macmillan, 1904), and Herbert Stone's "The America's Cup Races" (Outing, 1914). They recall great days in the history of the sport, and leave you to supply its fascination from your imagination, or from your own love of it. Walking is the one outdoor sport which requires no skill, and a good constitution rather than necessarily great muscular strength. "Walking Essays" (Arnold, 1912), by A. H. Sidgwick, is one of the genuine discoveries I made during this search. It is in quite the right spirit, and you are recommended to the essay on "Walking in Literature," especially Note A, "On the Rates of Walking of Various Persons in 'The Egoist,'" chapters 25, sqq.

But the time is at hand when one need not read about one's favorite sport, but play at it, and who would care for books then? To read about a game is like singing songs about kissing—only those do it who can not practise the art itself.

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THE REVIEW

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WILL the Republican Convention be a real convention or merely a tug of war? That is at this moment the most interesting question for those who are trying to forecast the possibilities at Chicago. Not long ago it was almost universally assumed that the only thing which the delegates would have to decide was whom they would like to have for President; nomination was supposed to be equivalent to election. A great change has come over the situation in the last month or two. Whatever the primaries may not have settled, they have brought out very clearly the fact that the party will have to reckon with very serious elements of disaffection, not to speak of the possibility of an organized bolt. Accordingly, if there shall be at Chicago a group of sagacious politicians strong enough to determine the ultimate result, their primary task will be to decide upon a candidate who will command a sufficient following of Republicans and independents to assure victory in November. Is any such group in sight? If so, does it represent a sufficient amount of practical foresight and of political virtue—the combination is necessary at such a time as this—to give promise of a wise decision? Nobody knows. Mr. Penrose's little flyer, in the shape of a suggestion of Knox for President, is certainly not a cheerful indication of what *may* happen.

THE platform-makers will have as serious a problem as the ticket-makers. The Republican National Campaign Committee is making a stout effort to help construct a platform based upon real consideration of the problems of the day, and is utilizing to that end the services of an able staff. It has received a mass of answers to carefully prepared questionnaires addressed to persons who may be supposed to have something worth while to say on the various subjects in question, and will doubtless make an interesting report on them. The leading candidates for the nomination have thus far said little that is distinctive, nor does there seem to be much prospect of their doing so before the eighth of June. The one issue upon which something like a clear-cut division exists between the parties is that of the League of Nations; but on this issue the Republican party is divided within itself almost as sharply as it is divided from the opposite party. Looking at the situation as a whole, it is perhaps correct to say that there has seldom been a time when, on the threshold of a Presidential campaign, the actual alignment of the two parties was so ill-defined, and consequently so dependent upon what will be done at the conventions. In these circumstances, it is most earnestly to be hoped that the outcome at Chicago, as to both candidate and platform, will be the product of deliberate thought and not the chance outcome of convention turmoil.

MR. MUNSEY has done a public service in directing attention to the seriousness of the newsprint paper question, and its relation to the enormous size which American newspapers have attained in recent years. The colossal destruction of forests which has been caused by this measureless consumption of paper is a matter which touches national interests in a way that Congress should no longer ignore. Not only the Sunday newspapers, but the principal weekday papers throughout the country are swollen to a preposterous size, and Mr. Munsey makes the shocking, but not incredible, statement that "we are only started on this drunken orgy of paper use." Another witness before the Senate Committee informed it that consumption of newsprint paper has risen from three pounds per capita in 1880 to thirty-five pounds in 1919. It requires no prediction of a further development of this insatiable appetite to stamp it as one that has got to be restrained. That it can be restrained by a well-designed scheme of taxation, there can be no doubt. The question is whether Congress will have the courage to apply the remedy. It is to be hoped that the Senate committee will, at all events, point the way.

THE small householder who buys potatoes by the pound is now paying at the rate of more than twenty dollars a barrel. Two years ago, when the price of potatoes was less than half this dizzy height, every one in the country who could command a plot of ground was earnestly urged to

raise them. Why has not the Government issued a similar slogan this year? Two years ago, it is true, potatoes were to win the war. But if an abundance of that staple would this year win a measure of contentment for a thoroughly disgruntled nation, some one in authority has blundered. No doubt we all, including the powers at Washington, have been too obsessed by the thought of profiteers and of ways to smash them to consider helping ourselves to potatoes by the only sort of direct action that really pays.

THERE is a faint echo of Euphues' voice in the speech which Sir Auckland Geddes addressed to the annual meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Atlantic City. It turned on the cardinal question how Germany—and all Europe with her—could "be weaned from war and won for work." The voice of Euphues not without his England. Nothing had surprised him more, Sir Auckland said, than the note of self-depreciation, almost of pessimism, which was struck in so many of our newspapers and in the speech of so many men whom he had met. The note struck by England, in the person of her official spokesman in this country, was one of hope and self-confidence. The war, he said, had worked profound changes deserving almost the title of a revolution: "Ultimate political power in England now rests in the hands of the working classes. They are determined to work out new relations between capital and labor. They seek to the limit of the nation's power to secure tranquility in Europe, in Asia Minor, in Asia, and Africa. They see clearly that to secure their purpose they have to end the rancors and animosities which have torn Europe and brought her to the brink of disaster." Here is outlined a worthier task for Labor than the fomenting of a world revolution for the proletariat's seizure of the dictatorship. The world will be safer under the guidance of free Labor whose power is the ripe fruit of political growth than under that of Russia's so-called self-ruling proletariat, whose dictators forced their power to precocious maturity in the hothouse heat of revolution.

A NEW organization has been formed in Dublin, under the chairmanship of Stephen Gwynn, called the Government of Ireland Bill Amendment Group. Only a few months ago, on January 5, Mr. Gwynn contributed an article to the *Manchester Guardian* which he entitled "A Personal View of the Irish Proposals," "because nobody that I know shares it except two other men, both journalists." It is an achievement for Mr. Gwynn to have gained, in so short a time, a sufficient number of supporters of his trio to form a group strong enough to conduct a political action. It may be taken as inaugurating, on the part of Irish intellectuals, a return from the advocacy of extreme demands to a moderate and conciliatory attitude. Mr. Gwynn is a nationalist, but he does not approve of Sir Horace Plunkett's sweeping condemnation of Lloyd George's Home Rule bill. He is more tolerant towards it than the English home-ruler Asquith, who assailed it in the bitterest terms. He recognizes that the distinctive character of Ulster makes some application of the cantonal system of government necessary for Ireland. "This, and not the immediate attainment of more or less complete powers, is the true end to which Nationalist Ireland should direct thought and desire." Lloyd George's plan of divided self-government applies that system to Ireland, and Stephen Gwynn admits that this is all that can be done for the present towards the unification of his country. The status and the freedom of a Dominion can not be attained at one jump.

BUT Gwynn's approval of Lloyd George's fundamental idea does not extend to the details of the bill. His Amendment Group is to start propaganda for the improvements which must make it a workable constitution. The six-county area for Ulster as fixed by the bill must be enlarged with Monaghan, Cavan, and Donegal, which are an intrinsic part of Ulster. Their exclusion is a device to please the Orangemen, who would restrict the Ulster area to those six counties where they possess predominance, rather than extend it so as to enclose those three preponderantly Catholic counties where a combination of Labor and Mr. Devlin's Ulster Nationalists might impair their political monopoly. But Ulster is a unit, and the Catholics of the three counties rejected by the Carsonites are genuine Ulstermen who can not be severed from their fellows in the six others without increased friction tending to retard the achievement of unity. To amend the measure in this sense so as to make the unit Ulster officially what it actually is, will be the chief effort of those members of Parliament who will be spokesmen of Mr. Gwynn's Amendment Group.

SOME are cocksure that the Mayday bomb plot was, as a Hibernian orator might put it, nothing but a mare's nest hatched in the Attorney General's brain. Others are equally certain that Mr. Palmer's vigilance was the only thing that saved us. All *we* know is that it didn't come off.

A FEW weeks ago we ventured the opinion that the solution of the Danish crisis, from the King's standpoint, was a compromise rather than a surrender. With the results of the recent elections for the Folketing before us we can now say that the King's action, far from having been so unpopular as to make a surrender imperative to save his crown, had the approval of at least 50 per cent. of the nation. The party of Minister Zahle, whose dismissal by the King brought on the crisis, saw the thirty-three seats which it held in the last Folketing reduced to seventeen whereas the Liberals and Conservatives gained three and six seats, respectively. It is true that the Slesvig question was not the only issue. It offered the opposition an opportunity to strike a decisive blow at a Government which had made itself unpopular among all except the Radical and Socialist parties by its continuation after the armistice of an economic policy necessitated by war condi-

tions. As a protest against the perpetuation of state interference in the economic life of the nation the vote of the electorate is no less remarkable than for the sanction it gave to King Christian's alleged unconstitutional dismissal of the Zahle Cabinet.

BEHIND all the Italian labor turmoil lurks the menacing figure of Enrico Malatesta. The swing of the Socialist movement toward the revolutionary left has been pronounced in nearly all lands; but in no country has it been so extreme as in Italy. Italian Socialism had its origin in Anarchism, and not until the Genoa congress of 1892 was it able to divest itself of the traces. Its later troubles grew out of conflicts, not between Socialists and Anarchists, but between Marxians and reformers. Since the beginning of the war, however, it has rapidly swung back to the Bakuninism of its early days; and its unofficial dictator today is no other than Malatesta, who was once a lieutenant of Bakunin's and who later, at the London congress of the Internationale, 1896, was expelled for his Anarchism. From his London refuge, where he had lived since he was banished from Italy in 1913, he was called back by the insistent demands of the radicals, and Premier Nitti acquiesced in his return. Since then he has kept things in a ferment. His authority over the radical element of the working class appears to be greater than that of the Socialist party executives, and his friends boast that even the Government dare not touch him. He has now, as he has always had, but one creed, the violent overthrow of "capitalist" government and the substitution of communal organization of industry. To the party executives he is a septuagenarian *enfant terrible;* they, too, are for revolutionism, Bolshevism, or any other "ism" of violence and turmoil; but they want to be sure, and they fear that Malatesta will spoil the game.

"WHAT'S right for me is wrong for you," argues the child. Primitive man argued that way, and to the limit of his ability enforced his argument with a club. Fanatics of all stripes still continue the argument, and they translate it, if they gain power, into law. The absolute suppression of free speech, free press, and free assemblage in Russia is revolutionary virtue; the punishment of outright sedition in America is vicious reactionism. All the pro-Bolshevist writers and speakers are agreed; and though the more pretentiously virtuous exponents of uplift by usurpation cloak their meaning with euphemisms, the more straightforward advocates disdain the use of weasel words. On the front page of the *Appeal to Reason* for April 17 is an interview with Eugene V. Debs in which the argument is stated in plain terms. "If it was right," Debs was asked, "for Russia to suspend free speech and free press, was it not also right for the United States to suspend free speech in your case during the war?" "No," replied Debs. "The Russian revolution was a forward step. American participation in the war was a reactionary step. In suppressing me, because I was a revolutionist, a backward step was taken." Naïve, infantile, amusing, what you will; but how honorably this speech contrasts with the intellectual and ethical thimble-rigging of the pretentiously pious journals of uplift!

IT must be exasperating to the insurgent editorial fraternity to have Mr. Irwin Granich talk as he does through the columns of our Bolshevist contemporary, the *Liberator*. As all instructed liberals and radicals know, there is a powerful plot against Mexico, engineered by Wall Street. The plotters systematically poison the minds of Americans with false information, and they plan to overthrow the wonderful Constitution of Mexico and to reduce the Mexican people from their present free, comfortable, and happy state to the degraded condition of capitalistic slaves. But here comes Mr. Granich, a Communist-Socialist, or something of the sort, who knows Mexico, and who says that from the standpoint of the common man the Carranza régime is about the worst thing there is on the planet. There is widespread misery, strikes are suppressed, workmen are shot down, the franchise is a joke, banditry is common, official graft is rampant, and, to top it all, a fire-eating Communist journal is subsidized by the Government, presumably for its influence on the revolutionary gudgeons of the United States. The report accords with reliable testimony, such as that by George Agnew Chamberlain, which has recently come out of Mexico. But it is not the kind of information relished by insurgent editors, who prefer the testimony of observers who have been carefully wet-nursed on their travels by Carranza agents, or of others who, somewhere east of Tenth avenue, deduce their observations from the glorious Mexican Constitution. That the *Liberator* should publish such statements must be regarded as a sort of treason to "the cause." Not often does it so far forget itself. But occasionally, say once every six months or so, it does, from a habit of careless utterance, permit something to get past which brings upon it from the revolutionary brotherhood grave suspicions of "giving information to the enemy."

MULTIPLICITY of good causes that want much should not be allowed to obscure some of the equally deserving causes that are asking comparatively little. One of these that should by no mischance be forgotten is the American Academy at Rome, which is in immediate need of $1,000,000 for the work in which it has already achieved distinguished success, and for the development of new departments, for the training of especially promising students in Landscape Architecture and Musical Composition. Through the generosity of Mr. J. P. Morgan, the raising of this sum will automatically clear away the debt of the Academy ($375,000) to the Morgan estate, since one dollar of the debt will be cancelled for each dollar subscribed to the new fund. Mr. Edward P. Mellon, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, is receiving contributions to this fund, and announces that Liberty bonds will be credited for this purpose at their face value.

One Year of "The Review"

In a card of invitation addressed to persons whose interest it was hoped to enlist in the proposed new weekly journal, the aim of the *Review* was briefly defined as that of helping to maintain "the established principles of American liberty." With the appearance of the present issue, which completes one year of its publication, it seems proper to consider its experience from that standpoint.

The particular form which events have taken in the course of this momentous twelvemonth is very different from what anyone could have forecast. But running through its developments, and projecting itself unmistakably into the future so far as one can see it, the central question remains what it was a year ago, and what, indeed, thinking people must have seen it to be long before that. Socialistic agitation, and even the threat of violent revolution, had been with us for many years; but what distinguished not only the war period, and the post-war period, but several years preceding the war, was the entrance of a factor which, up to a comparatively recent time, had played no considerable rôle. The particular danger to "the established principles of American liberty" which the projectors of this journal had in mind arose from the growth of an undefined, and largely sentimental, radicalism which, with no clear object in view, was giving cumulative aid to every form of revolutionary agitation. America was not, and is not, in danger of accepting a Socialist or Communist programme now or in the near future. Against the heavy artillery of outright Marxians or Leninites it is safe enough.. The inroads which, in the present stage of our history, we really have to fear are those of the light-armed cavalry. The dilettante radicals are not going to batter down the institutions of the country. Their work is not destruction, but demoralization. And in that work the absence of heavy artillery is not a drawback but a tremendous advantage. To gird at all established institutions, to point the finger at everything that is bad and say never a word about what is good —to do all this without burdening themselves with the responsibility of any avowed advocacy of revolutionary change—is an inviting task for minds inclined to it, and finds in thousands of still less disciplined minds an eager response.

If the essentials of American life and American liberty are in danger, it is from this quarter that the danger is most acute. It is true that the discontent and unrest which have come from the enormous advance of prices has reached dimensions which, like that advance itself, surpass all expectations. But this, after all, we have reason to believe is but a passing phase. What we shall continue to have with us is that speculative discontent, that vague longing for a new world, based not so much on any clear prospect that it holds out as on an easy-going forgetfulness of what the established institutions of civilization do for us, which the dilettante radicals are constantly promoting. The peril against which we have to guard is not so much the strength of the attack as the weakness of the defense. Socialism in this country has made its gains much less in the shape of outright converts than that of sympathizing half-thinkers. Its prospect of ultimate success depends, above all else, upon the extent to which this demoralization of thought and feeling may spread and the extent to which it will be checked by the growth of sober and responsible thinking.

Within the year during which the *Review* has been published, a correlative danger to "the established principles of American liberty" has manifested itself. The conventional thing to say about times like these is that revolutionary agitation breeds "reaction." In the broad sense in which this word is usually employed, we see no sign of such a menace to this country. In relation to the great questions of labor, for example, or of taxation, while we may not advance so rapidly as some desire, or perhaps so rapidly as we ought, yet we shall certainly not fall back into the attitude which ten or twenty years ago largely dominated our affairs; indeed, we shall not go backward at all. The one important development which can justly be stigmatized as "reactionary" is that which has taken place in the matter of freedom of speech and freedom of political effort. This, we confess, has in some quarters assumed a form more sinister than we had thought there was reason to fear. Such attempts to suppress opposition to our existing institutions as have been made in the sedition bills in Congress, and in the amazing proceedings at Albany, are just cause for serious apprehension. No clearer duty rests upon those who maintain the genuine tradition of liberalism than to oppose, with all the ability and earnestness at their command, every such departure from that tradition. The right of free speech is not absolute, and the *Review* has taken more than one occasion to define, to the best of its ability, the limitations to which it is justly subject. But the attempt to suppress opinions as such, and to preclude the representation of them in American legislative bodies by arbitrary proscription, is at once a violation of the spirit of our institutions and a confession of their failure. No truer service can be done to them than to protest against such violation; nor do we doubt that the protest which has come from so many of the best of our conservative leaders and organs of opinion will have the effect of effectually checking a tendency which must be ascribed rather to thoughtlessness and ignorance than to any deep and permanent purpose.

It is not the object of this brief retrospective article to review the work that this paper has attempted to do in relation to the various specific problems of the time. As regards that, we can not but feel sincere gratification in the acknowledgments which have come to us from competent critics, a few of which are reproduced on another page. That our endeavor to be fair in the discussion of every controversial topic is so generally recognized, is a source of peculiar satisfaction. But no other

service that we may have been able to render could be accounted a justification for the founding of the *Review* if it had not succeeded in making a real contribution to the strengthening of thinking Americans in their allegiance to the fundamentals of American liberty and order, of American vitality and prosperity. That it has done this in a substantial and effective way it feels that there is now abundant evidence. The idea is expressed by one of our correspondents in a way upon which we could not improve:

> No doubt it is too late to expect any considerable number of conversions from the ranks of modern radicalism, but this is a matter of comparative unimportance. What *is* important is that Liberalism should know that it still has a respectable cause, and to demonstrate that fact is precisely the work of such publications as the *Review*—a work which it is performing with ever increasing success.

To continue in this work, and to deserve just such recognition of it, is an object which, at the end as at the beginning of our first year, is ample inspiration for every effort that we may be able to put forward.

A Cost-of-Living Exhibit

THE United States Bureau of Labor Statistics has just given out some figures relating to the increase of the cost of living in New York City which might well furnish occasion for interesting study. That the cost of living for families of moderate income has somewhat more than doubled since 1914 is no news, nor is there anything very novel in the figures showing the varying ratios in which the different elements that enter into a family's living have risen in price. But the little table which presents these facts in a compact form for each of the five years, 1915-19 inclusive, brings out the points more clearly than is usually the case.

The most striking feature of it is the contrast between the rise of prices for clothing and that for housing. Clothing went up steadily from the beginning of the world war, and reached an enormous height at the end of the fifth year; housing, on the other hand, actually cost less in 1915 and 1916 than in 1914, and even in 1919 was only 23 per cent. higher than in 1914. The actual percentages of increase in successive years—December of each year being compared with December, 1914—were, in the case of clothing, 4.82, 22.31, 54.21, 131.25, 219.66, a constant rise winding up with a price three and one-fifth times as high as the pre-war price of clothing. In the case of housing, on the other hand, there was a slight decline in 1915 and 1916, an advance of only 2.63 per cent. in 1917 and only 8.47 per cent. in 1918, while even in December, 1919, the advance was only 23.39 per cent.; so that while clothes cost nearly three and a quarter times as much as before, rents were not quite one and a quarter times what they had been. Some part of this enormous advance in clothing expenditure may, indeed, be due to a rise of standards in the population concerned; but after allowing for this the character of the contrast remains unaffected.

To arrive at a complete explanation of this phenomenon would require extensive and many-sided investigation; but there are some elements of that explanation which naturally suggest themselves, and which are interesting not only in their immediate bearing, but also as related to the general question of money and prices. In both instances, the supply side as well as the demand side of the equation is important; but perhaps the most interesting aspect of it is that which bears on the way in which an increasing volume of money operates to raise prices.

The thing is not automatic, like the rising of the mercury in a thermometer when the temperature increases. It comes about through the operation of human motives, which do not play equally upon all the possible objects to which purchase may be directed. When a great multitude of people—through a rise in wages, say—find themselves in possession of a great many more dollars than they had formerly at their command, they do not proceed to enlarge their expenditure in every direction, and certainly not equally in every direction. It will be a long time before a person whose income in dollars has been unexpectedly increased will think of living in a different kind of dwelling from what he has been accustomed to. He will be slow to make any important change as to his daily food. Of all the things which form an important part of his consumption and that of his family, the one which responds most rapidly to what looks like a bettered income will probably be clothing—including, of course, haberdashery and millinery. Throughout the five years of the inflation period, there was undoubtedly a strongly stimulated demand for clothes, while at the same time supply was increasingly difficult to obtain; on the other hand, there was for housing only a slightly augmented demand, which, moreover, from the time of our country's entry into the war, was offset by the great exodus into the army. These circumstances seem sufficiently to account, in the large, for the figures that the table presents. The rise in rents which has taken place since the armistice is also quite in keeping with these considerations; the cessation of building during the war, the hindrance to its resumption after the war caused by the risks of a permanent investment in what seemed like abnormally high-cost building, and the return of the soldier population, combining to produce an acute shortage without the aid of any special demand for better or more expensive housing on the part of the masses. The whole subject, however, would well repay close and thoroughgoing examination.

Poles and Bolsheviki

ONE day, according to a popular anecdote, the Supreme Council, being tired of examining the claims brought forward by exacting nationalities, arranged an amusing intermezzo by inviting international scholarship to competition in a prize essay on the elephant. Among the competitors, who were given a year for the work, was a Polish zoölogist, who introduced his subject with these words: "l'Eléphant, c'est une question polonaise." The inventor of the story caricatured not unjustly the

centripetal tendencies of the Polish spirit as it manifests itself to the outsider in the policy the country has adopted since its revival. The aggrandizement of Poland, regardless of considerations of justice due to other nationalities and of the dangers resulting to Europe from such disregard, seems to be the sole object of the men now in power at Warsaw. They demand no less than the entire area covered by Poland before the first partition of 1772, which would make them rulers over a territory twice as large as France, and over a population the majority of which is of non-Polish nationality. If the right of self-determination can not serve their purpose, they base their claim on historical rights, or on the economic homogeneity of Poland and her neighbors, or on strategic necessity, or on the plea that Europe can be protected against the Bolshevist dangers by no better means than a strong Poland.

Apart from the question whether the inclusion within Polish territory of non-Polish races would not prove a diminution of strength instead of a reinforcement, there is good reason to doubt the wisdom of an annexationist policy which uses the Russian menace as an excuse. Of the inefficiency of the Soviet forces we now possess sufficient evidence to consider it an established fact. But there is much ground for the fear that the Polish offensive which that inefficiency invited may tend, in spite of the successes which the Poles claim to have won, to restore to Trotsky's army some of its lost backbone. One of the causes which made for its untrustworthiness and rendered it a dangerous weapon for the Soviet rulers to wield was the growing influence of the cadre over the soldiery. That cadre consists mainly of Tsarist officers who were not wholly averse to serving in the Red army because the expansionist aims of Bolshevism coincided with their dreams of a reintegrated Russia. Without them the Soviet would have had, for an army, an undisciplined mob; without the army the officers could not hope to realize their dream. The reliability of the army, therefore, depended mainly on the loyalty of the cadre, which, in its turn, depended on the Soviet's perseverance in its aggressive policy against the apostate border republics. Since the imminent economic collapse of Soviet Russia, however, made peace with the non-Russian world imperative, the Tsarist officers had little reason to persist in their fidelity to the Commissaries of Moscow. The latter saw their own safety from attempts at revolution by officers popular among their troops in a speedy demobilization and enlistment of the discharged soldiery in the labor armies organized by Trotsky, where they will be placed under the control of reliable comrades acting as economic instructors.

And at this very moment, when Red Russia is making herself defenseless lest she should wound herself with her own weapons, steps in General Pilsudsky as the protector of Europe against Bolshevism, and scores an easy victory at the risk of uniting again the Tsarist officers and the Soviet Commissaries—from different motives, to be sure—in a common cause. The seventh army, which Trotsky had begun to convert into a labor force, was summoned back to arms and mobilized anew after the Polish Government, by its exorbitant conditions, had made peace with Soviet Russia impossible. The ultimate failure, after repeated successes, of the three Russian generals who tried to oust the Bolsheviki with the help of the Entente has taught us that foreign intervention, with the inadequate means the Allies have been willing or able to spare, has tended to seat the Moscow Commissaries more firmly in the saddle. A reversal in Russia must come from within, and the forces which are able to bring it about must be free from any suspicion of being agents of a Western Power.

Poland is, for those two reasons, disqualified as a liberator of suffering Russia. She is only a pawn of France on the European chess-board, although she is now acting as if she were the queen in the game. Apart from the reaction this move will have on the internal situation in Russia, it will widen the breach in the barrier of border states which French Generals and diplomats had conceived as a rampart against Bolshevism, and a wall against German penetration of Russia. The relations between Poland and Lithuania are tense to the breaking point on account of the Polish claim of Lithuanian territory. That is why Lithuania, after the conference of border states held at Warsaw in March of this year, refused to negotiate peace with Soviet Russia in conjunction with Poland, Finland, and Latvia. These two other states, not being neighbors of Poland, have no feelings of hostility towards her, but those with whom she lives in close contact have more reason to throw up barriers against her aggression than to form, together with her, a barrier against Bolshevism. The Ukrainians under Petlura are, indeed, reported to have joined the Poles in their recent offensive, in the hope of clearing, with Polish help, the Ukraine of Bolshevist rule. But the price to be paid for their rescue is said to be the renunciation, in favor of Poland, of all Ukrainian claims on the rich oil district of Eastern Galicia. The deal can not possibly have the approval of the people as whose representative Petlura attended the conference of border states at Warsaw. The Ukrainians are no less inimical to Polish aggression than they are to Bolshevist rule. The greater Poland restored in its pre-partition extent would comprise thirteen million Ukrainians and advance the Polish frontier to within a short distance from the Ukrainian capital Kiev. Whatever undertakings Petlura, from personal motives perhaps, may have given to Pilsudsky at Warsaw, his own people will make it difficult for him to abide by his word. A Polish victory will clear the Ukrainian house of one intruder but bring another to the gate. Petlura, therefore, can never be a reliable ally to Poland. The force of circumstances will compel him, sooner or later, to turn against her, as he turned, unwillingly perhaps, against Denikin. And thus Bolshevism bids fair again, as after the betrayal of Denikin, to reap the fruits of the mistakes and dissension of its enemies.

Squaring Grandfather

CONSTANTIA, we heard by accident the other day, has "accepted a comrade." True, in response to the scandalized protests of elderly relatives, some sort of ceremony was hastily improvised, but the young people made it quite plain that such mummery meant nothing to them. They did not say "it meant nothing in their young lives." In neither Constantia nor Dorastus was there the slightest trace of frivolity or vulgarity. Both were in deadly earnest and quite sure of their ground. They had talked it all out, analyzed themselves and each other with laboratory thoroughness, scrutinized their world with the eye of a general for the enemy's weaknesses, and with a Napoleonic confidence in their ability to marshal their own facts precisely at those points where they would prove overwhelmingly effective.

Of course, there was no reason why Constantia and Dorastus should not marry. Dorastus, if his antecedents are somewhat vaguely "European," is a young man of refinement and undeniably clever. Even to one who did not quite like him it would not occur that he had chosen, if indeed he could be said to have chosen, Constantia for the sake of her money. Of this Constantia possesses abundance, inherited from her dead mother's father, a millionaire whose honest right to his millions it occurred to no one in those days to question. The country, indeed, had been rather proud of him, regarded him as a sort of symbol of what the American boy can make of himself. But to Constantia he and his money—a good part of it hers now—have come to symbolize something quite different. She would not deny his ability nor his good nature—he was rather a genial old cock—but she is quite sure that for whatever he did in the world he was enormously overpaid. It is a little difficult to get Constantia to make herself perfectly plain on this point, but her idea seems to be that she will use grandfather's millions somehow to square grandfather with a world which he, poor man, was unaware of having offended.

Just how this is to be accomplished will no doubt develop more clearly as she goes on. Any such mediæval notion as that of charity is of course not in her thoughts. To play the pious founder or the lady bountiful she no more intends than she intends discarding her cigarette for smelling salts. Possibly Dorastus will have further suggestions, and the friends they have in common still more.

He could not, of course, tell Constantia that what she is in search of in "accepting her comrade" is romance, that what she is really trying to do with grandfather's money is to find some fresh and thrilling way of exercising power. One can not, indeed, tell Constantia anything, except such things as she wishes to hear. Tell her more concerning the social perfection of far-away Russia, and her face will light. Apologize for anything as it exists in nearby America, and note the scorn that sits on a pretty lip which seems of late, so they say, to have grown a trifle hard. There is, therefore, no manner of use in trying to point out to Constantia that since she has done, or might have done, everything that a whole regiment of fairy godmothers, be their wands tipped ever so brightly, could possibly do for her (since, indeed, ever so many people who are nobody in particular can do quite as much in this line as she) for life in its full, fresh savor she must look elsewhere.

To play Virginia to Dorastus's Paul would, however, extinguish them both in a week; the tropical island would afford no sort of field for their talents. To sit at home, either in her father's house or in her own and Dorastus's—the softer the cushion, the finer the seam, the more luscious the hothouse strawberries and Jersey cream, the more intolerable to one in her temper would the whole business become. Her grandmother distributed soup and flannels and good advice; her mother, in a later day, went "slumming." Constantia will naturally have none of this make-believe for herself; she must go a-gipsying. Hardship—she craves it; the raw contacts of life, hand struck in hard hand—to be looked up to amid such circumstances is to feel the full joy of the fight; if she went to jail for it, it would but add to the zest. Unable to conquer the world into which she was born, for the simple reason that she found the world already delivered captive at her feet as soon as she could be aware of it, she scorns to sigh for more worlds; she will invent one, since it is necessary.

Presumably this mood of Constantia's will not last forever. But time is a concept in which she takes very little interest; things happen for her in that moment just ahead which we hasten to call "now" before it is too late. No doubt she will come to some sort of compromise between the power which her money *plus* her brains will buy her in the new world that she has chosen to build up and the comforts of the old world, which she will discover it is not necessary wholly to abandon. Possibly Dorastus will assist her to the discovery. But in that hour, we fear, she will make a less insistent claim upon our sympathy than she does to-day, so young and so clever, quaint compound of hope and disillusion, part martyr and part tyrant, so eager for life and so determined to refuse life until it is made perfect under her hand. Many of the things that Constantia wants she will doubtless get; at what expense to a world which, in certain of the aspects she herself rather prettily symbolizes, she does not reckon; in her view, things could not possibly be worse in any case. Getting much of what she wants, whether she will find herself satisfied is another matter. It is by no means certain that she wishes to be satisfied; she wishes to want.

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Squaring Grandfather

CONSTANTIA, we heard by accident the other day, has "accepted a comrade." True, in response to the scandalized protests of elderly relatives, some sort of ceremony was hastily improvised, but the young people made it quite plain that such mummery meant nothing to them. They did not say "it meant nothing in their young lives." In neither Constantia nor Dorastus was there the slightest trace of frivolity or vulgarity. Both were in deadly earnest and quite sure of their ground. They had talked it all out, analyzed themselves and each other with laboratory thoroughness, scrutinized their world with the eye of a general for the enemy's weaknesses, and with a Napoleonic confidence in their ability to marshal their own facts precisely at those points where they would prove overwhelmingly effective.

Of course, there was no reason why Constantia and Dorastus should not marry. Dorastus, if his antecedents are somewhat vaguely "European," is a young man of refinement and undeniably clever. Even to one who did not quite like him it would not occur that he had chosen, if indeed he could be said to have chosen, Constantia for the sake of her money. Of this Constantia possesses abundance, inherited from her dead mother's father, a millionaire whose honest right to his millions it occurred to no one in those days to question. The country, indeed, had been rather proud of him, regarded him as a sort of symbol of what the American boy can make of himself. But to Constantia he and his money—a good part of it hers now—have come to symbolize something quite different. She would not deny his ability nor his good nature—he was rather a genial old cock—but she is quite sure that for whatever he did in the world he was enormously overpaid. It is a little difficult to get Constantia to make herself perfectly plain on this point, but her idea seems to be that she will use grandfather's millions somehow to square grandfather with a world which he, poor man, was unaware of having offended.

Just how this is to be accomplished will no doubt develop more clearly as she goes on. Any such mediæval notion as that of charity is of course not in her thoughts. To play the pious founder or the lady bountiful she no more intends than she intends discarding her cigarette for smelling salts. Possibly Dorastus will have further suggestions, and the friends they have in common still more.

He could not, of course, tell Constantia that what she is in search of in "accepting her comrade" is romance, that what she is really trying to do with grandfather's money is to find some fresh and thrilling way of exercising power. One can not, indeed, tell Constantia anything, except such things as she wishes to hear. Tell her more concerning the social perfection of far-away Russia, and her face will light. Apologize for anything as it exists in nearby America, and note the scorn that sits on a pretty lip which seems of late, so they say, to have grown a trifle hard. There is, therefore, no manner of use in trying to point out to Constantia that since she has done, or might have done, everything that a whole regiment of fairy godmothers, be their wands tipped ever so brightly, could possibly do for her (since, indeed, ever so many people who are nobody in particular can do quite as much in this line as she) for life in its full, fresh savor she must look elsewhere.

To play Virginia to Dorastus's Paul would, however, extinguish them both in a week; the tropical island would afford no sort of field for their talents. To sit at home, either in her father's house or in her own and Dorastus's—the softer the cushion, the finer the seam, the more luscious the hothouse strawberries and Jersey cream, the more intolerable to one in her temper would the whole business become. Her grandmother distributed soup and flannels and good advice; her mother, in a later day, went "slumming." Constantia will naturally have none of this make-believe for herself; she must go a-gipsying. Hardship—she craves it; the raw contacts of life, hand struck in hard hand—to be looked up to amid such circumstances is to feel the full joy of the fight; if she went to jail for it, it would but add to the zest. Unable to conquer the world into which she was born, for the simple reason that she found the world already delivered captive at her feet as soon as she could be aware of it, she scorns to sigh for more worlds; she will invent one, since it is necessary.

Presumably this mood of Constantia's will not last forever. But time is a concept in which she takes very little interest; things happen for her in that moment just ahead which we hasten to call "now" before it is too late. No doubt she will come to some sort of compromise between the power which her money *plus* her brains will buy her in the new world that she has chosen to build up and the comforts of the old world, which she will discover it is not necessary wholly to abandon. Possibly Dorastus will assist her to the discovery. But in that hour, we fear, she will make a less insistent claim upon our sympathy than she does to-day, so young and so clever, quaint compound of hope and disillusion, part martyr and part tyrant, so eager for life and so determined to refuse life until it is made perfect under her hand. Many of the things that Constantia wants she will doubtless get; at what expense to a world which, in certain of the aspects she herself rather prettily symbolizes, she does not reckon; in her view, things could not possibly be worse in any case. Getting much of what she wants, whether she will find herself satisfied is another matter. It is by no means certain that she wishes to be satisfied; she wishes to want.

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Aggressive Poland

THE Polish military operations in Ukraina, which began last week so unexpectedly and developed so swiftly, represent a political movement of tremendous importance. Following so closely upon the peace parleys between Warsaw and Moscow, they are much more than the mere resumption of hostilities over boundaries. The proclamation issued by the Pilsudsky Government, stating the objects sought, makes that quite clear.

A new element has entered into the situation. The Polish troops have set out with the avowed purpose of expelling the Soviet troops and of reëstablishing the Petlura Government as the Government of an independent Ukraina. What Poland's purpose is in engaging upon so huge an enterprise may be inferred by considering her aspirations, and the rôle assigned to her by the great Powers.

The reëstablishment of Poland as an independent state has always been connected with the idea of the necessity of a buffer state between Russia and Germany. Now, a buffer state, in order to be secure, either must be strong enough (on its own account or through outside backing) to withstand possible attacks, or must make friends with one of its neighbors. Neither of these obvious conditions was arranged for in the creation of Poland. Numerically small and strategically weak, Poland can scarcely be considered as a powerful military barrier between much larger and stronger Germany and Russia. The great Powers backing her are far away and cut off from her. As for her great neighbors, Poland hates both of them too much to make friends with either.

Finding herself in such a position, Poland has begun the policy of gathering new small states of Eastern Europe into a political alliance; and, as any new states in the East could only be carved out of Russia, it was to Poland's advantage to work for Russia's dismemberment.

The course of Russian history during the past months has been of great assistance to Poland in the furtherance of her plans. It was particularly so in the northwestern corner of the former Russian Empire, in the so-called Baltic Provinces, where four definite groups aspire to the dignity of independent statehood. The persistence of the Soviet régime in Central Russia and the policy of the great Powers have given them, at least temporarily, the dignity that they sought. Three of these new states, Finland, Esthonia, and Latvia, Poland has hastened to recognize. She has gone farther: she has made treaties with them of such a nature as to make herself more or less dominant on the Eastern Baltic. Lithuania is apparently out of this alliance, because, no doubt, of the territorial disputes which Poland and she have carried on.

Such an arrangement in the northwest is ideal for Poland. In the first place, Great Russia is thus cut off from the ports of the Baltic and is permanently crippled. And in the second place, Poland has under her potential control very important new states.

Having thus completed her arrangements in the north with a fair degree of success, Poland now finds it possible to turn her attention to the south. Here the decisive factor is Ukraina. United with Great Russia, Ukraina would add greatly to the latter's strength. With Ukraina separated, Great Russia would be really weakened, reduced temporarily to the status of a comparatively small, landlocked state. To this extent, surely, Poland is interested in the independence of Ukraina.

But there is another and a larger advantage that attaches itself to Poland's interest in the Ukrainian independence. Poland's ambitious leaders conceive the possibility of drawing Ukraina, once independent, into the Polish sphere of influence. With the Baltic under Poland's virtual domination, and with the Ukrainian resources under her control, what possibilities are not open to her?

And why not? The palm of Slavic supremacy is now hanging in the balance. Russia has held it tightly for centuries. Now Russia is prostrate and broken. There is no doubt that eventually she will regain her strength. But now is the time to make Russia's full reconstruction impossible for a long time to come. If Poland can do it, then Poland will be the leader of the Slavs, that huge fourth element of Europe.

There is no doubt, however, that the possibility of the realization of such a plan is a mere gambler's chance. The important element of weakness in it is the character of the Ukrainian movement which the Poles are now supporting with the strength of their arms. There is no indication that the Petlura movement ever had any real popular support. Simon Petlura and his Government came into power soon after the armistice. It was at the time when the Germans were compelled to withdraw their assistance from the Government of Hetman Skoropadsky, which had been set up by them. No longer supported by the German troops, the Skoropadsky Government was swiftly enough turned out by the rising tide of dissatisfied peasants, who endured the Hetman's régime only as long as it was forced upon the country by the German bayonets. Petlura and several of his associates made use of the peasants' protest to establish a short-lived rule in Kiev. But the masses of the people never rallied to their support, and it did not take much effort on the part of the Bolsheviki to dislodge them.

Forced to flee from the capital, Petlura made numerous efforts to gather forces about him. For a time his chief occupation was the struggle against the Poles for the fate of Eastern Galicia, which was finally awarded to Poland by the Supreme Council. Petlura's relations with Denikin were also unfriendly, for his stock in trade was Ukrainian separatism, while Denikin fought for the reunification of Russia. How Petlura finally made friends with the Poles, against whom he had fought so long and so bitterly, is not known as yet. Nor is it really very important, except on one point: what price

did he have to pay for the Polish assistance?

It is obvious that Petlura has little to give, except very sweeping promises for the future. Eastern Galicia is already Poland's. It is scarcely conceivable that the Poles would ask for, and that Petlura would make, territorial concessions. Obviously Petlura has given the one promise that the Poles need for the completion of their ambitious plans: he must have promised to place Ukraina under Poland's influence.

But there is no reason to expect that the Petlura movement will have a larger support in Ukraina now than it had previously. The period of the occupation of Ukraina by the Volunteer Army has furnished enough evidence of the fact that the masses of the people in Ukraina do not desire separation from Russia. To force separation upon them through the instrumentality of Petlura's Government, upheld by Polish troops, is an action that is fraught with danger.

Yet it is conceivable that the Polish operations in Ukraina, if successful in a military way, may hasten the downfall of the Soviet régime in Russia. To this extent, much good may come out of the affair. For the rest, it can only lead to the accumulation of resentments and enmities, which must seek to discharge themselves in future wars. And it will have bad results for Poland herself. For after the overthrow of the Soviet Government, through the mounting spirit of nationalism, Russia's existence as a great nation will depend upon a reunification of almost all of her former territory. She is not prepared to give up her supremacy in the Slavic world. Though temporarily shorn of some of her territories, Russia will still remain overwhelmingly larger than Poland, whose huge dream of leadership and power is built on the sands of Russia's temporary weakness.

In a few more years Poland may find herself clamped in an iron vise, formed by hostile Germany and furiously resentful Russia. Such a situation must result in violent bloodshed.

Leo Pasvolsky

Presidential Inability

[Mr. Wilson's improved health has removed from the problem of the disability of a President to perform the duties of his office any pressure of present urgency. But the experience of the half-year during which his illness was serious serves as ample reason for discussing this important and delicate question on its merits.]

SEVERAL proposals have been made in Congress to decide how the fact of Presidential inability to act may be determined, and if the House Judiciary Committee can agree, it will doubtless make some recommendation. But the chances of early action are not great, since the questions of constitutional law and political policy are difficult and important and, judging from the attitude of Congress hitherto, a decision will be long delayed. Not until 1886 did Congress amend the Presidential Succession Law of 1792, which was admittedly inadequate and perhaps unconstitutional. But the question should be answered: if the President is unable to act, who is to determine how administrative decisions are to be made and other public business proceeded with, in order that the Government may not suffer a collapse similar to that of recent months which culminated in Secretary Lansing's resignation?

The framers of the Constitution attempted to guard against an interregnum by providing that

> In the case of the removal of the President from office, or his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President, and the Congress may by law provide for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected.

This provision, although in ambiguous terms, at least considers every possibility except the death of the President or Vice-President subsequent to election but prior to inauguration. That contingency, fortunately, has never confronted the country, but Congress has not attempted to take measures to deal with it. In five cases, owing to death, the Vice-President has become Chief Magistrate: Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson, Arthur, and Roosevelt. Johnson was threatened with removal, but no President has ever suggested resignation, and the mention of this method of vacating the office is the only joke in the Federal Constitution.

The Act of March 1, 1792, provided that the President of the Senate pro tempore and the Speaker of the House of Representatives should follow the Vice-President in succession to the Presidency. There were, however, a number of objections to this arrangement. Its constitutionality was open to question, since it was not certain that the Speaker and President pro tempore were officers of the United States within the meaning of the term as used in the Constitution. In the second place—and Madison was among those who pointed this out—if one of these Congressional officials went to the White House there was no requirement that he give up his original duties and his executive and legislative functions might conflict. Thirdly, between Congresses there is no Speaker of the House, and until 1890 the President of the Senate pro tempore did not hold over; consequently, if the President and Vice-President should die during this interim difficulties would ensue.

There were a number of attempts to change the law. In 1820 the Senate Judiciary Committee was ordered to report whether any changes were necessary. It replied unanimously that at that time it was inexpedient to legislate. In 1856 the Committee on the Judiciary reported that the act was constitutional, but suggested that if there should be a vacancy in the offices of Speaker and President of the Senate pro tempore, the Chief Justice of the United States (provided he had not presided at an impeachment) and then the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States should succeed according to seniority. No action was taken by the Senate on this report and the matter was not pressed until 1881.

Before Congress met in December of that year and before either the Speaker of the House or the President pro tempore of the Senate had been chosen, Garfield died. The fact that for some time he was unable to perform the duties of his office, caused the question of inability to be discussed; and when, in 1885, during Cleveland's administration, Vice-President Hendricks died, some legislative action was felt to be necessary. In both cases, if the incumbents of the Presidential office—Presidents Arthur and Cleveland—had died during the Congressional recesses there would have been no one to take their places. More than that, it was possible for the office to go to a member of the political party which had been defeated in the election, for, during Cleveland's term, Senators Sherman and Ingalls were Presidents pro tempore of the Senate and were Republicans.

On January 19, 1886, therefore, Congress passed a law providing that, if the constitutional provision were invoked, succession to the Presidency should vest in the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of War, the Attorney General, the Postmaster General, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Secretary of the In-

terior in the order named. The act also declared

> That whenever the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States shall devolve upon any of the persons named herein, if Congress be not then in session, or if it would not meet in accordance with the law within twenty days thereafter, it shall be the duty of the person upon whom such powers and duties shall devolve to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extraordinary session, giving twenty days notice of the time of meeting.

This statute, however, does not attempt to settle two important points. In the first place, it seems to be agreed that Congress has the power to order a special election to fill a vacancy. The Act of 1792 provided that an election should be held, but the question was left open in the act of 1886. Senator Hoar offered an amendment giving the person who succeeded to the Presidency the right to serve until the expiration of the regular term, but this was defeated and Congress apparently reserves the right to order an election if it deems wise. If a President were chosen under an intermediate election his term would be four years and that would destroy the present synchrony between the executive and legislative branches. It is possible, moreover, to imagine cases of conflict between the executive and legislature when Congress would use this method for getting rid of a President to whom it objected, and an acting President could veto a measure providing for a special election. On the other hand, the Constitution unquestionably contemplated that only persons chosen by the Electoral College should serve as Presidents. Fortunately, however, the succession has never gone further than the Vice-President and the difficulties which undeniably exist need not be solved until they confront us.

The second and more serious question is the meaning of "inability," and here the writers are in almost complete disagreement. Professor W. W. Willoughby, the leading authority on American constitutional law, simply states the problem and does not attempt to answer it:

> In the absence of a definition who is to determine, and what conditions are to be held to create, an inability on the part of the President to perform his official duties? What is to be done in case the President is temporarily disabled by sickness or accident, or insanity? Who is to decide and by what criteria, when this disablement is so serious and so prolonged as to require the appointment of an acting President?

The most elaborate discussion of these questions is to be found in the *North American Review* for November, 1881. Four distinguished constitutional authorities contributed to an interesting symposium on "Presidential Inability," apropos of the illness of President Garfield. The President's death rendered unnecessary any decision in his case, but the various possibilities were fully considered and widely differing opinions were expressed.

Senator Trumbull took the position that as no proof was required when the president died, "so in the case of inability the fact must be so notorious that there can be no reasonable doubt about it, nor that an urgency exists requiring immediate action on important matters, before the Vice-President would be warranted in assuming the duties of the President. When such a case arises, the people will not only acquiesce in the discharge of the Presidential duties by the Vice-President, but will demand that he exercise them."

Senator Trumbull questioned whether any law could be passed improving this situation. Ours is a people's government, he argued, and peaceful succession to the highest office must depend upon the support of public opinion. This support is both necessary and sufficient in cases of inability as well as in cases of election.

Judge Cooley, the eminent writer on constitutional law, urged that the question of inability was one for Congress to determine. "It is possible," he said, "for a case to arise so plain, so unmistakably determined in the public judgment, that public opinion, with unanimous concurrence, would summon the Vice-President to act. But though this would make him acting President de facto, he would become acting President de jure only after solemn recognition in some form by Congress." Such recognition, it may be said, has always been given, even if only in the form of a communication telling the new incumbent of the Presidency that Congress has organized and is waiting for his message. And Judge Cooley argued that since Congress has the power to embarrass and to tie the hands of the Vice-President, Congress is competent to declare when the inability exists.

The third contributor to this symposium was Benjamin F. Butler, who thought that the question of inability was a judicial one on which Congress could not pass. He took it to be "axiomatic that when the Constitution imposes a duty on any officer, to be done by him, he must be the sole judge when and how to do that duty, subject only to his responsibility to the people and to the risk of impeachment if he act improperly or corruptly," and if in certain cases the discharge of the duties of the President devolves upon the Vice-President, "he alone must judge, under the grave responsibility of his position, when his duties begin, as he must determine how and in what manner he will exercise them."

Professor Dwight, on the other hand, took the view that public opinion would not be able to restrain an ambitious man eager to occupy the Presidential seat. He suggested that "some proper legal proceeding might be instituted by Congress, in which the evidence required by law might be presented under the general power to carry into execution all powers vested by the Constitution in any department or officer of the Government."

It is evident that these views do not disclose any agreement as to what constitutes and who determines Presidential inability. Certain opinions expressed by these writers, however, may be accepted. The support of public opinion is necessary if any one is to succeed to the Presidential office; the responsibility of the Vice-President is heavy; Congress must approve, or a dangerous instance of disunion between the executive and legislative branches might occur. The Constitution unquestionably contemplated temporary inability, and it can be provided for without submitting an amendment to the States. The Vice-President and the Cabinet, with the support of Congress, are competent to determine the matter.

President Wilson ought to be rather reluctant to criticize any efforts which were made during his illness to prevent complete governmental inaction. Certainly the disposition of every one—Congress, the Vice-President, the Cabinet, and the public—was against raising the question of how the inability should be met. That it existed was sure. To mention only one evidence, twenty-eight bills became law during the special session of Congress owing to the failure of the Executive to act within ten days (exclusive of Sundays) after their receipt at the White House; and when full disclosures are made as to the nature and times of the President's complete inability to act, it will be interesting to check them up with the dates on which bills were signed. For example, the President was able to veto the Prohibition Enforcement act on October 27, but he did not approve two statutes which became law on October 22 and 25, and he failed to sign Public Laws Numbers 67 to 82 inclusive (October 28 to November 18), with the exception of Number 73, the first General Deficiency Law for 1920, which was signed on November 4. After November 18 practically all of the bills became law with the signature of the President.

The Vice-President, supported by Congress, could, under these circumstances, I think, have asserted the right to act for the period of the emergency. But the Vice-President is an anomalous officer of the United States, who presides over the Senate while he waits for the President to die. Although by the Constitution he succeeds to the Presidency, he is, in most cases, totally unfamiliar with the problems of the Administration. In spite of the fact that, for long periods, Mr. Wilson's Cabinet was ignored, this body was the best qualified to deal with the problems that needed consideration.

A wise President might have asked Secretary Lansing to call his colleagues together, and I can not see that the informal Cabinet meetings constituted a dangerous precedent. The President, perhaps, does not know that they were the only evidence to the public that there was any Government in Washington, and they may have saved Mr. Wilson the embarrassment of having the question of inability brought to a settlement by Congress or by the Vice-President, in response to public opinion.

What seems to be required in the future is a simple statute saying that if the President is temporarily unable to act he shall notify the Vice-President and request him to consult with the Cabinet—as was done during Mr. Wilson's absence abroad; and that if the fact of the President's inability is notorious, and yet this action is not taken by him, the Vice-President shall meet with the Cabinet, informing Congress of the situation, or calling it into special session, if this is necessary. The Supreme Court of the United States could not be compelled to pass on the question without a constitutional amendment enlarging its jurisdiction, and in any event it would be a political matter similar to those which the court has hitherto wisely avoided taking any part in.

It is true that such a statute as the one suggested might encourage an ambitious Vice-President to attempt to interpret a temporary indisposition as constitutional inability, but the fear of Congress and of public opinion would, I think, be an effective bar. And, after all, it would simply be one more of those political arrangements which for their success depend on that "natural sentiment" which the historian Grote called "constitutional morality": "a perfect confidence in the bosom of every citizen, amidst the bitterness of party contest, that the forms of the Constitution will be no less sacred in the eyes of his opponents than in his own."

LINDSAY ROGERS

The Radical in Fiction

"THE Radical in Fiction," cast by the malice of some strife-goddess as a topic of talk into the midst of the little circle of camp-followers of literature, threatened to prove a flaming ball of strife. Fierce old Mastodon, who had well earned his title by unswerving fidelity to the megatherium and its mental states, passionately hailed, as leader of the deed, Satan, him whom Milton drew. Had not the Arch-fiend a threefold claim to priority among radicals? He had been deservedly deported from Heaven not only for seducing by false and blasphemous argument, still the stock-in-trade of Communists of his kidney ("Flatly unjust to bind with laws the free!"), divers erring spirits, fond and foolish, but for actually taking up arms against the celestial government—the wonted treason of his present crew. In Hell the accursed firebrand had further bred sedition by utterances—still current among his agents—full of "revenge, immortal hate and courage never to submit or yield" at a Stygian Council, the prototype of many soviets. And finally, after a preparatory flight through Chaos, a vast pulp or welter of radical sentiment and opinion, this first of demagogues had turned feminist for the nonce, and, with the guile of the Serpent, had shattered the earthly paradise by tempting woman to eat of the tree of Knowledge.

For a moment we held our breath. Then our sputtering Lucifer, born Streichholz but rechristened in 1917, kindled always by the sparks of such children of light as Shelley and Heine, vehemently extols Prometheus, the first champion of mankind. Was it not he who defied the despotism of Jove the oppressor and sturdily combated the evils that reign in established government? Was not humanity, in his person, first liberated from the yoke of a ruler and regenerated through its union with love? Did not this protagonist point the way to that golden age, when man will walk, free, uncircumscribed, unclassed and nationless, exempt from awe, worship, degree, king over himself and no other? Surely Prometheus and not Satan was the first radical.

Then our prosaic Verbalist, who wings no luminous flights through time and space even in pursuit of panting words, but clings close to earth, hatching only those eggs of wisdom laid in the pigeonholes of the Oxford Dictionary's scriptorium, dryly cackles, in dogmatic protest against these fantastic origins, that "radical" and "radicalism" are barely past their centenary. "Just a hundred years ago last October, Sir Walter Scott explains to his brother that 'radical' is a word in very bad odor here, being used to denote a set of blackguards." The Verbalist, moreover, remembers to have read (smilingly we guessed where) that the radicals in their early days were called "whites" from the whitish brown hat worn by one of their leaders in 1820. "A friend of mine, a 'Southern gentleman, Sir,' recalls that, in his earliest boyhood, when the ancient commonwealth of his fathers was in the dissolving throes of so-called Reconstruction, 'radical' connoted always the carpet-bagger or the renegade who climbed to political heights on African shoulders, attended invariably by the epithet 'black.' Oddly enough in the Europe of the same date, ultra-radicals and anarchists, from the use of the red flag as a revolutionary emblem, were bescarleted. First white, then black, now red—the name seems to be a chameleon changing its hue in every generation."

"What does the word matter?" Mastodon bursts in. "The thing itself is eternal, its cursed function never dies. The Athenian demagogue, the mob-orator at Rome, the peasant leader of mediæval England, the French Jacobin, the labor agitator in America are but successive reincarnations of the same social menace. The inflammatory Gracchi, traitors to their birth and breeding, are resurrected with undoubted loss of stamina in the persons of those present-day intellectuals who play naughtily with Marxism and Bolshevism like children with parlor matches among the curtains. And what is Big Bill Haywood but an avatar of Jack Cade, 'arrogant in heart and stiff in opinion,' inciting class war, redressing public grievances by popular violence, and seeking to wreck the state through the frenzy of an unthinking multitude. Is this multitude a whit less factious, fickle, irrational, dangerous, than the hydra-headed monster of Shakespeare? In mob and mob-leader of every age we meet the same indifference to established institutions, to decent traditions, and to moral obligations."

"My turn, Mastodon!" cries Lucifer. "Of what, pray, are you an avatar but of some old feudal patrician denouncing rebellious peasants as asses disdaining the curb and leaping about the fields, terrifying all the citizens with their heehaw, or as oxen butting with their horns, or, more fearsome still, as monsters, bear-footed, dragon-tailed, and breathing fire. George Meredith drew you to the life as 'a mediæval gentleman with the docile notions of the twelfth century, complacently driving them to grass and wattling them in the twentieth.' Of what use are you and your nothing-learning, nothing-forgetting Anglo-Norman breed to a person of to-day trying to think? Indeed, I wrong the feudal mind by my comparison, because, if William Morris be right, that mind, unaware of the evils of modern capitalism, heavily penalized profiteering and usury, and disdained specious sophistry in its treatment of workingmen. If you have read 'The Dream of John Ball' you will remember how shocked is that single-minded peasant-leader when he is told that a time will come when all power will be in the hands of monopolists and they shall be rulers of all. A collared serf was freer than the modern workingman as you would have him be."

Here Middleways took the word—academic Middleways, ever sweetly reasonable, proving all things and this way

and that dividing his mind. "Let us heed the Verbalist, our definer of terms, and keep within the limits of a hundred years. Even then the word's changing history helps us little. Don't you recall that Roebuck Ramsden, of Shaw's 'Man and Superman,' who has always classed himself as 'an advanced thinker,' hangs on his walls canonized radicals of the Victorian past—John Bright, Richard Cobden, Herbert Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, and George Eliot? A century ago a radical was one who, like Cobbett, denounced flogging in the army or who, like Leigh Hunt, derided the embonpoint of the Regent. Only whitey-brown, that! Rereading some time since that amazing medley of the best and the worst, Warren's 'Ten Thousand a Year,' I was amused to watch the conservative author's horror of the dreadful radicalism of the thirties, rampant in the ill-advised little person of Tittlebat Titmouse, when he not only champions the Reform Bill ('The Act for Giving Everybody Everything'), but advocates the repeal of the corn laws, the lowering of taxes, the granting of universal suffrage, and the conceding of civil and religious liberty to Roman Catholics and [illegible]—not, after all, a very apoplectic programme. A few years later, in Disraeli's 'Coningsby' the university-bred youths of Conservative families and traditions raise the banner of 'Young England' and offer in alliance their white hands to the grimy paws of the radicals."

"Just as we 'intellectuals' of to-day unite with the proletariat against the bourgeoisie," smirks Lucifer.

"With this immense difference, you fallen angel," growls Mastodon, "that those splendid young aristocrats were seeking to annihilate class-feeling—not, like your ungodly crew, to promote it—and were striving not to wreck the state, but to rear a free monarchy established on fundamental laws and cherished by political fidelity and patriotic ideals. But Middleways is too kind to the radical of a century since, if the Hiram Yorke of Charlotte Brontë's 'Shirley' is typical in his lack of veneration for parliaments and establishments with their enactments, forms, rights and claims and in his relentless opposition to what he calls 'the unjustifiable and ruinous war' on which his country's fortunes depend. This rebellious pacifism is still drearily familiar."

"Perhaps you will also find drearily familiar the mid-century novel's pictures of the industrial conditions that drove men to Chartism," snaps Lucifer in reply. "Open anywhere Disraeli's 'Sybil' or Kingsley's 'Yeast' or Mrs. Gaskell's 'Mary Barton' and 'North and South,' and you will meet on every page provocation in plenty for class warfare. Here are workingmen coming with full hearts to ask their employers for a bit of fire and bedding and warm clothing and food for their children—for much less than a man's share in a man's life—and getting always a contemptuous 'No' for an answer. Does the reader wonder when leaders arise—you call them radicals—who seek to redress wrongs and to win rights, by force if needs be? Your Felix Holt and his namby-pamby tribe of would-be reformers, shrinking from sterner methods, seem to me the veriest moss-backs. We no longer ask, we demand."

"You two extremists miss," declares Middleways, "the aim and end of all this Victorian writing. Every chapter is an implicit plea for a better understanding between employer and employed, and a lively protest against your unconciliatory Toryism and radicalism. Whenever in these stories capital and labor talk frankly with one another, war between them is averted. 'We would never want no soldiers here,' says one of Disraeli's workingmen, 'if the masters would speak with the men.' So Mrs. Gaskell tells us that, when her manufacturer, Thornton, was brought face to face, man to man, with one of the masses around him, employer and employee began to recognize that we have all of us one human heart. Thus these famous volumes were great liberalizing and humanizing forces because they sought to reconcile elements that are even now in conflict. The true artist refrains from taking sides. Galsworthy in his drama, 'Strife,' preserves the same equilibrium between capital and labor as Mrs. Gaskell seventy years before, and aims at the same conciliation. What is the outcome of the strike? 'A woman dead and the two best men both broken. And the terms the very same that were drawn up and put to both sides before the fight began. All this—all this—and—and what for? ' Comment is needless. These are the facts: make what you will of them."

"Come back to your muttons," puts in the Verbalist. "What has this to do with the word 'radical'?"

"Everything," roars Mastodon. "The radical of fiction as of fact, be he evolutionist or revolutionist, socialist or individualist, is always the savage foe of the 'captain of industry' and redly anathematizes things in possession. There is little to choose between the Dr. Shrapnel of Meredith's 'Beauchamp' when he wildly berates 'that old fatted iniquity—that tyrant! that temper! that legitimated swindler cursed of Christ! that palpable Satan whose name is Capital,' and the chief striker, Roberts, in Galsworthy's play, denouncing 'the great menace of the future, the bloodsucker Capital—a thing that buys the sweat of men's brows and the torture of their brains at its own price.' Outrageously unfair is this to those most precious things, profit and privilege. Yet Shrapnel and Roberts, however misguided and fanatical, are honest Englishmen who fight hard in the open for what they deem the rights of workingmen—not treasonable aliens, enemies of the state, who plot in darkness for the coming of an hour of nightmares, when organized ignorance will dominate a disorganized world! What will fiction be in that twilight of the gods? Will the Book News of to-morrow's Anarchia feature romances of young love in which syndicalist Romeos will woo Bolshevistic Juliets, while the rival factions of misrule whet their stilettos and light their fuses against the background of a flaming heaven—with this departure from the old story that there will be no prince or chief magistrate to compose the strife?"

"As a prophet, you build better than you know, Boanerges, for of late we have traveled far and shall soon travel farther," retorts Lucifer. "In their day Samuel Butler and Bernard Shaw did yeomen's service by denouncing the blighting evil of poverty. How the fat of soul everywhere squeaked at the insult to vested interests flung by Shaw's exposure of slum-landlordism in 'Widowers' Houses'! Now Shavians and Fabians lag as far in our rear as your Roebuck Ramsden. Mr. Wells, who writes essays and calls them novels, has somewhere painted a picture of the Great State of the future, essentially socialistic, owning and running the land and all the great public services, sustaining everybody in absolute freedom at a certain minimum of comfort and convenience; but his sight is too short to perceive that the proletariat—the Demos which Dickens pitied and which Gissing distrusted and despised, while they scrupulously portrayed its misery—will in the new hour be the governing class. 'Psychological realism in the sphere of culture'—that's your cant phrase, isn't it?—the silly amenities and the subtleties of sophisticated leisure, will happily pass from the novel with the passing of the gentleman. And the country-house of fiction—the head and front of all this offending—will be scrapped like the baronial castle of old Walter Scott and Mrs. Radcliffe. Life, as plain men and women live it and make it, will busy all pens in the good time that's coming."

"A plague on both your houses!" interposes Middleways. "You myopic creatures, Bourbon and radical, have both invoked George Meredith. Do you forget the allegory that men have read into his earliest thing, 'The Shaving of Shagpat'? Here reigns that worst of despots, an established evil, a tyranny of lies, for Shagpatism represents, so say these interpreters, life in its institutional aspect, full of errors, superstitions, and wrongs. Shagpat's charmed lock flaunts blazing defiance to reform. Had you

been there, Mastodon, you would have tenderly fostered its growth and have loudly acclaimed its beauty. And you, Lucifer, would have smitten off the head with the hair. But the true reformer, Shibli, though sensitive to abuses, is no iconoclast, no red-eyed, root-and-branch destructionist. He seeks only a cleansing in the interest of health and decency. He is equipped with insight—accurate knowledge of things as they are; idealism—clear vision of things as they ought to be; enthusiasm—strength to change things as they are into things as they ought to be; and he is disciplined by the thwackings of the world and of self-criticism, as no mere thinker ever is. Thus trained, Shibli goes forth to his great hour of struggle and triumph. With lightning-like stroke the sword of results descends, and day is on the baldness of Shagpat. About all of us here and now the story is narrated."

FREDERICK TUPPER

Correspondence

Lodge's "Fight Against Wilson"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In a letter in your issue of April 24, Major George Haven Putnam quotes Senator Lodge as defining the nature of his opposition to the League submitted by President Wilson in these words: "I am fighting Mr. Wilson." This statement has been going about in various forms. Last December I sent it to Senator Lodge for authentication, and here is his reply, dated December 13:

> The quotation you have marked in which I am reported as having said: "My fight is not against the treaty of peace; it is against Woodrow Wilson," is of course entirely false. I never said anything like it and I have never even thought it. There is no personal quality whatever in the fight I have made on the treaty. I have been thinking only of my country. The remark attributed to me is not only wholly false but it is so foolish, so obviously something that no man in his senses would say, that I can only regard it as a mere political and party invention to do me harm. I should be very glad if you would deny it for me whenever and wherever you hear it repeated.

This reply was published in the Indianapolis *News* at the time.

Major Putnam says that "the President's management of the treaty has been ill advised in the extreme," and that the treaty has been blocked "because of the President's bad management and self-sufficiency and because Senator Lodge and his associates have persisted in making the issue personal and partisan." His conclusion is that the responsibility for the delay "rests with Senator Lodge and his associates."

This seems rather cloudy; but some other things are clear. One is that the great body of the American people desire to see a league of nations tried in place of that old rogue, Balance of Power, which has nearly wrecked the world. Another is that if the Senate had failed to exercise its judgment upon the League and to act accordingly, it would have self-paralyzed functions imposed upon it by the Constitution. Finally, the millions who believe, as I do, that the Senate operated upon the League beneficially, and who see Mr. Wilson, in the face of the fact that the Allies are ready to accept all changes, wilfully forcing a decision by wager of ballot between the League submitted by him and that league with the Senate reservations, do not hesitate to accept the challenge.

LUCIUS B. SWIFT

Indianapolis, April 28

Jew and Arab

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The decision of the San Remo Conference to award the Palestine mandate to Great Britain, limited by the provisions of the Balfour Declaration, which provides for a National Jewish Home in that land, would appear, at first sight, to render academic the disputed question of the present rights of the Jews to the home of their ancestors. However, the conviction of the Zionists that they possess these historic rights really brings the matter into the heart of practical politics. The future of Palestine depends largely upon the manner in which they emphasize their claims in dealing with the Arabs, Moslem and Christian, who, according to the British Census of 1919, outnumber them in a proportion a little under five to one. Against what they regard as the "Zionist peril," Moslems and Christians have been strongly organized for over a year. When in Jerusalem last spring, I talked in their own language with members of an Anti-Zionist delegation, representing the towns of Nablûs, Jaffa, Jerusalem, etc. Their argument was, in substance, as follows:

"The sixty-five thousand Jews now in the land are our brothers, and sharers with us in the rights of actual dwellers in the land. Owing to the paralyzing effects of Turkish misrule, our economic development has been arrested for hundreds of years. We are at present in no condition to compete with foreign ability and with foreign gold. We fear that few of us could resist the temptation presented by the prices which will be offered for our lands. Thus, gradually, the country will pass away from our hands. Give us—say—twenty years in which we may learn to stand on our economic feet, but during which all Jewish immigration is to be prohibited, and then we will open the doors to the Jews. If by that time we are not able to compete with them, our inability to develop the land ourselves will have been proved."

They added that they represented scores of thousands to whom they had pledged their word that the Zionist peril should be dispelled, but declared that, in case of failure, they would not be responsible for the disturbances that would follow. Recent reports from Jerusalem, giving the details of clashes between Arabs and Jews, prove that the Anti-Zionist sentiment is as strong as ever.

Now that the mandatory Power is pledged to the Balfour Declaration, some sort of *modus vivendi* will, of course, have to be established. As to this Declaration, I may be permitted to make a quotation from a recent letter of mine to the New York *Times*:

> There are students of this pronouncement who feel that, far from being definite, its loose wording makes it capable of different interpretations. Some hold . . . that Balfour's Jewish National Home in Palestine is identical with an independent Jewish State, quite unrelated politically to the rest of Syria. Others find in the phrase merely the encouragement to free Jewish immigration, with especial economic concessions. Still others see in it no more than a promise that the Jews shall enjoy the religious and other privileges accorded to other foreign nations.

Just what interpretation Great Britain will give to this elusive Declaration the future alone will disclose.

To repeat myself, a successful *modus operandi* depends on the attitude of the Zionists themselves. From the beginning the practical weakness of the movement has been in the small attention paid to the actual dwellers in the land. What is known to-day as Zionism was inaugurated in 1897 by the book of Dr. Herzl, entitled "A Zion State." Consult that little book, and you will find the word Palestine occurring but once—towards the close, as I remember—and then with Argentina given as an alternative. This Utopia where the Jews were to find opportunity for unimpeded development is all through the book referred to as "over there." Little or nothing is said of any native dwellers "over there" and the impression made on the reader is of a country practically uninhabited. Later Herzl, first on practical considerations, given the necessity of a popular rally-cry, and afterwards apparently from conviction, fixed definitely on Palestine. However, the records of the Zionist Congresses, from the first, held in 1898, down to the time of the Turkish Constitution of 1908, touch upon the status of the dwellers in the land in the vaguest terms. Conversing with prominent local Zionists in Jaffa and Jerusalem as late as 1909, I found the same vagueness prevailing in regard to this question.

The Constitution of 1908 brought the Zionists face to face with the local issue, and the fact that the natives of Palestine form an element to be regarded seriously

has been met with a growing, but as yet inadequate, consideration.

Yesterday I heard an eloquent and moving address on Zionism by Rabbi Wise, one of its most prominent advocates. He emphatically repudiated the charge of "the injustice of Zionism." He declared that never would the United States be called upon to send a Commission to enquire into the treatment of the Arabs by the Jews. In a few words to me later (to which I am sure he will not object to my referring) he affirmed his love for the Arabs. But I hope the Rabbi will pardon me if I deprecate the form in which he expressed that love in his speech. He said, "The Arab may remain in Palestine." As he spoke I thought of the rich, though now decayed, Arab civilization which was entrenched in Palestine for centuries. I thought of the great families, descendants of the Prophet, descendants of Khaled the Sword of God, possessors of names to conjure with ever since the Arab conquest. I thought of my friend, Ibrahim Effendi ul-Khalidi, commissioner for my excavations, whose mere presence in my Philistine camp made that camp immune from any disturbance on the part of Bedawîn or Fellahîn. And these are the people who, by the gracious permission of the Zionists, "may" continue to live in the land of their ancestors! No, no, my dear Rabbi, change your tone. Ask for the privileges of a guest—a guest, if you will, who once was host and who may be host again—and you will meet with royal Arab hospitality. Change your tone for the very sake of the noble ideals contained in your programme, for not till then can your people do the work for the inhabitants of Palestine—Moslem, Christian, and Jew alike—which I am persuaded you wish them to do.

FREDERICK JONES BLISS

New Haven, Conn., April 26

Mr. Dreiser's "Battle for Truth"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Like Mr. Paul Elmer More, I, too, am impatient of Theodore Dreiser's "uneasy muddle of ideas." I do not ask every novelist—in order to enjoy reading his books—to be an Edith Wharton; I can see much to admire in the stark brutality of Sherwood Anderson; I read and reread with enthusiasm the brisk, searching, human pages of Edna Ferber; but there is in Dreiser's work a certain unwholesome, turgid quality that disgusts me.

As the performing of a surgical operation demands both skill and strength, so the effective use of realism in art demands a clear-cut cleanness of soul and an unfaltering devotion to truth. Through Dreiser's pages, underlying his descriptions of sensuality and material success, I seem to see the author's furtive gusto, the sly licking of lips, the poorly concealed envy of the very things which he professes to hold in contempt. But however one may dislike the writings of Dreiser, it is commonly supposed that behind the writing is a rugged, honest soul who courageously expresses the faith that is in him, notwithstanding the "persecution" of lovers of good English, conservative publishers, censors, and others who at one time were charged with taking the bread from his mouth. It is only a few years since a group of members of the Authors' League asked for contributions for the brave and hounded author, to enable him to continue his battle for the truth. I did not subscribe —not because I did not admire his writings, which was reason enough—but because I had worked with Dreiser several months as associate editor to the magazine of which he was editor-in-chief. If during that period he held any strong convictions for which he was willing to suffer, or possessed any moral stamina that would cause him to stand by his guns for anything save self-interest, then he very successfully kept it from me. And I am not particularly unobservant. Shortly after I resigned my position—because the editor-in-chief had not the most elementary notions concerning the integrity and sanctity of an author's own language—I received a letter from a young writer on the New York *Times* saying that he was bringing suit against the magazine for non-payment of an article which had been ordered by me, and asking if I would testify in his behalf. This I agreed to do. The case came to trial. After I had given my testimony, what was my surprise to have Dreiser deny that I had ever been Associate Editor of the magazine, or associated with it in any editorial capacity whatever! Notwithstanding my amazement, it took me only a second to reach into my bag and hand the presiding judge the original letter written and signed by Dreiser offering me the position of Associate Editor, stating terms, duties, etc. I had no premonition that the defense would take that line; in my innocence, I had supposed that the article might be unjustly belittled, or that my right to accept or reject an article might be falsely questioned, but that my entire connection of months with the editorial office would be denied in toto, that was a bit too strong even for my imagination! However, looking over some papers in order to verify some dates, I had come across the letter appointing me, and had fortunately slipped it into my bag. I never saw a more disgusted judge. He asked Dreiser if he were the author of the letter, and receiving an affirmative reply, brought the case to a close and rendered a decision for the plaintiff.

As we were leaving court, Dreiser put out his hand to me, which I refused to take. He flushed, but was inclined to take the whole thing as a joke. "How could you deliberately try to discredit me like that?" I asked, indignantly. "It wasn't my judgment," he answered, as if that let him out entirely, "it was the lawyer's idea. Besides," he added with a grin, "I didn't think you'd have that letter with you, or I wouldn't have done it."

Can anyone wonder that it is difficult for me to see in Theodore Dreiser a martyr for Truth? What a pitiful sum was involved to have succeeded in puncturing the honor of a great man! True, all this took place thirteen years ago; but Theodore Dreiser was no immature youth, he was married; and even had he been a much younger man, does it not seem as if at least the germ of greatness would have shown in that daring soul that later was to champion the cause of Humanity "confronting Life unafraid"!

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

New York City, April 30

Keeping Tab on the Professor

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In a university, as in any business organization, it is important that the administration should know the conditions under which work is being done. A record of the clock hours and the student hours for each member of the instructional staff is information which should be in the executive office and which may be used as often for remedying overwork as for criticising loafers. A college president who does not know what his men are doing is very likely to make mistakes.

So far as I have had opportunity of observing, these records have not been used as levers for changing the status of instructors or their salaries. For the same reason the executives should know the conditions obtaining in various rooms, especially those which are crowded. Plans and estimates for new buildings can be more reasonably constructed if one has a fairly accurate knowledge of existing conditions. The relative crowding of different rooms and buildings tells us where to begin in our new building programme. We also recognize the fact that the capacity of the recitation room is greater than that of the laboratory of the same size, and this in turn greater than that afforded by shop or engine room.

I fail to see why we should stick our heads in the sand, ostrich-like, and decline to get facts for fear we shall be tempted to use them wrongly.

C. H. BENJAMIN

Dean of Purdue University

Lafayette, Ind., March 9

Book Reviews

Like a Fine Old English Gentleman

Some Aversions of a Man of Letters. By Edmund Gosse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THOUGH Mr. Gosse is a man of letters without a thesis and with little provocative quality, he has developed, in fifty years devoted to books, much quiet charm. He leads one through these various essays with an easy and experienced suavity which persuades one from the outset that suitable things are going to be said and well said, with gentlemanly animation but without undue emphasis. He is so true an Englishman that his heart will ever respond with an extra beat at the thought of Raleigh's tragic story. He is himself so much of the poet-scholar that he can never cease to value the spade-work or the cheery notes of those rather dusty brothers, the Wartons, back there in the dull mid-eighteenth century whistling up the dawn of romanticism. He is so much a Victorian that he is not quite ready to acquiesce in the conspiracy of silence which this generation has formed against the once-splendid reputations of Bulwer and Disraeli. A lover of old writers, he is yet so friendly to new ones that he weaves a fine garland of poems by soldier bards, which "Englishmen will not allow to be forgotten." He is so much a classicist that he comments with real relish on Lord Cromer's translations from Moschus; and so much an aristocrat that he enters with perfect sympathy into the literary recreations of a retired British proconsul. Having occasion to speak of Lord Redesdale's heir, who fell in the war, he writes: "His eldest son, Major the Hon. Clement Milford"; and one feels a pleasant glow of satisfaction in the assurance that this is precisely the way in which one should mention the eldest son of Lord Redesdale. Taste, tact, and temper designated Mr. Gosse from his youth as the man to call upon when a poet laureate died or when the hundredth anniversary of a classic fell to be celebrated or when a new citizen was to be admitted to good and regular standing in the Republic of Letters.

It is not difficult to perform these functions after a fashion; but it requires a fine and rare art to perform them well. It requires an art rooted in the best traditions and nourished by habitual contact with men who unfeignedly value in literature a certain vital decorum, the unfailing mark of works worthy of permanent remembrance. Mr. Gosse possesses this art; and therefore his commemorations are not perfunctory but recreative with the true academic unction. His literary character and predilections were formed just before the fashion of the Victorian age took its strong bias towards charlatanry and infected young writers with the strident vices of journalism. He came in with a group of knights of the pen, many of them Scotchmen—Lang, Dobson, Archer, Colvin, Henley, Stevenson—who clung to the old "religion of letters"; identified their style with their honor, looked upon a page of prose with amorous but exacting eye, and made their pleasure their profession. The gusto of amateurs and the skill of patient craftsmen unite to constitute the special charm of this group at its emergence, in its springtime, when these dashing young talents were studying old French verse and wearing out copies of Herrick in the pockets of their velveteen jackets—before the individual members had grown apart, and grown up, and grown old, and dangerously facile and overproductive. Mr. Gosse, who now speaks of himself as an aged mourner preparing to attend the obsequies of the Victorian time, fluted his lyrics in those vernal days with the rest of them. Yet forty years ago, when he was just turned thirty, he was already marked by R. L. Stevenson, that happy blend of Villon and Calvin, as a natural born academician, one manifestly destined, all in due time, to become librarian to the House of Lords. In 1879 Stevenson wrote with playful thrust, apropos of some decorous and mellow utterance of his friend: "My dear Gosse, I have greatly enjoyed your article which seems to me handsome in tone, and written like a fine old English gentleman."

In forty years Mr. Gosse has lost none of the virtue of his youth. In the meanwhile that virtue has been steadily disappearing from contemporary English literature. And so, without thesis or other provocative qualities, he gives us a delightful collection of essays, distinguished in that it is handsome in tone and written like a fine old English gentleman. In his half century of letters he has seen many prosperous reputations ruined by the vicissitudes of fashion; and he raises, without explicitly answering, the question whether there is, after all, any fixable standard of taste. The answer which he has accepted for himself is everywhere implicit in the sustained amenity of his tone, which one finds especially charming when he is drawing from the life, as in his portraits of Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lord Cromer, and Lord Redesdale. Any one who desires to vivify his conception of a "fine old English gentleman" should turn in this book to the pages where Mr. Gosse and the Consul-General from Egypt converse together over the fragments of Empedocles.

Stuart P. Sherman

Talk of the Best

The Island of Sheep. By Cadmus and Harmonia. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

ARISTOTLE used to say that education was an ornament in prosperity and a refuge in adversity. It is impossible to read this delightful book without being convinced of the fact. We are told that Cadmus is a well-known English writer and man of action, and we can easily believe it. Here is the philosophic mind which only years can bring, not merely those of the individual himself but also those of the race of which he is an exponent, and to this inevitable product of time are added the positive elements of wide reading, broad and minute observation, and calm and wonderfully detached reflection. Yet more, the tranquillity of the minds which produced this work is imparted realistically to all the characters to whom we are introduced: however strenuous their reasoned conclusions, we feel that in every instance the aim has been to free them from personal and selfish characteristics and to obtain, so far as is humanly possible, a glimpse of the increasing purpose which runs through the ages.

The time is indeed out of joint, and presumptuous is he who may think that he is born to set it right. We are afraid that not all the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Lamont on the Island of Sheep are free from all trace of this vice, yet much may be condoned where motives are fine and sincere. A more agreeable company we can not imagine. The scene is the north of Scotland. Before the guests arrive we are introduced to Colonel Lamont, in a pleasant arbor looking down on spring meadows which sloped towards the western sea. He is reading Matthew Arnold:

> And by the sea, and in the brakes,
> The grass is cool, the seaside air
> Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
> More virginal and fresh than ours.
> And there, they say, two bright and aged snakes,
> That once were Cadmus and Harmonia,
> Bask in the glens or on the warm seashore,
> In breathless quiet, after all their ills.

He looked up from his book, "Singularly like us, my dear," he observed to his wife. She admits that she feels aged, "but not very bright." The war is over, and though peace may have its victories no less renowned than war, it also has its problems no less disturbing. "This old world," says Colonel Lamont, "has got such a twist that I can't see it settling down in our time. I wish to heaven I knew where we all stood." It is not his taxes that he is worrying about—he wouldn't mind paying fifteen shillings in the pound for the rest of his days. It is the country that exercises him. The war has been won; but for what? "We have won, of course, but we don't seem to

know that we've won. Those damned politicians are at the job again. I thought we had washed all that out." And Bolshevism, remarks Mrs. Lamont. And every little faction on the globe wanting to turn itself into a state, he rejoins. And our own labor people so discontented, she continues, and all this business of the League of Nations, was his conclusion of the antiphony.

Speedily, however, a livelier note is struck. The guests arrive in rapid succession—politicians, soldiers, labor leaders—American, French, and English in nationality—and among them a sprinkling of ladies of interrogative instincts. We could wish none of the company away, with the possible exception of Mr. Albert Wyper, a progressive journalist, with a soft shapeless face, a humorless eye, and an untidy person, who introduces himself with the remark, "I have found a new theory of Democracy in a French review and am writing a letter to the *New Republic* on the subject." Will some one tell us why a malign fate has identified "progressive," a word not unpleasing in itself, with such characteristics?

And now we find ourselves in a flood of discussion, and our only grudge against Cadmus and Harmonia is that they allow it to last only a niggardly few days—a full month would be not too much! No sooner do the guests sit down to their first repast than the keynote is struck. In a high, clear voice Mrs. Aspenden, "a lady given to good works," discourses of history. "I have been reading all about this place," she announces. "Do you know that St. Brandan came here on his great voyage? It is his Island of Sheep where he found the lamb for the Paschal sacrifice. There is a beautiful passage about it translated out of some old Latin chronicle. He sailed, you remember, out of tempestuous seas and came suddenly to a green isle of peace with sheep feeding among the meadows." "I like the story," remarks Mr. Christopher Normand, who is a singularly ingratiating character. "To come out of stormy seas to a green isle of quietness! It is what all are seeking. Democracy is a great and wonderful thing, but it does not make for peace." "There!" exclaims Lady Sevenoaks, "I knew it. Already we have reached that odious subject."

They have indeed. But it has taken us so long to set the scene that we can not rehearse the dialogue. Nor do we want to; the reader will thank us for letting him discover for himself the rare charm of this book. Passion is excluded, though there is plenty of idealism, and an abundance of hard, shrewd wit. National characteristics are exceedingly well portrayed. We are proud of the courage of our countrywoman, Mrs. Lavender, who, when asked to vouch for the statement by Mr. Jonas, a labor leader, that "things are easier in America because they tell me that classes are fluid there and their boundaries are always shifting," replies, "True. William was raised in a shack in Idaho, and if the present rate of taxation goes on, my boys will be getting back to that shack." And we may confess a previous acquaintance with Mr. Merryweather Malone, an American politician with Irish antecedents, who on being accused of having acquired an Oxford accent, replied, "We've all got a bit of it, ever since Abel. It was that that made Cain mad." This is of a piece with his "I'm of Irish stock myself, and for our sins we've got a good many like me in the States. That poor little island is living on a bogus past and trying to screw some pride out of it, while she's forgetting to do anything to be proud of right now. The ordinary Irishman is ashamed of himself and he has not the honesty to admit it. No man's any good unless he has something to swagger about, and Ireland has not anything except a moth-eaten ragbag of wrongs. That's her confounded antiquarian habit of mind."

Let it be understood that in these quotations we have hardly touched the fringe of the discussion embodied in this work. Nor has any attempt been made to disclose to the reader the felicities of style and argument which meet us on every hand. It is sufficient to say that there is here a fineness akin to a forgotten art. How does it all end? We refuse to say. Perhaps we do not know; perhaps Cadmus and Harmonia do not know. Can any valid conclusion be drawn from the following facts? "The only hope for Democracy," says Mr. James Burford, an ex-Labor Member of Parliament, "is to make it an aristocracy." Shortly afterwards someone suddenly asks, "Where's Burford?" Mrs. Lamont answered, "I think he has gone for a walk with Phillis [her niece] in the garden."

F. J. Whiting

The Man of Science in the Future

The Outlook for Research and Invention. By Nevil Monroe Hopkins. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company.

This book reflects the enthusiasms of a man who has given his life to the prosecution of engineering projects, and who has come in the passing of years to appreciate with great vividness the fundamental significance of scientific research for national progress. Despite some curious blunders touching matters of fact, it has in it much that is informing regarding the actual status of American research and its more obvious defects.

Taking his point of departure from a somewhat precarious psychology, the author exhibits in a very striking way the accidental conditions under which men at present, by a very haphazard process of social selection, are picked out for research careers, and he makes a good case for the belief that great masses of the finest research talent remain sterile because of the poverty of our present devices for identifying, stimulating, and developing it. The story which he tells of the indifference of the American public, both educated and uneducated, to the place of scientific research in national life is somewhat depressing, but well within the truth. He shows that our national vanity regarding American inventiveness rests on rather less substantial foundations than is commonly believed, and over against this fact is to be put the relatively meagre accomplishments in the application of fundamental scientific methods and ideas to practical industrial processes. Were our industrial products thrown open to a more equal competition with those of other nations, this fact would be brought home to us far more keenly than with our high tariff walls has hitherto been in general possible. His chapter on the tropical development of research during the war, and the part played by the National Research Council in this movement, is extremely informing and decidedly encouraging in its implication of an aroused popular appreciation of scientific men and their methods.

The reader may well wish that, in connection with his discussion of patents, the author had gone more nearly to the root of our whole patent system, the beneficence of whose operations under present conditions is decidedly open to question. He indulges in some admirably sound advice to inventors, which will doubtless fail to reach most of those by whom it is chiefly needed. There are few more pathetic chapters in the history of intellectual endeavor than those portraying the year-long struggles of many inventors to perfect devices which were defective in the essential scientific ideas upon which they were based, a fact to which the ignorance—and often secretiveness—of the inventor has rendered him tragically oblivious. Important and successful inventions represent long and courageous endeavor, working with two great tools—creative imagination and sound scientific knowledge, the latter far more important than the average individual at all appreciates.

One need not be wholly Philistine to call in question the low estimate put by the author upon humanistic methods of educational training and his wholly optimistic view regarding the utilization of scientific materials as the essential nucleus of our educational programme. Those who have faced the actual job of teaching in our schools and colleges, however sympathetic with the author's general position, could disabuse his mind of certain fallacious preconceptions.

The book contains some interesting speculations on the limits of scientific discovery, on the applications of research in the industries, and comes to an end with a somewhat scrappy but not uninteresting list of problems awaiting solution, which appears to have been gathered as the result of enquiry from a considerable group of scientific men.

The volume belongs to a class of books which suffer somewhat in the appeal that they are capable of making to the humanistically trained intellectuals, because of a certain rawness of cultural outlook as tested by the conventional standards of the literary and humanistic critic. On the other hand, it is replete with indications of wide and substantial scholarship in various scientific branches, it is composed with a somewhat infectious enthusiasm for the beauties of science, and perhaps the best thing which can be said for it is that it is likely to be the forerunner of not a few more substantial and more convincing presentations of the same general field. The time is ripe for a distinctly epoch-making treatise on this whole subject.

Cult and Comedy

The Anchor: A Love Story. By Michael Sadler. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

Time and Eternity: A Tale of Three Exiles. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Love and Mr. Lewisham. The Story of a Very Young Couple. By H. G. Wells. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It seems to have been within the memory of the living that readers of William Black and Mrs. Humphry Ward were startled and delighted by the appearance of certain "young" English novelists named Wells and Bennett. A little later came the "younger" English novelists, Cannan, and Walpole, and Mackenzie, and the rest of the family who bear each other so strong a family likeness. And now, within a year or two, has appeared a group of youngest interpreters for whom ardent publishers and complaisant reviewers are claiming much and predicting more. Distinction is a favorite word in these estimates. *Punch* achieves an amusing superlative. It declares that Michael Sadler's "The Anchor" reaches an "unusual level of distinction." Perhaps that is it. Perhaps its level of distinction is what chiefly impresses or depresses us in this youngest fiction. They are all, these performers, so "extraordinarily clever" (as the *Daily Express* calls Mr. Sadler); so knowing, so uniformly unconventional, so fluent . . . so young. The back jacket of "The Anchor" has a well-written blurb. Change the proper names to fit the instance, and you have the fairly satisfactory description of an imaginary composite novel made up of all twentieth century British novels to date. Add that Laddie is of Winchester and Oxford and pursues as a journalist in Paris and London his "young man's adventures in love and self-discovery." . . . "Laddie McAllister," continues the blurbist, "is the kind of young man most of us know; brilliant, acutely self-conscious, a bit unstable, but lovable, he is in danger of becoming a mere intellectual drifter. His unconscious search for an 'anchor' is complicated by his relations with two women of antithetic influence, and by his friendship for Dermot Hill, a quaint and engaging Irish radical."

Yes, Laddie is one kind of man most of us know: he is youth, he is egotism, he is temperament and all that. But it is odd and not quite normal that he should be the only kind of man these youngest novelists, on either side of the water, seem to know or to be interested in. Is there no natural medium worth dealing with between the red-blooded idiot of movie romance and this mentally and morally cross-eyed darling of the younger clan? The truth, as I make it out, is that in interpreting youth this modern school fails to transcend youth, fails of the maturity which beholds youth in its beauty and its piteousness, a marvelous phase of life, but not the whole of it or even surely the best of it. Youth justifies itself, is its own sufficient excuse and palliation; not therefore need its follies and fecklessnesses, its piracy and poltroonery, be solemnly elevated for worship. The Laddie of "The Anchor" is a commonplace credible young chap, rather more decent sexually than is the fashion among his literary kind, recognizable enough as "the kind of young man most of us know." Perhaps he is even the kind of young man most of us have been. But why dig us up again? Aren't we, in that phase, getting to be an old and dull spectacle? We admit everything: why keep rubbing it in upon a politely yawning world? Forget it: and tell us a story about the fellow we might have been. He is the man for our money. In some such reactionary strain I find myself perusing again and again this perennial chronicle of the more or less decent young Briton taking his first flutter at life in a London of newspaper offices and studios and variously complicating females. For Laddie, there is a Janet much too good. Hearken to him in the act of proposing marriage:

"Janet—I fell in love with you here—the first time I ever saw you in the flesh. I am now going to ask you to consider marrying me. The prospect is unattractive—even more unattractive than it looks. . . . I am not a waster. That is to say I work hard and am intelligent and sane. Such vices as I have are negative. But I am an uncreative artist, if you will allow so priggish an expression. I mean I love beauty but can not work off that love in the creation of other beauty. Consequently I am, in certain things, rather unstable. If you will take me on —and I need you, Janet, absolutely, pitifully almost—take me on and stand by me, I shall learn to stand by you. You are so strong, so—oh, my dear, there are no words!—but you are safe-harbour, anchorage, something firm to cling to, and—I think that's all."

Undeniably a pill for Janet; and an artificial misunderstanding, based upon a Potiphar's wife charge against Laddie, increases the size of the bolus. But she downs it at last; and the discovery of his innocence is thereafter immaterial: "As if it mattered what you have been or will be," cries Janet in the ear of her prigling. "You just are. Dear heart—"

All this, you say, is simple and sentimental enough—why adduce it as a modern instance? To which the reply might be that it is not inherently more sentimental than the majority of contemporary chronicles of this kind in which the lad takes Potiphar's wife, as it were, in his stride. The sentimentality of such fiction lies in its slavish worship of youngness—the mere state and act of being young, of muddling through youth. Mr. Gilbert Cannan, of course, lays himself open to no charge of Victorianism. Nor does he always deal with the fumblings and yearnings of the salad years. Stephen, of "Time and Eternity," is in his thirties, by the calendar. But we have to take Mr. Cannan's word for that. To all intents Stephen is the eccentric apprentice at life, just as the young gentleman in "Pink Roses" was the amiable dabbler. His youth is static; and so, we presently observe, is that of his Valerie and even of the gray experienced Perekatov. These are official children of the modern world, looking upon it with astonished rebellious eyes. A young Englishman, a girl from South Africa, a Russian Jew, they are exiles in London as they would be anywhere. Exiles—but where is their land? I for one can not make out, unless it be in that not-world of passionately protestant youth where respectability and injustice, old saws and outworn principles, marriage, war, duty have no place. Haplessly offset against them is the honest but hysterical young romantic, Ducie, the British "decent sort," not heroically cast though capable of heroic violence, as when he seizes an insolent slacker by the neck and throws him "a dozen yards"—surely the record put for slackers. A morsel of his strength he uses later to strangle Valerie—maybe this is as good a way as any to dispose of her, though it leaves Stephen temporarily at a loose end. Valerie has "given herself" to Stephen, with much talk about not believing in marriage or dreaming of a permanent union between them. Here they are together: no doubt the thor-

oughly modern reader will perceive what it is all about:

. . . His only dread was lest he should fail her, as he most certainly would if he tried to understand her from anything external, her appearance, her actions, her moods, or even her thoughts.

She said:

"If you were not what I thought I should kill you."

"What do you want me to be?"

"What you are."

He accepted that she would kill him as the most natural thing in the world. After the love they have shared, any betrayal of it, however slight, would be worse than death. Indeed, life outside the wonder they had created seemed so fantastic as to be a continual desecration: soldiers, battle, exhortations to patriotism, food queues, revolution in Russia—all seemed like incidents in a stage play; the capricious movements of the crowd and the incidental characters surrounding the drama of passions which knew their object and would attain them or destroy.

He protested a little faintly:

"But I don't ask you to be anything but what you are."

"I am what I am," said Valerie, firmly.

Which seems to settle matters very satisfactorily. Firmness is a great thing.

I chanced to turn from these books to "Love and Mr. Lewisham." It was written twenty years ago. Someone is said to have asked Mr. Wells, not long since, which of his own books he liked best. He reached for a copy of "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and said that he did not know that he had ever done any better writing than that. I took up this first American edition of the story with the half-defined notion that here I should find something in line with my "youngest" novels of the moment—something at least in the way of forecast, for who if not Wells set the ball of modernity rolling? . . . Yes, here is the young man in London, fumbling at life and love, with two women in the offing. . . . And then we rub our eyes. Was modernity so old-fashioned a business, twenty years ago? Or was this the final indulgence of a delightful romancer before modernity "got" him? Here at all events he employs the very materials of which his literary grandchildren make such bitter or defiant copy, in the gentlest most believing way. His comedy remains a comedy, the ancient comedy of all for love and the world well lost. Lewisham's dreams of social reform, of personal fame, of a distinguished career in science, have been pushed aside by circumstance. He willingly and not ignobly resigns them that he may bear his part as husband of a wife and son of a mother and father of a son. The book is full of sweet humor, more tender than that of "Mr. Polly" and more simple than that of "Tono-Bungay"—the two stories (written some ten years later) with which I should place "Love and Mr. Lewisham" as the purest product of Mr. Wells as a story-teller.

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

THE movement for a memorial to the late Professor Sir William Ramsay, K. C. B., F. R. S., is making progress both in England and in France. Early in the war British science lost in him one of its great leaders. No short notice could attempt to describe his activities in chemistry, but his researches were equally remarkable in the more abstruse sides of the science and in those that attracted popular attention. To the public Ramsay will remain best known for two extraordinary researches. Before his work, it was believed that the atmosphere consisted only of a mixture of oxygen, nitrogen, and a few other well-known gases. Starting on the puzzle that there was a minute difference in weight between nitrogen as separated from the oxygen of the air and nitrogen as prepared from pure chemicals, Ramsay, after work of remarkable delicacy, discovered and isolated five new elements in the atmosphere—argon, neon, xenon, krypton, and helium. Helium had been known through spectroscopy to exist in the sun. When the sun's atmosphere was examined with the spectroscope, physicists had seen a blazing green line that corresponded with no known element. Just as St. Paul forced the attention of the Athenians by bringing to them the "Unknown God," so Ramsay electrified the scientific world when he isolated and discovered in the ordinary air the existence of this element and reproduced in his laboratory the same spectrum line.

When the Curies discovered and isolated radium, Ramsay was one of the pioneers to work on it, and realized the alchemist's dream of proving the possibility of the break-up of the atom. He showed that radium, though an element, decomposes, giving off the gas helium, and thus led the way to the discovery of the number of elements through which radium changes. The work was a miracle of minute analysis which involved the handling, through countless processes, of almost imperceptible quantities of gas.

Sir William Ramsay was never blind to the close connection of science with everyday life. When the war broke out, he devoted himself to the application of science to the needs at the front, and he was the first to insist that cotton, as the basis of explosives, must be made contraband of war. By so doing, he greatly embarrassed the German manufacturers of explosives and directly contributed to the final victory. The memorial will consist of a fund for the provision of Ramsay Research Fellowships, tenable wherever the necessary equipment may be found, and for the establishment of a Ramsay Memorial Laboratory of Chemical Engineering in connection with University College, London.

The fourth number of *Etudes Italiennes* (Paris: Leroux), which has just reached this country, completes the first volume of this French quarterly. It pays this high compliment to Dr. Ernest H. Wilkins, Professor of the Romance Languages at Chicago University:

We warmly approve of his active campaign for the development of Italian studies in the American educational system. . . . With their practical ways and their proneness to do things promptly and on a large scale, are our American colleagues about to give to the Italian language in the training of American youth the place which we in France still hesitate to give it?

The youth of Sarah Bernhardt is perennial. Though seventy-six-years old, she has just finished delivering a series of public lectures at Paris on the "Grands Semeurs d'Idées," the closing one being devoted to Edmond Rostand, "the most obstinate believer in the final victory." The gifted actress declaimed some of the poet's finest verse, and her voice is described as being as "golden as ever." And this has been followed up by "the divine Sarah" actually appearing on the boards again, as she is now giving nightly performances at her own Paris theatre of Racine's "Athalie."

Besides offering the University of Paris an annual sum of money for the new Chinese Department, the Pekin Government has now signified its intention of depositing in the Sorbonne library a hundred thousand manuscripts, probably the most remarkable collection outside of China.

M. Maurice Barrès relates that when Moréas was on his death-bed, he said to the former: "There aren't classicists and romanticists; that's all nonsense. I am sorry to be in such poor health that I can't explain this to you."

The *Anglo-French Review*, of London, whose chief aim is to draw France and England more closely together, seems to be prospering. Beginning with the April number, it contains sixteen more pages than the earlier numbers. One of the French articles is by Léon Bourgeois, President of the League of Nations, "where we soon hope to find representatives of the United States," he says. M. René Puaux, the Paris publicist, writes on "La Turquie et l'Entente," and

has this to say of our non-participation in the matter: "The absence of the United States was a great disappointment to the English Government. America's acceptance of the mandate for Constantinople and Armenia has long appeared to be the ideal solution of the difficulty. British statesmen gave it their warmest approval, and the withdrawal of America has compromised the whole question. It is easily understood that the additional responsibility thrown on France and England by this lack of collaboration on the part of the United States has been a source of considerable anxiety to those two Governments." There are three articles on Prohibition, the last by Dr. Leonard Williams, one of the leading London physicians, being entitled "Pause for Pussyfoot," in which it is stated that "the white man is not at home on the American Continent . . . the race will die out . . . the black man will shortly be complete master of the United States, and the white man become a rare bird"; and all this will be due to "this experiment of Prohibition." John Gould Fletcher contributes a poem, "In the City of Night," which he dedicates "to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe."

A writer in the *Temps* hails Montessori's plea for periodical instruction in silence as a fortunate reaction against the verbosity of pedagogues, which causes hypertrophy of the children's memory at the cost of their reasoning faculty and their critical sense. A bath of silence is what the brain needs most of all. Too much talking is going on all over the world, but especially in Latin countries. There people get intoxicated with the spirit of words. If, from childhood, people were taught the virtue and the practice of silence, sound common sense would not so often be wasted by "la melomanie de la phrase." But, unfortunately, it is the wagging tongue itself which must help us to fight its intemperance. Conferences, meetings, reports, with their immoderate waste of words, are the only means of persuading the talking crowds of the boon of silence.

Of Heine's "Buch der Lieder" the sixtieth edition recently appeared in Berlin. The same firm, Hoffman & Campe, which published the original issue, brought out this latest edition of the book. The publishers claim to have brought half a million copies into circulation.

Boris Brasol's "Socialism vs. Civilization" (Scribner) consists of six chapters. Chapter I describes the theory and the aims of Marxian socialism; Chapter II criticises the Marxian system; Chapter III describes the socialistic experiment in Russia; Chapter IV discusses the socialistic excuses for its failure; Chapter V sketches the socialistic agitation abroad and at home, and Chapter VI contains the author's positive suggestions for remedying the defects in the existing order. In offering opinion on his book a sharp distinction should be drawn between the first four chapters and the last two; the book would be twice as good with the last two eliminated.

In his study and criticism of Marxian socialism Mr. Brasol states the case lucidly and persuasively. This sort of thing has been done before and well done—by Simkhovitch for instance and by Skelton—but it is always worth doing again when it is done well, and Mr. Brasol has done it. His description of the Russian "experiment" is interesting as a broad outline sketch, although it adds little or nothing to the knowledge already possessed by an intelligent reader of the daily press. Indeed, it recalls at times the kinds of articles contributed to the *Saturday Evening Post* by writers of the Marcosson clan. Nevertheless, it will do very well. But when we come to the account of the "socialistic" agitation at home and abroad and to the final chapter —"Revolution or Reconstruction"—there is a swift and sharp decline in both the interest and the value of the book.

Take, for instance, Mr. Brasol's proposals for "reconstruction." He advocates a "counter propaganda" to Socialism by lecture and pamphlet, answering argument and reason by argument and reason. So far so good. But he wants to "curb" revolutionary propaganda, he wants to "deport" revolutionary agitators, he wants to continue war-time restrictions on immigration, he wants to prevent (by law) strikes in "key industries," and to make "picketing" illegal. He wants a "National Institute of Production," under State and Federal auspices to correlate industry and increase productivity. In discussing the "labor" situation he deals rapidly with "bonuses," "conciliation," and such matters, but seems to be unaware of the problems commonly described in the phrase "industrial democracy." None of this is very helpful. Some of it reads a little like the kind of "happy thoughts" that come to one sometimes in connection with problems which one imperfectly understands.

Georges Eekhoud, the foremost French-writing novelist of Flanders, the author of "La Nouvelle Carthage," "L'Autre Vue," "Les Fusillés de Malines," was, after the armistice, dismissed as instructor at the Brussels Academy of Plastic Arts. He had incurred official disgrace by his pro-Flemish attitude during the German occupation. Unlike his countryman, Maurice Maeterlinck, who, though born at Ghent, in the heart of Flanders, has abused the Flemings as "rustres" and "lourdauds," Eekhoud has not become estranged from his own people by the fame which his writings have won him in France. As a protest against the disgraceful treatment of a great artist and patriot an imposing indignation meeting was held on March 27, in the Lyrical Theatre at Brussels. Both French and Flemish writers of Belgium, artists, teachers, students, men of all classes and professions, joined in an impressive homage to the victim of official ostracism.

Dr. A. Eekhof, Professor of Theology in the University of Leiden, is preparing for publication a history of the Pilgrim Fathers' life in Holland, from 1608 to 1620. The book will derive its chief interest from facsimiles of original documents discovered by the author in the Dutch archives, amongst others the only known signature of John Robinson, which has supplied a key to fresh discoveries in England, and the last will of John Robinson's widow, Bridget White, made in the year 1643. Two of the Pilgrim Fathers, William Brewster and Thomas Brewer, had a printing business in Leiden, of whose output little was known until now. Dr. Eekhof, however, has been fortunate in finding two booklets that came from their press, a discovery which will make his book attractive to bibliophiles and all those who are interested in the history of printing. It will be a lasting contribution to the tercentenary celebration of the Pilgrim Fathers' landing at Plymouth, in which Holland intends to take a prominent part.

The Trembling Year

"AS yet the trembling year is unconfirmed," says the poet of "ætherial Mildness." He was the poet of a formal age, yet now and then he looked the fact in the face.

> Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
> Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
> Deform the day delightless.

My neighbors express it in more pungent metaphor—"Looks 's if we was goin' to have winter all summer," says Uncle Everett, with a twinkle in his eye. It is his version of Swift's comment on the talent for the obvious which leads to complaints about the weather: "It is always too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however God Almighty contrives it, 'tis all very well in the end."

At the death-bed of winter we watch with tense longing for his release. We may at first think him dying when he sleeps, but after he has wakened to successive bursts of sound and fury we are fain to think him sleeping when he dies. The snow shrinks to long streaks marking the north faces of swales and ridges. Days rise clear with beneficent sunshine, and sky that you will swear is a different color from that of last week; but by ten

o'clock clouds threaten, and before long snow flurries drive past on level winds. But at sunrise crows converse loudly that hitherto have floated silently from top to top of tall pines; bluejays become noisy and conspicuous; nuthatches talk cheerfully; chickadees begin to practise their two spring notes; starlings at a distance bring you to a halt listening for a new song that is not of winter. Slants of sunlight from a higher angle make you think you see a livelier iris in colored mists of willow and poplar twigs. Sunday walkers triumphantly exhibit budded pussy willow, but to me he is a prophet without honor, for he dwells on my own premises, and year after year I have seen him slyly bud a few twigs on a warm day after early cold in November and trust to his fur to carry him through. In the open the snow dwindles to untidy patches like old newspapers blown about and lodges, but for a month yet it will linger as a silver undertone to blue veils in the hills. Wet streaks on the trunks of maples come not from melting ice but from bleeding branches broken in winter gales. Sugar maples don their spring buckets, and flies and bees that come to taste the sap tell me that birds may now come and find food. Then just after the middle day of March comes a morning when I snap broad awake with a pervasive sense of well-being as from good news felt but not remembered. It is the murmurous rejoicing of the bluebirds, so eagerly awaited that it has entered my ears with pleasure before it reached my consciousness. I go to the window and see them drifting northward in short flights from bough to bough of the bare maples against a sunrise sky. Thereafter my mind is at peace; any further activity of winter I know to be his death flurry, at which the year may tremble but not I.

Windless days come with skies that shed warmth like a benediction. At the foot of a south-facing brick wall, crocuses bloom close to the ground. Daffodils impale dead leaves and lift them on the points of their spears. The rhubarb pushes the mold upward with gnarled crimson fists which meet the sunshine and relax to show the tight-packed convolutions of the new leaves. On the edge of the ditch skunk cabbage protrudes its mottled horns. Then for a week the sun sheds no blessing. The wind howls from the north; the earth stiffens about the crocuses and their heads are smothered in snow. Next come slants of white rain dissolving the new snow, and the song-sparrow sings bravely. The tone of the fields has deepened from dead khaki to olive drab and forestry green. Regiments of cornel and willow shoots make vague blurs of crimson and chrome yellow. Red maple buds have turned back their tiny blood and orange scales, and make clouded color through the rain. By degrees the rain softens to cold mist. A breeze stirs the curtains of the mist, tosses them, sweeps them away in shreds. The whole air moves, and the fog takes up its march toward the eastern hills. The sky is revealed as fleets of slaty clouds beating eastward on a reef breeze with patches of open blue widening and closing in their wakes.

Not all the myriad shades of young green that ethereal mildness in its course spreads on our hillsides can transcend the beauty of the mist-like, subtly blended colors of bare twigs in this time of the trembling year. At no other season is there such variety of shade and tone save in autumn—but autumn flaunts her clothes, the young year trembles through diaphanous veils. Colors that are plain to name when you look at them closely in small bits, under any effect of blur, such as distance, atmosphere, or indirect vision, blend in combinations that defy one's vocabulary. I know an elderly pitch pine, the trunk of which, when "with hands in my pockets I saunter up close and examine it" has clearly two main colors, terra cotta and silver gray. If I look just past the trunk at something beyond, the effect is the same as if I look at it from a distance; the color becomes a nameless pink compounded of silver and terra cotta. So it is with the thickets of bushy alder and birch, which run the scale of color from pale mauve to wine-dark purple according to permutations or combinations of light, moisture, and distance. Near by and seen against the sun, alder twigs are a dark indeterminate brown, and the sun glints white on the glossy bark. At a little distance, with the sun to one side, you see the white of the sun-glint mingle with the color of the bark to make mauve. The pinker tones, mauve, violet, lavender, appear when the bushes are near by and in stronger light; distance, shadow, or atmosphere (moisture, dust, or smoke in the air) gives them more blue.

Such colors, hesitant and undetermined, are fit vesture for the trembling season, but one there is more daring than anything of autumn, which if it were not of fairyland would set the world on fire. On a little knoll that catches a level ray from the late afternoon sun, I have found a pool of spirit light blended of moon and opal, glowing with the incandescence of a sunset cloud. It comes from a quilt of moss; I have found no one yet to tell me its name, but the children know it for its forest of thread-like stems each upholding its little vase which in summer they love to undress, taking off the tiny Tam o' Shanter cap and woolly shirt. The sunlight mingles and touches to fire the colors of the glossy stems, ranging from crimson through orange and chrome to pale green. They dissolve their color in the light as in liquid or in lambent flame, a radiance incredible in anything so tiny. True Thomas himself, "spying ferlies wi' his ee" as he lay on Huntley bank, saw no gayer sight unless it was through just such fairy woods blazing with the fire of spring that he saw the Queen come riding.

Now less oft at eve does winter resume the breeze; morn is no longer pale and seldom chilled, and if the day is delightless it is no recurrence of driving sleet that deforms it. Willows along the river rise like rounded clouds of faint green smoke. Shad and wild cherry float drifts of blossoms like pale sunshine in woods and hedgerows. "Brightness falls from the air" where the sugar maple hangs out its delicate tracery of pale green blossoms. The trembling year is quite confirmed.

ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

Books and the News

France

WHILE some of the public men who greeted King Albert in America thought it necessary to remind him that we do not really believe in kings, there came from Speaker Gillett, in Congress, a truthful and manly acknowledgment of our debt to the nations which suffered the first and hardest blows against civilization. He introduced the King as "our friend, our ally, and our *defender*." To Belgium and to France, as the champions of liberty, must go the gratitude of every lover of liberty. The "intellectuals," in England and America, signally fail to show that they possess any intellects whatever, when they try to prove their devotion to human freedom by defending Germany, and snarling at France.

The true France, and the relations towards her which will be maintained if believers in democracy prevail in America and Great Britain, have been set forth in a number of books by writers in both countries. An English view, written during the war by Laurence Jerrold, is "France Today" (Murray 1916), a study of various sides of French life, government, and politics. Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's "French Perspectives" (Houghton, 1916), and Edith Wharton's "French Ways and their Meaning" (Appleton, 1919) are brief books. Mrs. Wharton, for writing this book, is denounced as a snob by a critic in the *New Republic*, who naturally resents a good word for any countries except Germany and Bolshevik Russia. Visits during the war resulted in Winifred Stephens's "The France I Know" (Chapman, 1918). Another English book is "My French Year" (Mills & Boon, 1919), by Constance E. Maud. Herbert Adams Gibbons, in "France and Ourselves" (Century, 1920), publishes

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(*Continued from page* 492)
essays whose aim is to interpret America and France to each other. Robert E. Dell's "My Second Country" (Lane, 1920) resulted from the war, but goes far beyond the war in its historical studies; he avails himself of the freedom of a lover of France to indicate the dangerous situation in which the war has placed her. Clara E. Laughlin's "The Martyred Towns of France" (Putnam, 1919) is healthful reading, especially for those who are overeager to kiss and make-up with an utterly unrepentant Germany.

Some of the pleasant books of travel, and of comment upon French life, written in the days before 1914, are Henry James's "A Little Tour in France" (Houghton, 1884), Mary King Waddington's "Chateau and Country Life in France" (Scribner, 1908), Edith Wharton's "A Motor Flight through France" (Scribner, 1919; first published, 1908), E. V. Lucas's "A Wanderer in Paris" (Macmillan 1909), W. C. Brownell's French Traits" (Scribner), and Barrett Wendell's "The France of Today" (Scribner, 1907).

For a book on the government, there is Ex-President Poincaré's "How France is Governed" (McBride, 1913). A recent history of France, in one volume, which includes the great war, is William Stearns Davis's "History of France" (Houghton, 1919).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Empire Building by Air —Cairo to the Cape

A NEW form of empire-building is in progress. The old venturers who charted unknown seas in quest of adventure and knowledge—those who threaded their slow way across untrodden continents—their day is done. The sea and the earth have had their share; it is the turn of the skies. The empire-builder of to-day has a new element to play with, new means of swiftly linking up the uttermost corners of the earth.

In the course of one year the ends of the British Empire have been reached by aircraft from England, and the Atlantic has been spanned. News comes that the journey of over five thousand miles from Cairo to the Cape has now been accomplished. Twenty-five years ago and more it was the dream of Cecil Rhodes to build a railway from Cape Town to Cairo—but geography prevented it. The airplane has at last given reality to his dream. And dreams not only his. To reach Cairo by air one passes over the Icarian Sea, and the airway to India lies above Palestine, where Isaiah saw the vision of the six-winged Seraphim, and on through Assyria, where winged creatures adorn the palaces.

The new transport has already made the fame of Sir Frederick Sykes, the Controller of Aviation in Great Britain. It was he who had the vision to perceive that Cairo must become the hub from which radiate the air-routes of the East. The preliminary planning, as in the transatlantic and Australian flights, consumed laborious months. Three survey parties, charged with laying out the most suitable air-route over Africa, were despatched in December, 1918.

The route by air from Cairo to the southernmost point of South Africa is, as they laid it, 5,200 miles. Reckoning 100 miles an hour as a fair average flying speed, only fifty-two hours of actual flying time will be required to traverse the entire continent, a week's journey. The total distance by present means of communication is 6,223 miles, for which anything between sixty to seventy-five days is required, according to ground conditions in certain sections.

Altogether forty-three airdromes have been made—many of them over 4,000 feet above sea level. The difficulties encountered by the survey parties would have been practically insurmountable but for the loyal help of the natives. In places it was necessary to cut airdromes out of dense jungle, to fell thousands of trees and dig up their roots, while the soil of innumerable ant hills had to be removed in native baskets. Some of these ant hills are often 60 feet in height and between 35 and 45 feet in diameter. At N'dola, in Northern Rhodesia, seven hundred natives were working from April to August of last year and roughly 25,000 tons were removed. Blasting was tried but was found to be unsuitable.

Flying risks are perhaps not so grave as in the Australian flight, but they are great enough. It is in the central zone of the journey that the chief difficulties occur. Most of this is covered with dense bush and tropical forest, and landings at other than the prepared grounds will be exceedingly dangerous, if not impossible. In some parts there is no land transport, which makes it difficult to provide the necessary stores at the airdromes. Moreover, at some places the tsetse fly prevents the use of cattle, so that, failing the provision of light motor transport—for which special roads would have to be prepared over some sections—native bearers will have to be used for the carriage of stores. Lions, deadly snakes, white ants, mosquitoes, and other bloodthirsty creatures, together with a shortage of water and an unhealthy climate, do not add to the joys of ordinary travel, and the fact that the survey parties completed their work in twelve months in the face of such obstacles says much for their hardihood.

Each airman proposing to make the journey is furnished with elaborate route directions comprising information as to the prevailing winds and weather conditions at various points; description of any conspicuous landmarks such as may enable the airdrome to be more readily located, of all obstacles, and of the nature of the country surrounding each landing ground; and the distance and location from each airdrome, of the nearest railway, telegraph, doctor, or hospital, and drinking water supplies. He has also been supplied with a diagrammatic weather chart prepared by the Meteorological Section of the British Air Ministry after special investigation of the prevailing weather conditions along the route, showing the normal type of weather to be expected during the various seasons of the year. So far as is possible, pilots will, during the progress of the journey, receive reports of the actual weather conditions ahead of them.

All the pilots have to do is to fly and keep on flying; but in their flights they would do well to hover for one respectful instant above a grave on the heights of the Matoppo Hills.

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(*Late of the British Air Ministry*)

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Drama

Ibsen on Grand Street—Gilbert on Broadway

A PERFORMANCE of "John Gabriel Borkman" was given on April 24 at the Neighborhood Playhouse by the School of Drama of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. It was not a performance in which the lovers of Ibsen or lovers of the exhibit of promise in amateurs could take any unqualified delight. The two leading women had undisciplined voices that sank in quality as they rose in power. Mr. C. F. Steen as Borkman was fortunate in a rich and wisely governed voice, but his personality suggested the fallen cleric or neglected poet rather than the Sir Epicure Mammon who Borkman really is. The other parts were never less than excusable or more than acceptable, with the single exception of Vilhelm Foldal, which Mr. Theodore Viehman acted with a piping innocence that was sound and pleasing. The performance, of which I missed the first act, was rapid and superficial; the meaning has to be coaxed out of Ibsen; and while deliberation is perilous, I suspect that it is by facing and mastering

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that peril that success in Ibsen performances is achievable. The students tried to play "John Gabriel Borkman" for its Broadway values, values which Broadway perceives to be insufficient.

The play does not show Ibsen's own dramaturgy at its best. Borkman is naturally the central figure, but his relation to the main crisis in Act III is almost peripheral. His death from physical exposure in Act IV ends a good deal, but solves or settles nothing. Moreover, death by the elements in psychical play is an impropriety, and, if the venture into the air be symbolic, death by symbolism in a realistic play seems equally improper.

But the drama has real merits. Borkman is vigorously imagined; what is more, he is one of the few characters in the Ibsen social plays whose own imaginations are vigorous. It is curious that this dreamer should be a business man, and that the artists, Solness and Rubek, should be plodding and mechanical beside him. He fails in business, as they, in their diverging fashions, fail in art; and all three by a startling coincidence, perish in a symbolic re-ascent to irrecoverable heights, Solness on his tower, Rubek and Borkman on the hill or mountain. All three men carry hope into despair, and Borkman in particular, so muscular in paralysis, so indomitable in prostration, attracts and dominates while he grovels and repels. This note of failure impresses us strangely in its reiteration by a successful artist in the height and blossom of his fame.

There are seven characters in "John Gabriel Borkman" (omitting servants); in other words, there are seven avidities. They chase, they seize; their very love is predatory. For a parallel I should have to refer to Gogol's "Inspector-General," or to those Plautine and Terentian comedies in which the characters are all teeth. The thing spares neither sex nor age. In its hopeless survival in the elderly man whose career it has darkened and defiled, it is grim enough; but perhaps its emergence is even more awful in the tenderly reared, gentle, and even amiable lad, whose innocence it has not wholly dimmed. Even the delicate young girl is not fangless. There is a vivid moral—a moral which Ibsen may or may not have purposed or endorsed—in the circumstance that all this greed is fruitless or calamitous. The ruin in the old is manifest; in the young the havoc is foredoomed: Ibsen has not hesitated to make the elopement as farcical as it is wicked, and the future lowers or leers at us through the transparence of its useless veil. In the end the desolation is complete; the two haggard women have lost the man, the boy, for whose hearts they have ruthlessly contended. One is dead, the other vanished; and their hands meet in unavailing fellowship across the barren memory and the lifeless frame.

Two special matinees were given last week at the Knickerbocker Theatre by the Actors' Fidelity League for the benefit of the Vacation Association, which is mindful of working girls. There was presented a fanciful one-act sketch by Mr. Oliphant Down called the "Maker of Dreams," in which Mr. Kyle, the dream-maker, was fittingly genial, though a little too robust for his stock-in-trade; Mr. Ruben was black-haired, white-faced, and scarlet-lipped, and the midge-like Miss Ruth Chatterton appeared in an equal brevity of gown and speech. The names of Mr. George M. Cohan and Mr. William Collier were *capitalized* in a double sense for the benefit of the programme; but neither they nor the reasons for their absence were forthcoming. Mr. George Copeland was expert at the piano.

W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" was the mainstay of the entertainment. The attractions of this play are considerable; its theme is pointed, its adaptation to the stage is dexterous, its comedy is zestful, and its satire on civilized practices, notably war, is the more deadly, and therefore the more helpful, for the superlative innocence of its mouthpiece. The blank verse keeps out of the way with a beautifully humble perception of the fact that keeping out of the way is the first duty of blank verse in modern comedy. But there are incongruities enough to qualify one's pleasure. A statue comes to life. This is believable only in a very romantic or a very sportive mood. The dramatist's mood is not in the least romantic; hence sportiveness becomes the breath and being of the play. But what place is there in a sportive fabric for the blinding of the scarcely peccant husband, for Pygmalion's final cruelty toward Galatea, for the heartbreak of Galatea's willing relapse into the shielding insensibility of stone—one of the bitterest and at the same time most beautiful indictments of life that misanthropy has ever framed? This is all somehow misplaced. The buoyancies of Sir William Gilbert's roguish little comedy shudder at the advent of these spectres like Florizel and Perdita in the merrymakings of the "Winter's Tale" at the approach of the gloomy and irate Polixenes.

But the incongruities do not end here. Mr. Archer has pointed out with entire correctness the dramatic impropriety of Galatea's retort, "What, a paid assassin!" to Pygmalion's definition of a soldier. What does Pentelic marble know of paid assassins? A statue animated a few hours ago can have no knowledge—not even knowledge enough to give point to its ignorance. But its ignorance must

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be pointed. One may pity even Sir William Gilbert in the throes of the baffling double problem of keeping Galatea's knowledge down to the point enforced by probability and up to the point required by comedy. A more venial inconsistency is the combination of Greek costume with English manners. When Pygmalion, very properly, sends Galatea to his sister's house for the night, we are moved to search for his address in the British Who's Who.

The all-star performance was by no means of solar brilliancy. The best part was probably Miss Gladys Hanson's handsome, sweeping, and imperious Cynisca. Pygmalion, in Mr. Lester Lonergan's bluff interpretation was rather a man about town than an artist. Miss Fay Bainter as Galatea looked well and posed well, and combined artlessness with instinctive dignity; but her elocution was a little too obviously *moulded*, and there was a half-doll-like, half-nun-like, quality in her work that took the savor out of her lovemaking. Mr. Sidney Toler and Miss Katherine Hayden were competent in unexacting parts and Mr. J. W. Ransome and Miss Zelda Sears as the art-patron and his wife had a loudness in their behavior which their costumes reechoed.

O. W. Firkins

How Can America Help Europe?

THE British Ambassador, Sir Auckland Geddes, in an address before the Chamber of Commerce of the United States on April 28, urged the participation of the United States in the rehabilitation of Europe. He expressed the conviction that Germany and all Europe would get back to work and life after more or less suffering. "Perhaps there will be disorder," he said, "there may be upheavals, but the people will win through." He added, "The great question you [in the United States] have to decide is this: Are you going to stand by and wait for Europe's troubles to come after you, as come they will, or are you going to help Europe to win through to reasonable conditions? I do not mean help Europe politically, but as a long-range business proposition."

If this question is directed to American business men, the almost universal answer, based upon our desires, would be in favor of helping Europe. The only difficulty is how to render the help so that it will be of permanent benefit both to Europe and to ourselves.

In October, 1919, distinguished delegations of business men and bankers visited this country from England, France, Italy, and Belgium, to attend the International Trade Conference at Atlantic City. On that occasion the utmost friendliness for the problems of Europe was expressed by an assemblage as fully representative of American business as any that ever came together in this country. Ever since then the matter has been receiving the closest possible study, and yet no far-reaching progress appears to have been made. Just what have been the obstacles to carrying out in fact what the business leaders of a great and rich nation almost universally desire in theory to accomplish?

Let us regard the matter briefly, first from the point of view of Europe, and secondly from the point of view of the United States.

From the European standpoint we see the greater Allied nations making heroic efforts to get back to work. In repeated statements the Allied Premiers have recognized the necessity of balancing their budgets. They realize the necessity of increased production in order to provide goods for export to offset their abnormal imports. To a great extent, however, their efforts have been handicapped by the desires of men to work shorter hours at the one period perhaps in the history of the world when enthusiastic and unremitting labor is most called for. Gradually the exports of these countries are increasing and their imports decreasing. England is making rapid progress in this regard, and is amply capable of taking care of herself. Among the Continental countries perhaps the best record is being made by Italy, whose position, as recently described in this country by Professor Attolico, the resident High Commissioner, indicates a thorough practical knowledge of the necessity of reducing inflated currencies and producing up to the maximum of national ability.

With the Central and East Central countries of Europe the situation is different. Recent eye-witnesses of these conditions tell a story which has no parallel in human annals. Millions of people are starving, fields are untilled, factories are idle because of the lack of raw materials, freight cars are not allowed to pass from one country to another because of the lack of mutual confidence and trust. Between two of the newly created countries, instead of a mutual interchange of commodities, there exists a barrier of barbed wire and machine guns. Poland has a million men on the Bolshevik front and, in common with neighboring countries, is flooded with millions of refugees from the horrors of the Russian régime. The idea of extending ordinary commercial credits to such countries, or of making transac-

tions with those countries the basis for the indiscriminate issuance of investment securities to the American public, is, of course, not to be entertained.

We have a stake in this situation. The civilization of America could not continue if the civilization of Europe were to break down. The development of European markets is a vital question for American exporters. Just at present, with an intensified domestic demand, we may look with temporary unconcern on the decline of American exports to Europe. But ultimately, all sentiment aside, we must for our own interest and protection give consideration to the development of markets in Europe. If this is not a matter to be discussed on a credit basis, is it a matter which the United States Government should consider in a less negative way than it has done during the past year?

The normal attitude of business men in times of peace is opposed to Government interference in business affairs. We have more or less assumed that our Government should now step out of active coöperation in European financing, and the American business public as a whole has approved the decision of the Government not to extend further direct credits to European nations. What are we to do, however, when we all admit that the European situation calls for assistance in the shape of raw materials, when an appeal which touches closely both our hearts and our minds is made to us from across the water, and when very little basis exists for transactions on strict business lines? Does the situation involve not primarily economic, but rather political and social, elements of vital significance to the American people as a whole?

The United States Government has invested on behalf of the American people nearly ten billion dollars in Europe. We can only expect repayment of this money when Europe has returned to a producing basis. Is not the United States Government as a lender of credit interested directly in the rehabilitation of its debtors?

There is a further factor bearing on the Government attitude in this trying situation. Under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles there were created in Europe a number of new political units which are of unproved economic strength. The unsettlement of these countries must have a continuing effect upon the orderly progress of the larger and more stable nations of Europe. Without entering at all into the political controversy surrounding the ratification by the United States Senate of the Treaty of Peace and the League of Nations, it must be obvious that until *some* coördinating body is established in Europe we can not expect to see the economic stability which is the only basis for the transaction of actual business and credit operations on a large scale.

Are we, then, facing a vicious circle? Are we taking the position that we can not extend credits to Europe for the purchase of raw materials in the United States until Europe returns to a stable basis, with budgets balanced and exports on the increase, while Europe takes the position that budgets can not be balanced and production stimulated until raw material is made available by the United States? The normal processes of business have not been able to cut this Gordian knot. From a straight investment standpoint the American business community has been in a most unsatisfactory position, even if the security as a basis for the extension of credits to Europe had been clearly available at all times.

From the American standpoint, it is true that under the Edge Act the machinery of credit has existed for some time. But even those who have had most deeply at heart the desire to help Europe in its desperate situation have not up to this time felt like setting up machinery which would not operate, thus holding out hopes to Europe which would be doomed to disappointment.

Why has it been felt that the machinery would not operate? This point can be touched upon only briefly, but it involves three main considerations. First, let us suppose that a large corporation under the Edge Act is established with capital paid in by banks and other interested organizations and individuals. Where is the management to come from? We have in this country comparatively few men of wide foreign experience who are capable of extending safe credits abroad. The few trained men are all overworked at present in the banks and investment houses of the country. Secondly, suppose the management were to be obtained, is it clear that the kind of sound business which such a corporation would undertake to do could, in fact, be done? Is it not true that the credit need in Europe to-day is greatest where the credit risk is greatest? Would it not be necessary, in order to meet the real crux of the European situation, to extend credits which would not be safe, judged by the usual standards of credit practice? The third point follows naturally from the second. Let us suppose that a corporation were established with $50,000,000 capital, and that this $50,000,000 were used up in the extension of credits abroad. This would be a mere drop in the bucket. Now a corporation established under the Edge Act is authorized to issue debentures for sale to the general public up to ten times its capital and surplus. Under this provision the supposed corporation would be author-

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ized to issue $500,000,000 of debentures. Are we prepared to offer such debentures to the American public as an investment, assuming that we could issue them on a basis of return commensurate with rates obtainable on prime domestic debentures? Could the business community afford at the present time to invite the small investors of this country to come into this situation without stating to them frankly that they were entering not a field of investment, but one of speculation? And if we frankly offer the securities as a speculation, will the small investor be interested to an extent which will have a substantial effect, assuming, as we must, that under the present system of super-taxes the large investor is to a great degree out of the market?

These are some of the difficulties which must be faced in attempting to solve the European problem. The man would be heartless who would say that it ought not to be solved, even though our domestic demands for capital are overwhelming at the present time. The United States is a member of the family of nations and must give heed to the sufferings of its friends and associates. The man would be foolish who would say that the problem had no solution. Somehow, and in some way, it must be solved. But we should be doing an ill service to Europe and should set back immeasurably the education of the American people in foreign investments, which is one of the most vital necessities for the future development of American trade, if we were to proceed now in a hasty and unsound manner. The whole situation needs to be constantly studied with an open mind, and if our earlier conclusions with regard to the leadership of the United States Government must be temporarily revised to meet an emergency situation, we should not hesitate to revise them.

The European puzzle has been receiving the deep and earnest study of the bankers of America. They have not been unfaithful to their responsibilities in this regard, but inexorable facts of a political and social, as well as an economic significance, have determined the financial history of the world during the last eighteen months. Unfortunately, this history could not be shaped by the impulses which have come from the hearts of American businessmen.

The eyes of millions will be focused on the forthcoming conferences to be held in Brussels and in Paris. If these conferences develop no constructive plans they must be followed by others until in some way, some sound and permanent way, the problem is carried forward toward solution. The subject requires from now on the continued sympathetic attention of the ablest minds in America.

GUY EMERSON

THE REVIEW

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POOR America! How many twisted sentiments are expressed in your name! "If we are to exercise the kind of leadership to which the founders of the Republic looked forward and which they depended upon their successors to establish, we must do this thing with courage and unalterable determination," says the President, meaning that we must sign the treaty without reservations. We had supposed that Washington truly represented the Americanism of his day, yet even the freest interpretation of his words furnishes no authority for such an unrestricted alliance as that for which the President pleads. Mr. Hillquit, for one, is certain that Mr. Wilson has forsworn his American heritage. "We [the Socialists] are practically alone in upholding the somewhat antiquated American ideal of government of the people, by the people, for the people." Poor America! Are you, too, to be "dismembered" by such taking of your name in vain?

WHAT is the matter with the "capitalist press"? Does it not know that it ought to suppress any such outgiving as that of Mr. W. Jett Lauck, the statistician representing the railway unions before the Railroad Labor Board? And if it can't be suppressed, it ought to be tucked away under a little headline in some obscure page of the paper. Instead of that, all the great New York dailies which Big Business hires to keep the people in ignorance display the thing conspicuously, under striking headlines, and without a word of introduction or comment to break its force. Here are the headlines, for instance, in the New York *Times:*

SAY HUGE PROFITS RAISE LIVING COST

Rail Unions Present Data to Labor Board, Accusing Capital of Profiteering

NOT DUE TO HIGHER WAGES

Where Pay Rose Only 15% Some Retail Prices Went Up 300%, They Assert

MASS OF FIGURES SHOWN

What is the use of carefully concealing from the people what some tenth-rate Socialist orator may have said in Paterson, and then giving them this perilous stuff to feed on? It looks as though our plutocratic rulers were not getting anything like their money's worth out of the editors whom, as everybody knows, they own body and soul.

OUT of the real world in which we are living come two responses to the voice which Mr. Wilson has lifted up in the unreal world in which he dwells, that are worthy of special note. Mr. Taft, in his usual quiet and lucid manner, states the cardinal facts about the treaty as they stand:

> The Lodge reservations leave the treaty nearly as effective as it is without them. The reservations affect only Article X. By insisting on the feature of the treaty which cannot be ratified by the Senate, Mr. Wilson has endangered the entire Versailles peace.
>
> The Lodge reservations preserve the three great things in the treaty; first, the limitation of armaments; second, the settlement of national differences peaceably; third, open diplomacy. Article X is not destroyed but only limited by the reservations. The obligation of the United States to participate in international crises is left to the discretion of Congress.
>
> All the other countries in the League are bound by Article X, but are nevertheless willing to allow the United States to enter under the reservations proposed. Mr. Wilson, however, refuses.

Mr. Bryan dwells not upon the particulars of the compromise, but upon the no less pertinent fact of the demonstrated state of American political opinion concerning it, and concludes:

> Democratic friends of the League of Nations should join Republican friends of the League and by so doing take the issue out of the campaign and speak peace to war-distracted Europe.

If these counsels of common sense were to prevail, if the obstruction of the President's autocratic obstinacy could be removed, the gain to the country and the world would be great beyond the possibility of computation.

MR. HOOVER'S statement about the sugar situation is full of practical wisdom. While blaming the Administration for not having bought last year's Cuban sugar crop, he lays the emphasis chiefly upon what can be done for the present and the future. We are participating, he says, in the world shortage of sugar due to decreased European production, and our merchants are bidding against European Governments for

its purchase. One means of remedy to which he points is for our Government to enter into negotiations with the larger European Governments to stop bidding against each other and so secure our fair share of the available supply. But he does not ignore the fact—although he does not sufficiently recognize it—that we are actually getting (however high the price) very much more than our proper share. Mr. Hoover proposes that our consumption of sugar be reduced by immediate rationing of the non-essential consumers. He thinks that the manufacturers of candy, sweet drinks, and other non-essentials would voluntarily coöperate to this end as they did during the war. It occurs to us, however, that if the Government got control of the foreign supply—as undoubtedly Congress could enable it to do even without recourse to any war power—it would have the reins in its own hands in the matter of rationing. On the subject of sugar profiteering Mr. Hoover says:

> The profiteering is international. The situation is as much disliked by the vast majority of our manufacturers and distributers as by the public, for they do not like even to be accused of profiteering. The situation cannot be remedied by the Attorney General's conception that forces of this character can be handled by putting a few people in jail.

Mr. Hoover may or may not have had some thought of Chicago in his mind when he said these things; but nothing is more certain than that if he were in the White House he would act along just such lines in any problem of the kind.

THE Polish offensive, successfully led by General Pilsudski, recalls to mind the hopes of a speedy overthrow of the Soviet Government entertained at the time of General Yudenich's military advance upon Petrograd. The recollection contains a warning against sanguine expectations. We shall probably witness a rallying of Russians, regardless of political convictions, against the menace from abroad, tending to reinforce the resistance of the Red armies. The capture of Kiev is, indeed, an important success for the Poles, which will not fail to make impression upon such neighbors as are coveting part of the Russian bear's skin. Rumania, for one, seems bent on joining the victorious campaign and seizing, across Bessarabia, the port of Odessa. But to encourage such aggression, as appears to be the tendency in Paris, is a reckless policy, opposed to the spirit of the League in which France takes a prominent part, and involving great dangers for the future. For it alienates from Europe those liberal Russian elements which it is hoped will one day recover power at Moscow.

THE factor of chief interest in the further development of the Polish campaign is the attitude of the Ukrainians. Will Petlura, reinstated in power at Kiev, remain loyal to his ally and, if so, will he have sufficient authority to convince the people of the wisdom and the advantages of his policy? These are the questions on the answer to which the success or failure of Pilsudski's offensive will ultimately depend. To owe a debt of gratitude to one's enemy intensifies the passion of hatred, and it will require no small amount of skill and tact on the part of the Poles to spare the mortified pride of their debtors. The debt is twofold. The Polish help will have to be acknowledged in a tangible form as well. What sacrifice Petlura has undertaken to make for Poland's support is still uncertain. That Pilsudski should have been satisfied with a renunciation by the Ukraine of all her claims on East Galicia, provisionally assigned to Poland, is very unlikely. When it comes to paying his promissory note, the Ukrainian alliance and Petlura's personal prestige will be put to a hard test.

THE French Federation of Labor sounds a hopeful note in its appeals to the workers. And its members appear to strike work in ready response, although they are told that they must not allow themselves to be distracted by less essential aims, such as more pay and less work, as this would only belittle the movement and scatter its strength. It is not their individual welfare the workers are asked to help improve, but the welfare of the country, which can not be saved, the leaders assert, by the reconstruction programme of the Government. Only the nationalization of railroads and the adoption of the rest of the Socialist programme can effectively meet the problems now baffling the responsible rulers in Paris. That the nation has little faith in the Socialist gospel became apparent at the last elections. But the scepticism of the patient should not prevent the miracle worker from applying his cure. The initial treatment is of the simplest. It consists in doing nothing whatsoever, and in preventing Work, the real physician, from attending on the sufferer. It is the method of the New Thoughters applied to economic life. But the danger is great that, by the time the patient is deemed sufficiently seasoned for the miracle to take effect, his body may be too exhausted to rise from its paralysis.

IN the happy days of the Great Society we are to depend upon social ostracism, community pressure, and all that sort of thing, rather than upon law, as the corrective of anti-social action. So at least we judge from the speculations of Pluralists, left-wing Liberals, "philosophical" Anarchists, and various other kinds of social seers who have dipt into the future and seen the wonders that will be. It is curious, therefore, to note the wail of protest that goes up from these circles over present-day exercises of this social pressure. Mr. J. A. Hobson, writing in the London *Nation,* expatiates on the difficulty of an English Liberal in understanding the American idea of freedom. The Englishman demands the freedom to dissent. The American, on the contrary, demands only the freedom to conform. He has the "herd mind"; he is fanatically intolerant; he has a brutal disregard of the claims of private conscience, a contempt for the rights of the minority, and he denies the right of effective criticism of public policy. America is repressive in her laws, but still more repressive in her extra-legal community pressure. "Conformity or trouble" is the popular slogan, and

woe be to the non-conformist, especially in times of "war madness." Apparently the social force which is sure to function so ideally in the days of the Great Society is a most tyrannical thing just now.

THE alleged facts given by Mr. Hobson to support his interpretation would better have been omitted. They have been gleaned from various journals of radical propaganda and are, like his generalizations, more or less fantastic. Unquestionably during the war there were, at times and in places, violent and high-handed instances of mob pressure. They were shameful and inexcusable. But so much being said, there is also this to say: first, they were exceptional; and secondly, the provocation was sometimes extreme, and would have been so regarded in any society strong enough to hold itself together. Social pressure can not be restricted to a few carefully chosen fields of action. If it expresses itself against the child-beater and the wife-deserter, it is quite as likely to express itself against the slacker, the plotting alien, the close-fisted usurer, and the vociferous revolutionist. One may rightly denounce its excesses, as any other kind of excesses. But to protest against its exercise in the field of sedition, on the ground that it invades the "rights of the minority," is to demand for the minority a special privilege. A "right" for a minority that enables it, in a life-and-death matter, to annul or obstruct the will of the majority is no right but a charter of exceptional power. The protection of minorities is the security of democracy; but the aggrandizement of minorities is its doom. To whatever Utopia we may come, the community, in its own extra-legal way, is likely always to have something to say to the element that sets itself, in vital matters, against the thing regarded as necessary and right.

BY whom is Japan governed? By the War Office, says Mr. Charles Hodges, who recently gave the readers of the *Review* a peep behind the financing of China. According to him Premier Hara and Baron Uchida of the Foreign Office are mere stalking-horses behind which the military diplomats skilfully conduct their manœuvres. The charge is borne out by the recent occupation of Vladivostok and the Maritime Province, which is contrary to the wishes of the entire press of the country, and a flagrant repudiation of Mr. Hara's often repeated formula that Japan has no territorial or political ambitions in Siberia. The War Office has tried to justify the action of General Takayanagi by the charge that, while negotiations were on foot between Russian and Japanese commanders, Russian soldiers got out of hand and attacked the Japanese. We can only say that, if this attack was not provoked, it came at an extremely opportune moment—after the Americans had evacuated Siberia and before the Soviet's peace proposals had been answered—to serve as a pretext for an obviously preconcerted operation in the course of which all the Russian forces in the district were attacked by the Japanese and disarmed after a day or two's fighting. "The Japanese military coup can only be explained," says the *Japan Advertiser*, "on the assumption that it was a predetermined step in the execution of a deliberate policy which appears to conflict with the views of the Cabinet."

PLANS for rushing through Congress a two billion dollar bonus, or donative, for the soldiers are not progressing favorably. Each scheme proposed for charming the necessary funds into the public purse raises difficulties that should finally make plain the impracticability of the whole scheme. It is time for Congressmen to ask themselves whether they may not lose more than they gain by voting the donative. Such a course will win them by no means all the soldier vote and it will lose them the votes of a great many other citizens whose good feeling towards the ex-service men is not a bit less genuine and deep than theirs. Meanwhile, the delays in caring for the maimed are being looked into. Will their chances of receiving proper and speedy attention be better after two billion dollars have been squandered in the form of a bonus? Mr. Taft has put his judgment of the matter plainly: "This bill should not be passed."

WHY coöperative societies, which in a number of other countries have thrived so well, have done so ill in the United States, has long been a matter of much speculation. It seems, however, that the tide has turned, and that during the last decade there has been a considerable growth. There have been, as is well known, striking instances of the success of producing societies, such as the California Fruit Growers' Exchange and various live-stock shippers' organizations; but it is not so well known that there has been a great increase in the number of successful consumers' societies. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has now under way a survey of the coöperative movement in this country, and though the volume of data so far gathered is but meagre, enough is available to indicate the existence of about 3,000 of these societies, with a combined business of some $200,000,000 a year. In the *Monthly Labor Review* for March, Florence E. Parker summarizes the results of the study so far made. Most of the coöperative stores sell at prevailing market prices, and the monetary benefits to the members come in the form of dividends, based on the amount of the individual's purchases—this being the way in which the great Rochdale coöperative system in England has always operated. The average for the stores dealing in general merchandise is 6 per cent. Indirectly, of course, there is a further monetary benefit; for the presence of a coöperative store tends to prevent profiteering in the neighborhood. But coöperation has other benefits than the merely monetary ones: training in business methods, training in citizenship, encouragement of latent abilities in management, habituation to altruistic modes of thought and action. Not unreasonably have many thoughtful students looked to coöperation as the solution of many of our most vexing social problems.

Johnson and the Chicago Convention

SENATOR JOHNSON will be a formidable figure in the Republican National Convention. The strength he has shown in the popular vote in Eastern as well as Western States establishes that fact beyond dispute. Into the details it is needless to enter, for the real question is not that of his chance of getting the nomination. That chance there is every reason to believe to be very slight. The convention at Chicago will have to take Johnson into serious account not as a possible nominee, but as a vital factor in determining who else shall be the nominee; and the strength that he has been able to muster in the primaries will likewise be a potent consideration in the shaping of the platform.

Two months ago, it seemed to almost all observers that the Republican campaign would be a walkover; to-day no such feeling is possible. Not that the Democratic party has made any gain, either in its standing before the country or in the development of any hopeful candidate. On the contrary, so far as that is concerned, the elimination of Hoover as a Democratic possibility has simplified the situation for the Republicans. The change in the political sky has come from within, not from without, the Republican party itself. The Johnson vote shows very plainly that the party can not count with certainty on being able to present a solid front to its opponent; still less on being able to poll the doubtful or independent vote in any such preponderant measure as seemed certain a short time ago. In what proportions the vote for Johnson is to be ascribed to ordinary political preferences, and in what proportion to a singular medley of various forms of discontent and revolt, may be open to question. But the intensity of feeling, as well as the numerical strength, attested by his following in the primaries, makes it quite certain that a great mass of voters are ready to throw overboard any Republican candidate whom they may find not to their liking.

There is no prospect that this state of mind will be bettered by the proceedings at the Convention. On the contrary, Johnson will make just the kind of fight best calculated to intensify it. And if nothing occurs by way of offset, the Republican party will have a tough job on its hands in the campaign, in case the Democrats put up an attractive platform and a vote-getting candidate. Johnson has indicated that he will not bolt; but whether he stays in the party or not, there is nothing to compel his followers to stay in it. The pro-Germans, the pro-Irish, and the pro-Russians who flocked to his standard in the primaries are not permeated with any profound affection for the Republican party, and would cheerfully take out their disappointment at Chicago in the shape of a vote for the Democratic ticket, if San Francisco gives them a chance. The same is true of other varieties of Adullamite which helped to swell his vote—and that of La Follette—at the primaries; and it is in a great measure true also of the straight radical element in his following. The problem before the Republican leaders at Chicago is that of a possible serious division in their own party, with several weeks intervening for the Democrats to guide themselves by its indications before making their decision—though, of course, it is also true that the Democrats face the possibility of dissension equally serious.

A week or two ago we should have said that this state of things would be sure to compel a most serious consideration of Mr. Hoover's candidacy, although very few of the delegates would be personally inclined to vote for him, and still fewer would be pledged to him. With victory distinctly in doubt, the knowing ones at Chicago will of necessity bend their minds to the task of finding out the means of removing that doubt. Of all the men who are in the running for the nomination, Hoover is the only one whose candidacy would set in motion forces that would powerfully tend to retain in the party, or to draw towards it, elements which are now doubtful, and of which the loss would gravely threaten the loss of the Presidency. Any other of the candidates would mean to those who are holding aloof merely the Republican party's candidate, though perhaps a particularly good one; Mr. Hoover would mean the Republican party's candidate plus Herbert Hoover. And after the kind of fight that is pretty sure to take place at Chicago, a candidate whom hundreds of thousands of voters, without distinction of party, ardently desire to elect on account of their high hopes of what he would do for the country and the world, would be an invaluable asset to the party that nominated him.

Unfortunately for Mr. Hoover's prospects at Chicago, however, the developments of the past two weeks have put a different color on the situation. However gratifying it may be to his followers that he polled fully 200,000 votes in the California primary, the fact that Johnson beat him by 150,000 is a terrible bar to his nomination. The mere fact that, in a contest between two Californians, the one that had a long-established hold on State politics came out victor by a large majority would not in itself be decisive; the trouble comes from the circumstance that to prefer the vanquished to the victor would mean in this case to accentuate Johnson's grievance, and accordingly to increase the danger of mischief from the hostility or the sulking of the Johnson following. If Mr. Hoover had kept out of the primaries altogether, he would be in a far better position.

Apart from the personal aspect of the struggle, there is one cardinal question of policy which has assumed, within the past fortnight, quite a new character. The strength that the Johnson movement has appeared to exhibit—in spite of its relatively poor showing in Indiana and in Maryland—has intensified anti-League tendencies in the Republican camp. We do not believe that the votes in the primaries prove anything as to the judgment of Republican voters generally on the subject of the League. But it will be difficult to deny their negative significance. What has happened can not be reconciled with the

idea that there exists any general and deep-seated resentment against the course of the Republican Senators in insisting upon the Lodge reservations. And it will be in the highest degree difficult to draw the line even at that point, in opposition to the stand of the irreconcilables, with Johnson and Borah at their head and with Knox and Penrose backing them up. That the outcome of the contest on the League will be an elastic declaration, leaving the ultimate position to future developments, is likely enough; but the same motives that will dictate such an outcome in the platform will be a powerful makeweight against the nomination of Hoover.

Three full weeks still intervene before the delegates gather at Chicago, and it is not impossible that the atmosphere will undergo a change in that interval. Even more likely is it that when the delegates get together, they will come to realize more clearly than they do now the uncertainty of the party's victory, an idea which to the politicians, as well as to the country at large, has until within a short time been quite unfamiliar. What will be the result of a sober consideration of this, it is impossible to forecast. In the meanwhile, there is one aspect of the situation which might well repay a little public attention. Presidential primaries are still a novelty in our political arrangements, and it behooves us to consider whether they are justifying either the high hopes which some had built upon them or the expenditure of energy and preoccupation which they involve. Would not the actual thought of the country, alike upon issues and upon candidates, have had a better opportunity both for expression and for ascertainment without the interposition of the primaries? Is not the element of chance, as well as that of intrigue and of all sorts of meaningless or factitious combinations, increased through the operation of the primary game? We would not venture to be dogmatic on the subject, but we are inclined to answer both of these questions in the affirmative.

Idealism in Vacuo

If one could forget everything that has happened since November 11, 1918, one might be thrilled by the President's appeal to his party and challenge to its adversary. "It is time," Mr. Wilson exclaims, "that the party should proudly avow that it means to try, without flinching or turning at any time away from the path for reasons of expediency, to apply moral and Christian principles to the problems of the world." The time for not flinching and for disregarding considerations of expediency, if such a time there ever was, has faded into what already seems a dim and distant past. Turn to the President's speech in New York on September 27, 1918. "It will be necessary," he declared, "that all who sit down at the peace table shall come ready and willing to pay the price, the only price, that will procure a secure and lasting peace"; and that price included "not only impartial justice, but also the satisfaction of the several peoples whose fortunes are dealt with." The League of Nations was to be the means of making secure not some kind of settlement or other, but the beautiful and perfect settlement thus foreshadowed. That the thing was impossible was all along sufficiently evident. But, impossible or not in the anticipation, it has certainly wholly disappeared from the fulfillment. The flinching, the turning aside "for reasons of expediency," began at Versailles. Of the thousands who were ready enough to take for reality a dream of to-morrow, there are few indeed who will accept a dream of yesterday as a substitute for the bald truth of to-day.

Not less discordant with Mr. Wilson's dream is what has happened not in the councils of diplomats but in the actions of the peoples. "National purposes," he declared in that same speech, "have fallen more and more into the background, and the common purpose of enlightened mankind has taken their place." Ask the Italians, ask the Jugo-Slavs, ask the Rumanians, ask the Greeks, ask the Poles, ask the Irish, whether they have become completely indifferent to "national purposes" and are concerned only with "the common purpose of enlightened mankind." Or again, take the very instrumentality through means of which the great dream was to be fulfilled. Long before the struggle began in the Senate, long before America loomed up as the chief obstacle that Mr. Wilson was to encounter in the execution of his grand design, the central idea of the League as originally conceived had been abandoned. Although Mr. Wilson, even so late as his Manchester speech on December 30, 1918, had declared that the United States "will join no combination of power that is not a combination of all of us," the League from its very inception wholly excluded the Central Powers and Russia, and was constructed upon a basis of dominance by the five Powers whose martial strength had achieved the victory. As for the terms imposed upon the vanquished, however just or however necessary, they left the defeated nations in just such condition of prostration, and with just such feelings of bitterness, as have been the result of devastating wars in all those past ages in which men were still walking in the darkness of national animosities and rivalries, of national fears and suspicions.

All this is no reason why we should not strive to raise the world to a higher plane of action, and, above all, to lessen in every possible way the danger of reoccurrence of the appalling calamities of war. But it should be a reason for recognizing that the duty of a statesman is to strive for what is attainable, not to exhort for what is palpably unattainable; still less to put to hazard the good that is clearly within his grasp, upon the most tenuous of gambler's chances of attaining something better.

At no time since the President returned from Europe has he evidenced the slightest feeling of responsibility for the awful loss which his obstinacy might inflict upon the world. Last summer he could have had the treaty ratified with reservations which, except from the point of view of one blindly addicted to the carrying out of his own wish, evidently left the League but slightly, if at all, impaired

in its potentialities for good. The feeling of the country was then strongly with Mr. Wilson. Had he yielded something, public opinion would have seen to it that he got the rest. Week by week, month by month, not only the prestige of the President, but the authority of the League idea has steadily declined. The latter has happened for bad reasons as well as for good; but it *has* happened. The delay and the wrangling have given opportunity for fanatics and demagogues, as well as for sincere and earnest upholders of what they conceive to be America's own requirements, to incite hostility to the treaty. Sinn Feiners and pro-Germans, Socialists and Bolshevists, have gathered head in their opposition. Nowhere is there any sign that attachment to the Covenant without reservations has grown; on the contrary, thousands of sincere Americans have been won over to the idea that reservations are necessary. But so far as Mr. Wilson is concerned, nothing whatever has happened. He nails his colors to the mast. Let the ship go down if it will, but never let it be said that Woodrow Wilson has yielded a jot or tittle to save it. Some may be tempted to say that this is magnificent, if it is not statesmanship; for our part, we can not find that magnificent which must be ascribed at least as much to colossal self-esteem as to any more honorable origin.

The Faith that is in Us

"THE trouble with the *Review*," writes one of our readers, declining to renew his subscription, "is the same as that which the Apostle Paul found with the Church of Laodicea." The trouble with the Church of the Laodiceans was that it was "neither cold nor hot," but "lukewarm." Whether our candid friend bases his judgment on the general character of the *Review* or on its attitude in regard to some cardinal issue, we are left to conjecture. We think we may safely assume, however, that what he has in mind is not that fairness in controversy which so many of our correspondents have recognized as a virtue, but the actual position the *Review* has taken upon several phases of the struggle against Socialism and disloyalty. There are doubtless others who find the same objection. But their state of mind, we take it, is not unlike that which, as we have been reliably informed, is prevalent among many of the good up-State members of the New York Legislature in regard to Mr. Hughes. "What has come over the Governor," these people say, "has he turned Socialist?" But surely nothing can be less Laodicean than such a protest as Mr. Hughes made against the proscriptive mania which took possession of the Legislature at Albany during its recent session. Mr. Hughes was not lukewarm, he was hot; and he was hot, not because of any feeling in favor of the Socialists, but because of a most intense feeling in favor of the institutions which the Socialist movement is designed to destroy.

If intolerance were the true measure of loyalty, if readiness to resort to extreme measures at the first alarm were the true test of faith in our institutions, then that man would be the best American who was ready to go the greatest length in suppressing Socialist publications, in excluding Socialists from legislative bodies, in enacting laws giving to administrative officers sweeping and arbitrary powers for the hounding down of every kind of dissenters. But to our mind it is not those who oppose such measures, but those who uphold them, that are the men of little faith. If our institutions are built upon sand, then, to be sure, we must gather in frantic alarm at the first sign of storm. But if they are built upon a rock, we must trust to the strength of the foundations to resist its onset. And the figure does less than justice to the actual situation; for what the headlong defenders, whether at Albany or at Washington, are so ready to do is to loosen the foundations themselves for the sake of finding material with which to meet the attack. Proscription and intolerance may, indeed, afford temporary relief from immediate danger; but they lessen for good and all the resources upon which we must rely for permanent safety.

Nor is the question solely one of method or policy. Speaking for ourselves—and we believe we may speak also for the men of whom Mr. Hughes is a type—we feel it quite safe to say that we are far more deeply attached to the fundamentals that are at stake in the issue of Socialism against individualism than are those who so readily forget the traditions of liberty in their eagerness to avert immediate peril to the existing order. Let some proposal be made which has in it the most dangerous germs of paternalism, but which does not on its face bear the Socialist brand—a proposal which looks comfortable and desirable from the standpoint of immediate interest—and you may be sure that many of those who are keenest in the heresy hunt will welcome it without a qualm. What *we* are concerned about is the essentials of that structure of Government and society which has been built up by a people of self-reliant freemen; and we mean to defend that structure against danger, whether it be threatened by the hostility of enemies or by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of those who regard themselves as its friends.

The future of democracy in America is hanging in the balance. It is our hope, and our confident belief, that it will come out triumphant from this time of trial. But if it is to do so, we must be willing to abide the test. We must show reason for the faith that is in us. We must be willing to let all comers do their best to show that it is not worth preserving, and we must do *our* best to show not that it is without fault, but that with all its faults it is a precious heritage which it would be madness to cast aside. If it be Laodicean to hold that this can be done, if it be Laodicean to believe that it will be done, then we are Laodiceans. But if constancy of purpose and sincerity of conviction are to be measured rather by a steady and quiet adherence to the faith than by violent and spasmodic manifestations of panic or intolerance, then we can not admit the justice of the impeachment.

By-Governments in Germany

THE development of affairs in Germany since the farcical five days' rule of Dr. Kapp bodes little good for the Government which, after that reactionary intermezzo, was constituted as the result of a compromise with the German trade unions. The general strike called with the sanction, if not at the request, of Herr Bauer's Cabinet, for the defense of the Constitution against the counter-revolutionary menace, proved an equally effective weapon, as soon as that menace was averted, for rendering the lawful Government submissive to the will of Labor. Herr Legien refused to sheathe the sword until the Government which it had served to defend had yielded to his demands. The ultimatum of the Trade Unions, as whose spokesman he acted, required, among other things, that they should be consulted, for this once to be sure, in the reconstruction of both the Imperial and the Prussian Ministries, and that a People's army should be formed from members of trades unions only.

A writer in the *New Europe*, on the assumption that "it is the lack of a direct voice in the state which frequently pushes trade unions into the uneconomic path of strikes," expresses his belief that "the squaring of the two conceptions, of the old state relying on a non-professional local basis and of the professional unions, may supply a fruitful chapter in modern constitutional development. The experiment made, in several countries in Europe, with proportional representation which, eliminating the local constituency, makes the squaring of the two conceptions superfluous, has shown how simple and easy that constitutional development is. Any group of professionals whose members are scattered over the country can, under that system, vote as a unit at the polls and, according to its numerical strength, send one or more of its candidates to Parliament, there to defend the interests of their particular profession. A railwaymen's brotherhood, an actors' union, an association of school teachers, a farmers' league, a policemen's federation can each acquire, in this way, a direct voice in the state. But nowhere has the principle been accepted that these many voices shall, except through their power in the Parliament, have a say in the formation of the Government.

It is this fear lest the Government's compliance with Legien's ultimatum should create a dangerous precedent for repeated assaults, from the side of the unions, upon the independence of the Government, which has become an element of dissension between the coalition parties supporting the tottering governmental structure. There is little hope of a continued co-operation, after the elections, between Majority Socialists, Democrats, and Catholics, and it will be by the merest chance if the building erected on such infirm pillars does not collapse before that time. The old opposition within the Centre party against the policy inaugurated by Erzberger in 1917, which raised its head again after the latter's fall, is gathering additional strength from the Government's weakness, and this agitation among the Centrists for a rupture with the Majority Socialists is the signal for a renewal of the Catholic movement in the Rhineland against the centralized state under the control of Berlin.

But it is not only in the Rhineland, where anti-Prussian sentiment makes for disloyalty to the Prussianized empire, but also in the south of Germany that the Government's lack of backbone is causing a reaction unfavorable for Berlin. In a communiqué jointly issued, some weeks ago, by the Governments of Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse, a protest was raised against the disbandment of the "Einwohnerwehren," which the Government will be forced by the Entente to carry through. Their maintenance, the message declares, is a matter of the most vital importance to the South German States. It is not this protest, which, indeed, is serious enough in itself, but the way in which the Governments in question thought fit to enter it, that is an ominous sign for the authority of Berlin. The South German States are duly represented in the Reichsrat, where their spokesmen can advocate their dissentient opinions. By choosing the unusual way of a joint official communiqué they gave to their protest the character of a move against the Central Government, whose authority seems to be challenged by an interstate alliance within the Empire. The declaration of the Bavarian Minister-President that Bavaria, even at the risk of a rupture, would maintain its standpoint, was hardly calculated to dispel that impression.

A difficult task, therefore, awaits Comrades Müller and Köster at the Spa Conference. Nominally representing the Imperial Government, they will feel the force of their own arguments impaired by the painful consciousness that whatever they yield or gain will be challenged, if not disavowed, by a power at home which they lack the means of constraining. If they pledge themselves to the disbandment of the "Einwohnerwehren," the whole of South Germany will be united in resistance against the orders to that effect from Berlin; if, on the other hand, the improbable should happen, and they should succeed in persuading Millerand to consent to the retention of those forces, they will be faced with another ultimatum from Labor, reminding them of their pledge that only members of the Trade Unions shall be deemed worthy of maintaining order at home and safety on the borders. The interference of by-Governments threatens to paralyze all initiative of the central authority in Berlin.

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Give Hungary a Chance

A GOOD deal of newspaper and periodical space is devoted in these days to denunciation of the Hungarian Government. If these articles, published in the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, and various Socialist papers, were merely a collection of scandalous stories like that about Lieutenant Freiszberger, who amused himself one evening by hanging eight men in his own bedroom (*Nation*, April 5), they would not be worth answering, because the good sense of American readers could be trusted to class them along with the tales of Baron Münchhausen. But they are so clever a combination of truth, complete falsehood, and dangerous half-truths that it would be unfair to Hungary to pass them unnoted. The United States is technically at war with Hungary still, but it is characteristic of Americans to demand fair play even for an enemy, and it should be the aim of the American press to point out and support European efforts towards reconstruction of economic life wherever they occur, rather than to dwell on the inevitable faults of a new Government that has not yet gained full control of the disorganized nation.

The various anti-Hungarian articles purport to be discussions of the present Government of Hungary, yet every bit of evidence concerns a period before the present Government assumed office in the middle of February of the present year. The origin of the statements made is interesting. They are almost invariably drawn from *Az Ember*, a radical paper published in Vienna by Hungarian political refugees, or from the *Arbeiterzeitung*, another Vienna paper controlled by the extreme Socialists. Any one who is familiar with the present-day Vienna press knows the depths to which it has fallen; knows also how often the sensational news printed in these two papers has been investigated by Allied missions and shown to be entirely without foundation. Yet, without investigation, the wild statements of *Az Ember* are retailed to American readers as sober fact. These articles, reprinted in America, not only ignore dates but ignore the relationships of the various Hungarian leaders mentioned. Friedrich and Horthy are always coupled as though their policies and ideals were the same, but as a matter of fact Horthy, the present ruler, dislikes Friedrich and all that he stands for, and endured him for a time for political reasons, just as President Wilson, for a much longer time, endured his association with Mr. Bryan. Friedrich exerts no influence in the present Hungarian Government and holds no office. He is a man of very small calibre, narrow-minded, reactionary. He came into power partly through pushing himself to the fore at a time when Hungary had no big men to take charge after the Bela Kun gang escaped with their plunder; and partly because, as a vociferous opponent of Socialism, he represented in the popular mind the antithesis of Bolshevism. Sir George Clerk firmly refused to recognize, in the name of the Supreme Council, any Government of which Friedrich was the head, and only permitted him to have a place in that Government because he so clearly represented the opinion of the vast majority of the Hungarian people. Horthy is a very different personality. He was the head of the Hungarian army and had won the unanimous approval of the country by his loyalty to Hungary in his dealings with the Rumanians and by the moderation of his policies. He has not yet shown himself a great man, but he is a thoroughly honorable man who is trying to do his best under very difficult circumstances. He was never a supporter of the Archduke Joseph. He did not invite the ex-Emperor to reëstablish the Hungarian monarchy, but may well have been in correspondence with him for the purpose of securing his formal abdication. Such are the two men who are usually classed as partners in crime.

The following, in a few words, is an attempt to tell the truth about Hungarian conditions, an attempt made from the American point of view, not from the radical Socialist point of view. It is based on facts, not rumors, and is more concerned with pointing out the good than the bad, although it aims not to ignore the bad where it exists.

The reason for most articles in the American press on the evils of the present Hungarian administration is the flow of rumors from Vienna as to Hungarian treatment of the Jews. It would be absurd to deny the fact that Hungary is anti-Jewish; it is. It would be absurd to assert that Jews always receive fair treatment in Hungary; they do not. But before the Hungarian Government is condemned on this account it is well to look the facts straight in the face. The Jews, of whom there are many in Hungary, are far better businessmen than the Magyars, and have got into their hands most of the banking and general industrial life of the country. For Magyar men of business to hate them for this is unfair and deplorable, but is human nature. The hatred of the Magyar peasant for the Jew has more foundation. The Jews control a large part of the agricultural lands and they have got that control through the exploitation of the peasants, lamentably ignorant in money matters. In the larger dealings the Jews of Hungary have succeeded through superior business acumen; in the smaller dealings they have succeeded through usury and sometimes through trickery. They were the most obvious profiteers during the war, and the people hate them also for that. They swarmed into Budapest from Galicia at the time of the Russian advance and have refused to go back to their homes because they like better the small business opportunities of the city. But Budapest, like Vienna, is overcrowded and desperately short of food. Its population has almost doubled. For this reason it has been necessary to concentrate in camps in the country thousands of refugees, the majority of whom happen to be Jews. But these refugees are not, as is often asserted, starving and dying in typhus-infested camps. The Hungarian Government is doing

the best it can for them, and a commission sent by the International Red Cross—an organization famous for its fearless outspokenness—reported the camps to be in excellent condition, sanitary, well-managed.

The Jewish question would have been serious enough for the reasons stated. It is critical because Jews were the leaders in the communist régime and because in consequence the average Magyar sees in every Jew a potential Bolshevist. Years of dislike have been intensified by the terrible memories of the Soviet and, try as it will, the Government can not prevent all manifestations of a hatred made more dangerous through fear. But in spite of this there have been no pogroms. There have been murders. In Kecskemet the Inter-Allied missions estimated that twenty-five or thirty persons were murdered. But the statement in the *Nation* that "the acts of Horthy's White Army exceed any excesses of the Bolsheviki" is not only a lie but a stupid lie, because all the facts, as distinguished from slanderous rumors, disprove it. A good example of specific rumors quoted as fact by the American Socialist press is, as the *Nation* phrased it, "the treatment of certain well-known Hungarian intellectuals—specifically the condemnation to death of Andreas Lazko." Leaving aside the fact that the plural is used for the single case cited, the truth is that Andreas Lazko has not been condemned to death, has not even been arrested, but is living quietly in Hungary. This information, obtained directly from the American Commissioner in Budapest, ought to give pause even to those whose aim in life is to defame every Government that is not radically socialistic.

Neither *Az Ember* nor the *Arbeiterzeitung* can endure the fact that in the elections in Hungary the Socialists failed to make any showing whatever. A certain Mr. Bagger, writing in the *New Republic* of March 17, produced a somewhat labored argument to prove that the elections were not fair, but this argument is contrary to the statements of Americans who were on the ground. It is true that some adherents of the fallen Bolshevist régime were in prison on criminal charges, but the number was negligible and, had they been at large, they could not have affected the issue. The truth was and is that the only Socialists in Hungary are found among the laboring classes in the cities. At the most generous estimate they do not number over five per cent. of the population, and the remaining ninety-five per cent. were determined to do away with all danger of a Socialist régime. Like the Bolshevist *Pravda* in Petrograd, however, the Socialist papers of Vienna can not endure the rule of the majority unless the majority happens to agree with their own views. Their purpose, therefore, is to discredit the Government of a majority which, in Hungary, very nearly represents the will of all of the people, and to do this they stoop to all kinds of fantastic slander, attacking even the representatives of the United States.

On December 17, 1919, the *Arbeiterzeitung* said of the Kecskemet massacre:

> An American Commission which visited Kecskemet found sixty-two corpses lying unburied and hanging on the trees of a neighboring forest. This paper is in a position to prove by an official document that this wholesale murder was committed by order of the functionaries of the Hungarian State with the knowledge of the highest authorities and of the Ministry of Justice, and that it was hushed up, though the number of victims is said to be about five thousand. The Allied Powers are about to conclude peace with this Government of murderers and thus to receive them into the community of civilized humanity. The Rumanians kept these men in check, but hardly had they left when the slaughtering began. English, French, and Americans did not permit them to protect the lives of these miserable people. The American Colonel Yates undertakes the supreme control over the Brachialgewalt, that is, the new forces. And now under the Stars and Stripes of the United States, who could hold back these monsters, the murderous work will go on.

This statement was sent by the American Commissioner in Vienna to General Bandholtz in Budapest, who answered:

> Every statement in this article as received and regarding Americans is false. No American Commission visited Kecskemet. Col. Yates returned to his permanent duties in Rumania over three weeks ago. The American member of the Inter-Allied Military Mission was relieved from same on December 13. Report that Col. Yates undertakes supreme control over the new forces and that murderous work is going on under the Stars and Stripes of the United States is inexpressibly false and libelous, and it is requested that prompt and efficacious action be taken to adequately punish the perpetrators, to force the *Arbeiterzeitung* to retract its false statements, and to prevent a repetition of such a scurrilous publication.

The *Arbeiterzeitung* made a half-hearted retraction of this particular tale, but both it and *Az Ember* have continued to publish equally libelous and false statements and to attack at will the so-called "capitalistic Government of the United States," and its various agents in Central Europe, when the result of the investigation of these agents does not agree with the preconceived ideas of the papers in question.

That the Government of Horthy has made every honest effort to be fair, to restore prosperity and order in what is left of Hungary, every candid neutral observer admits; that this Government will be able to restrain the Hungarians from propaganda and even military adventure to regain some portion of its lost territories, is not certain, and indeed the Government feels, with the people, that these territories have been unfairly taken away. It is also unlikely that, in spite of all efforts, Horthy will be able to prevent further murders of those believed by the Hungarian people to be the cause of most of their misery. All that can be affirmed is that Horthy will work harder along these lines and with more chance of success than did the Governments which intervened between the fall of Bela Kun and the recent elections. He is an honest, high-minded man. If he has the strength to be a dictator until normal conditions are restored he will have bravely carried his country through a critical period and will give the people new hope.

It must be remembered also that Horthy has not only popular sentiment to work against but the grim fact of continually rising prices. The crown, from an international point of view, is worth practically nothing. It still remains the standard of value in Hungary and the prices of local products have, therefore, not gone up as arbitrarily as have the prices of imported products. The *Nation* puts on the present Government the responsibility for the cost now of forty-five crowns a day in the hospitals, as compared with the cost of ten crowns a day under Bela Kun. The reason

for this is that Bela Kun and the Rumanians managed to do away with all the medicines, surgical dressings, and appliances in the various hospitals. Bela Kun also flooded the country with worthless money. He admitted that the charge of ten crowns a day had no relation to the cost of caring for patients in the hospitals, and he tried to limit the admissions only to the working classes. The present cost of forty-five crowns is no more than the ten crowns charged at the beginning of the Bolshevist régime, so far as the value of money is concerned, especially when it is remembered that the Government has been compelled to procure all of its hospital materials from abroad. This is only one example of the rise in prices which inevitably bears very hard on all classes of the population, but which can not be imputed to any fault peculiar to the Hungarian Government.

Neither can the tragic condition of the refugees in Hungary be brought up against the Government. These poor people, living as they are in box cars and in caves in the hills, have been driven away from their homes in the territories now owned by Rumania, Czechoslovakia, and Serbia. They are an absolute charge of the state, and the state, with very limited resources, is doing everything possible to alleviate their sufferings.

It is quite true that the Governments of the Archduke, of Friedrich, and of Huszar had less power than the Government of Horthy, but as pointed out above, even those weak Governments prevented the massacres which were greatly feared. It is pleasant also to be able to credit them with some definite attempts to treat all classes fairly and to work for the benefit of the suffering and the oppressed. The American Relief Administration sent a child welfare committee to Hungary in August, 1919. This committee did what it could with its limited resources to alleviate the abject misery which was found to exist after the Soviet Government collapsed. It was not authorized to carry on regular work until October, 1919. In closing its work, which has been carried on steadily since then, it has issued a very illuminating report, and even those who hate the anti-Socialist Government of Hungary can not accuse the American Relief Administration of trying to curry favor by fair words, inasmuch as its work is over. This report says, among other things:

> The Hungarian Government has, from the beginning, shown the greatest interest in the work and has given its steadfast support. In October, 1919, the Government voted five million crowns for administrative expenses and agreed to furnish forty-four tons of flour and five tons of fat weekly to supplement the American programme. Although there was at times only a three-days' supply of flour and fats in Budapest, the Hungarian Government has never failed in its deliveries of flour and fat for child welfare work.

Later on, this allocation by the Hungarian Government was increased. The pamphlet of the American Relief Administration states clearly that no distinction was made of race, creed, or social status. Children were fed if they were hungry and undernourished, and it was the poor of Hungary, and the poor only, who benefited from this work; yet the Socialist press, reprinting in America the fantastic tales emanating from Vienna, has the impudence to assert that in Hungary to-day it is only necessary to be poor to be persecuted.

Hungary has been bitterly punished for its share in the war. Its territory has been reduced seventy-three per cent.; millions of Hungarians are under alien rule; the country has been stripped by Rumanians and Bolshevists; the ancient arrogance of the Magyars has been punished to the full. The country should be given the opportunity for orderly development. It does not want Socialism, and there is no more reason why the rest of the world should impose Socialism on Hungary than why it should impose monarchy on the United States. Let the world guide and counsel fairly and unselfishly. It might at least refrain from slander and give Horthy his chance.

EXAMINER

The Jubilee of the Metropolitan Museum

To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding the Metropolitan Museum has rearranged its collections, temporarily incorporating with them hundreds of precious objects borrowed from private collectors. The exhibition thus becomes a record of the influence of the Museum and a hint of its expectations. What is remarkable about the display is it comprehensiveness. In most separate departments, the Museum still falls below what is expected in a first-class museum abroad, but an equally catholic display could be obtained in London, Paris, or Berlin only by drawing on several museums. Even in separate branches—Egyptian and Far Eastern art, the industrial art of the Middle Ages, arms and armor, musical instruments—the Museum offers collections hardly surpassed in Europe.

It is my pleasant task to trace the fifty active years that have resulted in this achievement. My own interest began when at ten years old I was introduced to General di Cesnola's smirking Cypriote gods, then still in the old Douglas Mansion, on East Fourteenth street. Forty years of the growth of the Museum are quite vivid to me. So, while for sober facts I shall depend on Miss Winifred E. Howe's excellent history, I shall, even at the risk of indiscretion, say something of the remarkable personalities who controlled this development.

There is no great invention, be it telegraph or sewing machine, without a rival inventor. In this case the pale honors go to the New York Historical Society. Having considerable collections, from 1860 to 1870 it endeavored to get the city to provide it with a building in Central Park where it might maintain a general museum of history and art. The society lacked the energy to put the scheme through. Theoretically this was a pity, for the neglected collections of the society were until nearly 1900 at once richer than those of the Metropolitan and more suitable as a nucleus. But the race is ever to the strong, and the New York Historical Society was beaten to the goal by a new set of hardy volunteers. The Museum germinated amid the gayety of an American festival at Paris, July 7, 1866. Somewhere between punches and dancing in the tents on the Pré Catalan, John Jay, whose address the London *Times* noted as "lively and amusing," proposed a "National Institution and Gallery of Art"; and a committee was appointed. It eventually reported informally to the Union League

Club. Its Art Committee, October 14, 1869, recommended a private foundation, opining that "it would be folly to depend upon our governments, either municipal or national, for judicious support or control in such an institution; for our governments, as a rule, are utterly incompetent for the task." They recommended also that laymen, and not artists, should control the Museum.

There was a month of preparation, and on November 23, 1869, a great meeting, to which all the artistic and literary clubs of New York were invited, was held in the Union League Club. Some three hundred gentlemen attended. The venerable William Cullen Bryant presided and made a notable address. A committee of fifty was appointed, which was subsequently increased to one hundred and sixteen. John Taylor Johnston was appointed President the last day of the year 1870, and guided the destinies of the bantling Museum for nineteen years. The Museum was incorporated April 13, 1870. About a year later the Park Commissioners were authorized to provide a building. Thus the arrangement by which the City should house the Museum, but the trustees control its policy, was firmly inaugurated. But it took seven years to build the first fragment of art gallery on the Central Park site. Meanwhile the Museum, being in the position of having no works of art to show, and no place to show them if it had, became the object of unamiable ridicule by the press.

It was plainly necessary to show something. A trustee, William Y. Blodgett, rose audaciously to the situation, bought, on the off chance of being repaid, two collections of old masters, mostly Dutch and Flemish, and amounting to 174 pictures. The price, for those days heavy, was $116,000. The Dodworth building at 681 Fifth Avenue was leased for three years, and what had been a fashionable dancing academy became a shrine of art. The Museum was faithful to its origins in the Pré Catalan. On Washington's Birthday, 1872, Mr. Blodgett's old masters, with a remarkable loan collection from many sources, were displayed to all comers. And all comers soon amounted to about seventy a day for the first three months. It may be worth noting that of the first lot of old masters seventy-seven survived the weeding out of forty-two years and were still on exhibition in 1914. Under the severest of tests Mr. Blodgett's buy looks like a reasonably good one, while his enterprise gave an indispensable fillip. Had he not acted, things might have gone badly with the new Museum.

Considering this somewhat casual but sufficient start with the wisdom of hindsight, it seems strange that it occurred to nobody to work in community of interest with the New York Historical Society. Its very important collections of Chaldean and Egyptian antiquities, the miscellaneous paintings inherited from the Art Union, the Bryan Collection of primitives, seem to have been regarded with suspicion when regarded at all. Even now these remarkable collections are little visited. The Metropolitan Museum may have decided wisely in not attempting to give interest to what the public had already agreed to ignore.

The same year, 1872, that saw the modest opening in the Dodworth Building, President John Taylor Johnston paid at his own risk $60,000 for the Cesnola Collection of Cypriote antiquities. General Louis Palma di Cesnola had a creditable past as a soldier of Italy in the War of Liberation and the Crimea. He became an American citizen, served in the Civil War, and thereby got his heart's desire in a Consulate at Cyprus. There, without scientific precautions of any sort, he gathered in by excavation and purchase an enormous collection of the nondescript art of that mongrel island. Archæologically the material, representing a meeting point of Chaldean, Phœnician, Egyptian, and Grecian influences, was new and interesting. It made a considerable stir when taken to London, and the British Museum wanted a selection from it. General Cesnola wished to keep it together under his own name and to have it go to America. He persuaded President John Taylor Johnston to give him $60,000 for the assortment. Probably the vision of adding to military and consular glories the directorate of a great museum already hovered in the General's astute Italian imagination. In any case, he returned to Cyprus with his money, dug and bought more actively than before, and again in 1876 sold collection No. 2 to the Metropolitan Museum for another $60,000. These purchases of President Johnston were fateful. It turned out that the General went with his Cypriote things. Secretary of the Museum in 1877, director from 1879 to 1904, he was to guide and limit its policy for over twenty-five years. It should be recalled to his credit that whatever his expectations in making these sales to the Metropolitan, he gladly sacrificed large immediate profits to keeping his collections in America, and intact.

Personally, I believe the purchase of the Cypriote collections was a great blunder. It put a vast mass of provincial and ugly objects of art where they would on the whole do the least good. Any success the collection had was one of curiosity. Even its archæological value was diminished by the way in which it had been assembled without adequate records or control. From the point of view of taste, nothing could have worse misrepresented the glories of early Ionian art. We see the exhibited remnant of the collection to-day shrunk to the proportions of a minor department within the general classical field. The evident advantage of the purchase was that it gave the Metropolitan something distinctive that its older rivals lacked. It meant prestige of a kind. Having been bred in awe of the Cesnola collection, I shall say no more than that under the personal conditions involved, its purchase was a natural step, and that the theoretically better alternative of buying beautiful things was perhaps not at the moment practicable.

I feel about the same way towards the energetic activity in assembling architectural casts which marked the middle years of the Museum. It is simply heartbreaking to think what the cost and overhead represented by these bulky objects would have bought in fine originals in those days of cheap prices. On the other hand, the money might not have been forthcoming for mere originals, and, had it been, who was then capable of buying them safely? Some day or other the diminishing casts of the Museum will be reassembled in some New York Trocadero. Meanwhile they have, as Chaucer might have said, "served their day as for their tyme."

It is touching to realize that until General Cesnola was made secretary in 1877, the Museum staff was the trustees. These busy men of affairs arranged the loan exhibitions, packed and unpacked the collections in the moves from the Dodworth building to the Douglas Mansion, and thence to Central Park. Naturally, the Museum got both the graces and defects of a family enterprise which long clung to it and have not yet wholly disappeared. So we must account for the long opposition to Sunday opening, attained only in 1891, for the retention of General Cesnola long after his usefulness was past, for tardiness in grasping the need of expert curatorship.

No consideration of the Museum from its final removal to Central Park, in 1879, to 1904 is possible without an estimate of that remarkable and potent character, General Cesnola. To him everybody reacted positively. He was constantly attacked for one reason or another. Once he had to defend a libel suit against his chief antagonist M. Feuardent. The issue was whether the Cypriote things had been bedeviled. The matter was brought into court, but twelve good men and true decided that the General was without fault. At one time or another young and hopeful newspaper critics endeavored to dislodge the General. Clarence Cook began in 1882 and, so far as I know, I finished in 1902. It was a fascinating game, for the General was a broad and shining mark, but we only succeeded in binding his trustees to him with hooks of steel.

The trouble with the General may be briefly expressed. He well knew the limitations of his own archæological knowledge, and visitor or curator, he wanted no one about his Museum who knew more than himself. He became a Cerberus. Generally he lurked *perdu* and very hard at work. But if you heard a canine, or rather leonine, clamor through the corridors, you might be sure that a guard had caught some miscreant studying the collections and had reported the offence to the director. The cataloguing fell into arrears, the labels were often curious. The General was only too conscientious, according to his own lights. He managed the vast and growing concern with a staff of only three, excluding an occasional curator of sculpture. Such work as Mr. Storey, Mr. d'Hervilly, and Mr. Reynolds did was prodigious. The late Mr. Reynolds, in particular, rejoiced in the title of Curator of Textiles and Classical Antiquities. Like everybody else, he was a general utility man. His chief business was to record and label the exhibits. For one of his industry, recording was child's play; he naturally knew the location of any object in the Museum. Labelling was a harder matter. Often he did not know precisely what a new object was, and there were no books in the Museum to aid him. Whenever he brought a critical doubt to the General the order was *label* it! LABEL it! LABEL it! This naturally resulted occasionally in such labels as "Curious Christian Object." Mr. Storey shared the General's antipathy to students and the traveling connoisseur who rechristens pictures gave him profound distress. Of this hard-worked and absolutely devoted staff, that delightful and accomplished gentleman Mr. d'Hervilly alone had a well-developed sense of humor. If he has left diaries of those heroic days, they should be incomparable reading.

In the intervals of the vain assaults upon the General, and partly because of them perhaps, the Museum grew apace. President Johnston retired in 1889, and Henry S. Marquand succeeded him. Twice during his administration the Museum was substantially enlarged. A man of fine personal taste, possessor of one of the best general collections of his day, lover of rugs, enamels, and choice handicraft of all sorts, Mr. Marquand introduced into the policy of the Museum the ideal of quality. Besides numerous collections of industrial art, he gave in 1892 fifty-three paintings of high character. The Rembrandts, Van Dycks, Halses, with the superb Vermeer, Turner's "Salt Ash" were so many masterpieces that required no apologies or explanation. People began to realize the difference between an art museum and a collection of antiquities. In short, he brought into the work the priceless element of taste. He attached no burdensome restrictions to his gifts. These are, to-day, in their logical places in the galleries, where they best serve the art lover and commemorate their art-loving donor. By establishing a membership at ten dollars a year the support and good will of the Museum were put on a broader basis. Great gifts came in, the John Crosby Brown gift and foundation for musical instruments, the Catherine Lorillard Wolfe bequest of 148 modern paintings with a considerable endowment, and in 1901 the sensational bequest of over-six million dollars by J. S. Rogers. Nobody ever heard of him. He was merely one of the new ten dollar members. Legend has it that he was once graciously treated by General Cesnola, who did not know anything about him, in a casual visit to the galleries. If so, the General expended his graciousness to good purpose. The Rogers gift immediately put the Museum into the first rank as a buyer. The trustees were immediately enabled to negotiate such purchases as the Boscoreale frescoes and the Dino collection of armor. President Marquand died in 1902. President Rhinelander succeeded him. No steps were taken to make the necessary reorganization and increase of staff. The executive capacity of General Cesnola and his tiny staff were taxed to the utmost merely to keep things going. It wore down even his energy. In 1904 he and President Rhinelander died within a few months of each other. The old régime was at an end.

J. P. Morgan, colossus of art collectors, and already a trustee and a generous giver, succeeded to the Presidency, and called to undertake the great work of reorganizing the Museum Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke of the South Kensington Museum. He was an amiable personality, thoroughly in sympathy with scholarship, and most eager to extend the public influence of the Museum. His own specialty was Indian arts and crafts. Under him the growth was largely in the applied arts. Mr. Morgan soon put on loan the Hoentschel collection, comprising the applied and decorative arts of Europe from early in the Christian era to the year 1800. A new wing was built to accommodate this loan, the greater part of which through Mr. Morgan's considerate liberality, or that of his son, was eventually given to the Museum. The ideal of comprehensiveness, which had ever hovered before the founders, was now relatively attained.

Sir Caspar brought into the Museum a delightful atmosphere of friendliness and hospitality. His courtesy to us of the press was unlimited. He denied himself to no visitor. I recall leaving the Museum with him after hours. He showed me a portfolio which he said contained correspondence to occupy him at home till midnight. I pleaded with him to interpose secretaries between himself and unauthorized visitors like myself with trivial errands. He answered that he was a public official and must see all comers. This high if impracticable sense of duty wore him out in three or four years. We killed him with curiosity and kindness. Meanwhile he had given the Museum a genuine departmental organization. Expert curators appeared in Painting, Classical Archæology, Decorative Art, Armor, and Egyptology; the gigantic work of sorting, relabelling, re-exhibiting, and cataloguing the collections was vigorously undertaken. In all these matters Dr. Edward Robinson, Assistant Director since 1905, a veteran archæologist and long director of the Boston Art Museum, was a leading spirit. Mr. Robert W. de Forest, the new secretary of the trustees, aided Mr. Robinson in far-reaching plans for education and publicity. A *Bulletin* was founded and immediately attained authority among similar publications. Skilled guidance was provided for visitors, and an alliance sought with the city schools. Money poured in abundantly for acquisitions, while the rising cost of maintenance remained a recurrent embarrassment, as it still is. Over all this presided the genial exotic spirit of Sir Caspar, with his South Kensington enthusiasms. I recall standing with him before Sir John Millais' saccharine portrait of the youthful Ellen Terry. Sir Caspar remarked that the chromolithograph of this picture hung in a million British homes. I hope I seemed duly impressed. An incident which perhaps reveals the tinge of philistinism in the man also shows his real desire to make the Museum count for the public. He was a generous spirit glad to fill his halls and study rooms with those who knew more than himself. He assiduously built up a library and photograph collection which to-day are models of their kind. He was keenly conscious of his duties towards contemporary art. Here George H. Hearn's splendid gift of paintings by American artists, with a generous fund for acquisitions, greatly strengthened his policy. It meant immediate good will from an important class of artists and art lovers, even if in theory this selection from modern art might better be left to an especial institution—an American Luxembourg. Gifts in Sir Caspar's six fruitful years were too numerous even to be briefly itemized. Notable among them was Mr. Thomas F. Ryan's gift of a whole gallery of sculptures and sketches by Rodin.

In review, the administration of Sir Caspar seems a transitional one. His most responsible curatorships were held by foreigners like Roger E. Fry and W. R. Valentiner. Both attacked their task with zeal and knowledge, and each had the insight to select the capable

American successor who now holds his place. In particular, Dr. Valentiner, protégé of that most astute of directors, Dr. Bode, did a most valuable service in enlisting the good will of the new generation of art collectors to the Museum. When the war called him back to quite different pursuits, he was sincerely missed on all hands. When Sir Caspar died in 1910, the directorate inevitably fell to Mr. Robinson, who had ably conducted the affairs of the Museum during his chief's long invalidism.

Now is not the time to review the recent years of the Museum. Suffice it to say that they have been years of aggressive and successful work in public education, of great gifts, in particular of critical cataloguing. In fact, Mr. Robinson's greatest work has been to insist on scholarly competence in his staff. He has been fortunate in finding trained curators in America, and through a system of voluntary apprenticeship has, with his secretary, Mr. Henry W. Kent, instituted the first museum school in America. This farsighted move has assured a highly trained personnel to the rapidly increasing art museums of the interior. Mr. Robinson also set himself to loosening the burdensome conditions with which many of the old gifts had been saddled. It was the custom to require segregation of such gifts, to the destruction of all logical classification. Generally it sufficed to obtain the consent of heirs to the distribution of the separate collections. It soon became apparent that the objects were far more effective when put in their proper company, and also that the memorial idea is better met by scattering through the general collection fine objects each of which bears the name of the donor. The educational effect of all this was tremendous. Wills like that of the late Isaac D. Fletcher leaving his collections unconditionally show the new spirit. From this point of view I regretted the acceptance of the Altman gift in 1914, spendid as it was, and advised Mr. Robinson and certain friends among the trustees to let the alternative in Mr. Altman's will—an independent museum —be carried out. It was the chance to settle, once for all, the issue of segregation, while the Altman collection, which in its own museum would have been an increasing joy, will now be an increasing embarrassment. My official friends could not grasp the truth, quite patent to me, that no museum has reached its moral majority which is not willing for good reason to decline a ten million dollar gift.

Among useful extensions during Mr. Robinson's administration have been the new curatorships in Far Eastern Art and in Prints. Both departments have developed with extraordinary swiftness and success. The accession of Mr. Robert W. de Forest to the Presidency in 1912, after Mr. Morgan's death, has been marked by an acceleration of the educational work of the Museum and by bringing it into relations with current artistic industries. Of its kind the Metropolitan Museum is probably the most active museum in the world. It passes its semicentenary with best prospects and highest hopes.

If I may prophesy for its near future, it will give up certain family practices, natural from its origins, but now detrimental. It will, for example, cease to charge its trustees with that task of buying for which they are ill fitted. It will, under proper controls, turn the buying over to its trained staff, so that prompt, energetic, and economical buying shall be practicable. This will stop what has been a considerable waste of money and time. In short, the best celebration that the trustees could make for the Jubilee would be the abolition of their obsolete Accessions Committee. Possibly the best Jubilee resolution for the staff would be a more systematic policy with respect to growth. The Museum has grown amazingly. The present need is to reduce the quantity of exhibits and increase the quality. Much of this is being done automatically by replacements. There remains to be worked out a more definite policy towards study or reserve collections, and a method of utilizing for other institutions the enormous mass of hidden minor treasures. In this matter I assume more confidently the risky prophetic rôle, because I know the mettle of the Museum staff and trustees. They are not men to linger in ruts or fall back on past performance. They celebrate the Jubilee of the Metropolitan Museum less as laudators of its extraordinary past than as men charged with its great future.

Such growth in extent and artistic importance as the Metropolitan Museum has attained in its fifty years of life has been approached only in Berlin and has nowhere been equalled. It is perhaps the most remarkable example of the efficacy of American private enterprise in the field of spirit. As an achievement it is far more noteworthy than the great one-man foundations. It represents an extraordinary faith, which has indeed moved mountains—the faith of scores and hundreds of trustees, donors, and officials. It represents also a noteworthy relation of confidence and loyalty between the City and a private corporation. The City has housed and largely maintained the Museum without interfering politically with its management, and the trustees have ever rewarded that confidence by an unlimited devotion and generosity. The Metropolitan is more than a great museum; it is a peculiarly American institution. In such coöperation between the state and private initiative consists our American tradition and lies our American hope.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Two Plans for a National Budget

TWO concrete plans for a national budget and audit system are under consideration by Congress. One of these plans is embodied in the Good bill (H.R. 9783), which passed the House of Representatives almost unanimously October 21, 1919, and in the accompanying resolution providing for important changes in the rules of the House (H. Res. 324). The other project is to be found in the McCormick amendment to the House measure, reported to the Senate last month by the junior Senator from Illinois, which completely re-writes the Good bill. In the ordinary course of events the amended bill will go to conference, and in due time the result will be a compromise budget and audit act. Should the best features of both proposals be retained, and the Good resolution or its equivalent be adopted by the House, Congress will have created a national financial system which will combine the most successful elements of British and Continental budgetary procedure with certain outstanding advantages of our present financial practice, and which will be wholly in harmony with American governmental institutions.

A comparison of the Good bill with the substitute Senate measure reveals radical differences in their respective provisions for two of the three phases of governmental finance—for the preparation and presentation of the annual estimates for receipts and expenditures, and for the checking up on the expenditure of money appropriated. The most vital of these differences is in the location of, and the placing of responsibility for, the budget bureau which each bill proposes to create. The Good bill places this bureau "in the office of the President," makes its director a Presidential appointee without Senatorial confirmation, and conceives it as a "mere agency of the President" in exercising the powers conferred upon him by the act. "If duplication, waste, extravagance, and inefficiency exist in any branch of the service, the President will be responsible for them if he includes in his budget an estimate for their continuance," Mr. Good says. The bureau of the budget is to ferret out such conditions, and the President, acting on the bureau's reports and recommendations, is to remedy the evils and see to it that each department

asks Congress for what it needs and no more. In short, the President is to be his own chief financial officer, *immediately* responsible for the formulation and recommendation of the annual financial and work programme of his administration. "The primary purpose of the bill," writes its author, "is to insure the preparation and submission of such a programme by the Chief Executive."

The McCormick plan places the budget bureau in the Treasury Department. A commissioner and two assistant commissioners of this bureau are to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, and provision is made for the employment of expert and clerical assistants by the commissioner. The latter clearly is intended to be the chief expert in economy and efficiency in the national administration. The amended bill provides that it shall be his duty, "in the period prior to, and upon submission to him, of the budget estimates of the several departments and establishments, to make a detailed study of the organization, activities, and methods of business of the several administrative services of the Government for the purpose of determining those changes which, in his opinion, should be made in the existing organization, activities, and methods of business of such services or in the appropriation of moneys for the support and conduct of the work of such services, or in the assignment of particular activities to particular services, or in the regrouping of services departmentally with a view to securing greater efficiency and economy in the conduct of public affairs."

In outlining the method by which the annual estimates are to be prepared, the McCormick bill provides that one of the assistant secretaries, or other chief assistant, in each department, shall be designated by the departmental chief to have direct supervision of those services which have to do with the purely business operations of the department, to perform the duties of a general business manager and financial secretary, and to supervise the formulation of all budget estimates for the department. On or before October 1, the head of each department, having studied, analyzed, and revised these estimates, is required to submit them to the Commissioner of the Budget in a form to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury, together with explanations of any requests for new items, or for increases in old ones. All of the budget estimates for the ensuing fiscal year, together with the recommendations of the Commissioner of the Budget, shall be submitted to the Secretary of the Treasury on or before November 1 of each year. The latter official shall then "revise, consolidate, unify, coördinate, reduce, or otherwise change any item or items of the budget estimates submitted to him by the Commissioner of the Budget . . . as he may deem necessary to effect economies and to prevent waste, extravagance, loss, or duplication," and on or before November 20 shall submit the entire revised budget to the President. Under seven heads the bill provides that this budget shall give a complete picture of the financial situation of the Government, past, present, and prospective.

The President is then authorized to "revise the budget submitted to him by the Secretary of the Treasury, by the increase, reduction, or elimination of any item therein contained, by the addition of new items, which, in his opinion, are needed for the proper conduct of the affairs of the Government, by the consolidation or grouping of items, or by making any other changes . . . in any other feature of the organization and operations of the several services which, in his opinion, will lead to increased economy and efficiency in the conduct of public affairs." Then the President shall, on or before December 10, "submit to Congress the Budget, as revised and approved by him, including a statement of what, in his opinion, are the revenue and expenditure needs of the Government and how those needs should be met."

It will be seen that this procedure aims to make the Secretary of the Treasury responsible for the formulation of the budget in the first instance, and that the budget bureau is intended to equip him to do this work effectively. It is the President, however, who is ultimately responsible, because not only must he personally decide serious issues between the Secretary of the Treasury and the other Cabinet officers, but he must present the finished programme to Congress as his own.

Administrators, legislators, and lay experts are sharply divided upon the question whether the director of the budget should be immediately subordinate to the President, or to the Secretary of the Treasury; and where the best opinion is so evenly balanced, it is likely that either scheme would work with a fair degree of satisfaction. Undoubtedly, however, one actually is preferable to the other, and the writer believes very strongly that this happens to be the same one that is the more closely in accord with the historic conception of the two great offices involved. In the days of Washington and Adams, Hamilton and Gallatin, the Presidency was really an executive rather than an administrative office —it was the office, in fact, of the *Chief* Executive—while the Secretary of the Treasury was the real fiscal officer of the Government. As the business of the nation enormously increased in volume and in complexity, the Presidents were threatened with inundation by an ever rising tide of administrative and political detail. The point was finally approached at which, as Mr. Wilson pointed out years ago, no ordinary man could be President and live, despite the fact that most of the administrative functions of the office had been "put in commission." To-day it may be said that the degree to which the President is to be the *Chief* Executive contemplated by the Constitution, and the success with which he is to solve the great political and administrative problems to which the world expects him to address himself, will depend in large part upon his ability to delegate to others just such administrative details as are involved in threshing out the annual estimates.

This is not to say that the loose-jointed, uncoördinated administrative machine with which we have become familiar should not be tightened up, or that the ultimate responsibility for the efficient and economical operation of that machine should not rest squarely upon the President. Far from it. The first point of articulation, however, should be somewhat below the White House. Instead of decreasing the responsibility of the President, this would increase it, because it would throw into clearer perspective the greater issues in which alone he would have to intervene, while at the same time he would be equally subject to criticism should he offer a work and financial programme carelessly prepared as to details.

In proposing to make the Secretary of the Treasury the initial point of administrative articulation, the McCormick bill conforms to the practice of almost every other nation, and with the old feeling that our Secretary of the Treasury is, or should be, the chief financial minister of the Government. And if it departs from the popular conception of equality between the members of the President's Cabinet, it is far more nearly in line both with American traditions and with public sentiment to-day to confer definitely stated and universally understood powers upon one of our great established political officers than to create a new functionary, with undetermined status, powers, and responsibility, and to trust to events to establish him in satisfactory relations with the President, the Cabinet, the Congress, and the country. This, beyond cavil, is what the Good bill would do. It has been said that the new official would become the administrative, as the existing private secretary to the President has become the executive, or political, secretary to the Chief Executive. It is self-evident that in any event he would be either one of the most powerful men in Washington or little more than a high-priced clerk—*aut Caesar aut nihil.* Is the creation of such a functionary based upon sound principles or upon American tra-

ditions? Would it commend itself to the American people?

The McCormick amendment differs from the original Good bill also in providing that the commissioner and the two assistant commissioners shall be appointed for six-year terms, one to be selected every second year. This method of appointment will compel a certain permanence and continuity in the directing personnel of the budget bureau, and at the same time it recognizes the potentially political character of the offices. While no new administration can make a clean sweep of the commission, it can ultimately name two of its members, and it is hoped that the arrangement will mean practically a permanent tenure for commissioners who are both expert and non-partisan.

In providing for the creation of an accounting department, an establishment independent of the executive departments and under the control and direction of the Controller General of the United States, both the Good bill and the McCormick amendment offer definite plans for accomplishing the third step in the processes of national finance. Both abolish the offices of Controller and Assistant Controller of the Treasury, and of the six auditors for the several departments, and centralize in an accounting department the auditing and accounting functions which are now performed by various agencies in the Treasury and other departments; both provide for an independent audit of the accounts of the Government by officials responsible to Congress and not to the President; and both require periodic and special reports to Congress covering all matters relating to the receipt and disbursement of funds. It is thus expected that Congress will be able to ascertain financial and other conditions in the departments from an independent source, instead of having to be content with the evidence of officials and employees of the executive services themselves.

The chief differences in the accounting departments contemplated by the two bills lie, first, in the organization and tenure of the staff of higher officials, and, secondly, in the distribution of functions within the department. The Good bill provides for a Comptroller General and an Assistant Comptroller General, who, though appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, can be removed only by concurrent resolution of Congress, after notice and hearing, when "inefficient, or guilty of neglect of duty, or of malfeasance in office, or of any felony, or of conduct involving moral turpitude, and for no other cause and in no other manner except by impeachment." The retiring age for both officers is fixed at seventy years. Under the Senate amendment the Comptroller General and three Assistant Comptrollers General would be appointed by the President, with Senatorial confirmation, for five-year terms, one being appointed each year, and would be removable "only for cause." If the object of Congress is to create an auditing agency which will be independent of executive control. or even of the suspicion thereof, and, so far as possible, "out of politics," there can be no question but that the Good plan is far superior to that of Senator McCormick. And certainly a non-partisan, independent auditing and accounting of national financial transactions is not only in accord with the best theory and practice the world over, but is what is desired by both Congress and the American public to-day.

As to the distribution of functions and responsibility, the Good plan follows the British precedent in concentrating authority in the Comptroller General, while the McCormick substitute prescribes in detail the functions of each of the higher officials of the accounting department, and even sets up an additional board of appeals to review decisions of the First Assistant Comptroller General as to the validity of accounts or claims against the Government. It is to be gravely doubted whether this decentralizing of power and responsibility will result either in greater fairness and honesty, or in higher efficiency in the performance of the functions of the department.

The passage of either the Good or the McCormick measure, or of a compromise bill, will be a great advance towards governmental economy and efficiency in the United States. But no budget reform will be more than half complete until the financial procedure of the House of Representatives is thoroughly overhauled. "Congress will not perform its full duty by requiring the executive departments to adopt business methods if it refuses to lay down the same rule for the transaction of the business properly coming before it," declared the Good committee in laying before the House its resolution providing for drastic reforms in the financial procedure of that body. The adoption of this resolution, or its equivalent, will, in fact, be the real test of the good faith of the House in its almost unanimous expression of an ardent desire for a national budget system. Not unnaturally, the resolution has been held over pending the passage of the budget bill, and during the interim the House should be made to understand that if it values its reputation for intelligence and common honesty it can not afford to dally or to take half measures in this matter.

The Good resolution makes three changes in the rules of the House: (1) It centres in one Committee on Appropriations, composed of 35 members, the authority to report all appropriations, and takes from the Committees on Agriculture, Foreign Affairs, Indian Affairs, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, the Post Office and Post Roads, and the Committee on Rivers and Harbors the authority now vested in those committees to report appropriations; (2) it provides means for limiting the power of the Senate to increase appropriations; (3) it permits the raising of a point of order at any time on any appropriation item carried in any bill or joint resolution reported by any committee not having jurisdiction to report appropriations. The committee reporting the Good resolution observes:

> It is at once apparent that the principal change proposed in the rules of the House is the one centering all appropriations in a single committee. . . . The adoption of this resolution will permit the Committee on Appropriations, consisting of 35 members, to divide its work between the subcommittees which it will create, so that the budget can come before Congress in one measure. The consideration of that measure will involve a full and comprehensive discussion in Congress of the big problem of government finance. The financial obligations of the Government viewed in this way will have a tendency to sober the temper of Congress when it comes to passing legislative bills that may mean the taking up of new Government activities which will require future appropriations.

The Good committee did not overstate the importance of the reform which it has proposed. For years the multiplicity of appropriation committees has been recognized as the centre of the vicious circle of Congressional finance. The proposed changes will break this circle. In addition they will make possible a great debate upon the entire policy of the Government as expressed in its financial programme, and will afford opportunity for effective Congressional criticism of the Administration. It will permit Congress to become, to some extent, what the Mother of Parliaments always has been, the "great inquest of the nation."

The committee considered the advisability of adopting the cardinal point of British financial procedure by which the Government estimates may be reduced but may not be increased by the legislature, and upon sound grounds decided against the change. For Congress to bind itself not to appropriate any money not requested by the executive would be to abdicate one of the clearest duties imposed upon it by the Constitution, and to sweep away what remains of the separation of powers which is at the base of our governmental structure. The limitation under which the House of Commons acts in appropriating money is workable only as a part of the parliamentary system, or in a despotism. If it is desired to introduce it into the United States the proper way is by a revision of the Constitution, not by Congressional act or resolution.

RALSTON HAYDEN

Correspondence

The Pope on Socialism

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I enclose herewith a translation made by a friend of mine, a Jesuit Father, of a letter dated March 11, 1920, written by Pope Benedict to the Bishop of Bergamo. I thought this might interest your readers as being of very recent date and being an authoritative definition of the attitude of the Catholic Church toward Socialism and its explanation of the "varieties of orders in civil life."

L. F. L.

New York, May 7

Venerable Brother:

At the outset we wish all to know that the course which you have recently taken has our most hearty approbation. When the din of arms had been quieted and the masses had gone back to their work which had been interrupted, you held a council in your diocese and founded an office for promoting the interests of the various classes of workingmen. This is an institution which is truly excellent and is destined to bear good fruits, if it is governed by right principles, which are those taught by religion. Else what disturbance of the state it may cause is only too manifest.

Those who are at the head of such an institute on which the safety of the state greatly depends, before all must ever keep before their eyes and most religiously follow the doctrines of Christian wisdom on the social question which have been set forth in the memorable Encyclical Rerum Novarum and in other letters of the Apostolic See. Let them bear in mind especially the following principles: in this race of life, which is short and subject to miseries of every kind, no one is permitted to be perfectly happy; happiness true, absolute, and eternal, as the recompense for a life well spent, is held out for us in heaven; to that all we do must look; this is the cause why we must take more care of our duties than our rights; yet also in this mortal life it is right to eliminate, as far as we can, hindrances of our happiness and to seek to better our condition; nothing promotes the common welfare more than the concord and hearty coöperation of all classes; and the greatest of conciliators is Christian Charity. Therefore let the leaders see how ill considered for the good of the workingmen are the schemes of those who, while promising to better their condition of life, proffer themselves as helpers only for gaining possession of these frail and fleeting things, and not only neglect to moderate their minds by admonitions about their Christian duties, but make them more hostile to the rich, and do this with that violence and bitterness of language by which men alien to us have had the habit of stirring up the multitudes to overthrow civil society. Venerable brother, to avert this great peril, it will be the part of your vigilance to admonish all who are truly seeking the interests of the workingmen as you have placed them in office to do, that they must keep far from the intemperance usual in the words of Socialists and that they must infuse a deep Christian spirit into all their work for action and propaganda in defense of this cause. If they fail in this spirit, they may do great harm to the cause, certainly they can do no good for it. It is a pleasure for us to hope that all will heed your words. But if any one shall refuse, without hesitation you will remove him from the office which you have entrusted to him.

But those who, through the munificence and beneficence of Providence, have received more must give more for this proposed Christian elevation, as it is called. All who are eminent by their station in life or by their mental culture must not refuse to stand by the workingmen with their counsel, influence, voice. In their dealings with workingmen, those who have abundant wealth must not exact extreme justice but follow the rule of equity. We even earnestly urge them in this to show themselves indulgent and, so far as they can, to make generous and liberal concessions and remittances. How fittingly fall on their ears the words of the Apostle to Timothy: "Charge the rich of this world to give easily, to communicate to others." By this means the minds of the poor which have been alienated by belief in the greed of the rich, will be gradually reconciled to the latter. However, those whose station and fortune are inferior must understand well that variety of orders in civil society arises from nature and in the end is derived from God's will: "for He made the little and the great" (Wisdom VI. 8), and He did this most fittingly for the welfare of both individuals and the community. Let them be persuaded that no matter how high they may rise to better things, by their own industry and the aid of the good, there will ever remain for them, as also for other men, no small portion of sufferings. Whence if they are wise, they will not aspire in vain to things higher than they can reach, and they will endure quietly and constantly evils which they can not escape, for the hope of blessings which are everlasting.

Therefore, we beg and beseech the citizens of Bergamo to be consistent with their past filial love and reverence for this Apostolic See and not to let themselves be deceived by the fallacies of men who promise wondrous things and by these promises seek to tear them away from the faith of their fathers, so that afterwards they may be able to drive them to use violence and inaugurate universal confusion and disorder. The cause of justice and truth is not defended by aggressive violence and the subversion of order. Those arms are of such a nature that those who use them wound themselves the most grievously.

Against such pernicious enemies of Catholic faith and civil society, it is the duty of priests and especially of the pastors to contend with bravery, hearty union with each other, and zealous obedience and reverence towards you, venerable brother. Let none of them think that this is a matter which is alien to the ministry of their sacred order because it is economic, for in this matter itself the salvation of souls is in peril. Whence, we wish them to count this among their duties, to contribute all the study, vigilance, and labor they can exert, to social training and action, and to cherish with every kind of aid those who in this matter are working for our advantage. But at the same time they must both diligently teach those entrusted to their care the precepts for a Christian life and inform them about the deceits of the Socialists and aid them to increase their estates, always, however, inculcating the lesson taught by the constant prayer of the Church: that we may so pass through blessings which are temporal that we may not lose those which are eternal.

Senator Weeks on Lodge and Wilson

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am enclosing my check for five dollars to renew my subscription to the *Review*, which I have read with interest and with which I have generally been in agreement.

As I am writing for the above purpose, I can not refrain from saying a word about the correspondence which you have been publishing relating to the conduct of the League controversy in the Senate, commencing with Mr. Beck's letter and followed by many others. I am especially led to make this comment in justice to Mr. Lodge, who has been many times charged with playing politics in connection with the League controversy, a charge which is renewed by Mr. Putnam in your number of April 24, in which he quotes Mr. Lodge as having said, "I am fighting Mr. Wilson."

Whatever may be said pro or con in regard to Mr. Lodge's conduct of the Senate's consideration of the League, it is unthinkable to anyone who knows him that he should have ever used that expression or anything similar to it; because such a statement would be beneath

even the cheapest politician, to say nothing of a statesman of long experience and international reputation. As a matter of fact, Senator Lodge has specifically denied having made such a statement, and I feel confident that he has not only never said it or anything like it, but has never even thought it.

Very few who have not had experience in a legislative body can appreciate the difficulties of steering an important bill through the maze of differences of opinion which exist, not only in obtaining a definite result, but in keeping the discordant elements in a temper to finally permit positive action. Senator Lodge's success in this controversy has been most notable and has been commented on favorably by nearly everyone who has had occasion to follow the Senate's action. My belief is that it will, in history, be considered the most notable achievement he has ever accomplished in a long and distinguished career.

The real difficulty has been with the President himself, who maliciously mixed the League with the Treaty and who has been unwilling to even make the concessions which the Allies were willing to accept. I do not think it is unfair to him to say that it is the general opinion that he has been governed in this whole controversy by personal considerations rather than his country's best interest.

JOHN W. WEEKS

Washington, D. C., May 8

Senator Lodge and Sinn Fein

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

My first impulse after reading Mr. Beck's letter in the *Review* of April 10, finding you had printed it without comment, was at once to enter the lists in your behalf. Second thought gave assurance that more powerful hands than mine would pick up the gage: Major Putnam's letter and your own editorial in the issue of April 24 leave nothing to be desired, except in one important particular. Mr. Beck quotes your indictment:

> Mr. Lodge has shown himself neither a large-minded statesman nor a competent party leader, and he has given countenance to many abominable moves in the game.

and adds,

> This would have been more convincing if you had given any specifications for so severe a criticism of one of the most experienced and scholarly statesmen now in the public life of this country.

Assuredly Mr. Lodge's support of the "Irish Republic" was "an abominable move in the game," and I agree with Mr. Beck to the extent that it should receive very specific mention. It is the more inexcusable precisely because he *is* "one of the most experienced and scholarly statesmen," none knowing better than he the consequences to be expected from such action. The immediate result of the move, desired and obtained, was of course the detachment of Senator Walsh from his party. But the far more serious result was to give to the Sinn Fein conspiracy a footing in practical politics which it could hardly have attained without Mr. Lodge's support. Apart from all considerations of ordinary decency towards a friendly nation, in view of our close relations with Great Britain and the obligations we have been placed under since 1914 owing to our lack of preparation against war, Mr. Lodge's attitude seems peculiarly base. To what lengths he is willing to go in support of Sinn Fein hatred of England and the efforts to embroil us in a war of unimaginable horror it is hard to say. Meanwhile let him give a thought to the growing strength of the Loyal Coalition —and its votes—and reflect whether there are not more of us who are ready to fight our Irish-American enemies than our British friends.

HAROLD B. WARREN

Cambridge, Mass., May 4

The War and French Students

[The writer of this letter is the head of the famous École Normale Supérieure. He is a member of the French Academy and one of the leading historians of France.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Last October a series of special entrance examinations was held for the returning soldiers. We were all very curious to know how our young men would acquit themselves after the interruption in their studies occasioned by the war, and we were prepared to be rather indulgent. Now let me give some of the results of these examinations, as handed in to me by the examiners.

In the department of philosophy, the average mark "is superior to that obtained in previous Normal School examinations," reports one of my colleagues, "the candidates showed a solid acquaintance with their subject and, above all, a real strength of expression, proofs of their having followed a life full of varied experiences which had made their young minds exceptionally mature."

In history, the candidates "thoroughly comprehended the questions and answered them with precision, some of the young men showing a really surprising maturity of thought, while numbers of them expressed themselves with vigor and authority."

The report concerning the Greek examination contains a rather amusing remark. The author translated was that very Attic orator Lysias, whose text the candidates somewhat modernized, and we found in their papers such up-to-date words as conference, congress, meeting, etc. Some of the students dispersed headlines through their paper "The Arrival of the Fleet at the Seaport of Piræus," "The Treason of Theramenes," etc. All this was not very Attic and the examiner could not always suppress a smile; but his report reads: "Superior qualities, maturity of mind, good judgment, decision of character, very remarkable qualities of manliness."

The examiner in Latin has been in the habit for several years of deploring the falling off of interest in that study. But this year he is delighted and declares that the examination "has given him the joy of a real surprise."

In French "the examination reached a remarkably high standard, most of the candidates displaying a maturity of mind and a firmness of judgment worthy of the greatest praise."

The examiners show a tendency to feel rather blue about the German papers, whereas for the English ones they are in the best of moods, "the candidates falling in with the spirit of the text and employing an English which is as clear as it is idiomatic."

This testimony, which I might give at still further length, is very interesting in itself, since it shows that our French universities and high schools will have capable young professors in the future as in the past, facts which I recommend to the consideration of our pessimists at home and to our friends and fellow-professors in foreign parts who sometimes may have doubts as to our future.

ERNEST LAVISSE

Paris, France, March 11

The Wits of Queen Anne's Time

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

To professors of English literature desperate for a mode of approach that will interest undergraduates in the wits of Queen Anne's time, I suggest this entry in Swift's *Journal to Stella*, March 27, 1713:

"I went afterwards to see a famous moving picture, and I never saw anything so pretty. You see a sea ten miles wide, a town on t'other end, and ships sailing in the sea and discharging their cannon. You see a great sky with moon and stars, etc. I'm a fool."

A little timely pep might be added by citing a letter to Swift from Colonel Robert Hunter, Governor of New York, March 14, 1713:

"Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe, and if our trees and birds could speak, and our assemblymen be quiet, the finest conversation too. *Fert omnia tellus*, but not for me."

Fert omnia tellus, but not for us either, alas.

S. B. G.

University of Nebraska, April 3

Book Reviews

An Undiplomatic Diplomat

RECREATION. By Viscount Grey of Falloden, K. G. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

WHEN war broke out in 1914, natural and universal curiosity was excited regarding the representative men of the belligerent nations, in whose hands lay the fate of the world. Our newspapers and magazines teemed with articles and illustrations. Among the faces of warriors, kings, and statesmen, there was none more fit to haunt the memory than the face of the British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey. The eyes had the black, cavernous depth of Poe's, of Poe's beholding in procession all the images of terror from his wild tales pass before him. It was the face of a man seeing a ghost, a million ghosts; and nearly a million of his countrymen were to die by war before five years were gone.

The personality behind this mask of horror was a riddle to friends and foes. The man chosen by a great nation to deal with friendly, rival, or hostile Powers knew no language but his own, and never left his native island. Now, if Buffon's adage has any truth in it, this enigmatic man has revealed himself in a little book of some forty printed pages. Last year he delivered an address at Harvard on recreation, certainly not a tragic theme, which is now published for the benefit of a wider audience.

Of artifice, literary, or any other, in the plan or style, there is not a trace. The writer begins at the beginning, announcing his subject, recreation, in the first paragraph; he goes on to the end, and then stops. The diction is plain and simple, almost to the point of baldness. There are no flights and no flowers. An occasional touch of quiet humor brightens the discussion of a serious topic in a serious way. The age is a pleasure-seeking age; whether it finds pleasure is another matter. Recreation is not the most important thing in the world; but, wisely taken, it makes for happiness. Games, sport, gardening, reading, as forms of recreation, are treated briefly, the obvious advantages of each being pointed out in a few words. Disciples of Izaak Walton will judge with charity the confession of his passion for fishing.

> In October I used to find myself looking forward to salmon fishing in the next March and beginning to spend my spare time thinking about it. I lay awake in bed fishing in imagination the pools which I was not going to see before March at the earliest, till I felt I was spending too much time, not in actual fishing but in sheer looking forward to it. I made a rule, therefore, that I would not fish pools in imagination before the first of January so that I might not spend more than two months of spare time in anticipation alone.

This is not the tortuous utterance of a modern Metternich; it is frank, human, almost naïve, the admission of an enthusiasm.

There is nothing new in his advice about reading. There can not be, at this time of day. He recommends poetry and philosophy, but does not wish to force them upon the reluctant. His own selection of books for recreation is first, Gibbon, then, a classic novel, then, a "modern" work, not closely defined. Plato he read at Oxford without much appreciation; but, in his riper years, he found that the great Greek seemed to "kill" other philosophical writers. He could not find the same pleasure in them.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this address is the account of his outing in England with Mr. Roosevelt. It is used to enforce his advice about planning one's recreation ahead. Before Mr. Roosevelt started on his famous travels in Africa, he planned to be in England in the spring, in order to hear the song of certain birds. Viscount Grey took him down to Litchborne, at the appointed time, and the birds did not disappoint the distinguished pair. Very English was the Englishman's fear that his visitor might be bored. He thought, "Perhaps, after all, he will not care so very much about birds, and possibly after an hour or so he will have had enough of them. If that be so and he does not care for birds, he will have nothing but my society, which he will not find sufficiently interesting for so long a time." It is equally characteristic of the American temperament that Mr. Roosevelt was not only keenly interested in the English song-birds but he had informed himself about them before coming to England, and needed only to hear them, to complete that department of his knowledge.

Towards the close of the address, the style rises above its natural and deliberate plainness. In speaking of Nature the Consoler, he expresses what so many have felt during the war.

> Our feelings were indeed aroused by the heroism of our people, but they were also depressed by the suffering. In England every village was stricken, there was grief in almost every house. The thought of the suffering, the anxiety for the future destroyed all pleasure. It came even between one's self and the page of the book one tried to read. In those dark days I found some support in the steady progress unchanged of the beauty of the seasons. Every year, as spring came back unfailing and unfaltering, the leaves came out with the same tender green, the birds sang, the flowers came up and opened, and I felt that the great power of nature for beauty was not affected by the war. It was like a great sanctuary into which we could go and find refuge for a time from even the greatest trouble of the world, finding there not enervating ease, but something which gave optimism, confidence, and security.

And the eyes which took such delight in the visible world are now dim.

An English poet made his heroic English King describe himself as "a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy." The phrase describes Grey of Falloden. To his enemies, he was the arch-deceiver, of more than Machiavellian craft, he was "Liar Grey." He did indeed deceive, but it was because he always told the truth, and could tell nothing but the truth.

Apart from its matter, this little book is a triumph of the American printer's art. Type, paper, dimensions of page, press-work, binding, would make it a discriminating bibliophile's treasure, had it no other merit.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Others

THE GOLDEN WHALES OF CALIFORNIA. By Vachel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company.
STARVED ROCK. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.
THE COAT WITHOUT A SEAM. By Helen Gray Cone. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
CHORDS FROM ALBIREO. By Danford Barney. New York: John Lane Company.
PICTURE-SHOW. By Siegfried Sassoon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
GEORGIAN POETRY, 1918-1919. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

RESISTANCE to Mr. Vachel Lindsay is eventually futile. One is glad of its futility. Something in me that actively questioned or passively antagonized his spell has given way before the "Golden Whales of California." Who can resist an inundation? The "Golden Whales" is a triumph of individuality. To advise men indiscriminately to trust their own natures is a little as if one should advise them indiscriminately to bet on their own horses. Everything depends on the horse; everything depends on the nature. But when a nature that is trustworthy is trusted, and requites the trust, the spectacle is refreshment and delight to the beholders. The "Golden Whales" brings to me my first clear and unqualified acknowledgment of the greater Lindsay.

In this writer there have always been two elements: the poet, and what I shall unceremoniously, but not disrespectfully, call the urchin. The poet is a gentlemanly poet; the urchin is a good fellow, but he is a little boisterous, a little mischievous, more or less unkempt and unshod, and his life is an unending Hallowe'en. If the neighborhood has been more amused than shocked at his pranks, it has also been more amused than edified; it has not taken him so very seriously. The poet and the urchin lived apart; they could not find each other. They have found each other, in my judgment, in the "Golden Whales," and their meeting is the signal for Mr. Lindsay's emergence into the upper air of song.

Let me cite the first lines in the book:

Yes, I have walked in California,
And the rivers there are blue and white,
Thunderclouds of grapes hang on the mountains.
Bears in the meadows pitch and fight.
(*Limber, double-jointed lords of fate,*
Proud native sons of the Golden Gate.)
And flowers burst like bombs in California,
Exploding on tomb and tower.
And the panther-cats chase the red rabbits,
Scatter their young blood every hour.
And the cattle on the hills of California
And the very swine in the holes
Have ears of silk and velvet
And tusks like long white poles.
And the very swine, big hearted,
Walk with pride to their doom
For they feed on the sacred raisins
Where the great black agates loom.

I think that is a passage in which Wordsworth, himself rather Lindsayan in his reckless combination of the Apocalypse and Mother Goose, would have heard "old Triton blow his wreathed horn." This is the very splendor and festival of the grotesque, the union of the infantile (in no depreciatory sense) with the gigantic; giants, by-the-by, are the special property of infants. It is the day before creation with the materials for the mighty enterprise littering the sky-floor with their tumbled riches; and if there is a smack of the banjo or of the bagpipe in the accompaniment of the morning stars, that, for the making of a world like ours, is only an added seasoning and congruity.

The third poem, quite as captivating, though less poetical, is "John L. Sullivan, the Strong Boy of Boston." I have never read a poem quite like "John L. Sullivan," a poem which catches a civilization in its net, or, more exactly, strings a civilization, in the giant beads of a motley but somehow magnificent necklace, on the bright thread of its lyric joviality. The poet calls the time provincial, "dear provincial 1889," and he is right. But it is an uncompelled, a chosen, provinciality, the country life of a man who owns a house in town. Mr. Lindsay, American, Illinoisian, Springfieldian, as he intrepidly and riotously is, has affiliations with the universal. If your goal is the centre of the earth you may start as well from Springfield, Illinois, as from Paris, Petrograd, or Cairo. Even the poet's Bryanism has sonorities in which the chords are sempiternal. He heard in that movement "time-winds out of Chaos from the star-fields of the Lord." The poem from which I quote with its clangorous and marching title of "Bryan, Bryan, Bryan, Bryan" is printed or reprinted in the culled and discerning pages of the new-born *London Mercury*. That fact has a kernel.

I quite agree with Mrs. Marguerite Wilkinson, critic of poetry for the *New York Times*, that Mr. Masters is of all contemporary poets the most difficult to review. "Starved Rock" is the sort of book that should furnish promptings and incitements to the wakeful, or even to the drowsy, reviewer, yet I have rarely felt so unprompted, so unincited, as in its presence. Critics do not like to confess that they are baffled, or even worried; yet I was on the point of making either one or both of these confessions when the review that I wanted to write broke upon me in its luminous entirety. Perhaps I shall review the man rather than the book, but "Starved Rock," as Mr. Masters himself tells us, is an eminence from which one overlooks the surrounding country.

Mr. Masters is a man of undoubted ability, though much of his output is less than able. He is even a man of undoubted poetical ability, though much of his ability is not poetic. But the imperfection of his culture, the want of self-discipline, the mixture of indolence and assiduity, evinced in the lavishness of his untrammeled outpour, the entertainment of vague faiths and aspirations which his skepticism cramped and chilled, but could not extirpate, the prompt, facile, and uncritical responsiveness to the movements confusedly afloat in the turbid air of a distracted age—all these things are indications of a mind whose organization nature did not quite complete. The mind is not quite equal to its job; its works are approximations.

But, it will be said, what about "Spoon River"? The question is a probing one. "Spoon River," whatever its faults or limitations (and its faults are serious and its limitations trenchant), is possessed of certainty. Its poetry may be questioned, but its faculty for business, its executive thoroughness, is incontestable. The fitting of means to ends, the coincidence of design and achievement, is consummate. Some timely incentive, some favoring circumstance, perhaps the Greek Anthology, perhaps Mr. William Marion Reedy, gave Mr. Masters for once that property in his subject which his later volumes have proved to be intermissive and exceptional. It is this difference between the man and his chief work that makes him a puzzle and plague to the reviewer. Mr. Masters found in "Spoon River" what all writers need—a method that protected him from himself. In freedom he would have gone astray, but he bound himself, like Odysseus, to the mast. The misfortune of his later work has been the absence of some astute counsellor to warn him when to be deaf—and when to be dumb.

In "Starved Rock," the reader will not starve, though he will scarcely feast. There are the usual monologues, of which only two are slimy; there are the discoveries of the desirability of doing what you please—discoveries in which Mr. Masters has been anticipated by the savages and the pterodactyls. There are bulky and hazy philosophies, cosmicisms, idealisms, feeble sedatives for bitter griefs. There is an excellent bit of journalism, self-described in the title, "Sagamore Hill," in which the lugubriousness that lies in wait for Mr. Masters in the intermissions of his onslaughts is happily relaxed. There are landscapes of an alluring but unsatisfying picturesqueness, a picturesqueness that seems mainly verbal, whose horizons are the edges of the page. There are instances of that lyric pliancy and invitation which surprise the ear among the ruder notes of Mr. Masters, and there are rare moments of true inspiration like the following:

Change now is yours beyond the waters, nights
Of waiting and of doubt have dimmed desire.
Our hands are calm before the dying fire
Of lost delights.
Babylon by the sea knows us no more,
Between the surges' hushes
When on the sand the water rushes
There is no voice of ours upon the shore.

Miss Helen Gray Cone has a substantially perfect technique. The possessor of a perfect technique is a being set apart, not only among capable poets, but among supreme poets. The great are rarely perfect: to which charge a retort, if not a rebuttal, might be found in the assertion that the perfect are rarely great. The highest originalities are not open to Miss Cone, but her feeling is delicate and true, and, in all the agitations of the late war, there is no tremor in the mounting flame. Her work should find its own public, and even the lordly public that looks askance at poetry of this type should be sensible of the vigor in the two stanzas which I quote:

The world is a broken ball,
Stained red because it fell
Out of bounds, in a game of kings,
Over the wall of hell:

And now must the spirit of man
Arise and adventure all—
Leap the wall sheer down into hell
And bring up the broken ball.

It is the object of Mr. Danford Barney's "Chords from Albireo" to evoke moods rather than impart ideas—such is the purport of Mr. Lawrence Mason's tentative but laudatory preface. In a word, we, as gentlemen and men of taste, are not to protest if Mr. Barney is unintelligible. To this I think the simple but sufficing answer is that poetry is a branch of literature, that literature is a mode of speech, and that men speak to be understood. Mr. Barney's moods are conveyed to Mr. Mason by sounds. But if words generate ideas and sounds generate moods, and Mr. Barney prefers to give us moods without ideas, the consequence is plain: he should give us sounds without words; "Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo" should be the formula for his poetry.

I spent ten times as much mental effort on Mr. Barney's "A Woman Passing" as I should have spent on an equal quantity of Tennyson or Wordsworth.

Now if one is striving to reduce the part of the understanding in the reception of poetry, surely the oddest of all conceivable methods that one could choose to accomplish that result would be—*to increase its burdens.* I have a simple, wholesome, rustic notion that if a man works a horse, he should feed it. My complaint against Mr. Danford Barney is that my understanding is a horse which he overworks—and starves. All this would not have been worth saying in this place, had Mr. Barney been destitute of poetical capacity.

The critical and the uncritical public seem united in their admiration for the poetry of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. When habitual dissidents agree, perhaps the dissenter from both should hold his peace. I am, moreover, entirely willing to concur with both these publics in the admission that Mr. Sassoon's strong, simple, honest detestation of war is a manly thing which manhood the world over should esteem. War brightens in the prospect and softens in the retrospect so much that we need to keep by us a man for whom war is everlastingly in the present tense. When it comes to sheer poetry, however, I find in Mr. Sassoon but two outstanding merits, a feeling for phrase and a sense of the occult, both present in the degree which redeems verse from insignificance without lifting it to distinction. His literary judgment is singularly undeveloped.

> I stood with the Dead, so forsaken and still;
> When dawn was grey I stood with the Dead

is an excellent beginning for one kind of poem. "'Fall in!' I shouted; 'Fall in for your pay!'" is a passable conclusion for another kind. But the use of the two as beginning and ending of the same poem indicates that the author is "unlesson'd, unschooled, unpractis'd" in his own art. The one poem which I am inclined to except from the gravamen of these strictures and restriction is called "Sick Leave," and is found, not in "Picture-Show," but in "Georgian Poetry, 1918-1919."

To this "Georgian Poetry" my final word pertains. I read the first number of this anthology years ago with unfeigned admiration. The same qualities, the same authors, reappear in part in the current volume, but my admiration, though not dead, does not recover its old alacrity. These poets have unquestionable merits. From the infirmities of the later and lesser Victorians their liberation is complete. They hate the general, the banal, the trivial—all of which are sound and righteous hatreds. In phrase they love the condensed and the concrete—both of which are virtuous and salutary loves. But there is a contrast, if not a conflict, between their temper and their ideal. Their temper is calm, measured, resolute—almost an eighteenth century temper. Their ideal is the vivid, the striking, the extreme—almost an Elizabethan ideal. Naturally enough, their eighteenth century temper is not quite at home in the handling of this Elizabethan ideal. Hence the vividness, which is by no means altogether wanting, comes to reside less in the ideas than in the language, less possibly in the language than in the vocabulary. Their dictionary is as dynamic as Shakespeare's, but their style isn't. Their watchword is deliberate intensity. That is not an unpromising watchword; it made the Divine Comedy. But in Dante, in whom incandescence was the normal state, the deliberation did not chill the intensity. In England, under George the Fifth, the dissipation of heat proceeds more rapidly.

O. W. FIRKINS

Two Major Fabulists

WOMAN TRIUMPHANT (La maja desnuda). By Vicente Blasco-Ibañez. Translated from the Spanish by Hayward Keniston. With a Special Introductory Note by the Author. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

TREACHEROUS GROUND. By Johan Bojer. Translated from the Norwegian by Jessie Muir. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

THESE books are the result of a natural process which, after we have been more or less fortuitously "landed" by some new foreign genius, promptly picks us up and puts us in the basket. They are minor as well as earlier pieces of work. But the authors, in this case, think them worth our trouble and even worth some special gloss at their own hands. The Spaniard supplies an introduction to the English version, and the Norwegian replies in full to the queries of a reviewer for the New York *Evening Post.* So we know what each of them intended by his book and what he thinks it means.

"Woman Triumphant" is recalled by its writer as a novel which caused "a scandalous sensation" when it appeared, many years ago, in Spain. It was thought to be a sort of libel or satire on two well-known figures in Madrid society. The introduction defends it against this charge as well as against a possible charge of immorality. In fact, its treatment of sex matters is cautious by comparison with much that we are getting from English-writing contemporaries. To a point, its matter is familiar. A young painter at the turning of his career marries a good but Philistine woman. For a time he bows before her as the embodiment of Beauty. But she is jealous of what she perceives to be the true object of his worship. She turns him from his destined fulfillment as a painter of the nude, and forces him to become a fashionable success, as a maker of portraits. Her jealousy still feeds itself on suspicion of his sitters; and the time comes when it is justified. A somewhat notorious beauty with a fatuous husband becomes his mistress. Thus far we tread a familiar path. It is with the wife's death that the important action begins, a purely mental and spiritual or, as the slang goes, psychological action. If I ever re-read any of this book, it will be the hundred pages of Part III; the earlier parts might be summed up in two paragraphs. The author's interpretation of the tale is unconsciously confined to the conclusion:

> It must be borne in mind that the woman here is the wife of the protagonist. It is the wife who triumphs, resurrecting in spirit to exert an overwhelming influence over the life of the man who had wished to live without her. . . . Renovales, the hero, is simply the personification of human desire, this poor desire which, in reality, does not know what it wants, eternally fickle and unsatisfied. When we finally obtain what we desire, it does not seem enough. "More, I want more," we say. If we lose something that made life unbearable, we immediately wish it back as indispensable to our happiness. Such are we: poor, deluded children who cried yesterday for what we scorn to-day and shall want again to-morrow; poor, deluded beings plunging across the span of life on the Icarian wings of caprice.

In such a mood does the author re-peruse and expound his tale. It is not his determining mood, or there would be no great public for him. And it is not the determining mood of his story. For what moves us in it is that for all their blundering and wantonness, something real and abiding has sprung from the union of Renovales and his *maja.* In this the woman triumphs, and life triumphs through her.

"Treacherous Ground" was written in 1908. Blasco-Ibañez has recently said, "Johan Bojer is a Maupassant of the North, an impassioned, rapid thinker, with Latin clarity . . . Such a fiery, passionate way of telling a story." One might as well declare Blasco-Ibañez a Bojer of the South. Bojer has had his Gallic phase, and owns to an early discipleship of Zola. But his clarity is the northern clarity and his passion the northern passion: his is the cold fire of the North. He is of the race of Hamsun, of Nexö, of Lagerlöf—above all, of Ibsen. "Treacherous Ground" is very much in the Ibsen tradition. Like "The Face of the World" and "The Great Hunger," it shows an idealist and dreamer faring hardly in his contact with "life." Here, though, we take in a way the negative side. Erik Evje is a self-deceived dreamer, a sentimentalist, selfish like all his kind, who confounds egotism with idealism. He tries various pursuits, the church, medicine, labor reform, and finds them in turn unworthy of him. He has an old mother at home on their remote estate who is ready to turn over everything to him. Very well,

he will be a reformer and philanthropist in his own country. But his schemes for the improvement of his fellow-men are tangled up in conceit and indolence. His beneficiaries are to become his victims; and for him there is nothing left but drink. The tale has the bite and "follow through" of an Ibsen play, a "Wild Duck" or an "Enemy of the People." It lacks, accordingly, the rich sympathy of "The Great Hunger." As for its idea or moral, Bojer has given his own elucidation of it. Erik Evje's Nemesis comes when, confronted with his folly, he sacrifices everything rather than "lose his crucifix," and so "be alone with his sins. He feels responsible for the sins he has himself committed, but he is not willing to assume responsibility for the ideal which has put the welfare of a number of human beings at stake . . . Tyranny does not always appear in royal purple. The greatest tyrant is the dreamer who tries, come what may, to reform the world in accordance with his own dreams. I tried in 'Treacherous Ground' to create a concrete example of a dreamer who is a tyrant. I had in mind an idealist who is an egoist, an uplifter who tries to forget his own sins by charging them up to society."

Read, O liberator, O new-republican, O freeman and denational—read, and perpend!

H. W. Boynton

"Him of Cordova"

Seneca. By Francis Holland. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

Mr. Holland's biographical essay, originally designed to preface a translation of Seneca's letters to Lucilius, is now allowed to appear "on the chance that here or there some readers may be found to share my interest in the subject." His full and agreeably written narrative of the life of the philosopher-statesman should win readers for Seneca. And if Mr. Holland's translation of the Epistles is not to be published, Dr. Gummere's version in the Loeb Library is at hand. What Mr. Holland ought to do is to publish a not too bulky volume of extracts. Skilfully excerpted and arranged, the world which has taken so kindly to Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius would quickly find a place in its heart for Seneca. For he, like them, and like Socrates before and Bacon and Addison since, was successful in bringing philosophy from the clouds and home to men's business and bosoms.

If the present age is indifferent to Seneca, and except as he figures in the scholarship of the Elizabethan drama it unquestionably is indifferent, it is the first of twenty centuries so minded. To preceding generations the very contrasts presented by his life made him absorbingly interesting. Preacher of poverty, he was many times a millionaire: advocate of simple living, he was virtual ruler of the world; asserter of personal integrity and independence, he truckled to a Nero when he could no longer control him. Only in his death, calmly opening his veins and stepping into a warm bath to hasten his sluggish blood, do precept and practice come together. Supposed correspondent of St. Paul's (his charming and accomplished brother Gallio, at any rate, came into personal contact with the Saint at Corinth) he is hailed as more Christian than the Christians; a later age condemns him as an atheist. Extravagantly praised and imitated in his own day for his pointed style—his modernity—he is despised in the next generation for his vulgarity and verbal antics. In the whole range of letters it would be hard to find a man who has been more admired, attacked, patronized, laughed at, and affectionately read than he.

Viewed as a part of an ideally reconstructed classical world, Seneca is neither a large nor a brilliant figure. In tragedy he seems hardly to belong to the genuine Roman tradition of Ennius, Accius, and Pacuvius; probably even as a writer of rhetorical tragedy Ovid surpassed him; as a metrician he is nothing by the side of Horace. As a philosopher he can not stand with Cicero in sweep and continuity; in a history of Stoicism even on a large scale he is dismissed with scant notice. In every view he is epigonal, second-rate, a little tawdry, sensational when he is not cold, dry, staccato. He is of the Silver Age. But as the Roman world recedes, Seneca remains a promontory long discernible, a sea-mark by which the hardy spirits of a later world laid their course back to Rome. Dante gladly admitted him to the "philosophic family." Chaucer read in his works, and for the Middle Ages generally he pointed many a moral. Over the new birth of tragedy he presided: it learned to walk with his stride, to mouthe with his voice, and some tricks of his gait and utterance never quite left it. Plutarch was his only rival in Montaigne's affection. The Epistles to Lucilius come more nearly than anything else to anticipating the modern familiar essay. "How could it be (as that worthy oratour sayde) but that walking in the sonne . . . yet needes he mought be sunburnt." So the dedicatory Epistle to Spenser's "Shepheards Calender," concerning its author. It does not seem to have been noted that the "oratour" here referred to is Seneca. They are many who have taken rhetorical color from his brilliance.

As a figure in modern literature Seneca is more lastingly significant than as a classic. His face is toward the New World. Columbus is said to have set sail with a verse from the "Medea" on his lips, and Governor Bradford, dismally coasting the shores of New England in the *Mayflower*, is reminded of an apt passage in the Epistles. Seneca's is one of the few voices of antiquity to be raised in behalf of slaves and in condemnation of the shows of the arena, facts of which students of Elizabethan drama who think of him only as the author of some peculiarly bloody and sensational plays ought sometimes to remind themselves. Mr. Holland is probably wrong to deny to Seneca, in passing, the authorship of the tragedies, only to attribute them to another man of the same name. The verses of Sidonius Apollinaris which distinguished between Seneca the philosopher and Imperial counsellor and Seneca the tragedian may very well owe their origin to a misunderstanding of Martial's line about the two Senecas, father and son. With the exception of the "Octavia," we need not deny them to their traditional author. And even in the case of the "Octavia," usually ruled out because Seneca himself appears as one of the characters, a strong argument has very recently been made for conceding its rightful membership in the canon where the tradition of full fifteen hundred years has accorded it a place.

Into the long and interesting story of Seneca's literary fortunes it is no part of Mr. Holland's task to enter. He is placing the story of his life against the background of Julio-Claudian Rome. His tone is that of a discriminating apologist. Apologist of some sort it is now almost impossible not to be; it is Seneca's misfortune that the Roman history which has come down to us was written from the point of view of his enemies, while the writings of his friends have perished. For some things in his career apology is not easy; his flattery of Claudius, for instance, whose "Pumpkinification" he later celebrated, contained in his "Consolation to Polybius" which he wrote from his Corsican exile. The philosopher may have professed the whole world his home, but the man knew where grew the vines his hand had pruned. As for his conduct toward Agrippina, the task of managing such a pair as the daughter of Germanicus and her precious offspring, Nero, asks a little charity in the judgment. No man who both preached and practised so much as Seneca could avoid standing occasionally in apparent contradiction with himself. In both he was a practical man rather than heroic and profound. But even his enemies credit him with giving to Rome the best government she enjoyed under the Empire. And his philosophy, designed to render a man superior to the assaults of fortune, was good doctrine for the troubled days which followed. It is not without significance for ours.

Harry Morgan Ayres

The Run of the Shelves

"From Friend to Friend" (Dutton) is the title of a small book of final reminiscences from the pen of the late Lady Ritchie, Thackeray's daughter. The book, which is copious on Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Sartoris, and Mrs. Fanny Kemble, is sown with greater names. It is more enjoyable than many books of reminiscence, which seem to lack matter, and to be pinched and downcast in their genteel poverty. Lady Ritchie abounds in good-humor, a quality which most of us are more disposed to like than to praise. She writes happily, is really fond of people, never seems to have made the Thackerayan discoveries that the smile of hostesses is veneer and that the smile of life is that of the hostess. Both smiles are occasionally real; perhaps both were real for Lady Ritchie. She possesses style of a kind, though in what nook or chink of her unpretending English it takes up its shy abode we should need an analyst to tell us. An epoch says "Good-bye" to us in these closing reminiscences of a prolonged and gracious life. Why are we so kind to departing individuals, even to departing nobodies and bores, while we seem to let even fruitful and worthy epochs perish without commemoration or regret, "unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled"?

M. Albert Waddington, correspondent of the Institute and professor at Lyons University, says in the preface of his "Histoire de Prusse" (Paris: Plon) that "there is no history of Prussia in French," and adds: "I have taken as my model what M. Lavisse and his collaborators have so well accomplished, and I have tried to do in a more modest way for Prussia what they have done for France." He then thanks a half dozen German scholars "for their precious aid." But this volume, which is to be followed by four others—in fact, the second has just appeared—was published before the war. Speaking of himself, the author says in an unpublished letter:

> I was born at Strassburg just ten years before the city was lost to France, and sorrow over this forced separation from Alsace-Lorraine caused my thoughts to dwell continually on the hope of their eventual return to France. This desire decided me, as soon as I was old enough to choose a career, to make a special study of Germany in general and of Prussia in particular, in order to be in a position to enable my fellow countrymen to understand better those who had vanquished us, and to perform the task in such a way that while I brought out their grave faults—rapacity, perfidy, and pride—I would not hide their good qualities—love of order and discipline and work. So I spent two years in residence and study in Germany, and all my teaching in the university has been in modern history, especially in the history of the Germanic nations.

We should add, in order to complete this autobiographical note, that during the war M. Waddington served as an interpreter and won the *croix de guerre*, and that M. Waddington's family relationships, connect him with Madame Waddington, known to all readers of *Scribner's;* to the late Eugene Schuyler, to Colonel Harjes of the Morgan house, and to young Jean P. Waddington, a Cornell graduate, who won honors on the western front.

One of the causes of the intense hatred for the Germans which exists in France is due largely to their ruthless destruction of the churches, and this feeling is kept alive by the frequent publication of books and pamphlets on this subject, in which the illustrations speak to the popular heart even more keenly than does the text. One of the finest of the modern provincial churches of France was that of Notre-Dame de Brebières, at the little town of Albert in Picardy. In "Une Glorieuse Mutilée" (Paris: Bloud and Gay), the curé, Abbé Gosset, tells the sad story of its destruction, and two score photographs, depicting the edifice as it was in 1914 and as it is now, drive home the bitter words of this indignant prelate, and may awaken a desire in the reader to help increase the subscription for its restoration.

A new Section of the Oxford "English Dictionary on Historical Principles" (London: Humphrey Milford) has just appeared. It covers a part of the letter V and is edited by Dr. W. A. Craigie, who treats 1,571 words, 222 of which are now obsolete and 65 alien or not fully naturalized. The vocabulary is predominantly of Romanic origin, and consists largely of adoptions of, or formations on, common Latin words and stems. Many of these are found with little change of form, in all the modern Romanic languages. Italian has contributed a few words, including *vista, viva*, and *volcano*. The native English element is represented by only one important word, *vixen*. Of words from remote sources, is the American negro *voodoo*. It is curious that *vote* was before 1600 almost exclusively in Scottish use. The lack of obvious meaning in *vouchsafe* was no doubt the main cause of the extraordinary variety of forms and spellings in which it appeared down to the sixteenth century. Dr. Craigie gives over fifty examples of this. Under *vivisection* and its derivatives, the campaign in England against this practice comes out interestingly in the illustrative quotations for which this dictionary is famous. Thus, under *Voltairean* and its derivatives peculiar life is given to the definitions by having them associated with the names of Gladstone, Morley, Carlyle, Canon Liddon, and Mrs. Browning.

Impressions de Voyage II

Thrice have I been in Manila while the Spanish flag flew over these islands and twice since that flag was replaced by the Stars and Stripes. Even since my last visit, more than nine years ago, tremendous changes and improvements have been effected.

Manila was a horrid but picturesque pest hole in the '90's. Its streets were largely mud ruts in the wet season and narrow, dusty passages during the North East monsoon, and the gutters were the only sewers. Now, however, all are paved and kept in excellent order; sewers have been constructed; fairly good water from the hills has been introduced to take the place of unsanitary surface wells. The moat about the old Spanish walled city, breeding ground for mosquitoes, has been filled in to make a pleasing public park and golf links. The mosquitoes, which once swarmed in vast clouds, are hardly to be seen at all. The city has grown enormously, chiefly, of course, in the suburbs. Everywhere are handsome and spacious buildings of an excellent architectural style either completed or in course of erection. Reinforced concrete seems to be the favored material.

There is but little visible of the former Spanish element. Only at rare intervals can a purely Spanish face be recognized. Indeed the chief, possibly the only, trace left of the Spanish occupation is in the rule of the road—still to the left. The fashion in native male costume used to be a piña shirt worn outside the trousers à la Dicky-Dicky-D'out. It survives in but occasional instances; European garb, as a rule of white cotton, is now the vogue. In the country the old costume is more often seen. Formerly the inhabitants invariably surrendered the sidewalk to their Spanish masters. Now they take pleasure in crowding Americans into the gutter. They interpret liberty and equality rather disagreeably.

We had three delightful days and four cool nights at Baguio, the summer capital, some five thousand feet up in the hills of northern Luzon among the pines. There is nothing even in British India superior, if indeed equal, to Baguio, which was laid out by Mr. D. N. Burnham, the landscape architect; although it lacks Simla's background of towering snow-capped Himalayas, beside which Baguio's peaks seem mere hills.

The approach is by a road which zigzags up a picturesque gorge. As we climbed steadily upwards in a motor we passed many groups of Tagalogs leading dogs to the Sunday market to be sold as a delicacy to the Igorotes who troop in once a week to Baguio from districts be-

yond. In spite of their gastronomic idiosyncrasies and their scant attire, we found ourselves inclining to the general belief that these Igorotes are a better and more virile lot of men than the Tagalogs, known to us usually as Filipinos.

To reach Baguio one takes the narrow-gauge railway which runs due north for about 120 miles from Manila over a great alluvial plain. At Dagupan the change was made to automobile. It may be that we made the journey at a season when the rice fields are purposely left fallow. Whatever be the cause, it was rather depressing to contrast their deserted appearance with the throngs that crowd the streets of Manila. Another explanation for the absence of any signs of cultivation throughout hundreds of square miles of paddy may lie in the governmental regulation of the price of rice, which has so discouraged the farmer as to force him to turn his attention to the raising of sugar and tobacco, where he encounters no administrative check.

The general opinion, as I gathered from Americans with whom I talked, is that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government. This harsh judgment may or may not be true. Derisive comment is made on certain measures passed at a recent special session of the Philippine Legislature, such as granting a large pension to this person or that or a huge cash gratuity to another, the provision for the acquisition by the State of 80 per cent. of the stock of the Manila Railway. The Government is importuned to help in the financing of a hanging garden surpassing that of Babylon in size and magnificence, while the ordinance by which the Government takes over all oil wells is soundly berated. But we Americans should be in a better position to find fault if our own legislative record were more nearly flawless.

What effect on Philippine prosperity would follow our withdrawal and the stoppage of annual disbursements of, I understand, thirty-odd millions of gold dollars for naval and military purposes can only be conjectured. "If you do so," I am told, "the different races would be cutting each other's throats without delay and the Moros would move into Manila. At least America should keep a military force here to protect the Philippines." It may sound brutal but I advocate giving the Filipinos their complete liberty—say after five years' notice. If it is worth having, it is worth fighting for. Whether they are or will be grateful for all we have done for them, or for the vast sums of good American money spent for their direct and indirect benefit, I can not pretend to say. At least, we shall have done our full duty by these wards of ours and have achieved an approving conscience.

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

Manila, P. I., March 21

EDUCATIONAL SECTION

English Grammar Schools

THE MANCHESTER GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Alfred A. Mumford, M.D. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

THOUGH the sudden impetus given to education at the beginning of the fifteenth century resulted in the founding of many grammar schools, few of them have survived the vicissitudes of four centuries with the stability of the Manchester Grammar School. One learns of the existence of a grammar school at Stratford because Shakespeare may have gone there; DeQuincey, on the other hand, was little more than an incident in the long and honorable history of the school at Manchester. Not that there were no dark periods, with rather pathetic efforts to fumble through to the light; but the significant thing is that the school did always emerge, and that its latest emergence was a consciously constructive effort, without fumbling. Dedicated to the education of the common people of Manchester, it never permanently forgot its true character, in spite of yielding to occasional temptations to imitate the more comfortably successful schools of an "exclusive" type. When the education of the common people in the last half of the nineteenth century came into its own, the Manchester school was therefore well adapted to take a prominent part in the national scheme. It now numbers above a thousand boys and goes on with an accumulated force which is almost as strong, in its special field, as the social tradition of Eton or Winchester.

The composition of the school at the present time is interesting. Fifteen per cent. are "free placers," while another forty per cent. come from the public elementary schools, some of them, however, paying the "capitation fees" of £15 a year after they enter the Grammar School. The other boys come from various preparatory schools and, with only a few exceptions, pay the fees. There is thus established what in America would amount to a combination of the virtues of the public school and the private day-school, with an evident elimination of many of the defects of each.

The present character and composition of the Manchester Grammar School are naturally more intelligible when one has some knowledge of its growth through four centuries. Dr. Mumford rightly therefore gives considerable attention to the history of the school. His pages show an affectionate interest that reveals intimacy with the history of nonconformist Manchester and long hours spent among the quaint records of the school library. Perhaps on this account the author is led, especially in the early chapters, to a profusion of detail which could be of interest only to an "old boy" of the school. Indeed, some of it hardly justifies itself even on these grounds. The early history of the institution, meagre and rather insignificant, is padded out with irrelevancies. Heavy and not wholly accurate ecclesiastical history (the reader is given the impression, pp. 21-23, that all England went Calvinistic in Elizabeth's time), considerable space given to Grotius because an old copy of his works reposes in the school library, special attention to the founding of the Manchester almshouse,—these and similar digressions swell the early chapters to forbidding bulk; while the "barring-out" (p. 130) might have appeared to the author less deserving of special comment if he had recalled that even the gentle Joseph Addison took part in a barring-out and that Dr. Johnson dismissed it as "a savage license, practised in many schools, towards the end of the last (17th) century." The volume, to be sure, is in one sense a sort of memorial, and so might be justified in its digressive bulk, were it not for the avowed purpose of showing how the school was in the van of democratic developments in education. It is of more than local interest, the author tells us, "because of the constantly repeated efforts which have been made from its foundation to free the school from the limitations of its own age and period and keep it in touch with the wider needs of society." The parts of the book which deal with these efforts are of distinct value to anyone interested in education.

The school, founded by Hugh Oldham in 1515, came near extinction during the fifty years after the death of its founder. The feoffees appear to have heeded little the hope of Oldham that the sons of Merchant Adventurers and tradesmen should be brought up "in virtue, cunning, erudition, literature, and good manners." With the appointment of Dr. Cogan to the high-mastership in 1583, however, the school renewed its vigor. The chief study at this time was of course the classics, but music received much respectful attention—an attention worthy the consideration of modern educators. The school grew steadily with the advance of the Puritan movement; situated in a centre of non-conformist activity and connected through it with Leyden and Dutch scholarship, it took a position of more than local importance and began to send poor boys to Oxford and Cambridge. During the following century it fared less well. Naturally the new interest in science found support which was lacking at the more aristocratic foundations, and the Wes-

leyan Revival had a quickening effect on the school and its neighborhood, but the easy-going rationalism which settled over most English institutions of learning during the eighteenth century gradually dissipated the traditional fervor that the Manchester school had inherited from its Puritan days. This and the increasing popularity of the more exclusive boarding-schools resulted in a decrease in numbers which in the Tory days of George IV amounted to a serious menace. The Rev. Jeremiah Smith, high-master from 1807 to 1837, sought to stem the tide by remaking the school into "a high-class boarding-school," with strong Church and King leanings and with preparation for the universities a main feature. This course, though temporarily successful, ran counter to the character of the school, and Lord Cottenham's decree in 1839 forbidding university "exhibitions" to boarders was followed in 1848 by a final decision that boarders be abolished altogether. All the older trustees resigned; things looked black for the school. This development, however, was really a mercy, for it threw the institution back to its natural course, and the genius of F. W. Walker, high-master from 1859 to 1876, built out of the confusion a school able to fit later without great difficulty into the national scheme of education.

The last chapter of Dr. Mumford's book contains much valuable material. As he was for a long time medical examiner at the school, his testimony against military training in secondary schools is important. Other valuable expert testimony is that given in regard to the irregular development of the adolescent. A sort of summary of his evidence is found in the following sentences:

> All vital activities, whether bodily or mental, have as a physical basis the setting free of a stream of energy. Their growth does not increase by steady and gradual stages coincident with the calendar age of the child or the adolescent, but by fitful and somewhat erratic leaps whose height as well as whose time of appearance vary greatly. With the full onset of adolescence a great and sudden increase of energy output usually takes place, which may be restricted to one or few of the functional systems of the body or may be uniformly diffused, though this is rare. The rate of development of one system or function by no means affords a guide to that of another, and violent forcing the pace of any system will be accompanied by injury, the appearance of which will be delayed but will not be prevented, for, in the absence of unusual vigor, precocious growth involves premature decay.

This of course is not a new discovery, but it states clearly as well as authoritatively a point to which educators have so far given quite insufficient heed.

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The Stock Exchange and the "Corner in Stutz"

In the matter of the New York Stock Exchange and the "corner" in the stock of the Stutz Motor Company, the undisputed facts appear to be as follows:

1. The stock of the company—100,000 shares—was listed on the Exchange and regularly dealt in on the "floor."

2. In March of this year a spectacular rise took place on the price of the stock and the character of the dealings in it was such as to attract the attention of the "Committee on Business Conduct." This body is a sub-committee of the Board of Governors of the Exchange, which is charged with the duty of exercising general supervision over the business methods and practices of members.

3. Investigation by this committee disclosed the fact that Allan A. Ryan, a member of the Exchange and head of the firm of Allan A. Ryan & Co., personally owned 80,000 shares of Stutz Motor stock and that "he and his family, friends, and immediate associates owned or had contracts for the delivery to them of stock aggregating 110,000 shares, or 10,000 shares more than the entire capital stock of the company" (official statement of the Governing Committee of the Exchange published April 17, 1920).

4. The "Committee on Business Conduct" thus became officially aware of the existence of a "close corner" in Stutz Motor stock. It thereupon informed Ryan "that the situation must not continue; that he alone was in a position to put an end to the corner and must take whatever steps were necessary to do so." (*Ibid.*)

5. The statement of the Governing Committee continues as follows: "The situation did not improve and no effective steps were taken by him" (Ryan) "to end the corner. At the meeting with the Business Conduct Committee on the morning of March 31, Mr. Ryan stated the terms on which he was willing to settle. Those terms were $750 per share. The Exchange itself had no power to settle the outstanding contracts or fix the terms which would be proper for settlement. At the joint meeting of the Business Conduct Committee and the Law Committee on the afternoon of the same day, he stated $500 as his settlement figure. He was informed that even in case of a settlement the question must be raised whether the stock must not be stricken from the list because it was not sufficiently distributed to provide a free and open market. He at once declared that unless he was assured that the stock would be allowed to remain on the list and that no action would be taken in respect thereto, he would not settle for $500 and that his settling price might be $1,000 or more. The Business Conduct Committee and the Law Committee at once reported the facts to the Governing Committee, and the Governing Committee by unanimous action adopted the resolution suspending dealings in Stutz Motor stock." (*Ibid.*)

6. The effect of this action was to prevent the rules of the Exchange from being used by Ryan to make the "shorts" settle under penalty of "insolvency" under the rules and consequent suspension from membership in the Exchange.

On April 5 Ryan "at his own request" (*ibid.*) appeared before the Low Committee of the Exchange and made another offer of settlement, which settlement was to be made with the Exchange Committee and enforced by the Exchange upon its members. The Law Committee declined to enter into negotiations with Mr. Ryan. It held the view that all questions arising out of contracts relating to Stutz Motor stock were to be settled between the parties to those contracts . . . (*Ibid.*)

8. The issue was thus fundamentally joined. Ryan's position was one of demanding that the Exchange Committee should make a settlement on behalf of the "shorts"—and enforce this settlement upon them—and that thereafter Stutz Motor stock should remain on the "list." The Exchange Committee's position was that the matter was one which concerned the parties to the contracts and that it was not its business to arrange a settlement of the contracts; also that it could not allow its rules to be made the means of enforcing what was admittedly a close "corner"; also that

(*Continued on page 526*)

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(*Continued from page* 524)
it could not properly admit to dealings a stock which was virtually all owned by one man, for there could not be a free and open market in it while its ownership was thus concentrated.

The entire affair was thus removed from the direct purview of the Exchange. After nearly three weeks of manœuvring, a "voluntary settlement" was reached between Ryan and the "shorts," on April 24, by which the "corner" was dissolved and the episode ended. During this period Ryan "resigned" his membership in the Exchange—his "resignation" has not as yet been acted upon by the Exchange authorities—and the Stutz Motor Company withdrew its stock from the Exchange list.

Comment upon the affair has naturally been widespread. Eliminating from the discussion everything but the facts, it is interesting to note the principles involved and to test in the light of those principles the propriety of the course of action followed by the Exchange. The case is interesting because of its unique character. There have been "corners" in the past, some of which (as in 1901) have developed accidentally and some of which have been carefully engineered. But the Stutz case is the first wherein an absolutely "close corner" has been brought officially to the attention of the Exchange authorities and offered to them for adjudication at an early stage of the operation. The important questions are: Did the Exchange authorities take proper action? What principles are involved?

First as to Stock Exchange rules: These rules require that stock which is sold shall be delivered on the following day before 2:15 P.M., that if it be not delivered by the seller to the purchaser before that time, it may be publicly "bought in under the rules" by the purchaser for account of the seller and that failure on the part of the seller to deliver stock due, or to pay for stock so "bought in," is an act of insolvency which involves suspension of membership on the part of the defaulter. Also under the rules stock may be borrowed and must be returned to the lender upon demand made by him upon the borrower, and if not so returned may be "bought in under the rules," as in the case above described, with precisely the same consequences. Failure to "return" stock or to pay for stock "bought in under the rules" by the lender is an act of insolvency involving suspension of membership.

When admission was made to the Business Conduct Committee of a "corner" in Stutz stock, the "shorts" were borrowing stock from the Ryan group, who, as above stated, held 110,000 shares and "contracts," as against only 100,000 shares actually in existence. Thus the "shorts" were subject to demand at any

time for return of stock under penalty of having the same "bought in under the rules," and the only source of supply for the stock was the group from whom they were borrowing. This group was thus in a position where it could compel the "shorts" *under the rules of the Exchange* to "cover" their commitments at any price it chose to dictate, for it alone was in a position to supply stock at any price.

Confronted with this situation, what course should the Exchange authorities have pursued in justice to all parties concerned?

The position of the Ryan group and the "shorts" was, in fact, a case of a claim by the former for damages from the latter for non-performance of a contract which was in effect impossible of performance. Enforcement of the "buying in" rule would enable the Ryan group to assess the amount of the damages and collect them under penalty of insolvency and suspension from membership in the Exchange. For stock ordered "bought in" by the Ryan group for account of the "shorts" could be supplied only by that group at such price as it might choose to exact, and the price exacted would determine the damages to be collected. This would clearly be an inequitable method of settling the matter. Moreover, there were open other ways whereby the rights of all parties were conserved and by which they could be appraised and determined. Failing settlement by voluntary agreement between them, there were available the courts of law whose competence in the matter of assessing damages for non-fulfillment of contract was complete and unquestionable. Withdrawal by the Exchange of the use of its machinery by the Ryan group would in no way prejudice the rights of that group, whereas failure to withdraw that machinery might gravely prejudice the rights of the "shorts."

The Exchange Committee's course was therefore clear, and in the main they followed it. At the first meeting between the Business Conduct Committee and Ryan it appears (from the official statement of the Exchange itself quoted above) that Ryan was told that he must take steps to end the corner, and it appears (from a statement by Ryan issued April 12) that they requested Ryan to continue lending the stock pending such steps—the "buying in" process thus being temporarily excluded. Finally, on March 31, no settlement having been effected, the Board of Governors of the Exchange threw the whole matter outside the purview of the rules of the Exchange, leaving it to be adjusted either by voluntary agreement or by due process of law. Three weeks later the affair was adjusted by agreement.

That the Exchange acted in accord with the principles governing the case is clear, and it may be laid down as a general rule that in the case of a "corner" it is the duty of the Exchange—and of all similar bodies—*at once* to exclude the whole affair from its jurisdiction. Whatever ground there is for criticism of the Exchange in connection with the Stutz case is to be found in the fact that the suspension of all dealings in Stutz stock which was ordered on March 31 was not ordered on the day when Ryan first admitted to the Business Conduct Committee that there was a corner in the stock. It is true that extenuating circumstances may fairly be urged; the case was without precedent and the desire of all parties to accommodate a new and difficult situation was natural; besides, it was stipulated that stock was to be lent and stock loans were not to be called. Nevertheless, strict construction of the principle in the case would have required immediate suspension of all dealings so far as Stock Exchange rules were concerned. While the delay may be reasonably excused it can not be justified in principle. With this exception the Exchange must be admitted to have handled the matter correctly and in full accord with equity.

Two other points may be noted in connection with the Stutz corner. One concerns the re-admission to the Exchange "list" of Stutz stock. The other concerns the process of "short selling" in general. So long as any stock is owned entirely by a single individual or a very few individuals it is not susceptible of a "free and open market." Presumably the ownership of Stutz Motor stock is to-day substantially as it was when the corner was disclosed, *viz.* in the hands of the "Ryan group." No stock thus controlled is eligible for "listing" on the Exchange, nor should it be eligible for listing upon any Exchange which aims at maintaining a free and open market for securities dealt in on its "floor." The reasons are obvious and need not be recited.

The process of "short selling" (which involves the "borrowing and lending of stocks") is very imperfectly understood by those who have not had access to the machinery of the operation. Its essence is in the "borrowing" process. The important thing to note about it is that every "short sale" brings into existence a "contract" which can only be fulfilled by a purchase of stock from someone who has it and is willing to sell it. Suppose that in the case of a given company there are 1,000,000 shares outstanding, owned by 20,000 stockholders. A speculator sells one hundred shares "short" which is bought by someone. The total amount of *stock and contracts* now in existence is 1,000,100 shares, or 100 shares more than there are actually

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issued, and there are 20,001 holders. The "short seller" must borrow from some-one 100 shares to make good his contract of sale. He now *owes* 100 shares of stock at a fixed price to a third party. Suppose that, instead of 20,001 holders of the stock and contracts, there were only *one;* the "short seller" would then be "cornered" and would have to buy from the man to whom he owed stock, the stock necessary to comply with the loan. Thus in every "short sale" of stock there is, *mathematically*, an "overissue" of stock and there is, *theoretically*, a possibility of a "corner." The reason why "short selling" is feasible and the reason why "corners" are so rare is simply the fact that the stocks dealt in on the Exchange are mostly *scattered* in ownership so that it is almost always possible to borrow stock or to buy it. This is what is meant by a "free and open" market.

One concluding reflection suggests itself. The Stutz episode aroused in some quarters a demand for "incorporation" of the Exchange. An "incorporated" Exchange could not have dealt with the matter as it was dealt with by the New York Stock Exchange. It does not require much imagination to picture the series of injunctions, demurrers, and the like which would have been brought into play in such a case had the governing powers of the Exchange authorities been subject to court review, and the prolonged confusion that would have resulted. It was precisely the possession of plenary power by the governors of the Exchange that enabled the matter to be dealt with quickly, and, in the main, upon right lines.

T. F. W.

Books and the News

America and England

ONE of the most important books of the spring is Owen Wister's "A Straight Deal, or The Ancient Grudge" (Macmillan, 1920). It is about Anglo-American relations, and it sets forth directly and emphatically that if we wish peace to prevail, and civilization, as Americans understand it, to advance, we will, both here and in England, continue to cultivate friendship between the United States and Great Britain. But if Americans prefer the triumph of Sinn Fein, and the interests of Germans and pro-Germans to the peace of the world, they will allow themselves to be influenced by the Sinn Fein-German propaganda, will nurse ancient grudges, and credit all the slanders and false rumors set afloat against England by these allies of the Hun.

These books may be used to counteract falsehood. This is what an Englishman has written about the old quarrel: "The American Revolution" (Longmans, 1899), by Sir George Otto Trevelyan. And this by an American on English government: "The Government of England" (Macmillan, 1912), by A. Lawrence Lowell. An English writer on the same subject: Sidney Low's "The Governance of England" (Putnam, 1914). A soldier of the British Army wrote about the American Expeditionary Force in "The Last Million" (Houghton, 1919), by Ian Hay. An Englishman describes the United States in "The Future in America" (Harper, 1906), by H. G. Wells. Two books about England: "The Lighter Side of English Life" (Foulis, 1913), by F. Frankfort Moore, and "Our English Cousins" (Harper, 1894), by Richard Harding Davis.

For the relations between the two countries: Matthew P. Andrews's "A Heritage of Freedom" (Doran, 1918), and Harry H. Powers's "America and Britain" (Macmillan, 1918).

Four informal and readable books are Ian Hay's "Getting Together" (Doubleday, 1917), Price Collier's "England and the English from an American Point of View" (Scribner, 1910), Frederick De Sumichrast's "Americans and Britons" (Appleton, 1914), and J. G. Cook's "Anglophobia" (Four Seas Co., 1919).

Four books about the historical and political events in the Anglo-Saxon world are: William A. Dunning's "The British Empire and the United States" (Scribner, 1914), Sinclair Kennedy's "The Pan-Angles" (Longmans, 1914), Andrew C. McLaughlin's "America and Britain" (Dutton, 1919), and Henry Cabot Lodge's "One Hundred Years of Peace" (Macmillan, 1913).

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Books Received

FICTION

Mix, Jennie I. At Fame's Gateway. Holt. $1.75 net.

Morris, E. B. The Cresting Wave. Penn Publishing Co.

Van Vorst, Marie. Fairfax and His Pride. Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

The Best Short Stories of 1919, and the Yearbook of the American Short Story. Edited by Eugene J. O'Brien. Small, Maynard.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS

Atwood, Harry F. Back to the Republic. Sixth edition. Laird & Lee.

Bunau-Varilla, Philippe. The Great Adventure of Panama. Doubleday, Page.

Butler, Nicholas Murray. Is America Worth Saving? Scribner. $2 net.

Dawson, Richard. Red Terror and Green. Dutton.

Falkenhayn, Erick von. The German General Staff, and Its Decisions. 1914-1916. Dodd, Mead.

Gaston, Herbert E. The Nonpartisan League. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

Gibbons, Herbert A. France and Ourselves Century.

Harrison, Austin. Before and Now. Lane

THE REVIEW

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MR. HOOVER has completely disposed of Senator Johnson's sneer concerning his position on the treaty. The Senator had spoken of Mr. Hoover's "recent conversion to the so-called Lodge reservations, contemporaneous with his Republican candidacy," and had thought fit to refer to it as "evidence of the flexibility and elasticity of a great statesman's mind." Not a very brilliant bit of irony, at the best; and it turns out to be entirely without foundation, for Mr. Hoover wrote a letter to the President last November, urging him to accept the Lodge reservations so as to avoid "the great dangers of voting the treaty out." He felt, as so many other earnest advocates of the League felt, that the reservations, some of which he objected to, and others of which he regarded as "constructive, particularly in rendering it clear that the war power must be invoked by Congress," would not prevent the accomplishment of the great object of the League. "The world issues," said Mr. Hoover, "are so great as not to warrant the risks involved in delay in getting it into service, in the hope of procuring a few per cent. more ideal structure." In the homely phrase at the close, we seem to hear the practical engineer speaking; and all the way through we see the words of an honest man anxious for a great public object, and not of a seeker for the Presidency or any other office. Whatever criticisms may be made of Mr. Hoover, the very last that will have any chance to stick are those which impugn his sincerity, or which charge him with going out of his way for the sake of capturing the nomination.

THE *New Republic*, having helped to give currency to a reported utterance of General Wood's, of such preposterously violent character as to be calculated to do him great injury in the minds of all sensible persons, now sets forth with great fullness the story of its acceptance of that report. The article closes with the following words:

> The *New Republic* is, of course, glad to note General Wood's disavowal of such lawless statements. It regrets that General Wood was not fairly quoted by the correspondent who was present at the address and it regrets having given an added circulation to an inaccurate report,

which sounds like a fairly good approximation to an apology, but the heading of the article is "Was General Wood Misquoted?" which makes the thing as a whole not much more like a gentleman's apology than 2.75 beer is like real beer. It appears that the *New Republic* went to a great deal of trouble—and, one would infer, of expense, too, for money is plentiful in that office—in the endeavor to find out whether the report, originally found in the New York *American*, was correct; with the result that finally the obnoxious passage was found in a special dispatch from Fort Collins to the *Rocky Mountain News*. In this, General Wood was reported as saying:

> My motto for the Reds is S.O.S.—ship or shoot. I believe that we should place them all on ships of stone, with sails of lead and that their first stopping place should be hell.

In response to a recent inquiry from a reader of the *New Republic*, General Wood states that he never said anything of the kind as in any way expressing his own view, but was quoting what Dr. John Wesley Hill had said, as showing the bitterness that had been aroused against the Reds. His own views, the General adds, have been very often expressed as follows:

> Aliens who are avowed enemies of our government and who seek to pull down our institutions, if found guilty, after a fair trial, should be sent to their own country. I have always emphasized very strongly that there should be no short-cut or irregular methods; that they are entitled to full and fair trial before a court of competent jurisdiction.

General Wood's long record of honorable public service has been notable, among other things, for dignity and self-control, sometimes under very trying circumstances. The antecedent improbability, therefore, of his having uttered a sentiment like that ascribed to him in the Fort Collins dispatch should have made the editors of the *New Republic* unwilling to accept its authenticity without the most thorough confirmation. One obvious means of testing its accuracy, that of writing to General Wood himself, does not seem to have occurred to them as worth while; and now when they *do* get his denial, they regard the statement of an unknown reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News* —very possibly the same man who sent the report to Hearst—as only a shade less trustworthy than the General's denial. Else why the interrogation in the heading? And why the

very carefully stinted language of the apology? We fancy that the *New Republic* is still under the influence of its "will to believe," and indeed that it expects its readers to do likewise.

WITH frankness and humility worthy of a Confucian sage a Mexican official of the latest revolution confesses the sins of his distracted country and asks the world to have patience yet a little. Assuredly, señor, a world of patience; the United States most of all, which has no wish for another Ireland on its hands, and has grown a little wary of attempting to pick a winner in the Mexican free-for-all. It is some comfort, at any rate, that the Mexicans can still laugh—laugh at "Tea Flower" Bonillas and his bad Spanish, laugh at Don Venustiano, himself chuckling into Chironian whiskers over the success of his splendid young protégé, Juanito Barragan. Señor Blasco-Ibañez does us a service; he humanizes the Mexicans. Let us laugh with him, and them; it is a great aid to patience.

THE career of Levi P. Morton, dead at ninety-six, is full of the flavor of America. A clerk in country stores, dry-goods merchant, banker, Congressman, Ambassador, Vice-President, country gentleman, and man of the world, he might have begun amid surroundings even more humble than the parsonage in which he was born, and he might, if he had been a man of genius instead of a man of sterling American ability, have gone farther along the road whose end is history. The significance of his career lies in its balance—he was not merely a politician and not merely a man of business—and in the well-nigh perfect adjustment which he was able to establish between his abilities and his opportunities. He did not attempt what he could not do, but what he did attempt he carried through with a vitality that even played Old Time himself as good a match as he often meets with. Withal, he was never too busy to live. There are other ways of living than his, but for most people, on whatever scale they can manage it, the life he lived is at once a model and an inspiration.

IT would seem as if Signor Nitti played a skillful game when, on May 11, he made the life of the Cabinet dependent on the rejection of the Socialist motion regarding the incidents which had recently occurred among the personnel of the Postal and Telegraph services. He thus offered to the opponents of his foreign policy a chance of defeating him on a minor question of internal administration, avoiding thereby a definite condemnation of his activities as a member of the Supreme Council. His forced retirement in consequence of the Popular party voting with the Socialists brought on a political crisis which only served to demonstrate his indispensableness to the country. For neither the Catholics nor the Socialists, who, having forced the crisis, were responsible for its solution, were able or willing to form a new Government. Though allied in opposition against Nitti, they refused to join hands in constructive politics, and no party in the Italian Chamber is sufficiently strong to become responsible for the Government entirely on its own hook. Within a week from the date of his resignation, Nitti had the satisfaction of being requested by the King to form a new Ministry. He will return considerably stronger for this short retirement.

THE Cabinet of M. Millerand has requested the Minister of Justice to open legal proceedings against the General Federation of Labor with a view to its dissolution, the charge being that it has gone beyond the limits of its lawful activity, which is the defense of economic interests, corporate and professional. Its avowed object in calling the strike was to enforce upon the country, against the wishes of the people as expressed in the last Parliamentary elections, a hazardous experiment in social reform desired by a minority of workers only. In reply to the Government's decision, the Federation has issued a manifesto which tries to parry the blow by representing it to the workers as an act of despair of the Cabinet and an admission on its part of the strength of the movement. Léon Jouhaux, in taking that stand, puts a fair face on a foul matter. His cause is evidently lost, and the move of M. Millerand is more likely to be a symptom of its collapse, offering the Government an opportunity of striking a decisive blow at his turbulent organization.

LABOR shortage, combined with the high price of seed, is expected to result in a shrinkage of five per cent. in the acreage planted to potatoes this season, according to reports from the field agents of the United States Bureau of Markets. There are few products of the soil in which average results fall farther below demonstrated possibilities than in potatoes. Under existing circumstances, it would seem to be the duty, or perhaps we should say the welcome opportunity, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, and all State agencies of similar purpose, to spread to the utmost a knowledge of modern methods of increasing the potato yield and protecting it against its various enemies. It is entirely possible that a five per cent. decrease in acreage may be followed by a decided increase in production, and that, too, with a very slight relative increase in labor.

THERE is real pleasure in the discovery of at least one set of workmen who are willing to combine shorter hours with undiminished production. The "congress" of the American Multigraph Company, at Cleveland, pledged the workers to maintain the rate of production at the ten-hour standard if the company would grant the nine-hour day. The concession was made, in October of last year, and the pledge was faithfully carried out. The workmen have again come forward with a request (not a *demand*) for an eight-hour day, pledging themselves to a peaceable return to the nine-hour system in case of failure to maintain an undiminished rate of production. Preparatory to the request, a committee appointed by the "congress" had gone carefully over the data of production and discovered possible changes o

method by which the rate of production might be increased. Here appears to be a case in which workmen are coöperating with their employers on the plane of mutual confidence and common sense, rather than passion and distrust.

THAT an army officer ought never to open his mouth on social or industrial questions is a stock convention in every radical editorial sanctum. These questions are beyond his ken; he can not, in the nature of things, know anything about them; and the only service he renders, when he speaks of them, is to furnish hilarity for gods and men. And yet—not always. For when he happens to say something that seems to confirm a radical attitude on a particular matter he becomes all at once a perspicacious, shrewd, trained, and experienced observer whose word is authoritative. Take, for instance, Major-General Graves and his reported saying that 98 per cent. of the people in Siberia favor the Bolsheviki. On the basis of the returns, with a few precincts still missing, we can safely affirm that not a single radical, liberal, or other sort of insurgent periodical in the United States has failed to print this reputed saying, with more or less exultant indorsement of both speech and speaker. And yet every person informed about Siberia knows that the utterance can not possibly be true. No matter how often and how diversely the popular sentiment has shifted, and no matter how democratic, radical, or revolutionary it may at any time have been, or may now be, there is no credible evidence that it is or has been pro-Bolshevik. At one time it supported Kolchak, and at a later time it turned violently against him. But the shift was not to Bolshevism; it was a reassertion, in large measure at least, of anti-Bolshevik democracy. In the manifesto of J. Jaxushew, president of the Siberian Regional Duma, issued last September, though Kolchak is bitterly denounced, the Bolsheviki are still "the enemy at the gates," whom a year before the "peasants had chased out of the country." There is no conclusive evidence that the Bolsheviki are in any greater favor in Siberia now than they were then.

THERE is nothing the insurgent editor so eagerly gulps as a seeming disclosure. He knows what his readers want, and it is his business to supply them. They want to hear about the derelictions of the great covenants deviously arrived at, whispers behind locked doors, dark and mysterious origins of familiar things. To many of them the probable and the preposterous are one, and if the disclosure turns out to be merely a mare's nest there's no loss: it might just as well have been true, and anyhow it has furnished its thrill. These evils occur under capitalism; therefore they couldn't possibly occur under some other "ism." Count Czernin's declaration that "Italian diplomacy dominated the affairs of the Entente during the war," moves the *New Republic* to the sage comment: "That is something persons outside of the diplomatic game never suspected, but if one puts together such bits of evidence as cropped up and passed unnoticed, Czernin's statement looks plausible." Of course it looks plausible. To the insurgent editor how else could it look? If it had read that the sinking of the *Lusitania* was caused by the devilish machinations of the French holders of Russian bonds, or that the disaster of Caporetto was brought about through the dickerings of A. Mitchell Palmer with Enver Pasha it would have looked equally plausible.

"IT is a great mistake," said President Masaryk, President of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, in his birthday address to the National Assembly, "to imagine that the social revolution may be effected by the subjugation of the so-called bourgeoisie. Violence, here, too, would fail in its purpose; violence would only make slaves, and a slave never and nowhere works willingly and efficiently." Yet this threatened violence and compulsion is an inextricable part of almost all radical programmes for human uplift, and in the case of the two temporarily successful revolutions, in Russia and Hungary, the threat was instantly translated into actuality. The purpose to impose a rule of force on the unwilling is explicit in almost all revolutionary formulæ and propaganda. The phraseology is that of compulsive power. The revolutionists of all schools intend to "seize and hold," to establish the "dictatorship of the proletariat," to enforce "proletarian discipline," to "subjugate the bourgeoisie," and to "crush out opposition." All of these phrases are expressions of the primitive delight that the revolutionist finds in the contemplation of a state of things in which he and his group will have power to compel others to obedience. It does not matter that the revolutionist delusively calls himself a pacifist, a democrat, an equalitarian, or any one of a dozen other terms that imply a disapproval of force and a hope for the rule of reason and persuasion. All this is for his more remote Utopia; what inspires him for the immediate future is the vision of himself and his fellows exercising unlimited powers against the rest of mankind.

IN "Neophilologus," a Dutch quarterly devoted to the study of modern languages, we find the reproduction of a curious portrait of Milton, which has come to light in Amsterdam. The "Ryksmuseum" possesses a collection of lacquered ware portraits by an Eighteenth Century Japanese artist, one of which presents the features of the poet as we know them from Faithorne's engraving. The regicide has mixed with unfamiliar company in the Japanese workshop, for the rest of the oval-shaped miniatures are mostly royalties: Frederick II. of Prussia, Joseph II., Gustavus Adolphus *et al.* The artist paid an unconscious tribute to Time's conciliatory power. It is sad to think that the intrusion of journalism and the teaching of general history have robbed the modern Japanese of that delightful ignorance which might cause an artist ingeniously to unite in a fraternal series of portraits the features of Mr. Wilson, Clemenceau, Wilhelm von Hohenzollern and Gabriele d'Annunzio.

America's Duty

To any one who has taken the trouble to think of the appalling situation in Central Europe, Mr. Davison's moving appeal and powerful statement of facts were but a confirmation of what one already knew and already felt. But the appeal and statement have centred the attention of the country on the subject, and the response which the nation will make, in acts not in words, will be a measure of its quality, a test alike of its heart and of its mind.

There is no use in mincing matters about it. We are not doing our duty as human beings, and we are not doing our duty as a great and rich and powerful nation. To dispose of the matter by saying that "we have troubles of our own" is to say that, facing the most stupendous need the world has ever known, we are unwilling to lessen by a little our extravagances and luxuries, in order to lessen by a great deal the agonies of millions of our fellow-men, rendered helpless by a world calamity that has left us almost unscathed.

An appropriation of five hundred million dollars, even if it were an outright gift, would be a mere bagatelle to us, in comparison with the immeasurable good it would do, and the unspeakable urgency of the need. "I believe," says Mr. Davison, "that the apathy and indifference which prevail to-day are due only to the fact that the American people have not grasped the dreadful facts," and he believes that when once "the true bearings of the situation have bitten into their consciousness, they will arise and act." But this biting in is taking an unconscionably long time. Our duty is to act now, and not after more millions have starved, after whole peoples may have been plunged into chaos, after the world's unrest has been intensified to the point of imminent deadly peril, from which we ourselves shall not be exempt.

Mr. Davison outlines a definite practical plan, to be instituted by Congress, under which the relief would take the shape not of mere alms, but of constructive aid administered by a commission of the best men America can command—"men of the type of General Pershing, Mr. Hoover, or ex-Secretary Lane"—the commission to be vested with complete power; and the aid would be administered upon such terms of coöperation on the part of the countries benefited as would tend to bring about not mere assuagement of distress, but genuine restoration. And when our Government had adopted the plan, it should "invite other Governments in a position to assist, to participate in the undertaking."

Will America awake to her duty? Will she rise to her opportunity? For the opportunity is as magnificent as the duty is compelling. By undertaking to lead in this great work of salvation, by devoting to it an insignificant fraction of what we stood ready to devote, if necessary, to the prosecution of the war, we shall be making an investment in goodwill which alone will infinitely more than repay the outlay. The gratitude and friendship which was the response of Belgium and of other afflicted countries to American aid in fighting destitution and disease during the war will once more flow to us, on an even greater scale and in more permanent form. Nor will the effect of this goodwill be limited to the manifestation of sentiment, for the improvement of tone and feeling in the prostrated countries of Central Europe will be the most powerful agency that can be imagined towards the prevention of anarchy and war.

If we have not lost our sense of proportion, if we do not place a trifling material sacrifice above the imperious claims at once of humanity and of policy, Mr. Davison's stirring appeal will not have been made in vain. The only excuse for our inaction is that the terrible need and the clear duty have not been brought home to our minds. This excuse can no longer be pleaded. Mr. Davison's words are a trumpet call to the nation's conscience. Let every one of us who is not deaf to the call do his utmost to drive the duty home to those in whose hands lies the decision between duty and inertia, between honor and shame.

Treaty Manœuvres

The Knox resolution declaring the state of war with Germany and Austria-Hungary at an end was passed in the Senate last Saturday by a majority of only five. Only three Democrats — Senators Reed, Shields, and Walsh of Massachusetts —voted in favor of the resolution; and two important dissenters from it, Senators Nelson and McCumber, are recorded on the Republican side. The utter hopelessness of any attempt to pass the resolution over the President's veto is thus demonstrated, though, of course, no demonstration was necessary. Any analysis of Mr. Knox's elaborate argument in favor of his motion would have been, at any time, of strictly academic interest only; and now even that can hardly be claimed for it. Of mere argumentation on theoretical aspects of the treaty, the country has, in all conscience, had enough; and Mr. Knox's argument had too much the character of a lawyer's brief, and too little the character of a genuine political discussion, to make it intrinsically a matter of high public interest. In so far as the episode of the introduction and debating of the resolution may have had real interest, it was as one more manœuvre in the long series which have marked the history of the treaty ever since it was presented to the Senate. But even as a manœuvre it did not have the kind of interest that attached to preceding moves in the game; for it did not offer, as many of the others have done, the possibility of furnishing a definition of the issue upon which the Republican party might plant itself in the whole matter of the treaty and the League.

Before the resolution disappears from view, however, it is worth while to draw attention to one important point. In the minds of the people generally, and in most of the pleas made for the resolution, the chief object to which it was supposed to be directed was that of bringing to an end the conditions in our own country which are predicated upon a state of war. The President is clothed with extraordinary powers, and many do-

mestic affairs are subject to abnormal regulations, in virtue of acts of Congress passed during the war and remaining in force, according to their terms, until its termination. The declaration of a state of peace would bring the operation of these acts to an end, and would take from the President the extraordinary powers which they conferred upon him. In addition to the desirability of this object in itself, another motive has undoubtedly played its part in the pushing of the resolution. From the party standpoint it has been thought to be good politics to place upon the President the odium of continuing a state of war when Congress had declared its desire to bring that condition to a close. But obviously the direct object could be attained as well, and the indirect object vastly better, by something very different from the Knox resolution. So far as our domestic conditions are concerned, it would be quite competent for Congress to repeal all its war acts, and further to declare that as regards home affairs the war emergency is at an end; this, without introducing any question of international relations. In this way, in the first place, all the complex questions, both of diplomacy and of constitutional law, would have been eliminated from the case; and secondly, if the President had placed himself in opposition to that proposal he would have had to shoulder the responsibility of this opposition without being able to plead, as of course he now can, that Congress had gone beyond its legitimate province.

Of far greater interest, from the standpoint of treaty manœuvring, is the peace plank in the platform adopted by the Indiana Republicans. This is supposed to have been virtually drafted in the very highest councils of the Republican party—to represent the strategy of Senator Lodge and Chairman Hays and to foreshadow the treaty plank of the approaching Chicago Convention. That that plank would be "an elastic declaration, leaving the ultimate position to future developments, is likely enough," we said last week was highly probable; and the Indiana platform makes it almost certain. Nor do we feel disposed to find much fault with such a decision. In spite of all that has come and gone—or rather *because* of all that has come and gone—the condition of thought on the subject in the Republican party, and in fact in the country at large, is the reverse of definite; and there is no magic in a platform declaration that can transmute uncertainty of purpose and absence of conviction into their opposites. Unfortunate as it may be, it is a fact that sentiment will have to crystallize, and policy will have to become defined, in the course of the campaign and not in the little time that intervenes between now and the meeting of the Convention. The choice of candidate, however, may have a powerful effect in the shaping of the issue, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the man chosen will have both the will and the capacity to furnish a kind of leadership which has thus far been sadly lacking.

Whatever view be taken of the rights and wrongs of the long-drawn-out struggle in the Senate, and between Senate and President, the one manifest characteristic of nearly all of it is that it has been essentially a series of manœuvres—strategic moves for position, sparring for points. From a very early stage in the proceedings, it has been evident, or at least almost evident, that the President would not accept the Lodge position, and that the majority of the Republicans in the Senate would not bow to the President's will. What each side hoped for was that time would operate in its favor; and the object of particular moves was not to attain the particular end ostensibly in question, but to bring about a favorable protraction of the contest.

The one exception to this state of things was presented by the "mild reservationist" group of Republican Senators. They were really hoping to accomplish the end which they proposed, and they really had good reason to think that the end was attainable. If they had received encouragement from the Democratic side—or if, over and above the sincerity, and in some instances the high ability, with which they urged their cause, they had had a certain quality of heroic determination in which they were wanting—they might have proved the dominant factor in the situation. To Mr. McCumber is due high recognition for the constancy which he has displayed throughout, the readiness he has shown to do, at every turn, that which the faithful pursuance of his original purpose called upon him to do.

Apart from the endeavors of the mild reservationists, we have witnessed merely a succession of grapples, which might indeed have resulted in a compromise, which would have so resulted if the President had been accessible to reason, but which now in the retrospect assume the character of a mere setting of the stage for what is to happen during the campaign and after the election. Over the frightful loss which the world has thus suffered there is nothing to do just now but shrug our shoulders; let us hope that something more promising of substantial result will begin to emerge when the Convention at Chicago shall have completed its work.

Our Merchant Marine

In the matter of our merchant marine, there has not yet been marked out, in Congress or elsewhere, a clear pathway of transition from the methods forced by war conditions and necessities to a permanent national policy, which will assign a proper place to private enterprise, and will give definite assurance as to the nature and extent of Government control under which such enterprise may be exerted.

As an aid in developing such a policy, the Bankers Trust Company, of New York City, has compiled an extremely valuable and interesting little volume, under the title of "America's Merchant Marine." The first few pages sketch the earlier history of the subject, from the building of the first ship at the mouth of the Kennebec, down through the colonial period and the exciting vicissitudes of the Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, and the war of 1812, down to the summit of growth reached in 1855, when American

yards turned out more than two thousand vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of over five millions. At that point the turn began, with England's superior skill in constructing large iron steamships. American capital ceased to invest in wooden ships, and the tonnage built in American yards fell off nearly two-thirds in five years.

After the historical sketch come twenty chapters on various phases of the subject, as for example, Operating Costs, Labor Factors, the Oil-burning Ship, Government Aid, America's World Markets, The Great Lakes Traffic, American Registry Laws, Ship Safety Laws, and Marine Insurance. Businessmen involved, directly or indirectly, in overseas trade, the possible investors in shipping shares, and especially our national lawmakers and their executive advisers, need at the present time just such a carefully compiled book of facts as this.

The Socialist Convention

IN the funeral procession of Junia, sister of Marcus Brutus and wife of Caius Cassius in former years, Tacitus tells us that images of the most illustrious families to the number of twenty were carried; but the images of Brutus and Cassius outshone them all, he says, because (for obvious political and personal reasons) *they were not there.* It is a somewhat similar effect that the Socialists were aiming at, in their national convention of last week, when they nominated Eugene Debs to lead them in the coming campaign. His leadership is expected to be all the more effective because, barring the chance of a pardon from the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, he will not be there. There is little reason to believe, however, that a plea of martyrdom resting on so slender a base as that of Mr. Debs will make any effective appeal to voters not already convinced.

Perhaps the best claim of the recent convention to "Americanism" could be based on its close imitation of such old party traditions as the minutely detailed denunciation of the other side (Democrats and Republicans lumped, in this case) and the painfully drawn out applause when the name of the conquering hero comes, accompanied by the marching of the delegates around the convention hall, in a kind of college boys' snake-dance. Should not the real industrial revolutionist have whirled far enough off the old orbit to have shaken himself loose from all that? What conservatives might call an entirely hopeful sign was the attitude of the convention towards the present situation in Russia. Formally, it expressed its adherence to the "Third Internationale," but it just as formally refused to be led into any indorsement of "the dictatorship of the Proletariat" as a test of that adherence; and various speakers, including Victor Berger, indicated very plainly not merely their conviction that such a dictatorship would not work here, but their knowledge that it is going awry in Moscow. The "conservatives" were roundly hissed by the galleries, but had their way on the floor in formulating the platform. The defeated, however, as a salve to their feelings, were assured by Berger and Hillquit that the party was not to become more moderate, but in reality would be more revolutionary than ever before. A New York delegate, James O'Neal, asserted that "bourgeois democracy, with all its faults, at least allows decision on important matters by the civilized method of the ballot. Dictatorship means sheer brute struggle." In the hurly-burly of debate, one of the delegates made an implied admission of rather damaging character in the assertion that common sense is the principle of success, and that the Socialists must mix common sense with their demands if success is to be secured.

No complete draft of the platform is as yet available, with the many alterations made on the floor of the convention, and a detailed study of its provisions must come later. It declares in the broadest terms for "the socialization of industries," but does not carry that declaration to the entirely logical conclusion of demanding that the farmer shall surrender his property right in his farm. An outsider is naturally tempted to see in this an inconsistency due to a desire for the farmer vote, supposed to be among the discontented elements. The convinced Socialist, however, possibly thinks that the farmer's eyes are not yet fully open, and that a merely temporary concession must be made to him until he is won over by seeing the beauty of confiscation as applied to others.

While the more radical element of the convention suffered a formal defeat at every point where the test of a vote was forced, the inner spirit of the body as a whole was probably represented by the defeated side. The concessions were born of expediency, rather than conviction. The voter who really believes in American institutions, as framed by our forefathers and developed by generations of actual working, should not imagine for a moment that the party which has come first into the campaign, with Mr. Debs at its head, is merely one among several groups of Americans desiring to put perhaps a different, but none the less legitimate, interpretation on those institutions. Though the Socialist party, making a virtue of necessity, may show itself willing to submit to the forms of the Constitution as a means of attaining to power, there is no question of its intent to use that power, if attained, for the overthrow of the Constitution as we know it, and as its framers intended it. The Debs ticket should have the support of none but those who believe that our Constitution is a failure in its most fundamental features, and that the abolition of private property—progressive and rapid, even if not immediate and complete—is the proper basis on which to build a new form of government to take its place. The man who does not believe this, and yet talks of voting the Socialist ticket as a "protest," is thoughtlessly playing with a very dangerous kind of fire. To give the Socialist full liberty to state his programme and support it by argument is one thing; to lend him support, by voting his ticket as a mere rebuke to somebody else, is quite another.

The Turkish Treaty

THE Turkish carpet, in which the green of the fertile crescent, the gray of the Arabian desert, and the blue of the Ægean were the most prominent colors, is to be cut up and divided among various claimants, the Sultan retaining a part little larger, compared to the original carpet, than a prayer rug. And a prayer rug, rather than a throne, is the true symbol of his future status. Shorn of secular power over all but his Turkish subjects, he is only a petty potentate of a small, uncivilized people which counts for little among the family of nations. Only as Caliph, leader of the mosque prayers, does he remain an important figure in the Asiatic world. As such his power is unchallenged. Even his former Arab subjects, who revolted against him and shook off the yoke with British aid, still give him the accustomed homage as the Executive of Islam.

With this functionary the Entente had no quarrel. The treaty handed to the Turkish delegation in Paris concerns only the Sultan of the Ottomans, although it is true that the clause which permits the maintenance of Turkish sovereignty in Constantinople was framed out of consideration for the sovereign in his capacity of Caliph. This permission, however, is not given unconditionally. Its fulfillment by the Entente will depend on Turkey's faithful observance of the treaty; in other words, Mehmed VI as Caliph is made a hostage for his own good behavior as Sultan of the Ottomans. The two will wink at each other in their common sleeve, the Sultan well knowing that from breaking the agreement no harm can come to the Caliph, as the same reasons that prevented the ousting of him this time will still hold good hereafter. For if the systematic massacres of Greeks and Armenians were not a sufficient reason to justify the Turk's expulsion from Europe, the less heinous crime of infringing the peace treaty will not, and ought not, to be so punished, unless the Entente should demand more respect for its own dictates than for the dictates of humanity.

However, the Sultan is left but little chance of breaking his word. Turkish sovereignty, though maintained in Constantinople, will be a shadow only of its former self. The real sovereign in the capital will be the Great Powers. Since, on March 16, the Allied forces, chiefly English, took possession of the Ministries of War and Marine, of the arsenal at Galata and all military depots, of the police bureaus, post and telegraph offices, of the bridges across the Golden Horn, of the railway station and the quays, the Sultan and his Ministers have lost control over the city. A month is given them for the consideration of the treaty, but though it should take them only half a day, as it probably will, to come to the conclusion that they can not accept it, accept it they will, because the Entente has the power to force them to sign. This military occupation is, indeed, a provisional measure, but it does not follow that with the withdrawal of the visible instruments of power the Entente's hold on the Government will simultaneously be released. The treaty, which this military display will help to enforce, will then become the instrument by which that hold can be maintained for good. It gives England, France, and Italy a permanent and complete control of Turkish finances, and it is a commonplace of domestic and historical experience that he who holds the strings of the purse holds also the reins of government. Again, under the interallied control of the Straits, the access to the city and its communication with Anatolia is entirely in the hands of the Powers. The Sultan and his Government will be mere executives of these, and Europe, though disappointed of her hope to rid herself of the Turk, will have the satisfaction, at least, of seeing order restored and security of navigation established in that exposed and vital part of her continent.

It is not the Turkish Government, therefore, whose decision can materially affect the fate of the treaty. A veto from Washington will have greater weight than one from the once Sublime Porte. The full satisfaction of Greek claims in Thrace as against those of Bulgaria, the cession of the Dodecanesos to Italy, and the continuance of the Sultan's rule in Constantinople are not in accord with Mr. Wilson's well-known views, and will probably be the subject of a long series of diplomatic notes leading up to the usual compromise between principle and expediency. The second point, we confess, is an ugly blot on the treaty, ill according with the tenets of the League of Nations, whose name is so frequently mentioned in the document, and we should be glad to see Mr. Wilson succeed in getting the treaty amended on that minor point.

But the final word on the treaty will be spoken by Mustapha Kemal. Though the peace be dictated to the Government in Constantinople, it is in Anatolia that it will have to be enforced against his resistance. His influence extends beyond the field of his military activity, into the political sphere of the capital. Four-fifths of the deputies of the Turkish Chamber are members of the Nationalist party Felah-i-Vatan, or Weal of the Fatherland, which thus possesses the power to hamper the activity of any Government which it considers to be a tool of the Entente. If Kemal remains successful in defying the Great Powers, the majority in the Chamber will derive courage from his example to use that power to the fullest extent. Hence on the military exertion of the Entente to bring him and his Nationalist following to reason the fate of the treaty ultimately depends. A difficult guerrilla warfare in Anatolia is necessary to establish peace with Turkey and security for Greeks and Armenians.

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The Plot Against Mexico

THE sudden collapse of the Carranza Government from a popular uprising will appear, to ordinary folk, a sufficient proof of the evil social conditions that have lately prevailed in Mexico. A push and a kick, and all was over. Yet for the last five years, and particularly for the last three years, since the adoption of the present Constitution, these conditions have been constantly misrepresented by the insurgent press of the United States. This press has shown itself coldly indifferent to the frightful sufferings of the Mexican people; it has unquestioningly accepted and distributed the propaganda of paid agents of Carranza; it has ignored or distorted the most trustworthy evidence; and in the face of all the easily ascertainable facts it has kept up a "wolf! wolf!" cry of Wall Street intervention.

Just such another journalistic episode was strung along the ten years ended May 25, 1911. Then it was the conservative press in solid front, as of late it has been the insurgent press. Then it was the Diaz myth—a benevolent father-king, wearing out his heart and soul in devoted service to his backward and not overgrateful people; just as of late it has been the Carranza myth—a fusion of Washington, Lincoln, and Mazzini, but with nobler vision than these, patiently building up an earthly Eden while undergoing the constant bedevilment of American capitalists. The same mealy-mouthed language of palliation and excuse was then lavished by the conservative press on the jailings and shootings of Diaz as of late has been lavished by the insurgent press on the jailings and shootings of Carranza. In those days, as in these later days, hand-picked observers crossed the line southward, where they were taken under protection and guidance and sumptuously fed on official pap, and whence they came back with standardized tales of peace, prosperity, and contentment. And in those days, as in these, a shrewd old ruler knew where to put his money to get results from the always and ever-to-be bamboozled American people.

I think, if a personal word is permissible, that I can speak on this subject with some knowledge and some right. From the time of the first prosecutions of Mexican political refugees in the southwest, I have taken an eager and a sympathetic interest in all that concerns the Mexican people. The Diaz propaganda, thickly sown though it was, did not deceive me. In New York City I was, I believe, first among those who sought to get a hearing in the conservative press in behalf of the Mexican liberals. I found no opening. One editor, too young and too indiscreet for his job, accepted one of my manuscripts, but the owners of the magazine suppressed it. The pro-Diaz censorship was at the time complete. Later, in a few cases, it was relaxed, and several articles by various writers, including one by myself, appeared in the periodical press. Then, mysteriously, the lid came down again, and it stayed down virtually until Diaz was ousted by Madero. During the ensuing long period of turmoil I have carefully followed Mexican events; I have also followed the insurgent press for its comment on Mexico; and I say that, with a single exception which will be noted later, so far as I know no radical, Socialist, revolutionist, or pseudo-liberal paper in the United States has made the slightest attempt to tell the truth about Mexico. Most of these journals, indeed, have busied themselves with misleading propaganda and with the denunciation of persons who told the facts.

These facts have been accessible in greater or less degree to any one who cared for them. Conditions under Carranza, especially during the last year, can be readily summed up. These conditions, of course, were not uniform throughout the land. What could be said of most of Mexico would not apply to Sonora, Lower California, or parts of Sinaloa. Nor would any generalization which could be framed be equally true of all the other regions. But taken in the lump, Mexico was ruled by a dictator, held in power by the aid of bandit chiefs who looted the big estates and industrial properties, terrorized the people, and refused, as a rule, to suppress the other bandits (the anti-Carranza ones) because it was more profitable to dicker with them. Mexican refugees say that though they were robbed indiscriminately by both governmental and anti-governmental bandits, the latter were the more decent, and usually left them something to eat. The Carranzistas made clean sweeps.

There was general insecurity of life and person. General Salvador Alvarado, in his famous letter to Carranza, some months ago, declared that between the outlaws and the Carranzistas some 36,000 men were being killed every year. "No one thinks of the man," he said; "let him die like a dog in the gutter." For hundreds of thousands of the people there was no work and no promise of any. There was great destitution, and there were no sincere efforts on the part of the Government to relieve it. Justice was for sale. "A wave of shameless and cynical immorality," said Alvarado, "pervades the acts of judges and shysters, who sell justice to the highest bidder." Elections were a farce. There was not even personal safety for a candidate opposing Carranza. Only by the most extraordinary precautions were the friends of Obregon able to save his life from the attempts of Carranza's thugs.

Far from fostering social and labor legislation, Carranza overturned the results of the Alvarado and Carrillo régimes in Yucatan, and he set himself stubbornly against the remarkable series of reforms instituted in Sonora by Calles. The summary of these reforms prepared by Juan Ortiz Mora shows Sonora in the creditable light of a most progressive State, steadily forwarding a reconstructive programme against constant obstructions by Carranza. As for organized labor, Carranza was its bitter enemy. His remedy for strikes, though from motives of expediency not always enforced, was the

firing squad and the machine gun battalion. "By slaying and imprisoning workmen," says Juan Rico, of the Mexican Labor party, "Carranza ended the general strike of 1916." The testimony on this matter comes from a multitude of sources, and is irrefutable.

On top of all this, the late First Chief subsidized a wildly revolutionist communist monthly magazine, *Gale's*. No intelligent person could fail to see from a glance at this journal the proofs of its fraudulency. It excoriated the American Federation of Labor. It denounced even "moderate Socialism." It declared that soviet communism was the workers' only hope. It extravagantly praised Carranza the man, and the Carranza Government. But the greater part of its space was taken up with violent denunciations of alleged American projects of intervention. In each issue this intervention bogey was set forth in all its hideous deformity, and then bludgeoned, blacksnaked, and flayed from head to toes. Now no one can suppose that Carranza, the dictator, had the slightest patience with the soviet doctrines of this journal. Nor can any informed person believe that he would have allowed this journal to appear for a single issue if radicalism had been its sole note. But any one can see the value to Carranza of a Mexico City journal written and printed for the revolutionary gudgeons of the United States. The first-page legend which it carried, "20,000 circulation in English, 5,000 in Spanish," was probably a falsehood; but there can be no doubt that by far the greater number of copies went to the United States. Despite the glaring evidences of its fraudulency, it was credulously accepted by American radicals, who sent it money (in reply to its frantic appeals), wrote for it, and promoted its circulation. I assume that Obregon has already suppressed it as a notorious swindle.

These facts, as I have said, have been in greater or less degree accessible to all who cared to know them. But they have been studiously ignored or else angrily denied by the insurgent press of the United States. There is one exception. A revolutionary Communist, living in New York, journeyed to the land of the heart's desire as pictured in the idylls of Lincoln Steffens, John Kenneth Turner, John Reed, L. J. de Bekker, the Rev. Samuel Guy Inman, and other poets of the impressionistic-romantic school. When he arrived he looked about him. He was completely disillusioned. In the columns of the revolutionary *Liberator* for January he told his disheartening tale. It makes out a case against the Carranza Government far worse than what has been summarized here. The revelation caused a pretty row in the columns of the *Liberator*, but so far as I know not a single other insurgent journal has mentioned the matter. As late as May 5 the *New Republic*, with matchless ineptitude, could speak as follows:

> Revolutionary activity in Mexico was to be expected, since the Presidential elections are approaching. It is a Mexican method of electioneering, more dramatic and less expensive than the methods in vogue in the United States. Usually pains are taken to reduce the danger of bloodshed to a minimum. In the present instance the center of revolutionary activity is Sonora, seventy-six thousand square miles of hill and desert with less than three hundred thousand population, practically inaccessible to invading forces except from the United States. Auxiliary centers of revolution appear elsewhere, but the press reports of troop movements and engagements offer no proof of anything like a determined revolutionary force like those which overthrew Diaz and Huerta, or even like the Villa assault upon Carranza. But the noise of Mexican politics arises opportunely for the purposes of those in this country who would like to make an issue out of "cleaning up Mexico."

Liberalism, radicalism, insurgency in general, accepted a Mexican myth based partly upon the high-flown rhetoric (as well as on the confiscatory provisions in Article 27) of the Constitution of 1917 and partly upon the tales of romantic and sometimes subsidized travelers and rhapsodists. All contrary testimony was uniformly rejected. Insurgent journalism has played exactly the same game with regard to the Government of Carranza that it has played with regard to the Government of Lenin. It has shamelessly juggled the facts. Events have shown that the real plot against Mexico was the plot of Carranza and his bandit chiefs against the Mexican people, and that this plot was in this country perversely abetted, to the best of their powers, by the professed organs of truth, justice, and brotherhood.

W. J. GHENT

Hiram W. Johnson in Fact and Fancy

THE energetic campaign which Hiram W. Johnson is waging for the Republican nomination is attracting keen attention in all circles. His phenomenal showing in a succession of State primaries is causing anxiety among many who a few months ago did not take his candidacy seriously. Indeed it now looks as if the California Senator would come to Chicago next month as General Wood's most formidable rival. Politicians profess to minimize the results of the primaries, pointing out that they represent but a small minority of the voters, but they are plainly worried. Conservatives interpret his success as the result of appeals to the radicals and the elements of unrest, calling attention to the fact that his strongest showing has been made in industrial centres where the greatest discontent exists. Still others consider it a verdict of popular opinion against Wilson and the League of Nations, and point also to his pacifist, Sinn Fein, and pro-German following.

Undoubtedly all of these considerations have weight and must be taken into account, but they are far from furnishing a satisfactory explanation. Anyone who attended the meetings addressed by Senator Johnson in New York and Chicago, could not but be struck by the preponderance of these obnoxious elements in the audiences and the direct appeal which the speaker made to them. But it is inconceivable that they are sufficiently numerous to account for the Johnson votes cast in the primaries. As a matter of fact he owes his largest support to the prevalence of what may be termed the "Johnson

legend." Widely spread over the country is the belief that Hiram Johnson is the Hercules that cleaned the Augean stables of Californian politics and introduced in that commonwealth advanced welfare legislation and a model system of administration. It is this belief that has drawn to the Senator thousands of good men and women who have become impatient at the slowness of progress and skeptical of most men prominent in public life. These people are convinced that they can find in Johnson a leader that will brush away the cobwebs at a stroke and usher in a new and happier day.

Is there any real foundation for their belief? Has the Johnson legend any basis in fact? Surely it is of the highest importance to study the record and ascertain the truth. If Hiram Johnson performed in his native State the services thus attributed to him, then, indeed, he has a valid claim to be considered as a worthy candidate for the highest office in the land in this transcendent time of crisis. If, on the other hand, he is sailing under false colors and profiting by a reputation which he does not deserve, then all the world should know it. It is the purpose of the writer to analyze Johnson's career in California objectively with a view to determining whether his acts, accomplishments, and character justify his popular reputation in the eastern States.

In California Hiram W. Johnson's political career has been brief but spectacular, and those most opposed to him and his methods will not deny him the credit of large achievements. Prior to his first appearance on the political stage in 1910, when he was elected Governor, he had been a rather inconspicuous lawyer. His legal equipment was considered mediocre, and his abilities lay rather in the line of a certain dramatic eloquence and the power of vitriolic attack in addressing a jury than in clear reasoning or constructive argument. Before his campaign for the Governorship he was chiefly known for his connection with two cases, the graft prosecution and the Dalzell Brown affair.

When Francis J. Heney undertook the graft prosecution case, Johnson also entered it, but soon afterward withdrew, the alleged reason being that he fell out with Rudolph Spreckels, the "angel" of the prosecution, over the amount of his fee. Later, when Heney was shot and temporarily disabled, Johnson volunteered to take his place. Ruef was convicted—as he was certain to be from the moment of the attack on Heney—and this at once established the popularity of Johnson.

The other case was that of the defense of Dalzell Brown, who had looted the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. It was a scandalous case and the guilt of the accused was beyond question. Johnson was generally believed to have been employed to use his influence and "pull" with the district attorney's office to get his client off with a light sentence. A judge was called in from the country, and Brown pleaded guilty to one charge. The prosecuting officer asked for a nominal sentence on the ground of the assistance rendered by Brown in untangling the false entries in the books of the bank. Later it appeared that Brown had done nothing of the sort, but had done all in his power to block the investigation. There was little doubt as to the means employed by his attorney in securing his escape from just punishment.

Then came the split in the Republican party. The so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League was formed, with the avowed purpose of wresting control of the party machinery from those who had long held it. Johnson was asked by the League to run for Governor, but declined. The then Governor, James Gillett, was deservedly popular and there was little doubt of his reëlection if he should decide to run again. When, however, Gillett announced that he would retire and the way seemed open for a plurality candidate to succeed in the resulting confusion, Johnson changed his mind and accepted the leadership and candidacy of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League.

He made his campaign on the issue of the Southern Pacific in politics, and it is upon this that much of his fame outside his native State rests. As a matter of fact, the Southern Pacific was already out of politics, had been out of politics for two years, when he started his campaign. The facts are open to everyone. Had the Southern Pacific not given up its political organizations throughout the State, Johnson would have had no show at all. But the legend of Southern Pacific political control was still strong, and Johnson played upon it in vitriolic attacks. He indulged in spectacular "shadow-boxing" over the grave of the self-buried giant. It is a matter of record that, not long before, he had sought employment with the Southern Pacific and had been turned down.

Reference must be made to one other issue in this election that has been misrepresented in the East, the issue of woman suffrage. It has been publicly asserted that Johnson was an advocate of suffrage and was largely responsible for giving the vote to the women of California. Nothing could be further from the case. The Constitutional amendment for suffrage was before the electors at the same election in which he was running for Governor, but in all the speeches he made up and down the State, never once did he say one word in favor of it. On the contrary, he kept discreetly silent, except in private conversation, where he could voice his contempt in safety. Though repeatedly urged to make a public declaration on the subject, he declined to do so.

The campaign resulted in his election, together with a Legislature entirely subservient to him. With this in hand, he started to build up a political machine unique in the annals of American politics. Its unique character lies in the fact that, while it exercised a control even more complete than that of Tammany, and utilized the corrupt forces of vice and graft as exemplified in the ward-heelers of the underworld and the waterfront, it was built up "in the name of the Lord," and counts among its supporters many of the most prominent and "forward-looking" men of California. How was it pos-

sible to achieve such an anomalous result? By patronage, pure and simple, albeit sometimes disguised beneath the cover of "welfare" commissions.

It would be unfair to deny Governor Johnson the credit for much legislation of enlightened character. California was far behind in such matters, and if perchance Johnson's subservient Legislature deserved the epithet of "freak," which has generally been applied to it, due appreciation must be recorded for the institution of many needed reforms. The drawback was that these reform and welfare measures—good as well as bad—were carried out by the institution of numerous highly paid commissions, which cost the people of the State exorbitant sums and each of which became a source of patronage to the Governor for his machine. This patronage was abused in a shocking manner. A large number of legislators were given lucrative positions. Saloon-keepers, professional gamblers, *id omne genus*, who controlled large blocks of votes, were taken care of and even dominated the Republican county committee of San Francisco. The number of State employees increased by leaps and bounds, and the expense of running the State Government jumped from $8,376,298 in 1910 to $15,681,943 in 1916. One illustration of the increase of the State payroll for political purposes may be cited as typical. In 1910 the employees on the San Francisco water front (State Harbor Board) numbered 285 with an annual pay-roll of $379,936; in 1916 these had been increased to 604, with an annual payroll of $702,359. The Harbor Board controls the belt-line railroad, with four miles of track and four locomotives. For this were provided seven yardmasters, fifteen firemen, forty-six machinists' helpers, seventeen electricians, and fifteen engineers!

The political degradation of California under the Johnson machine presents a dark picture. The obedient Legislature placed the additional burden of taxation, necessary to meet the vastly increased expenditures, upon the public service corporations and fooled the people into believing that this came out of their fat profits and not out of the pockets of the consumers. The owners of these corporations were rendered thoroughly docile under the threat of confiscatory taxes without redress, and even today, in the primary just held, many of them came tamely to heel, realizing their impotence to kick against the pricks.

The story of Johnson espousing the Progressive party and his disfranchising of the Republican party in California forms a chapter by itself, but to tell it would transcend the limits of this article. Here is no question of the right or propriety of changing political allegiance. It is the question of utilizing a personal machine to seize and change a party organization. Johnson, through his complete control of the Republican State Committee, secured the nomination as Presidential electors of men pledged to vote for the Progressive candidates, and prevented the names of real Republican electors from appearing on the ballot. To perpetuate his control, despite the collapse of the Progressive party, he secured the passage of an infamous primary law that permits any man to vote in the primary of a party regardless of his own party affiliation. His attacks on the Republican party were violent and offensive, yet when it served his purpose he directed his followers to vote in the Republican primaries, and thereby obtained again the control of the Republican party organization for the purpose of securing the nomination for United States Senator. Another step also was necessary. The Constitution of California forbade a Governor to become a candidate for Senator. He had this provision repealed. The iniquitous primary law made possible at the same time political deals and trades with the Democrats.

Such was the situation at the time of the Hughes-Wilson campaign and the Johnson-Hughes episode in California, which resulted in the election of Wilson. In California, Hughes was defeated by less than 4,000 votes; Johnson was elected Senator by more than 300,000. This astounding result was lamely explained in many ways. To this day it is generally believed in the East that it was due to the stupidity and Bourbonism of Republican reactionaries, whom the people rebuked for slights to their champion, Johnson. These explanations obviously do not explain. Johnson claimed to be loyal to Hughes, but had this been true, the slightest nod to his machine would have made the victory of Hughes certain. California was overwhelmingly Republican, and there was no need for Hughes to include it in his itinerary, certainly not before the primaries, where the Senatorial nomination was to be decided. W. H. Crocker, Republican National Committeeman, made an earnest plea that Hughes's visit to California should be delayed until after the primaries, lest the national candidate should be injected into the local struggle. But Hughes came, and the studied break was carefully staged. Why was it done? To many the answer seemed simple. If Hughes were elected, four years later he would undoubtedly be reëlected, or, if not, a Democrat would succeed him. Johnson's opportunity for the Presidency lay in the defeat of Hughes and the election of Wilson, who would scarcely attempt to run a third time.

Johnson's political career in California and at Washington gives a clear index to his character. Alfred Holman thus sums it up in the *Argonaut:*

> Mr. Johnson, a man not without talent and courage and with exceptional powers of public appeal, is first, last and always a politician. He is a statesman only in the sense of an extended experience in the mechanism of practical politics. Of world affairs he knows little and cares less. He has no convictions founded in broad knowledge or in moral purpose. His genius is that of destruction; his talent that of denunciation. His policy, when not limited to expediencies, is dominated by his hatreds. Early in his career he discovered the campaign value of defamatory onslaught, and he has attuned his very considerable powers of oratory to this sinister expedient. Mr. Johnson has not the first qualification for the presidency. He is minus the breadth of mind, minus the knowledge of affairs, minus the economical instinct, minus the judicial spirit, above all minus the character requisite in the presidency if it is to be brought back to its constitutional status and re-established in the respect of intelligence and patriotism.

This is a harsh arraignment, but justification may be found for it in the recent primaries in California.

With almost the whole press of the State at his beck and call (no less than thirty-seven editors had been appointed by him to commissions), a violent tirade of misrepresentation and insinuation was launched at his opponent, Herbert Hoover. Every day the papers carried hints to the Democrats that they could vote in the Republican primaries. Hoover's supporters, amateurs in politics and starting late, carried on a clean campaign, eschewing these political methods. They had very limited funds to spend, which were devoted to sending out letters and circulars and to paying for some advertisements in the Johnson papers, the only way they could reach the electorate. The Hoover campaign expenditures in California were probably less than one-fifth those of the Johnson committee, yet they at once provoked the old familiar cry of "a Saturnalia of political extravagance," a smoke-screen to conceal the prodigality on the other side. Despite the most powerful political machine ever known in America, despite the opposition, the unfair opposition of practically all the newspapers, despite their inexperience and lack of funds, despite the adherence to Johnson of a crowd of old-line Republicans, who thereby, prior to the appearance of Hoover, sought to insure against another betrayal of the party by Johnson at Chicago, nevertheless the supporters of Hoover obtained for him nearly three votes for every five votes cast for Johnson. It was a splendid showing, and the protest which these 210,000 votes expressed should not be without effect in opening the eyes of the East to the true nature of the Johnson legend.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Military Coup in Germany

WAS it a military coup? That can not be subject to doubt when one considers who were the wirepullers. A Social-Democratic politician, Herr Odenweiler, from Bad Homburg, had, on March 13, a conversation with General Ludendorff at Berlin in the course of which the General requested Herr Odenweiler to bring him into contact with the Social-Democratic Party Managers and the executives of the Trade Unions. The leaders of the conspiracy wanted, at the very outset, to pacify and placate the working classes. Among other things, Ludendorff said: "We have employed Kapp simply because we had no better man. We need one with iron nerves. If you can procure us any, we are willing to form a Government also with them."

Ludendorff acted, of course, in the belief that he was doing his country a service, but a conspiracy against the German Constitution, such as broke out on March 13, must be judged by what actually happened and not according to the subjective conviction of the principal actors. The chief agent was Ludendorff's former assistant in the war, Colonel Bauer, the very man who, on December 7, 1919, assured the American journalist, Karl H. von Wiegand, in an interview that "with the exception of a few hotspurs, no one in Germany contemplates restoring the monarchy by violence." During the few days in which Herr Kapp was the stalking-horse for the military dictatorship which was to be established, the participants in the enterprise publicly denied that they had any monarchical intentions. But these protestations were not in accordance with Bauer's interview, the tenor of which was that the monarchic movement in Germany was growing and that the restoration of the monarchy, in a form copied from the English model, would come to pass "automatically" in the near future. The Colonel even disclosed at the time a regular programme: first, the election of Hindenburg as President, then the removal under his authority of the ruins of the old Empire, and finally an invitation to Crown-Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to take possession of his inheritance. Such was, doubtless, also the plan underlying the attempt of March 13. When its leaders expressed themselves on the question of the monarchy in private conversation, their denial lacked that decision which they gave to their public utterances. Those who know Hindenburg's character can not believe him to have been initiated in the conspirators' plans. The wirepullers behind the scene had intended him for President because the moral authority and personal worship which the Marshal commands even among his political opponents could serve their purpose unknown to Hindenburg himself.

The conspiracy might have become more dangerous if it had not broken out prematurely. Shortly before, the majority in the National Assembly decided that the elections for the Reichstag should take place in the late autumn, as soon as the harvest should be over, and a definite legislative programme should have been dispatched. This was against the wishes of the reactionary monarchists and conservatives. They wanted, on the contrary, elections at the earliest possible date, because public feeling, during the last months, had been unfavorable to the Government. The cost of living kept going up, the recuperation of national production proceeded but slowly, labor showed an increasing tendency towards radicalism, and one could often hear the remark, "Before the November Revolution things were in better shape. Since then they have gone steadily downward." The average German unconsciously confused the consequences of the war with those of the Revolution, and the pace-makers of the counter-revolution made the most of this confusion. Among their circle it was feared that, if the elections were postponed until the late autumn, the Government might succeed meanwhile in quieting the general discontent by financial reforms by levying on both capital and incomes, and by obtaining material alleviation of the peace terms.

Hardly better pleased were the conspirators by the plan, then under discussion among the majority parties, to have the President elected not after the American fashion by the entire nation, but in the French way by the people's representatives. That would preclude the election of Hindenburg, and his moral prestige was an essential factor for the realization of their retrogressive move. At this juncture the Minister of War and Generalissimo Noske became aware of the existence of the conspiracy.

Noske was, no doubt, the most energetic man in the Government. For him the outbreak of the counter-revolution was a moral defeat, as he had always guaranteed that the officers and troops, according to their oath to the Constitution and the personal assurances of the Generals, were loyal to him, the Minister, whatever their feelings and convictions might be regarding the old Empire. His security was such that even in the night of March 12, when he inspected the guards in front of the Ministries, he did not yet believe in the seriousness of the situation, and held himself convinced that he could frustrate the conspirators' plans. But when, at 3 o'clock in the morning, the Government was suddenly faced with the full danger, Noske said the troops at his command were four times outnumbered by the forces then marching upon Berlin. The Government troops had little inclination to fight against odds, and received the order to retreat. When the conspirators entered Berlin, they found

the city abandoned and most of the members of the Government gone.

This flight of the Government was a disappointment to the leaders of the counter-revolution. It invalidated their claim of being the only central authority in the country. The second obstacle in their way to success was the refusal of all the departments both of the Imperial and Prussian administrations to coöperate with them. The two assistant Secretaries of State in the Foreign Office gave the self-appointed Imperial Chancellor, Dr. Kapp, to understand that they would not heed any orders from him. Even more serious was the hostile attitude of the Ministry of Finance. Herr Kapp sent an adjutant to the Assistant Secretary of State who, since Erzberger's fall, had been responsible for the Department, to ask for a draft of ten million marks, which he needed for the pay of the troops. The Secretary's answer to the officer was literally as follows: "Tell Dr. Kapp that I have no money for him, and that he shall not get a single penny from me." But the decisive blow to their hopes was given by the refusal of the officers and soldiers in the provinces to join the rebels.

A backward look on these five days of the Kapp régime suggests a threefold conclusion. It reveals, first of all, the fatal mentality of those men to whom, in the war, the destinies of Germany were entrusted. General Ludendorff betrayed, by his remark about the need of men with iron nerves, that he had not the slightest notion of the spirit prevailing among the people. Only an absolute lack of political sense can account for his absurd belief that the counter-revolution could be forced through with military power against the will of the people in its present mood. We understand now why this man and men of his stripe, such as Kapp, Bauer, and von Lüttwitz, were incapable, during the war, of reading the signs of the time which gave them warning to conclude a timely peace. It was Dr. Kapp who in July, 1917, founded the "Fatherland Party," which had for its purpose the continuation of the war until Germany should have vanquished all her opponents. That party had, at the time, the support not of the masses, which then had already grown tired of the war, but of a large part of the educated classes. But the Pan-German spirit had lost its hold on these, as the failure of Kapp's revolution has proved beyond any doubt. When the conspirators realized that they could not expect material help from that quarter, they changed their tactics and sought contact with the radical wing of the Socialists. They offered to the Independents the use of their troops, if they wished to form a Government. Their idea was to establish a Bolshevist Germany, if their original plan failed, and to attempt to restore Germany's military predominance with the help of Soviet Russia, a plan of despair evidencing a total absence of political intelligence. Not even the bulk of the moderate Social-Democrats, let alone the bourgeois parties, would have lent support to such a mad excess of patriotism.

The second conclusion bears on the question whether the radical and destructive counter-move of the general strike was necessary to repress the revolt. It is not to be wondered at that Labor, under the first impression of the coup, when Berlin was practically cut off from all communication with the rest of the country, and the real situation in the individual provinces could not be surveyed, should have reacted in the way it did, honestly believing that everything was at stake. The movement was spontaneous. The lawful Government did not officially call the strike, but seems to have recommended it. In that Ebert and Bauer made a mistake, for which, however, they are not to blame. For they could not know the actual strength of their own position, which the course of events proved to be greater than they thought, despite the many mistakes which they had made and which precluded the return of their Government in its former constitution. But these mistakes are recorded on another page than the one which contains the history of the Kapp revolution.

The third conclusion is that these patriots of the Ludendorff type have caused the Fatherland a material loss of about two billion working hours, involving a retardation of the country's reconstruction and of the fulfillment of its obligations. This deplorable effect is only grist for the mill of the Communists who aim at the overthrow of Germany's economic organization and hope to usher in the world revolution with the help of Bolshevist Russia. The coup has, indeed, offered an occasion for the German people to show the world, by its disavowal of the military reaction, that a large majority of the nation renounces its past ambitions. It may justly be said that this was the first unmistakable manifestation of the existence of a new, democratic Germany. But also, this democratic Germany will have a hard struggle to prevent a large part, perhaps the majority, of Labor from being lured into the radical camp by the success of the general strike, which has proved its effectiveness as a political weapon. The nebulous dreams of a communistic state, of a Soviet Republic, and an alliance with Russia have taken a more definite shape, and the near future will probably witness a series of violent coups from the extreme left. An effective antidote would be an increased import of raw materials and foodstuffs. Only that Government has a chance of maintaining itself in Germany which provides the people with the means and opportunities of remunerative labor and with the wherewithal to feed and clothe themselves. In this respect the Entente is in a better position than the German Government to avert the dangers which, as a result of Kapp's coup, are now threatening the country from the left.

The late experience, finally, has emphasized the danger involved in the principle of a standing army, which the Peace Treaty of Versailles has imposed upon Germany. With a democratic militia no coups d'état can be attempted by ambitious or reactionary generals; with a professional soldiery, prone to violence and restlessness, such attempts have a better chance of success.

Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Berlin

Switzerland and the League of Nations

[The following article, written long in advance of the plébiscite of May 16, gives an account of the conflicting views on the League of Nations which the results of the referendum show to be a true reflection. The author was for many years Professor of International Law at the University of Berne, is now an active member of the bar of that city, and is one of the best-known Swiss authorities on jurisprudence.]

SWITZERLAND, like America, has found difficulties in the way that may finally lead her into the League of Nations. In both countries membership in such an alliance seems to stand, at the outset, in contradiction to fundamental principles of a traditional foreign policy. Without attempting to judge, or to prescribe, the course of the United States, some account of Switzerland's efforts to solve the problem with which she is faced may prove useful.

With us, though the Government and both Parliamentary bodies have urgently recommended adhesion to the League, it is still necessary to bring about a clear conviction in the minds of the people. The real difficulties began precisely at this point. It is no easy matter to enlighten an entire nation. It is difficult enough to make our intellectual classes understand the present international situation. But to make everybody understand it, every workman, every peasant, to make men understand it who have never taken any interest in political questions, that is an undertaking that demands great confidence in the political good sense of a nation, great confidence in democracy.

What makes the task still more difficult is the fact that the Covenant of Paris is far from perfect. No one was genuinely elated over its meagre results in bringing about obligatory arbitration,

disarmament, and international organization. I must say, so far as I am concerned, I, too, was disappointed, although I had worked for more than twenty-five years for the advancement of international law and was therefore in a position to realize the great advance that, in spite of everything, the Covenant of Paris provided for the world. The same could be said of all sincere advocates ot a League of Nations. Time, no doubt, was necessary to realize the great advantages of the Covenant in spite of everything else, to realize the amelioration it provided for the deplorable international situation of the entire world after this war, and also to realize the disadvantages of a policy of separatism on the part of those countries deciding to remain outside of this League. Not until all this was realized was it possible to see in the Covenant, as a matter of fact and in spite of its imperfections, a tremendous advance, nothing less than salvation for humanity.

There was during the war in German Switzerland a great deal of pro-Germanism. Our press was in complete subjection to the Empire and defended with it German imperialism and German militarism in all its evil consequences. It is a shame for us, living in a democratic country, to have to admit that the readers of our newspapers simply believed all the falsehoods that our press imported from beyond the Rhine. We did not have in German Switzerland a single newspaper that was truly independent and that maintained the Swiss point of view in every respect. (This state of affairs induced my friends and myself to found a new paper, the *Neue Schweizer Zeitung.*) The press, which was more German than Swiss, is above all else responsible for the fact that we have in German Switzerland many thousands who have been, and still are, entirely subservient to Germanism. These thousands, guided by a mediocre press, are to-day still opposed to the entrance of Switzerland into the League of Nations. If the League had been decreed from Berlin they would probably speak and think differently. But the Covenant comes from Paris, and that suffices to compromise it in their eyes.

It is of interest to know that those who are hostile to the League of Nations are led, if we leave out of consideration the small provincial press, for the most part by a number of our military commanders who were counting on the success of German militarism. Disappointed with the result of the war, they are naturally opposed to what they call an alliance of the victors. In order, however, to defend their point of view in a less offensive manner, they use the pretext of our policy of neutrality as an argument against the entrance of Switzerland into the alliance. Superior officers who during the war snapped their fingers at our neutrality and violated it flagrantly do not hesitate to-day to use it as a pretext for entirely opposite action.

There are, besides these, still other opponents who can not be convinced. These are the Socialist workmen. The Swiss Socialist party takes its orders, not from Berne, not from Zürich, but from Moscow. They are Bolshevists, with the exception of the group of Swiss Socialists who call themselves the "Grütliverein." The others—and they are unfortunately the great majority—are followers of Lenin and are therefore opposed to a League of Nations the object of which is precisely to rescue the world from Bolshevistic anarchy. They have but one aim, to destroy the political régime and the social order of Western Europe.

It may be seen from what I have said that Swiss militarism—in the Prussian sense of the word—and Swiss Socialism —in the Russian sense of the word—go hand in hand with regard to the question of the entrance of Switzerland into the League of Nations. And what makes this affiliation still more interesting is the fact that these people, who allow the foreigner, German or Russian, to dictate their attitude, in order to justify their attitude, make use of the pretext, the one party no less than the other, that the abandonment of our neutrality would mean a national danger to our country. They are infinitely dangerous, because they exploit the emotions of our people with a view to the triumph of aspirations which are diametrically opposed to the true interests of the country.

Besides such opponents of the Covenant, whom I call insincere, there are a considerable number of very good patriots who are seriously disturbed because they have not sufficient confidence in the Covenant as it was made at Paris and who are alarmed at seeing our Government depart from a traditional policy. Yet it is clear that to-day the great majority of our intellectuals and members of all political parties, with the sole exception of the Bolshevists, are in favor of joining the League. That gives us the confidence that, in spite of all obstacles, the popular vote of the sixteenth of May will be favorable to the League.

What has made the situation much easier for us is the fact that the Council of the League of Nations has promised us that within the League we can maintain our traditional neutrality.

> The Council of the League of Nations, while affirming the principle that the idea of the neutrality of members of the League of Nations is incompatible with the principle that all the members of the League shall act in common in enforcing its obligations, recognizes the fact that Switzerland is in an unique position and is actuated by a tradition of several centuries which has been explicitly incorporated in the laws of nations and which the members of the League of Nations, Signatories of the Treaty of Versailles, have duly recognized through article 435, that the guarantees stipulated by the Treaty of 1815 and especially by the Act of November 20, 1815, in favor of Switzerland constitute international obligations for the maintenance of peace. . . . In accepting these declarations (of the Swiss Government), the Council recognizes that the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland and the guarantee of the inviolability of her territory as incorporated in the laws of nations, especially in the Treaties and the Act of 1815, are justified by the interests of universal peace and therefore compatible with the Covenant.

We, here in Switzerland, are sufficiently familiar with American idealism to know that it is absolutely impossible for a nation which before all others has been a guide for us in all the problems with which the League of Nations is concerned to remain outside of it. The hour will come when the two democracies, the one the oldest, the other the greatest, in the world, the two countries that have set the precedent for the creation of a League of Nations, will be members of this organization that will lead humanity to a happier and a nobler future.

OTTFRIED NIPPOLD

Berne, April 25

Correspondence

"The Faith that Is in Us"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Of the many commendable editorial utterances which have appeared in the *Review*, none is more worthy of attention than that in your issue of May 15, headed "The Faith that is in Us." This is the true gospel of wholesome democracy, from which we have witnessed so many lamentable departures during the last few years. It is the sane middle ground between the wild extremism which would destroy the fruits of ages and the frenzied reactionism which would annihilate the spirit of liberty and progress.

The real radicals of the country, the inheritors of the spirit of Thomas Jefferson and Wendell Phillips, the true liberals, the broadminded conservatives, are at one in their love for the basic principles of democracy, although differing widely in their judgment of the merit of proposed alterations in the method of applicaton. It is a burning shame that a word with the splendid historic meaning of "radical" should be almost universally misapplied at the present time. Those who seek to subvert the foundations of the Republic are not radicals, but revolutionary destroyers. Whatever our different shades of radicalism or conservatism, it is time for us to realize that there is need for union against a twofold enemy. Liberty and order must

walk hand in hand. The reactionaries and victims of the current mob hysteria, begotten of a pseudo-patriotism, are no less a menace to the one than the Bolshevist spirit in all of its guises to the other. A plague of both their houses!

JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

New York, May 14

Misstatements About Mexico

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I have read with interest the article in the *Review* on three books on Mexico. It is a subject very close to me, as I have spent a good many years, among them the happiest of my life, in that country, but in spite of my long sojourn there, I every day realize my ignorance of the subject, and am correspondingly amazed at the assurance of men like Mr. de Bekker, who, after a five weeks' junket in Mexico, consider themselves sufficiently well informed to instruct the American public on her social, political, and economic problems.

As might be expected, his book fairly bristles with misstatements which would be funny if they did not contain many malicious insinuations and misrepresentations of fellow countrymen established in Mexico.

Thus, on page 31 of his book, "The Plot against Mexico," he says: "But how does Villa maintain himself? Partly by stealing cattle, partly by robbing ranches and mines, but chiefly through the charity of his American friends."

Not a particle of proof is produced in support of this assertion, which of course is merely a repetition of what Mr. de Bekker heard from some of the Mexican officials, whose guest he was during his trip. If Mr. de Bekker had taken the trouble to study Mexican history, he would have come to understand the tendency of Mexican politicians to throw the blame for their political troubles upon outsiders, preferably the United States; his readiness to accept without investigation charges made by parties obviously biased is not creditable.

The accuracy of Mr. de Bekker's book may be judged from the following specimen found on page 205: "Spanish land grants conveyed merely the surface soil, reserving mineral rights to the State. Coal, natural gas and petroleum were not specifically included because their value was unknown." Whatever may have been the law of Spain, a country which lost her rights over Mexico in 1821, the Mexican Mining Code of 1892 states specifically that "the owner of the soil is entitled to work freely, without the necessity of special license, the following mineral substances: Mineral fuels; mineral oils and waters, rocks in general for building or decorative purposes."

Again, on page 55 he says: "Carranza has run the Mexican railways at a profit and without raising the tariff for passenger traffic." It is not until page 195 that he admits that on July 1, 1917, the railroads already owed over 71,000,000 pesos for capital and interest matured; it is almost superfluous to add that not only this debt but the interest accrued on bonds since then remain unpaid, and that there have been no replacements of the rolling stock worn out or destroyed. With bookkeeping of this sort it is always possible to figure out a paper profit.

Dr. Samuel G. Inman, who lived in Mexico for several years, can not even plead ignorance of conditions there as an excuse for such a statement as this, which he makes on page 118 of "Intervention in Mexico." "Property has always been a most sacred thing to Anglo-Saxons. The loss of American lives in Mexico will not be the reason for our intervening. It may well serve as the pretext, but the real reason will be in order to protect American investors. It would not take a great deal more misrepresentations by the American press about the chaos that exists in Mexico than we now have if there were only another border raid or two, quite easily arranged, to make the majority (of Americans) honestly vote for such a war!"

When examined as to this statement by Senator Fall, Inman was obliged to admit that he was simply quoting de Bekker.

"What knowledge have you about arranging raids between Mexico and this country?" asked Mr. Fall.

"I haven't any knowledge except what has been published in various papers and books that these raids have been financed that way."

This is the kind of information on Mexico which the American public gets from certain sources.

Far more worthy of consideration is Mr. P. Harvey Middleton's "Industrial Mexico," which on the surface at least appears to be a serious attempt at presenting the economic situation of that country, though the execution is decidedly amateurish and Mr. Middleton evinces a disposition to see things in a rosy light.

For instance, speaking of the prosperity in evidence in Mexico City in April and May of 1919, he mentions the well-patronized restaurants. I dislike to spoil a good story, but at the very time to which he refers, I was patronizing Mexico's restaurants myself and it often happened to me that I would be the only guest. Mr. Middleton, in his description of Mexico's seaports, tells of the amount of money that has been spent on harbor improvements, but neglects to mention that these improvements were almost all made under Porfirio Diaz and that since his downfall they have been allowed to go to pieces. The reference on page 265 to the rapidly growing traffic of Vera Cruz is particularly humorous and will no doubt be appreciated by the merchants of that port, while the "new and substantial" wharves there of which he speaks were built in 1901.

Much of Mr. Middleton's eulogy of Mexican conditions is in the future tense, as when he speaks of the numerous proposed new railroads and the establishment of factories and foundries by Japanese or Americans, and in his chapters on stock raising, agriculture, lumbering, and sugar production, he complacently ignores a state of affairs that has driven from their homes hundreds of Americans and countless thousands of Mexican farmers, and has cost them their property and often their lives. Of the henequen industry, the utter demoralization of which was notorious, owing to the manipulation of the Comision Reguladora, he says, in passing, that for 1919 "it is expected that the output will exceed that of 1918." At the time of his writing, something like 700,000 bales of henequen remained unsold in the warehouse of Yucatan.

In only one place does Mr. Middleton issue a warning as to the dangers of the country, as when, on page 167, he says: "It can not be too strongly emphasized that bandits and rebels are still active in some of the best coffee growing districts, and no American should venture either his money or his person until he is assured of adequate protection," a statement which might be made with equal justice in regard to almost any occupation in Mexico, save those which can be carried on in the largest cities.

The scandalous repudiation of 670,000,000 of paper money is glossed over on page 208 with the statement that the larger part was redeemed as taxes, railroad fares, etc. The truth, known to everyone in Mexico, is that taxes and duties were made payable in gold; later, a surtax of a hundred per cent. was added, payable in paper money, which in this way was withdrawn from circulation.

Surely, "Industrial Mexico" will never go down in history as a model of accuracy.

G. W. KNOBLAUCH

New York, May 1

The Ability of France to Pay Her Debts

[The author of the following letter is one of the most distinguished French Senators and one of the leading authorities in France on agriculture. He was deputy from the Vosges from 1872 to 1903, Minister of Agriculture from 1883 to 1885, President of the Chamber

of Deputies from 1888 to 1889, and Prime Minister from 1896 to 1898.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am very glad of the opportunity to give to the public of a country which stood with us in saving civilization, and with which we wish to continue to go hand in hand, the gist of a recent speech of mine.

Here in France we are weighed with a heavy charge caused by the German invasion and the necessary debts contracted in order to win the victory. It will take us twenty years to restore the devastated parts of our country, and we must go on borrowing in order to continue this reconstruction work and to pay these debts. There are doubters amongst us who say that France is incapable of paying these sums. But they are wrong, and I say it with sincerity and without ostentation. We have an asset which they do not take into account. I refer to the return to France of Alsace with all its great riches, especially its potassium mines, its recently discovered oil wells, and probably other sources of wealth. Lorraine brings back to us iron mines unsurpassed by those in any other part of the world. These riches alone would suffice to pay off our national debt. But these are not the only resources of revenue. The principal one is our industries which create capital and revenue. We have every reason to believe that our industries will be normal again in a few years. Our revenues will also be increased by a return to the economical habits peculiar to our country. Every unnecessary expenditure will be avoided. There will be reforms in this direction and all red tape will be eradicated. There will be changes in our parliamentary system, too. Great attention will be paid to our agriculture. I am urging that committees for this purpose be organized in all our Departments, and that our farmers' wives and daughters, who saved the country from famine during the war, be admitted to membership on these committees. And finally the "sacred union," which was observed during the war, will continue during the peace, while every Frenchman will work until his death. For a moment last autumn I was disposed on account of my eighty years and more to decline reëlection to the Senate. But here I am again at the Luxembourg.

JULES MELINE

Paris, March 10

Conservation of Wild Life

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

I am much interested to note in your periodical an editorial advocating the formation of a commission for the conservation of wild life. This idea I am heartily in favor of. Such an official organization with proper authority could tremendously benefit and help maintain our wild life. I trust you may continue to advocate such an organization.

The Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture is the one Government bureau largely devoted to the study and conservation of our wild life, under restrictions, however, which prevent it from accomplishing as much good as it might otherwise bring about. One of our larger activities is the administration of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act, the constitutionality of which has just been sustained by the Supreme Court. The Migratory Bird Treaty Act and the decision give us a solid foundation for the conservation and increase of our useful bird life. According to all reports this work has already accomplished much good.

E. W. NELSON
Chief of Bureau

Washington, D. C., April 26

Book Reviews

The Beginnings of Modern Italy

ITALY FROM DANTE TO TASSO (1300-1600). By H. B. Cotterill. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

PERHAPS for readers accustomed to see propaganda in everything, Mr. Cotterill's book may seem to be part of a subtle plan on the part of the Italian Government to make the world forget Fiume and Istria and remember the Florence and Siena that have, after all, been Italy's greatest asset. The volume bears on its paper cover the delicate outline of Giotto's Dante, or what we like to think is Giotto's Dante, holding his yellow pomegranates against the faded background of the Bargello Chapel. It is prefaced by the familiar portrait that used to hang in the window of every picture shop, the delicately drawn head and shoulders of Beatrice d' Este, the gentle girl-wife of Lodovico il Moro, with its pearl-edged cap and the pendant necklace, and the golden circlet binding the hair. Within are all the other dear and familiar landmarks of Alinari and Brogi illustration—Ghiberti's Baptistry Door, the Campo Santo at Pisa, the tombs of the Vendramin and Mocenigo, with others less familiar.

To attempt in a volume of six hundred pages to treat popularly, yet with due regard for scholarly accuracy, the political history as "viewed from the standpoints of the chief cities, with descriptions of important episodes and personalities and of the art and literature of the three centuries" from Dante to Tasso is obviously a large order. In 1300 Dante was exactly in that "middle of our mortal life" when he met the vision of Virgil, who was to take him on his immortal journey. In 1600 Tasso had been dead for five years. Between these two dates there grew up an almost legendary world, packed with action, rich in color, a world that saw the development of the arts to the highest point of perfection and that produced some of the greatest names in literature, history, poetry, and science. The author has adopted an excellent and satisfactory plan for compassing his enormous field and clarifying the immense detail that goes to make up the history of these perhaps most significant centuries in the world's history. For each century he gives an historical outline, the history of the principal cities, Rome, Naples, Milan, Florence, Venice, with a critical chapter setting forth the principal literary productions, and another chapter on the art, dealing separately with painting, sculpture, and architecture. The historical outlines of the century he has given in thirty-year divisions in an attempt to untangle the complicated web of Italian politics. The book was evidently written during the war and the author is frequently, rather amusingly, pleased to find German authorities in error. He misses no opportunity to dispute with so distinguished a Teuton authority as Gregorovius and to trace to Germanic influences the obvious degradations of Italian taste in decoration. Italian history shows a singular continuity of spirit. Reading these fascinating pages of the exploits of the Visconti and the Sforze, the Montefeltri, the Medici, and the Gonzaghe, one sees that D'Annunzio, pouring out fiery proclamations and verses in his Colonel's uniform, is, at best, but a modern condottiere. Four centuries ago they too were not only soldiers but poets and painters and æsthetes and patrons of art.

From 1300 to 1600 are the centuries that not only developed the arts of sculpture, painting, architecture, and poetry as evidenced by such supreme names as Michael-Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Petrarch, Poliziano, Brunelleschi, Leonardo da Vinci, but that developed and conceived to a greater degree than is generally recognized the republican and national ideals of the Italian peninsula. Most books on Italian history are histories of the rulers and not of the people. The people appear occasionally, as in the dramatic and tragic stories of the Communes, especially of such as Cola di Rienzo, but the emphasis still falls on the triumphs and tyrannies of popes and doges, of emperors and condottieri, rather than on the growth and development of liberating ideas which are becoming of increasingly greater interest to a generation that has gone through a great war and is rather fed up on ducal tombs and frescoed chapels.

The national concept of Rome as the centre of an Italian world bounded by

the natural geographical limits of mountain and sea, ruled by a native king, freed from the authority of the Church, which lost its authority when it lost its simplicity—this is not a modern doctrine but a fundamental idea in Italian literature and political philosophy since the days of Dante. Dante merely completed the mediæval conception that saw in Pope and Emperor, representing Church and State, not sun and moon but two suns of equal power, authority, and holiness. Dante's whole political philosophy rests on the theory of the absolute separation of two necessary guides, Pope and Emperor, co-equal, independent, deriving each his authority from divine sanction. To Dante the hope of Italy lay in the restoration of simplicity to the Pope and of power to the Emperor. Petrarch's "Spirto Gentil," addressed to Cola di Rienzo, Machiavelli's "Deliverer," of the last chapter of the "Prince," Fazio degli Uberti's "vertudioso re," all reflected the eternal hope of the poets for a united Italy under a human power, free from external dominion. Dante saw this ideal realized in the adored person of Henry VII of Luxemburg, the "Messo di Dio," whom he put into Paradise as a reward for his supreme virtues and his tragic ill fortunes. Petrarch, the first to love Italy civilly like an Italian and not like a Guelf or a Ghibelline, was the first to perceive and to express the real essence of the new humanism and the growing enthusiasm for democracy. He heard the voice of the revolt against the Middle Ages, not from papal or royal palace, but from the Forum, where the people were becoming accustomed to the sound of their own voices. Cola di Rienzo, the plebeian archæologist, who felt himself the reincarnation of the spirit of Rome and who was proclaimed as Tribune of the people in the Campidoglio, became for Petrarch, though unhappily but for a short time, the embodiment of the popular ideal, the protector of Liberty, "dolce e desiato bene." Convinced by the perpetual perfidy of foreign dominators that the monarchy was the only means of restoring the Roman republic, the voice of Italian patriotism called successively to such redeemers as Robert of Naples and even to the tyrannical, liberty-destroying dynasties of Milan and Ferrara and Mantua, seeing in the power, though it be that of a tyrant, at least the power of a native Italian prince, believing that the voluntary renunciation of municipal independence was compensated by the saving influence of a strong patron. Hope culminated in Gian Galeazzo Visconti who, because of his great territorial conquests, seemed to embody the monarchical principle of unity under a native emperor as opposed to the Florentine principle of communal liberty with a loosely federated union under the Pope. Thus the monarchical concept which would break up municipal strongholds, reduce municipal franchises, and join the separate provinces under a strong political head became a principle of federation and political equilibrium which finally resulted in the foundation of the modern Italian kingdom. And it is very interesting to see that in the eyes of modern Italians Victor Emanuel II, the native Prince who finally mounted the throne, became the embodiment of the ideals of Dante and of Fazio's famous prophecy of the coming of the king to rule over the Italian garden "enclosed by mountains and its own seas, in the perpetual succession of whose princely dynasty should lie safety and hope for Italy."

BEULAH B. AMRAM

Japanese Rule in Korea

KOREA'S FIGHT FOR FREEDOM. By F. A. McKenzie. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

IN 1907, Mr. McKenzie, the well-known newspaper correspondent, published a volume entitled the "Tragedy of Korea," and based upon personal observations which he had been able to make by escaping from the Japanese authorities at Seoul, going into the interior of Korea, and studying the police methods which the Japanese were employing as the *de facto* rulers of the country. He has now issued a new volume, including some of the chapters of the old and bringing the account to date.

It is now some months since the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America felt compelled to issue a report describing the atrocities of which the Japanese soldiers had been guilty against a wholly defenseless people. This report was especially significant in view of the well-known reluctance upon the part of all church organizations to animadvert on political conditions in countries in which they maintain missionary stations. It was further significant that one of the signers of the report was Mr. Sidney L. Gulick, who for years had been known as one of the foremost defenders in this country of what he conceives to be the rights of the Japanese. Mr. McKenzie, however, charges Mr. Gulick with having exerted every possible influence to prevent the early appearance of the report which, as Secretary of the Council, he felt compelled to sign, with the result that the report did not appear until some four or five months after the atrocities described in it had begun.

As to his own point of view, Mr. McKenzie, in his Preface, says:

> Some critics have sought to charge me with being "Anti-Japanese." No man has written more appreciatively of certain phases of Japanese character and accomplishments than myself. . . . I have long been convinced, however, that the policy of Imperial expansion adopted by Japan, and the means employed in advancing it, are a grave menace to her own permanent well-being and to the future peace of the world. I am further convinced that the militarist party really controls Japanese policy, and that temporary modifications which have been recently announced do not imply any essential change of national plans and ambitions. If to believe and to proclaim this is "Anti-Japanese," then I plead guilty to the charge. I share my guilt with many patriotic Japanese subjects who see, as I see, the perils ahead.

Mr. McKenzie, as he suggests, is not alone in the belief that many of the acts of recent years which have brought the Japanese Government as defendant before the bar of the world's moral judgment have been due to the fact that the civil authorities in Japan, and especially those entrusted with the foreign policies of the Government, have not been able to control the actions of the military authorities, and have thus often found themselves in the humiliating position of having made promises that have not been fulfilled; of having made statements of facts, which have later appeared to be false; and of having been forced to accept lines of conduct concerning the wisdom, not to speak of the morality, of which they have been almost surely unconvinced. This dominance in Japan of the militarists was especially emphasized by Professor McLaren, an authority on Japanese political institutions, in an address which he recently made at Cleveland before the American Historical Association. This feature of Japan's political life is also continually referred to by such journals as the *Japanese Advertiser* and the Kobe *Chronicle* in explanation of occurrences which seem remarkable to Americans and Europeans; and, for that matter, the same explanation is frequently given in the Japanese vernacular papers. For example, in a recent issue of the Tokyo *Asahi* it was reported that the Government had been interpellated in Parliament as to whether there was any basis to the rumor abroad that while the Japanese foreign office was conducting diplomatic affairs through proper channels, the military authorities were secretly interfering. In reply, Mr. Tanaka, the Minister of War, had replied that there was no foundation for such a report. The *Asahi*, however, made the following comment:

> Perhaps the War Minister could give no other reply. In our opinion it can not be said that the rumor has no foundation whatever. Of course, it may be untrue that the Japanese military officers should clandestinely interfere in the affairs of other countries or foment internal trouble. We believe so for the sake of the good name of the Japanese soldier; perhaps the rumor is a misapplication of the state of affairs in the Balkans and in Central American states. But we regret to have to admit the broad fact that Japan has military diplomacy besides that of the Foreign Office. What of our diplomacy towards China? Has it never happened that while the Foreign Office was making arrangements in accordance with a definite policy, the Japanese military officers in China took a different course of action and showed much activity behind

the scene? Did not the army differ from the Foreign Office in regard to our policy towards China and try to override the Foreign Office with the assistance of the Genro? What about Siberia? The Japanese diplomatic authorities and military officers in Siberia are not necessarily in harmony; on the contrary, there is a wide gulf between the two.*

The great power exercised in Japan by that extra-constitutional body, the Genro, is well known. At its head is Prince Yamagata, who for more than forty years has been the chief of the military party. Furthermore, by Imperial mandate, it is provided that in every Cabinet the portfolios of the War and Navy Departments shall be held by military officers of high rank. The result from this provision is that these two Departments have the power, which upon occasion they have not hesitated to exercise, to prevent the formation or continuance of a Cabinet not acceptable to them, by refusing to appoint to it, or by withdrawing from it, their representatives.

It is a regrettable fact that the Japanese people do not seem to have felt a general moral indignation at the acts of their military forces in Korea—acts the commission of which they do not deny—but they do seem very generally to have recognized that political wisdom has not been shown by their Government in its management of Korean affairs. The continued and, indeed, increasing repugnance of the Koreans to Japanese rule has sufficiently convinced them of this. But the writer has been able to find little evidence that the Japanese have even begun to question the wisdom or the moral propriety of the fundamental policy which their Government has pursued in Korea. This policy has been essentially the same as that which, before the war, controlled the Prussian Government in its dealings with the Polish provinces. Japan has sought to crush out all that is distinctive in Korean civilization and to substitute for it her own culture and ideals. The only political status reserved for the former kingdom of Korea has been that of an incorporated administrative area of the Japanese Empire. And the same blindness that has made it impossible for the Japanese to understand why a people should be unwilling to abandon their sovereignty and their nationality in return for the assumed benefits of Japanese rule also accounts for what seems to be their genuine surprise that the Chinese should not be willing to coöperate with them on terms which would mean the subjection of Chinese interests to Japanese direction and control.

These observations upon Japan's policies in Korea have a significance broader than that which they have with regard to the welfare of the Koreans. They have a direct bearing upon the question whether the rest of the world may look with approval upon the progressive realization of Japan's imperialistic ambitions throughout the Far East. They raise the question whether it will be an advantage to the millions of Asiatics, or, indeed, to the rest of the world, that the political ideals for which Japan avowedly stands should find further scope for application.

It is but just to Japan to say that she had recently instituted important changes in the administration of Korean affairs, the two most important of which are the abolition of the requirement that the Governor-General of the peninsula shall be an officer of high rank in the active military service and that the gendarmerie shall be replaced by policemen. There has, however, been no abandonment, or suggestion of abandonment, of the fundamental aim of Japan—the Japanization of the Koreans.

W. W. Willoughby

*Cf. *The Japan Advertiser*, January 30, 1920.

The Puzzle of National Character

Arrows of Desire. By J. S. Mackenzie. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In spite of Burke's declaration that he did not know how to do it, we are perpetually drawing up indictments against whole nations. We call them estimates of national character. The English, for example, are reputed dull, sluggish, unable to see a joke, in spite of their long array of brilliant wits, Lamb, Praed, Barham, Thackeray, Lang, Gilbert, Calverley, J. K. Stephen, Owen Seaman, Chesterton, and in spite of having produced the greatest and most popular master of the comic, since Rabelais, by name Charles Dickens. If any idea was firmly fixed in the English mind, it was the levity of the French.

The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light. . . .
. . . Is a bullet light,
That dashes from the gun-mouth, while the eye
Winks and the heart beats one, to flatten itself
To a wafer on the white speck on a wall
A hundred paces off? Even so direct,
So sternly undivertible of aim,
Is this French people.

During the war, it was a common observation that the races had interchanged characteristics. How steadfast the French were, let the long-drawn agony of Verdun attest, and the stone-wall resolution never to submit or yield of the whole French people. And the French noted with surprise the inexhaustible gayety of the English in camp and their reckless, headlong *élan* in the field. How the popular estimates of German character have changed need not be detailed.

It has remained for Dr. J. S. Mackenzie, who at one time held the chair of Logic and Philosophy at Cardiff, to discover that the English are a race of *poseurs*. That is the form his indictment takes in his series of essays, with the fanciful title from a line of Blake's. Henry V, as represented by Shakespeare, is a typical Englishman, not "Shakespeare's conception of the very perfect knight" (p. 20), but "a character of many conflicting 'humors,' leading to a succession of more or less conscious poses" (p. 24). Dr. Mackenzie is "well aware that this is not the view that has been commonly taken," but he would not go as far as "Mr. B. Wendell" (who is barely recognizable as our own and only Barrett) in calling "Henry V" a dull play. As becomes a philosopher and logician, he is addicted to hedging, that is, guarding himself against attack or retort, by such devices as the verb "seem," and the phrase "more or less." "Shakespeare's answer to this question seems to have been" (p. 24), "that kind of affection at least seems to be distinctly shown" (p. 26); "Henry proceeds to consider practical difficulties in a way that seems to imply" (p. 32). Even more virtue resides in "more or less"; it is a most convenient starting-hole for the fox of argument. In regard to Prince Hal's declaration in his speech over his father's crown,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Dr. Mackenzie writes, "we realize that the precious air of humility, though not altogether hypocritical, was a more or less unconscious pose" (p. 29).

To "try confusions" with such a reasoner is like trying to bind Proteus.

What is a *poseur?* Dr. Mackenzie says (p. 37), "Henry comes more and more to pose as the simple soldier," and on p. 43, he reaches this astounding conclusion, "He was not an actor, but an unconscious *poseur*." Surely the essence of posing is consciousness. The plain dictionary meaning of *poseur* is "affected person," and of posing, "assuming an attitude for artistic purposes." How can one assume an attitude for a specific purpose, and be unconscious of so doing? Such logic is too much for the plain man. There can be no argument without new definition of the terms.

Setting aside for the moment these cobwebs of subtlety, let us consider the origin of "Henry V," and the other historical plays of Shakespeare. When England became a nest of singing-birds, England was a tiny nation of less than five million people, and she had been fighting for the bare life, against the huge, wealthy, world power, Spain. The deliverance of 1588 was not less than the deliverance of 1918. England was on the brink of destruction and was saved. One result was a great outburst of national pride, as plainly to be read in "The Faerie Queene," as in Shakespeare's historical dramas. Patriotism was not yet

classed as a vice; the term "chauvinism" was not invented. To rejoice that the enemies of the nation were overthrown was no more reckoned a sin than it was in the days of Deborah, and Barak, the son of Abinoam. Moreover, Shakespeare found the historical Henry V emphatically a good king. English history is not a flatterer of English kings, nor is Shakespeare. He represents them as cruel, tyrannical, treacherous, murderous, weak, incapable of ruling, inferior to their subjects in manhood. He found Henry V already idealized, the figure of an heroic, patriotic king, at whose famous victories over the secular foe every good Englishman would "whinny," as one contemporary critic notes. In his delineation he simply continued a great tradition.

In order to make this heroic figure human, Shakespeare makes him (blessed word!) "democratic." Prince Hal likes to escape from the dulness and strict etiquette of court, and get into touch with reality in the taverns. He likes fun; he likes practical jokes; he likes characters such as Falstaff, Fluellen, Williams, that typical British Tommy. When it comes to courting a princess, he shies off, with an Englishman's dislike of humbug, from doing it in the high style and making a speech. Apparently Dr. Mackenzie sees no comedy in this delightful wooing. Before the great battle, round which the play revolves, the king finds reality by making the rounds of the sentries and seeing how they feel, with their backs to the wall. The knowledge drives him to his knees. In the twentieth century, the same English tendency to insist on their rulers being human is as plain as in the spacious times of great Elizabeth. The behavior of George V during the war, the Prince of Wales on his tours are cases in point. It was not an English king who declared that he was the State, or assumed the title of "All-highest."

The other essays on national character, Scottish, Welsh, Irish, leave the reader with much the same impressions as those obtained by the six blind men who felt the elephant's tail, tusks, proboscis, legs, and side.

Where everyone is free to dogmatize, and no harm done, the present reviewer would "seem" to aver that the outstanding national English trait is a sense of humor "more or less." Where is *vis comica* more evident than in Chaucer, Shakespeare, Fielding, Dickens, all of them English to the backbone? In this opinion, a forgotten American concurs. He wrote, in a forgotten book:

> It is characteristic of the peculiar humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. They have thus taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and they have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

The caricature, or national emblem, which Arbuthnot invented in the eighteenth century, and Irving noted in the nineteenth, is, with changed head-gear, more widely known than ever in the twentieth. It probably comes nearer the essential truth than the learned and ingenious volumes of this Scottish logician and philosopher.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

True Stories

UP THE MAZARUNI FOR DIAMONDS. By William J. La Varre. (Veteran Scout.) Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

THE ROAD TO EN-DOR: Being an Account of How Two Prisoners of War at Yozgadi in Turkey Won Their Way to Freedom. By E. H. Jones, Lt. I.A.R.O. With Illustrations by C. W. Hill, Lt. R.A.F. New York: John Lane Company.

HIGHLY as he may esteem the art of fiction, every novel-reader has experienced the relief of stepping now and again into the free air of the "true story." It is like opening a door out of a hothouse into a garden. A true story, to be worth anything, must be much more than a helter-skelter jotting down of facts. A good narrative is bound to be an arrangement. But the sorting and setting forth of things that have happened is a basically different affair from fiction. We can dismiss at once the wear and tear of assessing the value of the narrative as an invention. So far the art of the story is simpler than that of the "fiction-story," to employ the newspaperman's distinction. But we are more aware than we realize, that the narrative based on fact is an art by itself; though our quaint impulse is to express our praise of it by calling it "as good as a story," that is, as an invented narrative or "fiction-story."

Treasure-hunting is one of the three or four classic bases for "juvenile" fiction. "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds" appears to be the true narrative by an American boy of a diamond-seeking expedition into the jungles of British Guiana. In his foreword the explorer, Anthony Fiala, commends the spirit in which young La Varre undertook and carried out his adventure. It sounds casual enough from the account itself. One day in the spring of 1917, La Varre (being then nineteen) got a letter from a friend named Lewis in British Guiana. Friend Lewis "needed a partner in a diamond-mining venture." Is La Varre "game to try it out with him"? There will be plenty of hard work and danger in it, "but there are diamonds here to be had for the digging." This appealed at once to friend La Varre. "I had little trouble in arranging this," he remarks, "and wrote him that I would come." Clearly, the stars must have moved kindly in their courses. What fiction-writer would dare begin a narrative in this offhand fashion? Instead of fifty words he would use a chapter explaining how Bill La V., a Virginian by birth, had longed from infancy to be an explorer; how (as is the fact) he rose to the head of the Boy Scouts of New York City; how he sought experience in the open at every opportunity and diligently studied the science and arts useful to explorers. And finally, with a deal of ingenuity, he would account for the fact that our nineteen-year-old hero was sufficiently footloose and handfree to be able to arrange a perilous and presumably expensive journey into the southern wilds without difficulty or delay. Mr. Fiala tells us the other things; but the final mystery remains unexplained. However, in fifty words we are off for Barbados, where friend Lewis meets us; and so to Georgetown, British Guiana, and the treacherous Mazaruni River. Far up the Mazaruni, through the fever-stricken jungle, lie the diamond fields. How our two adventurer-explorers win to them, how they fare there, and how they finally escape with their lives and some thirty thousand in diamonds, is the substance of a remarkably simple, vigorous, and interesting story. Ten of these hundred and forty pages are given to the diamond-mining and its outcome; the rest of the book presents the country, the people, and the conditions of living and traveling in that far land. This is proof of the adventurer's mettle to Mr. Fiala: that "he has brought back from the field information which will help others who intend to traverse similar trails." To blaze one tree in advance is always the primary object of your true explorer.

"The Road to En-dor" is a true story of still more absorbing interest. There is no book like it. Perhaps there is no book which more strongly expresses the "Anglo-Saxon" genius—though the author happens to be a Welshman. A lieutenant in the British forces captured by the Turks at Kut-el-Amara in 1916, he was among the survivors of the brutal cross-country march, or drive, which landed the survivors in prison camp at Yozgad, 300 miles in the interior. It was the Turkish "punishment camp" for British officers of all grades who were suspected of meditating escape. Out of the dullness of camp life begins the action. Lieutenant Hill happens to receive a postcard from Home with the picture of a Ouija board on it. He makes one. He thinks experimenting with it may be at least a new game. He and some cronies play with it for several weeks. Their inter-

est is kept up by the fact that the glass (used as a pointer) undoubtedly moves. But nothing else happens, nothing intelligible is spelt out. It is agreed that after one more night of attempt, they would give it up. The moment comes for the last "shot"; and Jones, lest this faint object of interest be taken from his friends, makes the board write the name "Sally"; and the fun begins. They work with their eyes shut, but Jones finds that he has unconsciously memorized the position of the letters. The "spoof" works merrily, but the manipulator expects to be caught. To his amazement he is not; and presently the time has passed for voluntary confession. He begins to make converts to spiritualism among his fellow-officers. Then notice is taken by the Turkish Commandant of certain alleged war-news communicated telepathically through Jones. The idea comes to Jones that by hoaxing the authorities he may somehow pave the way for escape. And so the big game is on. With amazing patience and ingenuity the commandant and two others are enmeshed in a scheme by which Jones and an officer whom he chooses as confederate may be taken to the coast and given opportunity for escape by water. This plan is blocked by the clumsiness of a well-meaning fellow-prisoner. The remaining hope lies in feigning madness. By this means, they cause themselves to be sent to Constantinople; and, after long months of examination by experts and surveillance by hospital attendants and others, are actually sent Home—some two weeks before their quiescent fellow-prisoners are released by the armistice. "We've been through a good deal, and for very little," is Lieutenant Jones's comment as he shakes hands with his comrade on reaching English soil. . . . "Never mind," answers Hill. "We did our best." Their best has included trifles like self-starvation to the point of collapse, a joint self-hanging (as evidence of madness) from which they are barely rescued, the courting of physical violence on the part of their guards, and so on. But they have played the game, and that ends it.

Apart from its interest as a story, the book has, and means to have, value as evidence against the spook mania. The author, who performed so many marvels in the name of the occult, has not a shred of belief in any aspect of the spiritualist, or psychical, manifestations which the Sir Oliver Lodges and their followers are taking so seriously. His Preface is headed by a text from Huxley: "The only good that I can see in the demonstration of the truth of 'spiritualism' is to furnish an additional argument against suicide. Better live a crossing-sweeper than die and be made to talk twaddle by a 'medium' hired at a guinea a séance." And the author makes his own vigorous protest later on: "God knows I have feared Death. Yet Death has ever had for me one strong consolation—it brings the peace that passeth all understanding. Like me, perhaps, you have watched it come to your friends and lay its quiet fingers on their grey faces. You have seen the relaxation from suffering, the gentle passing away and then the ineffable Peace. And is *my* Peace, when it comes, to be marred by this task of shifting tables, and chairs, and glasses, Sir Oliver? Am I to be at the beck and call of some hysterical, guinea-grabbing medium—a sort of telephone boy in Heaven or Hell? I hope not, Sir. I trust there is nobler work beyond the bar for us poor mortals."

H. W. BOYNTON

The Run of the Shelves

THREE things tend to abate human pride and to teach the Christian grace of humility—a photographer's show-window, the monkey-house in the zoo, and the modern autobiography. Most photographs are smirking, self-conscious imbecilities, the monkeys never allow us to forget that they are our poor relations, and autobiographies, from Rousseau down, are too often so many cases of indecent exposure. Autobiography requires some justification for its existence, such as fame, achievement, noteworthy experience, contact with great men or great events. Darwin turns the whole current of human thought into a new channel, and can with difficulty be persuaded to pen a few memoranda of his career; but, uninvited and undesired, all sorts of nobodies rush into print with "personal and private things," for the edification of a relatively indifferent public.

On meeting some married pairs, an almost irresistible impulse arises in one to ask, "My dear sir, how did you come to marry that woman?" or, "My dear lady, how did you come to marry that man?" But the impulse must be resisted or human intercourse would dissolve. In regard to such books as Mrs. Helen Bartlett's "Within My Horizon" (Small, Maynard), the question is "How did it get into print?" Could it be possible that the writer herself footed the printer's bill?

A writer in the *Figaro* makes the following rather unexpected comment on American insight into French literature:

> There is no foreign country, I think, where our literature is better understood or followed more attentively than it is to-day in the United States; and one is astonished to find some of our modern and "difficult" authors judged in that country with an originality and a penetration that would do honor to French readers.

After the Germans had made Dinant a martyr town and a place of pilgrimage for Belgian and foreigner by its destruction and by the massacre of hundreds of its inhabitants, the Governor-General, Freiherr von Bissing, ordered a Professor Heinrich to prepare a book on Dinant, which was to describe, with German thoroughness, the topography, history, and architecture of the place. To this scholarly interest of the torturer in his victim, of which a German alone is capable in his "unverfrorenheit," we owe a valuable monograph, published at Munich by the Roland-Verlag under the title "Dinant, Eine Denkschrift." It is difficult to understand the mentality of people who take a pleasure in erecting memorials to their own crimes.

The son of the former Imperial Chancellor von Hertling has published recollections of his father's tenure of that high office under the title "Ein Jahr in der Reichskanzlei" (Herdersche Verlagshandlung). If the book relied on the author's gift for presenting his facts and not on the facts themselves, it would hardly reach a second edition. But the facts invite an interest in the volume which the manner of presentation can not command. Many of them throw a new light on the events of the period from the summer of 1917 to the autumn of 1918, and make the book a valuable complement to Ludendorff's "Kriegserinnerungen." It contains some hitherto unpublished documents, amongst others a remarkable letter of Cardinal Mercier dated February 14, 1918, and a plan of the Admiralty for a new sea barrage against America of June, 1918.

Should a dramatist be allowed the right to veto an inartistic production of his work? The French author Lucien Descares and the Compagnie Générale du Travail have widely different views on this matter. A play by Descares was having a run last month in the Théâtre des Arts at Paris. The Compagnie Générale du Travail, being informed that one of the parts was taken by an actress who was not registered as a member of that organization, demanded that she should be replaced by a "cégétiste." The manager obediently complied and assigned the part to a "syndically" deserving actress. But the author's appreciation of her desert was gained from a totally different point of view and did not fall in line with that of the C. G. T. He fondly believed that considerations of talent should override the question of conformity to union rules and demanded the return of the dismissed actress. The manager, compelled to choose between yielding to his fear of the powerful union or to his respect for the artist, gave in to Descares. But the interests of unionized labor could not thus be

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(*Continued from page* 548)
sacrificed to the claim of art without challenge. The C. G. T., acting on behalf of the *cégétiste* actress, sued the manager, on a charge of breach of contract, for an indemnity of fr. 5,000. We shall soon hear, no doubt, that no plays can be produced in Paris which are the work of non-cégétist authors. In this way the golden era of the proletarian theatre is being brought nearer.

A German comrade, Rudolph Leonhard, explains in *Die Neue Schaubühne* why this proletarian theatre will be far superior to that of the bourgeoisie. "The latter remains ineffective because its audience is an accidental gathering of people, unknown to, and out of sympathy with, one another, so that even a powerful drama can not unify them in emotion. They are brought together by the expectation of the play, and if that suffices to keep them quiet and good-tempered within the same walls, what rapturous effect must the performance have on an audience which forms a closely knit community in and outside the theatre! The proletariat alone, the people of the future, with strong feeling and united will, forms the ideal audience for the theatre." We should have thought that the beauty of art's miracle was in its very power of purifying the heterogeneous mass of their conflicting evil passions, restoring to the many that communal spirit of primitive man from which all art has sprung. But in the proletarian theatre the miracle is forestalled by the picking of its audience. The momentary dramatic emotion has its substitute there in the permanent brotherhood of the audience. But would not even the proletarian prefer the thrill of the accidental to the monotony of the permanent?

"The question of Thrace," by J. Saxon Mills, M. A., and Matthew G. Crussachi, B. A. (London: Edward Stanford), deserves special notice now that the treaty with Turkey is the subject of various comments and criticism in the press. The book attempts to persuade its readers of the justice of the Grecian claims on Thrace by the most direct and convincing argument: the presentation of ethnographic maps. The distribution of the colors representing the various races gives an immediate and comprehensive conception of the ethnic conditions in the Balkans, such as the laborious perusal of a written exposé can never yield. The reliability of the cartographic material is established by the fact that the larger part of it is based on Bulgarian data, although the volume has the professed purpose of refuting Bulgarian claims. Those data are derived from a book brought out in 1917 by Dr. Dimitri Rizoff, then Bulgarian Minister at Berlin, entitled "The Bulgarians in their Historical, Ethnographical and Political Frontiers." Rizoff wrote with a view to proving the Bulgarian claims as against Serbia and Rumania in the Dobrudja, the Morava, and Timok valleys and Macedonia, but incidentally the book affords very substantial evidence in refutation of any Bulgarian claim to Thrace. To those who are interested in the Balkans and the problems which that part of Europe supplies for the League of Nations to solve, "The Question of Thrace" will prove a helpful guide.

There are two ways of writing a book on American literature for the use of high school or college students. Each may recognize that the most instructive fact about our literature is that Americans have produced it, that it is the best medium for a study of the development of American intellectual character as we now understand it. One book, however, will attempt to indicate the steps in that development as illustrated by the most significant writers, subordinating to that purpose the presentation of information. The other will offer the information chronologically or topically arranged but leave most of the necessary interpretation to be done by the teacher in the class room. Percy H. Boynton's "American Literature" (Boston: Ginn and Company) is a book of the first sort, Walter C. Bronson's with the same title (New York: D. C. Heath and Company), of the second. Each has the merits and defects of its kind. The former makes by far the better reading. Sufficient space is given to such figures as Jonathan Edwards, Crèvecœur, Emerson, Longfellow, Whitman, and Mark Twain to enable the author to state vigorously what he conceives to be each man's essential contribution to intellectual history. Critical apparatus is conveniently put into chapter appendices, fortified by suggestions for further reading and discussion. Space is not sufficient, however, for explicit presentation of an ordered conception of the growth itself. Consequently the book reads, at times, not like a history but like a series of more or less loosely related but suggestive essays on American authors. Professor Bronson's book, on the other hand, though attempting "to give . . . a literary atmosphere, in the conviction that textbooks on literature should contribute directly to the student's culture as well as to his knowledge of facts," does in effect give him more facts than atmosphere. It runs over the bead-roll of American authors of all magnitudes, and gains or suffers accordingly. It includes much, but it interprets little, and that little, through compression, in terms rather abstract and conventional. As a small manual for reference, however, it is excellent.

My Friend the Print Seller

THERE is an old print shop behind Grace Church that has been a chosen haunt for the collector of engravings for more than twenty years. And old Goodbody, the presiding genius of the place, is considered by many of his customers to be the most interesting item in his endless collection. He has the stock, and he knows probably more about prints and "states" and values than most of the fashionable uptown dealers will ever know.

Old Goodbody is a man of infinite humor. He is as round as Mr. Pickwick and as merry. His clear gray eyes beam at you through gold-rim spectacles while he tells you a tale of some fortunate find in a Brooklyn attic, or introduces you to one of his patrons who happens to be looking for the same kind of sporting prints or old ships you are after. The shop is a meeting place for characters. Here come men of every temper, bent, and bias in the goodly fellowship of print collectors, from the picker-up of unconsidered trifles to the expert on old masters, who turn the shop into a riding school for their hobbies. I have met every kind there; artists, actors, lawyers, brokers, cabinet members, sailors, and doctors. Among all the professions doctors seem to be the most constant and intelligent buyers. They go in for Whistler or Méryon or Seymour Haden. There is something about the clean, sure lines of an etching that appeals to their trained eye and practised hand. The etching needle, like the lancet, must be deft and unerring, and the work of a master hand is never lost on a doctor. He will not tolerate the second rate.

Since the days of Hogarth the print seller's window has always been the poor man's picture gallery. There you saw the newest political cartoon, the caricatures of Gilray and Rowlandson, and the latest portrait of popular actor or divine, the sweet domestic groups of Moreland or the spritely quips of Cruikshank. It cost you never a pin to look. You could laugh or curse over the prints

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exhibited quite as freely as the dilettante at your elbow who could afford to go inside and buy an impression for his cabinet. So to-day you will usually find a knot of idlers gazing in at Goodbody's window display with much the same curiosity. There is a row of the Houbraken heads of English worthies hung along the top and below the big Piranesi plates of old Rome.

But these hold me only a moment outside. I step down the long, gloomy shop, lit by tiny points of gas, past the counters and tables heaped with interminable piles of prints, the cheap, the sentimental, the curious. At the far end sits old Goodbody, the light shining on his bald head as he bends over his table checking up a catalogue for to-morrow's sale. The short cigar that he is forever relighting is already a stump and I share a match with him while he shows his latest bargain. In defiance of the fact that the neatly indexed shelves around us are groaning with old portraits, the drawers and portfolios bursting with mezzotints and etchings, he is forever buying more. Of course there are a few old masters that he keeps for his own private relish. Albert Dürer is one of these. Here is an artist-craftsman whom he loves for the simple directness of his line and the romantic invention of his subjects. He fingers the paper as tenderly as old lace and hands you a glass to study the delicate beauties of "St. Hubert" kneeling before a stag, with a miraculous crucifix on its head, or the exquisite skill and vigor of "St. Jerome in his cell."

There is one process of Goodbody's trade that I as a booklover can never quite forgive. It is to find him some afternoon ripping a pile of old books apart to get out the engravings. I know that the letterpress is rubbish and the prints thus brought to light are worth more than the books can ever bring, yet this body-snatching business did gag me at first. The people who revel in this unholy pursuit are known as "Grangerizers," from the Rev. James Granger, a pious vicar of Oxfordshire who published in 1769 a "Biographical History of England" in which he strongly urged the value of a collection of engraved portraits. Thus the craze for extra-illustration began. It has grown now until these vandals think nothing of destroying a whole set of books in order to illustrate one. I have met them often at Goodbody's feverishly thumbing over small prints of historical or biographical interest with which to extra-illustrate some favorite author. Whatever their subject they never seem to get quite all they know must have been engraved for their purpose. Napoleon and the French Revolution are prime favorites. Here comes a customer who has just about

(*Continued on page* 552)

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WILLIAM, AN ENGLISHMAN

By CICELY HAMILTON

"It seems rather surprising that a book which won the French Academy prize of 20,000 francs as the best novel of the year published in any language should not have been taken up by some enterprising American publisher," says George H. Sargent in last Saturday's *Boston Transcript*. We accepted this novel novel last Summer, but strikes and other manufacturing delays held back publication. *Now ready at all bookshops, net $1.25.*

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(*Continued from page* 551)
completed his set of portraits for Boswell's "Life of Johnson," which will probably be extended to twenty volumes before he has done.

A rainy afternoon is the best time to find old Goodbody alone. Then he is content to fold his legs and have his talk out, while the air grows pleasantly dim with tobacco smoke. Such stories as he can tell of dealers and queer customers and adventures with old Mr. Keppel, the veteran print seller, who often called Goodbody in consultation over a faked print or a forgery. There are shoplifters, too, clever gentry who collect in their own secret way whatever their chance offers. A stolen print, however, never gets very far away in these days of the telephone, for dealers have their own private marks, and the thief never fools the same dealer twice. My friend's knowledge and unvarying honesty has won the confidence of many collectors who will not buy anywhere without his assurance that their purchase is genuine.

Behind the shop are a couple of dark rooms where Goodbody keeps his choicest treasures. This is the inner shrine of his collection which is not opened for the casual or merely curious shoppers. Some name will come up in our talk and to settle a point he will beckon me into the sanctuary, switch on the light and display for my special delectation an exquisite impression from Whistler's "Venice Set," a Lapère landscape or one of C. Y. Cameron's cathedral etchings. Here his rare prints are shown in glass cases along the wall. Higher up hang framed engravings of prelates and princes of old France and mezzotint portraits of belles and statesmen who sat to Reynolds and Lawrence. There is still an inner room, beyond this little portrait gallery, for paintings, drawings, and a great variety of framed lithographs of old New York. It is amazing the prices these early views and maps of Manhattan bring. Goodbody, as a born and bred New Yorker, has a sentimental as well as a collector's interest in these vanished landmarks. A color print of the Battery with Castle Garden among the trees will start him talking of Jenny Lind's first appearance there. The scenes on Broadway showing Barnum's Museum, the old Astor House, and the horse busses running as far uptown as Union Square, all awaken for him vivid recollections of the time when skyscrapers and subways were as yet undreamed of.

One of the greatest buyers of old prints I ever met at Goodbody's was the late Evert J. Wendell. By "great" I mean a purchaser of mere bulk, for he bought literally everything he could find in his chosen field, the drama. At the time of his death this vast hoard, stored away in packing cases, filled an entire floor in a loft building. The whole mass of prints, playbills, books, and photographs was bequeathed to the Harvard Library. They selected the best but found enough duplicates to stock a score of libraries on the theatre. It took three weeks of three sessions a day to dispose of the remainder at auction. Goodbody would often caution his patron against buying duplicates of a print when he had several copies of it already, but the warning was useless. This habit of accumulation was too strong to resist. Another collector of the drama whom I know, was a more cautious buyer. He waited three years to pay Goodbody his price for an old John Street Theatre playbill, only to find that it had been sold an hour before he got to the shop.

A love of old prints grows by what it feeds on. There is always a feast at the Museum or the Public Library Print Room and a variety of shows at the dealers to pique your appetite and improve your taste. You look and long and wonder how you can manage to possess this "cheap luxury." Charles Lamb had a special love for his set of Hogarths in their neat black frames, and he tells how at each new purchase he and Mary "used to debate two or three days before, and to weigh the for and against, and think what we might spare it out of." Among his prints after Raphael, Poussin, and the older painters was a graceful head by Leonardo da Vinci which he had christened the "Lady Blanch." One day he was showing this print to a dull gentleman whose matter-of-fact soul betrayed him into a remark that must have delighted Elia. "After he had examined it minutely I ventured to ask him how he liked 'My Beauty' (a foolish name it goes by among my friends)—when he very gravely answered me that 'he had considerable respect for my character and talents' (so he was pleased to say), 'but had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions.'"

LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

Certificate Borrowing and the Floating Debt

[Dr. Jacob H. Hollander, Professor of Political Economy at Johns Hopkins University, has long given special attention to the important question of borrowing by United States Treasury certificates, which he discusses in the following paper.]

THE papers on "Inflation" read at the recent meeting of the Academy of Political Science give an enlightening account of the relation of our public financing to credit expansion and high prices. Even where the exposition is official rather than thorough-going it possesses an important documentary value as setting forth the purposes governing our financial administrators during and after the war.

In one particular, however, the exhibit of the factors responsible for inflation is glaringly defective. A significant allusion in the brief but trenchant comment of that sturdy champion of sound financial practice, A. Barton Hepburn, is practically the only reference to the part that the Treasury's war-time and after-war-time practice of bank borrowing by means of certificates of indebtedness has played in bringing us to the present pass. Emphasis is put upon the use of bank credit by the general public in Liberty Loan and Victory Note buying; but to the Treasury's wholesale resort to such credit in its certificate borrowing, during and since the war, the barest reference is made. The omission is unfortunate not only as impairing a complete analysis, but more practically in relation to the Treasury's impending problem—sound treatment of the nation's floating debt.

On April 30, 1920, the unfunded public debt (exclusive of War Savings Securities) was $2,994,272,555—all outstanding in the form of Treasury certificates of indebtedness bearing interest from 4¾ to 5¼ per cent., and of various maturities extending up to March 15, 1921. The aggregate of Treasury certificates was made up as follows:

Tax	$2,278,495,500
Loan	455,204,500
Pittman Act	259,375,000
Special issues	1,197,555
	$2,994,272,555

The manner in which this huge "floating debt" will be cared for in the next twelve months is of the gravest national concern. On the one hand lies the hard straight course of liquidation and funding—the course which England, in like plight, is now about to enter upon with a fine loyalty to her best financial traditions. On the other hand is the easy tempting descent to further bank loan renewal with its certain penalties of fiscal danger, business embarrassment, and social injustice. Our one chance of following the first course and of avoiding the second is to understand clearly the evil which the Treasury's policy of certificate borrowing has caused in the past and the mischief which it threatens for the future.

Bank borrowing as practiced by the Treasury during the war and as resumed on August 1, 1919, eight months after the armistice, and continued uninterruptedly up to the present time, has consisted in the issue of certificates of in-

debtedness nominally in anticipation of war loans and taxes, but more recently in renewal of maturing unfunded obligations and in discharge of actual deficit requirements. Such certificates of indebtedness when emitted by the Treasury have been taken, under a form of administrative compulsion, almost entirely by the banks for themselves and their customers. In either event they have been paid for by the banks, again almost entirely by credit. The purchasing banks, qualified as Government depositaries, have credited the purchase price to the account of the Treasury as Government deposits and against such Government deposits no reserves have been held. From time to time, as required, such deposits have been withdrawn by the Treasury and disbursed through the Federal Reserve Banks in payment of public accounts, ultimately accumulating in individual deposit accounts. An additional volume of deposit currency has thus been created, dictated solely by the Treasury's convenience and entirely unrelated to commercial requirement. As I have elsewhere stated, if the greenbacks of our Civil War period are properly described as fiat money, it is right to speak of Government bank deposits made in this way as fiat credit.

Certificate borrowing has had an unwholesome effect in three quarters—(1) the price level, (2) the money market, and (3) the Treasury. As to the price level, the certain tendency of certificate borrowing has been to aggravate the problem of rising prices by the direct creation of additional deposit currency in obedience to fiscal convenience rather than to business needs. Such emissions of bank credit, liberated among individual deposit accounts, have operated, first, to increase prices, and thereafter, to delay, restrict, or prevent an otherwise possible fall.

As to the money market, the signal advantage of certificate borrowing was avoidance of monetary strain—as long as the Treasury pursued, under justification of war-time exigency, its policy of a mounting balance and as long as the banks could meet withdrawals from certificate-created deposits by preferential rediscounting with the Federal Reserve Banks. This artificial ease disappeared as soon as the reduced Treasury balance made it impracticable for certificate credits to be left for any considerable time in the depositary banks, and the profit-yielding differential on war paper was wiped out. Thereafter, withdrawal of funds subjected the resources of the banks working with scanty reserves to strain and the money market to pressure. Eventually, resort was of necessity had to the Federal Reserve Banks, with a consequent further reduction in the reserve ratio and ultimate

(*Continued on page* 554)

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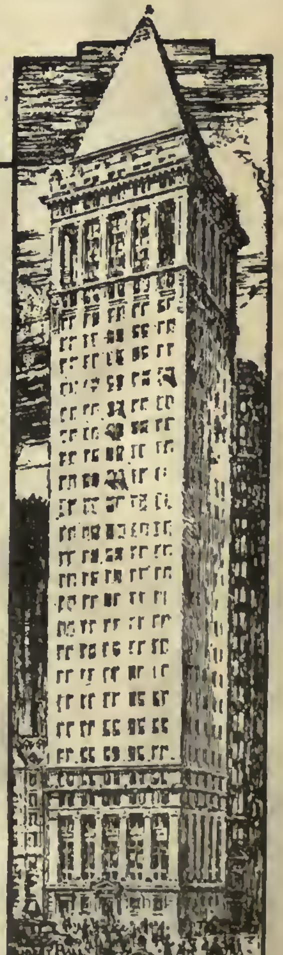

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recourse to deliberate credit restriction.

As to the Treasury, certificate borrowing exposed us, disadvantageously, to the hazards of a floating debt policy. Four months ago I ventured to say:

> Were the prospect encouraging that such floating indebtedness could, in the near future, be either extinguished from surplus revenue or funded upon more advantageous terms than are now obtainable, the wisdom of delay would at best turn upon the question of whether or not such ultimate gains, if realized, more than counterbalanced the present injuries of renewal. But there is no possibility of extinguishing floating indebtedness from out of current surplus, certainly none within the present fiscal year; and the prospect of radical improvement in the investment market is an uncertain chance more congenial to speculative venture than to prudent financial administration.

In this venture, it is now possible to assert definitely, the Treasury has lost. The most recent issue of certificates were placed at 5¼ per cent., with an immediate corresponding reaction upon the market value of all other Government obligations.

These are, then, the conditions which the Treasury faces: Continued adherence to the practice of certificate borrowing with the likelihood of added price inflation, progressive monetary strain and ultimate fiscal inconvenience—or a frank recognition of the facts of the case, and courageous resort to retrenchment, taxation, and funding.

JACOB H. HOLLANDER

Drama

Sothern and Marlowe at the Shubert Theatre

THE performance of "Twelfth Night" was at the same time zestful and mellow; that union was its keynote, the keynote of Miss Marlowe's Viola, which was the heart and mainstay of the presentation. No performance could be more active; action is not only brought out, it is brought in. When Sir Toby expresses his modest intention of living forever, the text gives to the clown the natural retort: "Sir Toby, there you lie." This thrust, purely verbal in Shakespeare, is made the occasion for the lying down of Sir Toby on the stage floor and the clown's use of him as a seat. But, though lavish, the action is hardly extravagant; frolic does not broaden into orgy. The poetry is always there, or, if not actually there in the sorties of burlesque, is no further off than the church from the Clown's dwelling.

The Malvolio of Mr. Sothern is not one of his larger parts. The capers of solemnity are always diverting, and Mr. Sothern extracts plenty of amusement from the grimaces of the puritanical steward. But Shakespeare's Malvolio is not merely puff-ball. He is fatuous, I grant, but not inane; Mr. Sothern's Malvolio is inane as well as fatuous. It is true that in the last scenes, where Malvolio unquestionably rises, Mr. Sothern seeks to rise with him. In the Topas scene he nearly re-creates the part, but there are times when, between his grave and moving utterance, he inserts sounds which may almost be described as whinnies. The effect is intentional, but hardly good. Likewise in his last minute on the stage he is strong, and Malvolio seems about to pluck a dignity from the very mire and pit of his humiliations, when Mr. Sothern reconsiders and restores the old Malvolio by a parting antic. The actor fears lest his Malvolio should not be fatuous enough. His alarm is groundless.

Miss Marlowe has imparted to her Viola a fine originality, a delicate consistency, and a surprising variety of detail and perfection of finish. If her Viola is not precisely Shakespearean, it is exactly in accord with certain hints of Shakespeare's. The dramatist's Viola is a woman, who, while tears for a brother's death still mingle with the sea-spray on her face, can interest herself in the fact that Orsino is a bachelor. That is Miss Marlowe's Viola to the life. Both Violas are combinations of artlessness and sophistication; but in Shakespeare's the groundwork is the artlessness; in Miss Marlowe's it is the sophistication. Here is a very knowing Viola, even a naughty and saucy Viola, though the naughtiness is never madcap and the sauciness is never pert. What is crisp in the common actress becomes mellow in her hands.

For Miss Marlowe the part is almost purely humorous. The sensibility is present as the occasion for the humor. For instance, I had always taken in entire seriousness Viola's two little replies to the Duke: "Of your complexion" and "About your years my lord." In Miss Marlowe they are comic, pleasingly comic. In the duel scene her fright is genuine, but she mocks at her fright nevertheless. In fact, she abounds in that delicious self-mockery which is the only decent apology and atonement human nature can make for the mockery of other people. She can be cooingly innocent, but the innocence itself is comedy; the child in her, like the man, is nothing but apparel. If this infiltration of sensibility into humor obscures the sensibility, it bestows on the humor a rare delicacy and richness. Possibly in this point Miss Marlowe goes a step beyond Shakespeare, but Shakespeare himself, in the whole frame and temper of the comedy, has furnished her with the incentive. The sentiment in the play, the Duke's, Olivia's, even Viola's, if it is not part of the joke, is at all events part of the game. Miss Marlowe's Viola is a beguiling incarnation of this spirit.

Mr. Sothern's Petruchio is best in the

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earlier scenes of "The Taming of the Shrew"; Miss Marlowe's Katharina in the later. The scold is hardly imitable by Miss Marlowe. Vixenish indeed, though only in jets and sallies, she can be; but she lacks the hardihood, lacks the constitution, required by the histrionic shrew. She has the effect of reminding herself at intervals that she is a termagant. Her strong work is done in the later scenes, in the element of slyness and playful malice in the reformed Katharina, the indulgence, the mockery, the condescension, which almost put the rough master in the position of a rude schoolboy. There is scope here for that delicate embroidery which is the distinction and attraction of her art.

One finds in Mr. Sothern's Petruchio a fine heartiness and impetuosity. From the first he is a walking riot, but a riot in which the man is seen behind the brawler and the gentleman divined, if not discerned, behind the man. He is happy in the first scene with Katharina, where, making much of her in the abstract, in the third person, so to speak, he ignores, smothers, obliterates her as a partner or opposite in conversation. He surrounds her, both literally and figuratively; there is no egress from his arms or from his volubility. In the later scenes I felt the presence of an excess which I do not clearly recall in the performances of earlier times. Torrential Mr. Sothern is and ought to be; but he is also battering, and I doubt the rightness of the latter trait. The deliciousness and subtlety of the part, its point of difference from the vulgar handling of a common theme, is Petruchio's good-humor toward Katharina, a tempestuous, but still a real, good-humor. Shakespeare himself has not been quite unfaltering in his adhesion to this excellent ideal, and the actor has exaggerated the deviations of Shakespeare.

Mr. Sothern's Hamlet does not grow old; no auditor could fasten on him the words, "He's fat and scant of breath," in which the queen showed herself possessed of an unmotherly, but not unwomanly capacity, for retaliations. He is active, dexterous, and versatile. The part has been studied minutely and intensely; not a comma has escaped the probe. The result is a variegated, a profoundly checkered, Hamlet; the part lightens and darkens, flushes and pales, mellows and roughens, from passage to passage, often from moment to moment. In this he has Shakespeare behind him—behind him in a quite special sense, since this is a point in which he has pursued Shakespeare, overtaken him, and to my feeling passed—I would not say surpassed—the poet. He has even passed beyond his former self.

If an example is wanted, one of the things that went straight to my heart in

(*Continued on page* 556)

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(*Continued from page* 555)

the earlier personation was the "Except my life, except my life, except my life," in which the monotony of the iteration carried with it the terrible implication that the hatred of life had already become grey and commonplace. Mr. Sothern now makes three points out of these three phrases, and enlarges and enforces the third by the strong measure of flinging himself in a half-recumbent posture upon the steps. The fashion of the act is excellent, but I was more touched by the earlier simplicity. The agility of an actor's mind and frame must find its correlate and limit in the agility of the observer's mind and eye. For my part, I can not feel three ways in three seconds.

This leads to a word on the invented and inserted business in the play. Every actor does, and must, introduce action that is not enjoined by the text, but there is a clear distinction between action that reënforces or fulfills Shakespeare's recorded word, and action that is not only unprescribed, but unsuggested; to underline and interline are distinct processes. For example, Hamlet's affectionate gesture toward Ophelia in Act III, Scene I—by no means peculiar to Mr. Sothern—practically rebuilds or rewrites the entire scene; it turns all Hamlet's brutality into feint and semblance. Again in Act I, Scene II, Hamlet bestows a caress upon the fool whom Mr. Sothern has imposed upon the play for the express purpose of receiving that unauthorized caress. I am of two minds with respect to insertions of this kind; I am confounded by the actor's boldness and am thankful for his mercy. Hamlet on the stage rather daunts and confuses me; I am reduced to a sort of daze by the gyrations of that mercurial and vertiginous young man. This is a mask undoubtedly, but the slits in the mask through which the tender and contemplative Hamlet is descried are too few and too narrow for my comfort. On this point Mr. Sothern feels as I do; he feels, in other words, that the play's Hamlet is much less tender than Shakespeare's. He accordingly injects a little more Shakespeare into the play.

I am a little surprised by the extent of Miss Marlowe's success as Ophelia. Ophelia is of all Shakespeare's characters, with the possible exception of Virgilia, the most inarticulate. Miss Marlowe, on the other hand, is the most articulate of actresses. Articulation means in essence the division of the flow of the voice into significant elements. Taken in a broad sense, this division is the specialty, the virtue, almost the excess and eccentricity, of Miss Marlowe. The final speech in "The Taming of the Shrew" may serve as illustration. It is greatly to her credit that a pencil so exact can be just to a figure like Ophelia's which is half a blur. Even the hardest speech in the rôle, the "O! what a noble mind" (hardest because its savor of official panegyric seems wholly misplaced in Ophelia's mouth) is simplified, is liquefied as it were, with an admirable instinct for congruity. She is happy also in the *straying* quality of the mad scenes, the quality which binds the scattered fragments together by the very deftness with which it marks their separation.

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Books and the News

Living Expenses

THREE subjects have been on the front pages of the newspapers practically every day since I began to write these book-lists. These are: strikes, the Treaty of Versailles, and the high cost of living. Books have been suggested with reference to the first two of them. Here are some about that subject which is so dreary to all but the political economist, and so urgent with every one of us—living expenses.

A general treatise is J. Laurence Laughlin's "Money and Prices" (Scribner, 1919). Frederick C. Howe's "The High Cost of Living" (Scribner, 1917) and Fabian Franklin's "Cost of Living" (Doubleday, 1915) are specific discussions, as are Walter E. Clark's "The Cost of Living" (McClurg, 1915) and W. Jett Lauck's "Cost of Living and the War" (Doyle & Waltz, 1918).

A few of the books, not so recent in date, are Scott Nearing's "Reducing the Cost of Living" (Jacobs, 1914) and "Financing the Wage-Earner's Family" (Huebsch, 1913), by the same writer, John A. Hobson's "Gold, Prices and Wages" (Doran, 1913), and Harrison H. Brace's "Gold Production and Future Prices" (Bankers' Pub. Co., 1910).

Some later ones are "The Flow of Value" (Century, 1919), by Logan G. McPherson; Irving Fisher's "Why Is the Dollar Shrinking?" (Macmillan, 1915); G. H. Gerber's "The High Cost of Living" (N. Y. Book Co., 1915); Oswald F. Boucke's "Rising Costs of Living" (Banta, 1916); Clyde L. King's "Lower Living Costs in Cities" (Appleton, 1915), and Winifred S. Gibbs's "The Minimum Cost of Living: a Study of Families of Limited Income in New York City" (Macmillan, 1917).

A book upon a related and pertinent topic is Ellen H. Richards's "The Cost of Living as Modified by Sanitary Science" (Wiley, 1910), while a contribution to the *belles lettres* of this subject, and perhaps a pleasant relief after so many graphs and tables, is "The Art of Living" (Scribner, 1899), by Robert Grant.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Current Investment Publications

A twenty-eight-page illustrated booklet under the caption "Greater France and Three Cities" (Bordeaux-Lyons-Marseilles) was recently issued by the Guaranty Trust Company, New York. Its pages include a clear and forceful statement of the resources of France and her three southern industrial centres.

"Some Recent Issues of Industrial Preferred Stocks" is the title of a booklet just issued by Dominick & Dominick, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 115 Broadway, New York. The recent preferred stock issues of forty industrial corporations are described and explained. The arrangement of the matter is designed to make easy thorough comparisons between the stocks of the several companies whose issues are included.

"A Trust Company as Transfer Agent and Registrar," a new booklet published by the United States Mortgage & Trust Company, 55 Cedar Street, New York, presents a brief statement of the manifold advantages of such service by a trust company fully qualified and equipped to act. Its appeal is addressed particularly to those organizing new corporations.

"International Investments and their Relations to the Foreign Exchanges," a booklet issued by Brown Brothers & Company, New York, includes the description of a number of bond issues of foreign Governments and municipalities, along with an explanatory foreword. This publication is in the second edition.

Readers of the *Review* desiring copies of any of the booklets noted in the foregoing should write directly to the issuing house. Copies are free.

THE REVIEW

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TO consider the question of our taking a mandate over Armenia in the light of a financial investment, as Senators Smoot and Borah are reported as doing, is to disgrace the Senate and the country. The desperate plight of Armenia is one which should go straight to our hearts. The great majority of Americans, we are confident, already see, or could easily be made to see, that nothing should be left undone to relieve the distress and to safeguard the rights of this much-tormented people; and he must be a hidebound politician who is not stirred by President Wilson's message to the Senate. If the question could be answered by resorting to the direct impulse of the Senate and the American people, there is little doubt that the President would get a favorable, hearty response. Unfortunately, the problem is not as simple as it might seem, and is precipitated upon the Senate at the tail end of a distracted session, when it is impossible to give to the complexities involved anything like the proper amount of thought. The question of the mandate over Armenia should not be mixed up with party politics, as it is almost sure to be by any hasty discussion at this time.

ARCHBISHOP KHOREN of Armenia, who, prior to the formation of the present Republic, was president of the National Union then ruling the country, says that President Wilson virtually promised the Armenian delegates in Paris that America would take the mandate for Armenia, should such an offer be made. The Armenians are threatened with war and fresh massacres from the Turkish and the Russian side. The Soviet Government of Azerbaijan, therein supported by the Bolshevist commissary of northern Caucasus, has demanded from Armenia the immediate evacuation of the districts of Karabagh and Cangezour, while the Turks are making preparations to attack them from Erzerum. Turk and Bolshevik together will have delimited, in their Asiatic fashion, the frontiers of the new Armenia, we fear, before Mr. Wilson can give effect to his acceptance of the task assigned to him by the Allies. Immediate action is necessary, as otherwise there will soon be no nation left for Mr. Wilson to circumscribe with border lines.

WHEN the House Foreign Affairs Committee asked the Secretary of State to appear before it for the purpose of throwing light on the Irish resolutions it was considering, of which the principal one proposes recognition of the "Irish Republic" and the sending of an American representative to it, the object of the committee was either to get information or to put the President in a hole. In either case, Secretary Colby's letter was an entirely proper answer to the request and to Chairman Porter's letter of inquiry. Anybody that needs information as to the propriety of recognizing the "Irish Republic" is incapable of profiting by it. And of course the State Department, as Mr. Colby says, is in possession of no facts "which should deter your committee from any action which is dictated by good judgment and which it may feel conscientiously impelled to take." If the committee does nothing but what it is "conscientiously impelled" to do, we shall hear nothing more of the resolution. But the "judgment," good or bad, which Congress has exercised on Irish resolutions has related to the political value of a given amount of buncombe, and has had no more to do with conscience than with astronomy.

THE whole batch of heresy-hunting bills, the passage of which, together with the expulsion of the five Socialist Assemblymen, was the principal achievement of the New York Legislature at its recent session, have been vetoed by Governor Smith. This action will redound to his lasting credit, and will doubtless also be of advantage to the Democratic party in the coming election. In the reasons assigned for his vetoes, the Governor hits straight from the shoulder. Concerning the monstrous bill designed to rule the Socialist party off the official ballot, he first points out the fatal objection relating to the proscriptive power which it would vest in a particular court; but he goes on to enunciate the broad principle involved:

> The voters of this State are entitled to the privilege of choosing their own candidates and their own officials and to enunciate their own platforms. No majority should have the right to exclude any minority from its just participation in the functions of government.

Likewise on the school censorship bill he says:

It is unthinkable that in a representative democracy there should be delegated to any body of men the absolute power to prohibit the teaching of any subject of which it may disapprove.

Altogether, Governor Smith makes a clean sweep of the curious mass of intolerance to which—at first under a momentary obsession, and afterwards apparently through obstinacy or fear of seeming inconsistent—the Republican leaders at Albany and the bulk of their followers committed themselves. The State of New York is to be congratulated on having its statute books unstained by legislation of which, before long, we are sure that nearly all of its citizens would have been ashamed.

SENATOR JOHNSON, defending himself from a grievous charge, says that the word radical is one of the "war-torn epithets" that are being "hurled at all who will not bow to arrogant power or exploiting wealth." We are not concerned about the *meaning* of "radical." It used to mean something fairly definite; now it serves well enough to describe a group of persons violently and vaguely disgruntled. Measured by this test, Senator Johnson easily qualifies for membership in the group. He has the radicals' manner, and manner is everything in these matters; since of any definite body of intellectual doctrine among our strong-feeling American radicals there is no trace.

"WE gave no encouragement whatever to the Polish Government in its offensive and expressed no opinion," said Bonar Law, as the Government's spokesman, in reply to questions asked by members in the House of Commons. The second half of the denial amounts to a refutation of the first, because for the British Government not to express any opinion on the Polish action is equivalent to a silent approval of it. The Poles appear to take it as such, and claim to be doing work deemed necessary by the Entente. And their official spokesmen will cling the more firmly to this cat's paw version of Poland's offensive if, as seems not improbable, the initial victory is gradually turned by subsequent events into a defeat.

FRENCH opinions on the upshot of the conference at Hythe vary greatly, ranging from denunciation of Millerand's alleged outwitting by Lloyd George to eulogies of his diplomatic achievement. The criticism, however, is more insistent and vociferous than the praise. The chief question at issue, the fixing of the amount of reparation to be paid by Germany, is still left pending, as the tentative figure of a hundred and twenty billion marks in gold will be submitted to the opinion of experts, on whose report the definite decision will be based. Nor is there great satisfaction over the arrangement which releases France of the obligation to pay her debt to England in case of Germany's failure to discharge her debt to France.

THE decision taken at Hythe to postpone the Spa Conference until after the German elections gives support to the distrust in the correctness of the statement that the German delegates will not be allowed to discuss the decisions of the Allies. There would be no reason for holding that Conference at all, let alone for postponing it on account of a prospective change of government in Germany, if that country's representatives were to remain without the slightest responsibility for what the Conference should decide. Herr Müller would do just as well as any other German, reactionary, communist, or moderate, who may rise in June to the head of affairs, if his only business at Spa were to receive with a stiff bow and in silence the dictates of the three Premiers.

THE German and neutral press is being supplied by Berlin headquarters with information "from strictly reliable sources," with rumors and hearsays as to the programme which the German delegates at Spa will try to carry through. Retention of Northern Silesia and restitution of part of the mercantile fleet and of some of the German colonies are said to be included in the list. The reliable sources will, no doubt, go on bubbling until the opening of the Conference, bringing up to the surface such a variety of demands as, if granted, would cancel the principal part of the Peace Treaty. The object of this active rumor-floating is obvious: having prepared the public in Germany and neutral countries to expect an impressive array of demands, the German Government will seem, by comparison, extremely moderate when the actual list comes to be presented at the Conference; whereas the Allies can then be decried as being set on ruining innocent and well-meaning Germany, on the evidence of their refusal to grant even the little that was asked.

THE gifted seer who pens the American editorials for the *Manchester Guardian* sets forth his carefully framed judgment that the recent outlaw railway strike "may be said to mark the definite passing of conservative unionism and to foreshadow the overthrow of Mr. Samuel Gompers." It may be so. We do not profess to know. But we recognize that there ought to be some measure of truth in a saying so venerable and so often repeated. Away back in 1885 it was the invention and property of the Knights of Labor. Later it came into the possession of Daniel De Leon, the head and front of the Socialist Labor party, and from the early nineties onward was used in hard and frequent service. As Partridge, the almanac maker, was wont regularly, over a long period of years,

to foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome,

so De Leon regularly predicted the collapse of trade-unionism and the extinction of Mr. Gompers. The Socialist partyites (most, but not all of them) took up the prediction, the I. W. W. followed, and more lately it has been conscripted to serve under the banners of the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and other journals of that sort. That it has crossed the seas for foreign service is but new proof of its unimpaired robustness. Age can not wither it, nor custom stale its viridity. Malatesta will take it next, Trotsky before long; and after

the Bashi-Bazouks have been bolshevized and they begin to look over this way for signs and omens, they, too, will repeat it in the identical form in which it appeared in 1885. In the meantime Mr. Gompers can be found any day at the old stand.

MOST of the big chiefs of Soviet Russia, including Lenin and Zinoviev, contributed to a special Easter publication, for circulation among the faithful, articles on the new labor code. All of them, according to a sympathetic source, explained "the difference between compulsion and disciplined labor in the capitalist state and the same in the Socialist state by saying that in one men were working for employers, and in the latter each man was working for the good of all, including himself." It is an interesting explanation, but one can not help wondering how, among other than the most stupidly credulous, it was received. The argument that each man's toil is for the good of all was quite as serviceable in the Tsar's day as it is in the day of Lenin. And as for the matter of employers, they are increasing in number all the time in Soviet Russia, and should foreign capital accept the tempting offers made, the number will be immeasurably augmented. Prospective employers, officially assured not only of valuable concessions but of a steady supply of compulsory labor, merely await a signal from the Allies in order to begin. The Russian worker of even ordinary intelligence must therefore look at the official explanations with some dubiety. For even if there were no private employers, he knows that forced labor is forced labor, no matter what Lenin calls it. "Disguise thyself as thou wilt," said Sterne in the episode of the starling, "still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught." No degree of stupid credulity can long serve to hide its reality.

BELGIUM is showing the same pluck in tying up the broken threads of her industrial life that she displayed in holding to her moral integrity, first against the attempted bribes, and then under the crushing heel, of the invader. The Guaranty Trust Company of New York has compiled some highly gratifying statistics of the rapid progress already made in reconstruction. Although 2,000 kilometers of her railways and 1,800 bridges had been destroyed, and 60,000 cars and 2,500 locomotives had been taken, 80 per cent. of the pre-war number of freight trains were moved during the first quarter of 1920, and 60 per cent. of the pre-war passenger trains. Steel mills reached 40 per cent. of their pre-war production, textile factories 80 per cent., while the woolen mills reached the normal pre-war level. The output of the Belgian coal mines for the entire year 1919 was over 80 per cent. of the 1913 production, while the rate so far for 1920 is above that of 1913. The movement of exports and imports indicates that by the end of the present year Belgium will be free from the necessity of appealing to foreign financial markets for assistance. There can be no jealousy over Belgium's precedence in the pathway of post-war reconstruction; it is thoroughly fitting that she should be first to rise again, as she was first to suffer.

MR. CLINTON SCOLLARD is, needless to say, wholly within his rights in penning "An Epistle to Alexander Pope," which appears in the May *Harper's*. But he invades others' rights, including Pope's, when he makes such a jingle as this:

> But just a sort of rhyming sham,
> As formal as your Twickenham.

It won't do. The name Twickenham, as is not unknown to the world, is one that gives the word of promise to the eye only to break it to the ear; and no possible twist to its pronunciation can furnish a rhyme for "sham." To Pope himself it was "Twitenham" in prose, or "Twit'nam" in verse. In the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" we have:

> All fly to Twit'nam and in humble strain
> Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.

"Twickenham" is "formal" enough, as Mr. Scollard rightly avers; but it is altogether too formal for the use he has made of it. So we protest. And while we are on this subject we may as well caution Mr. F. P. Adams to look out for one of the contributors to his "Conning Tower" who insists on rhyming "bowie" with Chloe. Of course that will do here in Gotham, where the article is unknown; but in the Great Southwest, where it flourishes (or is flourished), a usage so gross will hardly pass without trouble. Gun play, or even bowie play, has followed less provocation. In no lyric to Chloe, nor yet in any threnody on the death of John Alexander Dowie will the word furnish a serviceable rhyme. But should one want to sing something about Le Grand Monarque, or any of his thirteen predecessors or four successors of that name, then, indeed, he may clinch the word at the line's end as often as he pleases.

THE tentative and fitful appearance of the straw hat in spring—first one in the streets, then a dozen, then none at all if the day proves inclement, and finally, when the weather has declared itself indubitably for summer, a whole sea of jolly, dancing little baskets—is in striking contrast with the sudden and complete disappearance of the same headgear in the autumn. It is a foolish custom that proscribes the straw hat after September fifteenth. The sun has still something of his summer fervor, which he will show on occasion, to the end of the month, and for good St. Martin's sake reserves a taste of his quality even for November. While the leaf clings to the bough, let the straw hat henceforward remain unmolested on the head of him who chooses to exercise his God-given reason and to wear it. Henceforward, whoever lays aside a still wearable hat out of deference to a foolish custom should be held a fool for his pains; and whoever presumes with his more courageous neighbor "greatly to find quarrel in a straw" should be known for an enemy to society. The public is no longer a shackled slave; it has learned its power and has used it. The tyranny of a few Wall Street brokers' clerks, who may be supposed to have been the authors of the by-no-means ancient taboo, should no longer be borne.

Two Aspects of Mr. Hoover's Candidacy

WHEN the candidacy of Mr. Hoover first became a conspicuous subject of national interest, the *Review* expressed in the strongest possible terms its appreciation of his superb achievements and his splendid character. Those achievements and that character give ample assurance that in everything that pertains to administrative excellence and efficiency Mr. Hoover would be a President whom the country would be most fortunate in having at the head of its affairs. Moreover, the situation of the country at the present time, and also its relations, financial and philanthropic, with the old-world countries struggling up from a condition of unparalleled difficulty and distress, make the exercise of those abilities in which Mr. Hoover so remarkably excels a matter of supreme importance. It is impossible to overestimate the benefits that might flow from his proved skill, his inexhaustible energy, and his coördinating genius in the handling of the great concrete problems which will press upon us in the next four years.

Feeling so strongly as we did—and do—on this great aspect of the question of Mr. Hoover's claims to the Presidency, we nevertheless expressed a doubt relating to another aspect to which we could not shut our eyes. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for reproducing here what we said upon that occasion on this second aspect of the question:

> Whatever other issues there may be in the Presidential campaign, one issue is bound to run through it, whether explicitly formulated or not. We are either going to stand by the fundamental principles of the American political and economic system, or we are going to drift away from them. It may or may not be that Mr. Hoover has profound or well-defined convictions on these principles; it may or may not be that he realizes the essential importance of surrounding himself with men who are devoted to them. We can not afford to be saved by a wonder-worker, or a superman. We want to get the benefit that such a man is capable of conferring on us in a time of great and extraordinary need, but we do not want to purchase those benefits at the sacrifice of the permanent character of our institutions. In a word, we must know what the election of Hoover would mean politically, before we can decide whether he is the man that we ought to have for President.

What leads us to hark back to this is the publication in the newspapers of some extracts from an article by Mr. Hoover which is to appear in the forthcoming July number of *System*. In this article Mr. Hoover says many things that are both sensible and humane about the relations between labor and capital, and between both and the general public. But he also indulges in some very broad generalities, which perhaps he set down without careful deliberation, but which, coming from a leading candidate for the Presidency, will certainly be taken by the "man in the street" as meaning all they say and probably more. We have in mind especially this passage.

> The problem goes far beyond the mere settling of disputes. I have seen growing out of the masses of people in every country aspirations for a great economic change. That change broadly will be that those who work with their hands will obtain a larger proportion of this world's goods and those who work with their brains will obtain less. Those who do not work will probably obtain nothing.

Now, it is highly probable that those who work with their hands will, in the course of an economic development which is already well under way, obtain a larger proportion, and those who work with their brains, a smaller proportion, of the joint product than has hitherto been the case. And there is no harm in attention being called to this fact. But what does Mr. Hoover mean by saying that "those who do not work will probably obtain nothing"? Does he mean that inheritance is to be abolished? Does he mean that interest on capital is to exist no more? If he does not mean either of these things, it is difficult to see what he does mean; for he could hardly be thinking of the mere triviality that rich men, while in the enjoyment of income from property, should be compelled to work a certain number of hours a day, as contemplated in the childish anti-loafing laws which for a time were a popular fad. The sentence may have been a mere slip, but if so it was a very bad slip, and not the kind of slip that a man would be likely to make who has profound and well-defined convictions on the fundamental principles of our economic and political system.

It is in no spirit of hypercriticism that we dwell on this element of doubt in relation to Mr. Hoover's potentialities. Of all the candidates named he is the only one whose past career gives solid reason for expecting personal achievement of extraordinary character, and of surpassing value to the nation. But precisely because of his strong qualities, and especially of his life-long habit of pursuing to achievement anything he undertakes, any error he may commit in his attitude toward the fundamentals of our political and economic life will be fraught with unbounded possibilities of evil. The influence he has so well deserved by his acts will extend to his opinions. If those opinions are crude or undefined, if his hold on fundamentals is not sure and strong, there is no telling what sacrifice of permanent good may result from his leadership, however admirable it may be in meeting the immediate exigencies of the time.

The Wave of Price-Slashing

THE overalls crusade, of little consequence in itself, has proved to be of great significance as a symbol. Determination to curtail spending has become so widespread as to cause, at least in the case of clothing and similar articles, a general lowering of retail prices. The wave of price-cutting by retailers that has swept over the country is pretty unanimously explained as due in the main to downright necessity, and this necessity has been created by a combination of two factors—the attitude of the consuming public and the attitude of the banks. The restrictions on credit, which had for some months been increasingly put into effect, in pursuance of the policy of the Federal Reserve Board, naturally bore with peculiar force on the situation which confronted dealers stocked with a large supply of goods which they had expected to sell at high-water-mark prices, and which the public refused to buy. Whether the mood of the public would have held out, and in any event gained its point, is matter for conjecture; in point of fact, the merchants were in large measure compelled to convert their stocks into money at reduced prices, for want of

any other way of getting necessary funds.

Whether the reduction of prices is permanent, and whether, if so, it will be attended by acute depression and disastrous disturbance of business, is also a matter on which it is impossible to form a confident judgment. No question is more difficult, and no problem is more delicate, than that of the descent from a scale of inflated prices. Rise of prices takes care of itself; it inflicts serious hardships on consumers, but, broadly speaking, it does not result in economic disasters. On the other hand, falling prices may bring about the bankruptcy of many business enterprises and the slowing-up of others, with the result of causing widespread unemployment, which in turn accentuates and extends the depression. It may be that we shall have to go through such a stage; and the problem of banking policy—as tough a problem as it ever has to tackle—is to effect the necessary restraint upon credit so cautiously in point of degree, and so judiciously as regards the particular directions in which it is applied, that the process shall be attended with as little damage as possible.

While reduction of prices is a prime need of the public, it is agreed on all hands that increase of production is an equally fundamental need, both for its own sake and as a means of bringing down prices. If prices had come down through an increase of output of the goods the public needs, the state of things would be comparatively simple. But so far from this having happened, it seems to be the fact that the physical volume of the nation's production is decidedly below normal, and was less last year than the year before. Now a lowering of prices tends, in the first instance—whatever may be the case after a readjustment has been effected all round—to discourage and diminsh production; and this is one of the reasons why in many quarters doubt is expressed as to the remedial efficacy of this particular kind of drive against high prices. But the question, as we have said, is too complex to admit of confident prophecy.

One consideration pertaining to it is of more cheerful augury. Diminished production has been due to a great number of causes—among them strikes, slack labor, disorganization of transportation, etc. But a highly important element in the case is the impairment of capital not through destruction in any ordinary sense, but through failure to keep it up in quantity and character. If, as is usually and probably correctly said, we have been consuming on a magnified scale and yet producing on a diminished scale, how has the consumption been supplied? There would seem to be but one answer—that a large part of the productive activity that should have been devoted to the maintenance or enlargement of capital has been directed towards the supply of immediately consumable commodities. The railroads furnish an example of this on a grand scale; roadbeds have been wearing down, and rolling-stock has become sadly deficient. But the same thing must have gone on in a hundred directions. The building of houses, the making of repairs, the upkeep of machinery and the installation of new machinery—in these and many other things there has doubtless been such deficiency as to affect materially the productive capacity of the country. And the point we have in mind is that if the country is entering upon a long period of genuine thrift, then, whatever may be the momentary consequence of the new departure, its result before very long must be a great increase in productive efficiency. The money which people stop squandering they will not hide away in stockings, but will invest; and that means that the productive energy which has been directed to the satisfaction of wasteful expenditure will be turned to the upbuilding of productive capital. When we add to this the even more direct relief that would come from the reduction of the vast number of persons now engaged in producing luxuries—whether it be automobiles or millinery—and their utilization in production more conducive to the general welfare, we may see in the thrift movement, provided it is a genuine one, the promise of real amelioration of the conditions under which we have been laboring.

Stock Dividends Again

THE stock-dividend tax which is provided for in the bill reported by the House Ways and Means Committee for the purpose of raising money for the proposed bonus, will revive interest in the general question of taxation of stock dividends. When the Supreme Court rendered its decision declaring that stock dividends were not income, and therefore could not be taxed under the Income Tax amendment to the Constitution, we set forth with some fullness the reasons why we regarded that decision as absolutely sound. Doubtless the first impression of many persons on reading of the tax now proposed will be that it is an attempt to nullify the Supreme Court decision, but such is not in any proper sense the case.

The proposed new tax is not a tax upon the individual receiving the stock dividends, but a tax on the corporation for the privilege of dealing with its stock in that particular way. The distinction is not a mere technical subterfuge, but a real distinction. The Federal Government has a right to lay a tax upon any particular kind of corporation action, if in its judgment such tax is called for in the public interest. If a ten per cent. tax on the issuing of stock dividends is desirable from the standpoint of public policy, there does not seem to be any Constitutional bar to its enactment. A stock dividend is of course not income to the corporation, and the proposed taxation of it could not pretend to be an income tax; the proposed tax is an excise tax, not based upon the idea of income at all. To our mind it is equally clear that a stock dividend is not income to the individual receiving it; this is the point that was decided by the Supreme Court. The point that would be raised by the corporation tax now proposed, if it were enacted and came before the Supreme Court for decision, would be wholly unrelated to the question decided in the recent case.

So much for the main principle of the matter. The retroactive feature of the proposal brings up a different order of considerations. Whether Constitutional or not, a retroactive

tax of this kind is wrong in principle, besides being open to grave objection from the standpoint of practical business policy. The corporations which declared stock dividends after the Supreme Court had rendered its decision were acting upon a state of facts which they had every reason to regard as absolutely settled so far as concerned any action taken at the time. Any tax laid upon them for action thus taken would be essentially punitive, whether technically so or not; and would therefore be open to all the objection that lies against *ex post facto* laws in general. The tax upon *future* dividends would be deterrent, but not punitive; and the question whether it should be levied or not is purely a question of good public policy.

The effect of the issue of a stock dividend is solely that of causing actual money dividends of a given amount to have the appearance of a lower percentage rate than they would otherwise have. A company that has been in the habit of declaring dividends at the rate of eight per cent. a year, for example, issues a stock dividend of fifty per cent., and continues its eight per cent. annual rate. The shareholders will thereafter, as theretofore, receive eight dollars a year on every hundred-dollar share they possess, but this will be equivalent to twelve dollars on every hundred-dollar share that they held before the stock dividend was declared. Their income from the shares will have been increased by fifty per cent., and on this increased income they will be taxed; the mere bits of paper representing the stock dividend, on the other hand, were not to them income at all, and, as the Supreme Court decided, could not be taxed as income. But if Congress desires to discourage this method of concealing from superficial view the advance that has taken place in the rate of return on the original shares, it has a right to do so by taxing the corporation for the privilege. Nor is this a merely legal distinction. The practical difference is that in the one case you break down the Constitutional limitation on the general taxing power of the Federal Government, and in the other case you do not.

The matter of retroactive taxes had come up in a different form in a previous project connected with the bonus. It had been proposed to levy a fresh tax on incomes (though only on that particular part of incomes which is designated as "war profits" or as "excess profits") covering the entire period since the beginning of the war—a tax additional to that which had been paid year by year, as existing law required. The question was accordingly raised, "How long is income income?" Discussing this question, the New York *Evening Sun* made these pertinent remarks:

> Plainly the receipts or profits of any given year from investment or activity are income during that year. But can they be regarded in any sense as income in the succeeding twelve months? If so, will they be still income in the following year or ten years hence? Conversely, if the gains of 1919 are still income, and those of 1917 are still income, why not those of any year back to 1913, when the income tax first became constitutional? Where is the line to be drawn whereat money received ceases to be income and becomes personal property? . . . If the line is a movable one, subject to relocation at the whim of Congress, plainly nothing any man owns is safe, for it was income at some time, even though that time had been the day of his birth.

While there is doubtless room for argument on the subject, it seems fairly plain to us that only current income can properly be regarded as income for purposes of income taxation. If a law passed in 1933 can not lay a tax upon what was income in 1913 but has since either been spent or become capital, neither can it do so in the case of the income of 1923 or of 1928; there is no difference in principle between the cases. When it comes to the very next preceding year, the case may be regarded as somewhat different, but rather upon the maxim *de minimis non curat lex* than for any other reason.

This does not offer any obstacle, however, to the taxation as income, in a given year, of gains that may have been accruing for many years but which did not take the shape of income until the current year. It is a more or less disputable question whether the gain which a person makes through the sale of property should be regarded as income or as increment of capital. But if it be regarded as income, as it is under our laws, then it does not matter how long a time that gain has taken in accruing; the whole of it is income, just as much as if it had accrued within one year, or within one month. The gain from year to year in the market value of the property was not income, and was not treated as such; the whole amount of the gain became income, and subject to taxation as such, when it was realized through an actual sale.

There is, however, a further point in connection with this which is of most important practical bearing, and which ought to receive the attention of our lawmakers. While the entire gain realized on a sale, however long the property may have been held, can, so far as the legal aspect of the question is concerned, be regarded as income, yet it is not fair to treat that gain as income for the single year in which the sale is effected. If the income tax were at a horizontal rate, this would be a question of little importance; but with a graded tax it becomes the cause of obvious and avoidable injustice. A person whose usual income is $6,000 a year, say, may sell his entire possessions—the result perhaps of many years of careful management and saving—for the purpose of investing the proceeds in some form desirable as permanent provision for his family and for his own old age. If the gain he realizes on the sale is $100,000, he has to pay a very heavy supertax, a supertax designed, of course, to be borne only by very wealthy persons, persons whose annual income is something like $100,000; in his case the $100,000 is the accumulation of perhaps twenty or thirty years. The tax ought to be reckoned accordingly; the whole amount ought to be taxed, but it ought to be taxed not as $100,000 acquired in one year, but as $5,000 acquired in each of twenty years, or something of the kind. This, however, is a question of equity, not of law; and moreover it is but one example of many imperfections which exist in the law, and which call for remedy by Congress, acting after thorough-going consideration by the most competent experts.

Peace for Hungary

ON the 4th of June the Hungarian delegation will sign the peace treaty in the Grand Trianon Palace at Versailles. The ceremony officially closes a period of nearly four hundred years in which the destinies of Hungary were knit up with those of Austria and the Hapsburg dynasty. It was in 1527 that the Hungarians offered the Crown of St. Stephen to Ferdinand of Austria, brother of Charles V, in order to strengthen their resistance against the Turk. As an outpost of European civilization against the menace of the Asiatic intruder Hungary, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gained the admiration and gratitude of Europe. But in her present humiliation she shares the fate of her old enemy, with whom she was joined in the mad attack upon Western civilization.

Still, it can not be said that the Supreme Council has been a vindictive tribunal in drafting Hungary's verdict. The territory that she loses is not taken from her as a punishment for her part in the war, but in conformity with the principle of national self-determination which her ill-fated complicity made it possible to put into practice. If the old Hungary had been a country of Hungarians, the new Hungary would not differ from it in size. But as a matter of fact only 55 per cent. of its inhabitants were Hungarians, and ruled the country, before the war, with utter disregard of the rights of other nationalities as guaranteed them by the Hungarian Nationality Law of 1868. By means of later additions, by the partiality of the Magyar law courts, by everyday practice, the spirit of this liberal law evanesced, leaving nothing but the dead letter. Ferdinand of Austria, when taking the Hungarian crown in 1527, had to pledge himself not to destroy the native language: "Nationem et linguam vestram servare non perdere intendimus." For refusing to Rumanians, Slovaks, and Slovenes, that respect for their languages which they claimed from their Hapsburg kings for their own, the Hungarians have now to pay the penalty. By resorting to forcible means in attempting to Magyarize those foreign minorities, they created the very elements of hostility which made for the dissolution of the kingdom.

In tracing the frontiers of the new Hungary the Supreme Council has found it impossible to make the political boundaries coincide everywhere with the ethnic divisions. Islets and peninsulas of Hungarian nationality were thus severed from the compact mass of the nation now forming the population of Hungary. The delegates in Paris protested against this inclusion of Hungarian nationals within neighboring territories in the name of the same principle which released alien minorities from Magyar rule. The Council's reply was not an absolute *non possumus*. It admitted the possibility of injustices committed, and pointed the way to their rectification by a peaceable procedure of international law. It is this conciliatory attitude that gives the Peace Treaty with Hungary a special significance.

The "lettre d'envoi," which, together with the text of the treaty, M. Millerand, in the name of the Allies, addressed to the Hungarian delegation, referred to the problem of the frontiers in the following terms:

> If the delimitation commissions, in the course of their work, should come to the conclusion that the provisions of the treaty create anywhere an injustice which it is of general interest to eliminate, they have the right to address a report on the subject to the Council of the League of Nations, which, if one of the parties concerned requests it, can offer its services for an amicable rectification of the original frontier line.

But the reduction to a minimum of the friction between Hungary and her former subject races over the tracing of the lines of division is subsidiary to the question how to restrict that division to the political life of the nations, so that economically they may recover part at least of their former unity. In order to promote the resumption of the pre-war exchange of products between the new created, aggrandized, and diminished states, the Council has added a new paragraph to Article 207 of the treaty:

"In order to enable Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Austria to supply one another with the products which, until now, were exchanged between the territories of these States, and which would be indispensable to the production or the commerce of those territories, one or other of these States shall, within six months from the coming into force of the present treaty, open negotiations with a view to concluding separate conventions with one or other of its neighbors." . . . If the negotiations, within six months, have not led to tangible results, the State which has taken the initiative "may address itself to the reparations committee and request it to expedite their conclusion."

In one instance the Supreme Council has not left it to the initiative of the States themselves to create a beginning, or rather a resumption, of cooperation for their common interest:

> Considering the vital importance, for the basin of the middle Danube, of the maintenance, in general outline, of the existing régime of the river, the Allied and Associated Powers have inserted a new Article 293 in the treaty, under which a Commission for the middle Danube is instituted, composed of a representative of each of the States concerned and of a president appointed by the Council of the League of Nations.

Thus the treaty which codifies the division of the old Hungary supplies, at the same time, the means of obviating the evil effects which that division would otherwise have on the international situation of Southeast Europe. Self-interest may induce the nations which it concerns to make use of those means, though racial animosities should throw obstacles in the way towards a rapprochement. The Great Powers can do no more than help and advise them in clearing the road. Whether they shall follow it to their common goal rests with the nations themselves.

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The Problem of Palestine

THE Supreme Council at San Remo has made Great Britain the mandatory over the Holy Land, writing into its mandate the Balfour declaration that in Palestine shall be established a national home for the Jewish peoples without prejudicing the civil or religious rights of non-Jewish communities, that is, of nine-tenths of the present population. The Zionists announce that Great Britain has given them every assurance that within a few weeks army rule, "which has been far from satisfactory to the Jews, will be changed to a sympathetic civil rule." From now on, to quote the Zionist propaganda, the work of Zionism is to prepare Palestine for the vast migration that will ensue of the hundreds of thousands of Jews now waiting at Odessa, Constantinople, Constanza, and Vladivostok for passage to their new home, and for the much greater number that will come eventually.

The signing of the peace treaty at Versailles did not put an end to the censorship, for it did not put an end to war. Little or no news comes from the Near East, yet brief cables from Palestine have hinted at a strange prelude to the establishment of the Jewish national home which, in the words of Rabbi Wise, is to translate into life the Jewish dream of brotherhood. Evidently the non-Jewish inhabitants of Palestine fear that they are to be the younger brother to whom falls but a slender portion of the inheritance—or none at all. On February 27, Moslems and Christians marched through the streets of Jerusalem in formal protest against the Zionist demands and handed their remonstrance to the British authorities and to the consuls of other nations represented at the Holy City. To one at all familiar with the Near East, the united action of members of these two faiths is of extraordinary significance. On the same day there was an anti-Zionist demonstration at Bethlehem. On March 8 Jerusalem saw a much more important demonstration, representing not merely the capital of Palestine, but the surrounding communities and towns. Led by the Mayor of Jerusalem, accompanied by Arif Pasha, President of the Islamo-Christian Association, by ex-deputy Said Effendi al Husseini and many other notables, the procession marched to the Military Governate, the consulates of Italy, France, and America, and renewed the protests of Palestine, for which they claimed to speak, against the Zionist plan to dominate the country. When the procession broke up at the Joppa Gate, many of the Christians proceeded to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and there took oath to defend their country against the Zionists. This same day, at Haifa, the future port of Palestine, there was a similar anti-Zionist demonstration. On Easter Sunday came the first bloodshed; fighting between Jews and Arabs was carried on for nearly three days, and, if newspaper accounts are to be trusted, five Jews and four Arabs were killed, while twenty-four Arabs and more than two hundred Jews were wounded. Martial law, with machine guns and aeroplanes, finally restored order. Not for many years have there been anti-Jewish outbreaks in Palestine.

The cause of demonstration and rioting can be understood only when the plans and actions of the Zionists are comprehended. It is unfortunate in the highest degree that so many Americans know little or nothing concerning them. Only a year ago, Mr. Norman Hapgood wrote in a Zionist monthly, "I have seen no request to the Powers for special favors to the Jewish population," and the general public is similarly ill informed. In the first place, it is of the utmost importance to understand that Zionism desires in Palestine more than a place of refuge for oppressed Jews. The Jews that emigrate there will not go in the same spirit in which thousands of Europeans have sought our shores. They do not wish merely to aid in the development of Palestine; they desire to control its development, to change an Arab country into a Jewish State. Feisal, the foremost Arab leader, proposed last fall a regulated Jewish immigration to Palestine where Jews should have equal rights with Arabs, taking part in the government in proportion to their population, and where they should have full control of Jewish schools and the means to establish a Jewish cultural centre. To quote his own sensible words, "We naturally should prefer an immigration of Jews to that of any other people, not only because Jews have vast resources by which the land can be developed, but because they are Semites like ourselves." In an Arab country he would have Zionists assured of "equal rights, equal opportunities, and an absolute non-differentiation between Arab and Jew." But Zionists do not wish equality of privilege for Christian, Arab, and Jew such as we should offer in America. They wish to establish not a Palestinian, but a Jewish State, that is, a government dominated by members of but one faith. In his "Zionism and the Future of Palestine," a book which deserves the widest circulation, Professor Morris Jastrow, Jr., has given a clear and convincing study of the fallacies and dangers of political Zionism. He points out the fact that a Jewish State inevitably sets up a barrier, whether we express it in terms of religion or of nationality. "As a writer pithily puts it, 'if it be Jewish, it can not be a State; if it be a State, it can not be Jewish.'" There is then a religious injustice in the Zionist State which would never be tolerated in our own land and which stirs Palestine deeply.

To this idea of a State, in conflict with modern liberal thought, there must be added the economic injustice of Zionism. Balfour's "National Jewish Home" is an ambiguous phrase, yet the Zionists have given it a very exact interpretation. To them it means but one thing—an autonomous Jewish State. *Palestine* is an important organ of English Zionists. The longest article in its issue for March 13 is a reprint from the *Manchester Guardian* of a letter from a Zionist in the Holy Land. No exception is taken to any of its statements and it may be considered as representing Zionist opinion when it

discusses the "minimum requirements" to be made of Great Britain. To cite one of the first, for the next few years the goal of a Jewish Palestine and of an autonomous commonwealth must be steadily before the eyes of the mandatory and its servants and "direct their course." In general it has been assumed that a mandatory Power would govern a country impartially; the "sympathetic" British administration is to work for one goal, the autonomous Jewish State.

Among the first two or three world leaders of Zionism is Dr. Weizmann, the head of the English Zionists. At the recent extraordinary convention of the Zionist Organization of America, held in New York, Professor Felix Frankfurter of Harvard, one of the most prominent American Zionists, presented a resolution of gratitude to Dr. Weizmann for his leadership. Endorsed by Americans, he speaks with authority, and he has recently declared that the autonomous Jewish State is a possibility in ten years. This is no hasty judgment, for to quote a Zionist journal, Dr. Weizmann "has been able to make his calculations with the aid of experts on the spot, after paying full consideration to all the manifold factors involved."

Let us double Dr. Weizmann's estimate. For twenty years, under the watchful eye of Zionism, Britain is to prepare the coming of the Jewish State, and the Zionists themselves have indicated some of the practical steps to that end which the mandatory should take. Through extortion and robbery of the natives, a large part of Palestine came into the possession of the Turkish Crown. Among these Crown lands, for example, are a part of the fertile plain of Esdrælon, a large section of the Ghôr, the broad plain of the Jordan about Jericho, and a wide region near Beersheba. If the mandatory is to throw open these lands, as Indian lands in America were awarded to settlers, naturally the non-Jewish Palestinians wish a large part of them; yet to cite again the letter in *Palestine*, Zionism requires "a preference in the settlement of the waste and dead lands and of the State domains," that is, these Turkish Crown lands. Palestinians, then, may receive only what the Zionists do not want. Similarly, in the construction of all manner of public works, greatly needed in Palestine, "preference shall be given to a public utility organization representing the Jewish people and the Jewish Palestine."

One of the most important questions before the country is the proper method of developing its natural resources. Oil has been found in the region of the Dead Sea, whose very waters are rich in potassium; systems of irrigation must be installed throughout the country; and the swift-rolling Jordan must be made to furnish electricity to run factories and illuminate the land. Whether non-Zionists may direct any of these projects must depend entirely on the pleasure of Zionism, if its demands, formally presented to the Peace Conference, have been granted. These demands, typical of others, required for Zionists "priority in any concession for public works or the development of the natural resources of Palestine." "Preference" and "priority" have a better sound than "monopoly."

To sum up these "minimum requirements," while Great Britain is the mandatory, Zionists should have priority on waste lands, on State lands, in the construction of all public works, in any concession for public works, or the development of natural resources. For a beginning, this should help. Within a few years it will be more simple, for when Great Britain has finished its work of preparation for the new State and turned the country over to its new rulers, Zionism has but to say, "L'Etat, c'est moi."

If educated Palestinians who realize the scope of these demands have protested indignantly against them, the ignorant, illiterate *fellahîn* can readily perceive that the Zionist State will work them injustice. For example, Zionists will naturally undertake all manner of private and public works, yet on these works organized Jewish labor in Palestine has declared that only Hebrews shall be employed. In America, this would be called a State boycott on Arab labor. On the other hand, during the interim of the British mandate, the letter reprinted in *Palestine* would require in any public works undertaken by the mandatory an "adequate employment of Jews in constructing and operating them."

Even before Great Britain obtained the mandate, Palestinians of all classes, educated and uneducated, well-to-do or poor, have been irritated at seeing the Zionists display a flag they had made with the simple explanation that it is to be the flag of their country. They hear the "Hatikvoh" and are informed that the Hebrew words and music are to be their country's national anthem. They hear a Palestinian Zionist object to a "mixed" school at Haifa, a public school in the American sense of the word, where Jews, Moslems, and Christians would be on an equality, on the ground that a school for Zionists must be Hebrew in spirit as well as in language. They see Professor Geddes brought from Scotland by Zionists with a "commission" to draw plans for the reconstruction of Jerusalem, a city in which the Jews are in the minority, and they learn that similar plans are being prepared for the development of Jaffa, Haifa, and other places. They wonder whether they are to be heard at all, whether they are even to be consulted on the questions of reconstruction and government of the land they possess. They should not wonder. Aliens, chiefly Russians, Poles, and Rumanians, are to come in and possess the land through "preferences" and "priorities" denied Palestinians whose families have lived and worked in the land for generations. Comprehending this part of the Zionist programme, Palestinians believe they can see what will be their fate when Great Britain withdraws entirely and Zionism is in full control.

The military rule in Palestine is to be replaced at once by a civil administration. General Bols, Chief of Staff in Allenby's Palestine campaign, is at the present moment Chief Administrator for Palestine. The Arab newspaper, *Meraat-Al-Shark*, pub-

lished at Jerusalem, gives a careful statement from General Bols representing the policy of the British military authorities. In this, General Bols states that the Entente Powers, with America and France at their head, had approved the Balfour declaration. England will organize the Zionist immigration within limits and certain conditions in order that this immigraton shall not injure the economic stability of the country. General Bols had been informed by Dr. Weizmann that the Zionists would not send any Jewish immigrants unless they were workmen, professional men, or persons of means who would not be a burden on the inhabitants of the country. The British Government will protect the ground of the *fellahîn*, not allowing any man to sell his land unless it is necessary; it will control the country justly and will guard the rights of the weak. The Entente Powers have no intention of founding a Jewish Government in the country. Its inhabitants will rule themselves, statutes will be drawn up by an assembly chosen by a majority vote of the people, and guarantees will be given for the rights of the inhabitants, who will be prepared for self-government. As for the Crown Lands, a commission will examine the whole question, especially the claims of the *fellahîn* from whom much of the land had been taken unjustly. General Bols concluded, "The inhabitants may be assured that the Government is well-intentioned towards them and holds only the scales of justice in its hands." From an American or British point of view, this would seem an excellent statement; the idea of even-handed justice agrees with the best traditions of both countries. To the Zionists, however, this military administration has been "far from satisfactory."

"The Balfour declaration," said Rabbi Wise, "is only a scrap of paper, but it is written in English." Unfortunately its English must be very ambiguous. Friends of Palestine may be permitted to hope that its phrase "the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish communities" is perfectly clear and that it will be given its natural interpretation of no discrimination in favor of any race or creed. In that case, all "privileges" and "priority" claims of the Zionists must be disregarded; yet even so, Palestine, properly organized and developed, can become a home land for scores of thousands of Jewish immigrants who will inevitably rise to leadership if they prove to be the most capable element in the country. On the other hand, if a "sympathetic" civil administration follows even such "minimum" requirements as I have cited, the rights of the majority of Palestinians will not merely be prejudiced but trampled upon. America has a great responsibility in this matter, inasmuch as eight-tenths of the Zionist funds raised last year came from this country; and Zionists have stated that America will have to supply most of the funds until the new State is functioning, that is, for the next decade at least. Public opinion should support the enforcement of the one clause in the Balfour declaration that promises security to the great majority of Palestinians who are not Zionists; otherwise, the riots in Jerusalem will prove to have been the few scattered drops that foretell the approaching storm, a storm that may possibly sweep more than the Near East.

EDWARD BLISS REED

The Social Revolution in France

THE increasing number of strikes in France and the equally increasing vociferousness of the radical movement in the ranks both of the Socialist party and of the General Confederation of Labor, have naturally aroused serious apprehension as to the permanence of the French social order. In fact, this destructive devolution has been the outstanding feature of French political life since the armistice. During the war, the Unified Socialist party gradually changed from a loyal support of the Government to an acrid denunciation of Allied "imperialism." In a national Congress held at Easter, 1919, the party renounced all participation in a "bourgeois" Ministry and refused to vote credits for the support of any but a Labor Government. For the time being, however, it decided to maintain its membership in the old or Second Internationale. The November elections came, and when the ballots had been counted, it was found that the Socialist representation in the Chamber of Deputies had been reduced from 104 to 68. They were reconciled, however, by the fact that they had polled a vote of 1,700,000—300,000 more than in 1914. The new electoral law, combining the bad features of the old majority system and of proportional representation, had neutralized these additional votes. A significant result of this defeat was that it intensified the efforts of French Labor to secure their ends by "direct action" instead of by political means. As they were still in a hopeless minority and as the electoral laws worked against them, they believed that the ballot box offered but little hope. Hence they redoubled their strike activities.

The party took the next step towards the left at the Strassburg Congress (February, 1920), where it decided to withdraw from the Second Internationale (to which it had proclaimed a conditional adherence at its Easter convention), and to enter negotiations for membership in the Third Internationale, created by the Bolsheviki at Moscow. Thus the party completed the labored process through which it had passed from a patriotic support of the French Government in its resistance to German aggression to an almost complete association with Bolshevist programmes and sympathies.

Within the ranks of the Confédération Générale du Travail the same devolution has been apparent. For this organization had also rallied to the support of the war. Léon Jouhaux, its secretary-general, had served on various war committees, and was appointed as a labor delegate to the French Peace Commission. But despite the patriotism of the leaders of the C.G.T., a small group, headed by Pierre Monatte, carried on an insistent propaganda, until the revolutionaries within the organization were on the way to victory by the first of May, 1919. As a result of the tactics employed by the Government to suppress the labor manifestations in Paris at that time, M. Jouhaux, with an outburst of invective against M. Clemenceau, resigned from the French Peace Delegation. With his resignation the truce between organized labor and the Government was terminated and the old-time warfare resumed.

The General Confederation of Labor illustrated the complete desertion of its past policy of restricting its activities to economic purposes by the programme it enunciated—before the labor demonstrations of May 1, 1920. This programme

called for (1) the nationalization of public services and mines, (2) the right to organize for Government employees, (3) disarmament, (4) withdrawal of troops from the right bank of the Rhine, (5) the discontinuance of colonial expeditions, (6) the demobilization of the Class of 1918.

May Day, 1920, began an attempt to institute another general strike in an effort to secure these ends. The railway men did not return to work upon the 2nd of May. On the 5th the C.G.T. ordered the miners to stop work; shortly afterwards, the dockers, transport workers, the electricians, and gas workers were also ordered out. Thus the C.G.T. had embarked on a vast programme to enforce its demands for nationalization by direct action. It seemed that it was upon the point of tying up the very arteries of French industry and of even placing Paris in utter darkness. Must France fall into the hands of Labor? Must it succumb to this "peaceful" yet overpowering revolution, which threatened the very fundamentals of existing society? These questions the Millerand Government was compelled to answer.

France is not afraid of the issue of nationalization; in fact, it was the first Clemenceau Government (1906-09) which nationalized the Western line. France is not afraid of collective ownership, as the match, the tobacco, and the munitions industries show. But the real issue which is now being fought out is whether or not an organization comprising but a small minority of the population shall depart from the ordinary parliamentary means of securing political reforms, and force its demands upon the country by the strangle-hold of direct action and the general strike. This is the issue, and in seriousness it constitutes the very trial of parliamentary government.

However, the misgivings as to the stability of the French social order, because of the destructive aims and the great strength of the French Labor movement, are apt to be exaggerated by public opinion. It is true that the Socialist party had an active membership of 57,159 in 1919. But when one recalls that in 1912 the party had 63,000 members and that in 1870 the International Workingmen's Association in Paris alone had a membership of between 70,000 and 80,000, the present strength of the Socialist party is by no means appalling. And who is there who will say that the present situation equals in seriousness the Wine Revolt of 1907?

Secondly, the apparent growth in strength of the Socialist party, as measured in *votes*—an increase from 1,000,000 in 1906 to 1,700,000 in 1919—can be explained by the comparatively recent *rapprochement* of Socialism and Syndicalism. Although both of these movements have the same ultimate end, they differ radically as to the means by which the Marxian order is to be ushered in. The Socialist party looks upon the political conquest of Parliament as the natural means of inaugurating a Socialist state; and it considers a parliament an essential component of its conception of the new order. The Syndicalists (represented by the C.G.T.), on the other hand, insist on direct action as the only means strong enough to win the demands of Labor. The leaders in control of the C.G.T., just before the war, also limited their activities to improving the lot of Labor, and paid little attention to the political reforms the Socialist party in Parliament was endeavoring to institute. But as a result of the growth of radicalism within the ranks of the C.G.T. during the armistice, thousands of laboring men awakened to the political demands which the Socialist party was making. And when the November elections came, these men cast their votes almost solidly for Socialist candidates. Thus the increase in Socialist votes is not absolute—it does not necessarily represent the growth of radical sentiment in France; it merely means that the C.G.T., composed of thousands of workingmen who hitherto remained aloof from elections, is now combining forces with the Socialist party. The efforts of the latter party to secure the Eight-Hour Day law has increased its standing with the C.G.T.; and the Socialist failure at the November elections has also increased the reasons for them to adopt the C.G.T.'s "strike theory."

Thirdly, the very size of the C.G.T. is diminishing the imminence of a social revolution. During the spring of 1919 a great "syndicalist" movement swept over France, engulfing every social class (except the peasants) from college professor to choir singer. This movement was caused largely by the problem of *la vie chère*. Violating the terms of the Organization law of 1884, which prevented the organization of labor unions by Government employees, the National Association of Functionaries, as well as nearly every subordinate "amicale" of Government employees, joined the C.G.T., in order to give strength to the demand for increased salaries. Even the journalists and the dramatic artists followed suit. This astonishing movement among typically bourgeois classes increased the membership of the General Confederation of Labor from 600,000 to the tremendous figure (according to some estimates) of 2,000,000. The presence of these moderate elements in the C.G.T. has prevented the success of the "political" strikes. The bourgeois membership of the C.G.T. is wholly out of sympathy with the principles of "proletariat dictatorship." It has nothing but disgust and horror for the experiences of Bolshevism. It looks upon any movement to enact such a régime in France with the greatest apprehension. Consequently, its participation in the C.G.T. will only be for "corporative" purposes.

Fourthly, the very character of the workingman is bringing about the failure of the general strike.

This is shown by the fact that only a fraction (from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent.) of the men obeyed the strike order, that many soon returned to work, and that the industries continued to function. Labor does not intend to suffer the losses inevitably attendant upon strikes for the mere conquest of certain political ideas. The cost is too much. During the strike period which started in June, 1919, the metal workers lost 125 million francs in wages, the transport workers, 58,500,000, the miners 58,500,000, and the chemical workers 29,000,000. To justify such a sacrifice, some definite economic gain from a strike must accrue. In fact, the very materialism of Marxian doctrines precludes martyrdom for vague ideals. The efforts of the C.G.T. have proved that direct action has its obvious limits—namely, to secure strictly economic and corporative ends—and that parliamentary and constitutional processes must be relied upon for the achievement of purely political reforms.

Finally, the Government is approaching the situation with a highminded conception of its duty towards the nation. A National Labor Council has been established, with equal representations upon it of Capital and Labor. A bill has been introduced to compel profit sharing. A still more important measure is the Bill for the Settlement of Labor Disputes, which M. Jourdain, Minister of Labor, introduced into the Chamber in March, 1920. It provides not only for voluntary conciliation in all industries, but for compulsory arbitration and the prohibition of all strikes, before the arbitral decision is arrived at, in the following industries upon which the life and health of the nation depend: (1) means of transportation, (2) gas and electricity works, (3) coal mines, water and power plants, (4) hospitals, (5) in towns over 25,000 inhabitants, funeral establishments and industries involving the public health. In the event that a strike illegally occurs in any of these industries, the Government may requisition the plant and personnel, and impose severe penalties.

Although it may be impossible to enforce compulsory arbitration upon French Labor now, especially as long as employers persist in violating the Eight-Hour Day and other labor laws, the Millerand Government seems to be on the way to a solution of the country's pressing industrial problems.

RAYMOND BUELL

A Composing Room Colloquy

"GERALD!" she cried, suddenly freeing herself from his embrace. "It's my husband—Heaven help you! Quickly—over the garden wall, before he sees! Oh—"

A shot rang out in the darkness. He felt a screaming pain under his arm as he sank to the ground. Vaguely he could see forms above him swaying like weeds under water. He felt tired . . . very tired. What did it matter? What did anything matter, for that matter? He had lived . . . He had loved . . .

FINIS

"You notice I always get in whenever there's any excitement going on," remarked Em Dash complacently.

"Yes," replied Dottie, "but I usually get the ultimate word . . . "

"You have spread yourself considerably in the last few years," Em admitted. "Don't you think there's danger of your being overdone?"

"By the *vers libre* crowd, you mean?"

"Yes, and by the British novelists, too; especially those realists."

"Well, why not? You were all the rage once, Dash, old dear. Remember 'Tristram Shandy,' for instance. And as for poetry, Browning gave you a stiffer work-out than Amy Lowell has ever given me . . . so far. Think of the famous dashes in history: Peary's dash to the North Pole, Cook's hyphen in the same direction, Bryan's dash for—"

"Pardon me," Em interrupted, "but Bryan is yours; he belongs in the Province of Three Stops. The trouble with you is this: you're too—indefinite. Punctuation should be obvious, open, and aboveboard. Now, I can tell you just what I stand for, whether it's a sob, a gasp, a sudden change in thought, or just an ordinary interruption."

"So can I. I stand for . . . I stand for . . . " Dottie hesitated.

"See!" cried Em triumphantly. "You don't know—you can't tell me."

"That's just it," Dottie explained. "I define myself by my inability to define myself. I'm a caesura, a void, a suspended utterance, an adjournment of ideas. I'm the three walnut shells . . . and I defy you to find the pea. I'm the original little *je ne sais quoi*."

"Humph! come to think of it, you *are* French. You used to be a gay young thing in your buff-cover days, too. But as soon as you crossed the Channel you began to act like a regular prude. You eternally butted in at the most interesting moments, you covered a multitude of sins with the same old pattern, until people knew just what was going to happen as soon as they saw you coming. And gradually they lost interest in you."

"Ah," Dottie murmured fondly, "the days of the *asterisqué!* . . . but I had to concede to Mudie's sooner or later. And don't forget George Moore. He goes on using me as if I were quite as devilish as ever, and look at the prices he gets for his books."

"You simple little constellation," said Em with contempt, "you don't imagine that George uses you for your devilishness, do you? He three-dots simply to give a moral tone to his work. Besides, you are not only restful to the eye, but to the mind—particularly the mind of the writer. In the last twenty years your character has changed completely, and I believe you don't realize it. Why, do you know where I saw you the other day?"

"Where?" asked Dottie.

"You'd never guess." Em looked at her scornfully. "I saw you in the *Congressional Record!* I think you were supposed to indicate applause."

WEARE HOLBROOK

A Canadian Ambassador at Washington

SIR ROBERT BORDEN has at last returned to Ottawa, has appeared in the House of Commons, and, what is more important, has delivered a speech. Some people were unkind enough to suggest that he had been simply suffering from a "diplomatic indisposition"; but his appearance in the House, and especially his delivery, would indicate to even the least observant that Sir Robert had been overtaxed. The occasion, however, was not a propitious one. The question was regarding the course taken by the Government in connection with the appointment of a Canadian representative at Washington.

Sir Robert's defense of the Government's course in the matter amounts to this: "I have seen the official correspondence, the proposals and the decisions of the British and the American representatives regarding Canada's future relations with the United States; it is indelicate and undiplomatic on the part of the representatives of the Canadian people to ask for any further information." When the vote was taken, the Government, which has a normal majority of between thirty-five and forty, escaped defeat by the small majority of five. The attitude of the Opposition reflected the disinclination of the Canadians to become "delicate" and "diplomatic."

Canada's relations, commercial and other, with the United States are so intimate that it is high time that communications between the Governments at Ottawa and at Washington should be direct. The roundabout way of having all matters of interest to the two countries pass through the channel of the British Embassy at the American capital savors too much of old-time colonialism to suit the spirit and the needs of the twentieth century. Moreover, Canada's experience of British paternalism in the case of negotiations between the Dominion and the American Republic have not been of the happiest. Hence the members of the Canadian House of Commons felt that they should be taken more fully into the confidence of the Government and given some slight inkling of the proposed status of the intended Canadian Ambassador to Washington. The debate closed without the people of Canada being a whit the wiser on the subject.

It does appear, however, that this new official of the Canadian Government will be endowed with special and extraordinary prerogatives. For example, while he is to have charge of all matters that affect Canada alone (in the Dominion's relations with the United States), he will also replace the British Ambassador at Washington, should the latter be ill, or absent, or in any way unable to perform the duties of his high office. At first blush this would seem to be a promotion for the Canadian representative and a mark of British confidence in Canada. But it may prove to be a very questionable distinction, and one fraught with incalculable complications and dangers. Suppose, for example, that during the absence of the British Ambassador a question arises in which the interests of England and those of Canada are in conflict; will the Canadian representative be expected to face the matter from the British or from the Canadian point of view? Let us suppose the case of the British Ambassador being recalled by his home Government; will the Canadian representative, who takes up his duties for him, be supposed to continue his policy, or to inaugurate another more in accord with the views of the British Government? If so, what becomes of Canada and her special interests?

In a word, there is absolutely no objection on the part of Canadian people to the appointment of a representative, with plenipotentiary powers, at Washington; quite the contrary, the closer the relations between the Dominion and the American Republic the better for both countries. But the possibility of British responsibility falling, even temporarily, on the shoulders of a purely Canadian official arouses a question in many minds; a question complicated by the danger of Cabinet authority (through secret diplomacy) challenging the supremacy of Parliament and heedless of the voice of the people. There is ground for hope, however, that in practice these difficulties will not arise to block the forward movement along the highway of Canadian national developments.

J. K. F.

Ottawa, Canada, May 18

Correspondence

The Lodge Reservations

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your number of May 15 I find this statement: "Mr. Taft, in his usual quiet manner, states the cardinal facts about the treaty as they stand":

> The Lodge reservations leave the treaty nearly as effective as without them. The reservations affect only Article X. . . .
> The Lodge reservations preserve the three great things in the treaty: first the limitation of armaments . . . . Article X is not destroyed but only limited by the reservations. The obligation of the United States to participate in international crises is left to the discretion of Congress.
> All the other countries in the League are bound by Article X.

This statement may be lucid, but is it not misleading?

The Peace Commissioners went to Paris in order to make a lasting peace, which should make future war as nearly impossible as the weakness of human nature permits, and should at least protect the world against further attacks by Germany.

These objects could only be accomplished by an agreement between all nations to combine against any one which should commence war, and to use both military force (Art. 10) and economic pressure (Art. 16) to control the offender. France gave up terms which she thought essential to her protection because she felt that the League of Nations and the separate treaties with England and the United States by which they promised to defend her were protection enough.

Now the United States refuses to sign the separate treaty, and also refuses to join the other nations in the agreement to use any force against a nation which breaks the peace, and insists on being left entirely free to do as it pleases in any emergency, precisely the position which it would occupy if there were no treaty. If I agree, in writing, to sell you a horse on condition that you agree to pay me the price, and you modify it by reserving the right to pay or not as you please, is such a reservation properly described by saying that the contract "is not destroyed but only limited by the reservation?"

Is it not true that the reservations also destroy any obligation under Article 16?

Does any one suppose that France will disband her army in the face of Germany's present attitude, or that England will do the same with her navy, while the Senate of the United States uses its influence in favor of Irish secession? Will either nation feel disposed to rely on our help instead of its own arms, trusting that Congress may disregard the votes of Sinn Feiners, German sympathizers, and all the other opponents of war especially in aid of England or France, which this country contains?

Mr. Taft may say very lucidly that the Lodge reservations preserve "the limitations of armaments," but is it not clear that, without a binding league, disarmament is impossible? If we will put ourselves in the place of the French, we should never dream of leaving our country at the mercy of Germany, and if France does not disarm, no country will.

MOORFIELD STOREY

Boston, Mass., May 18

Party Membership and the Vote

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

The practice of associating in its organization those unqualified to vote is not confined to the Socialist Party. In every Southern State the qualifications for voting in the general elections are quite distinct from the qualifications for voting in the primaries. For example, my native State, South Carolina, under its present Constitution (1895), requires that the voter shall be able to read and write, or that he pay taxes on three hundred dollars' worth of property; the Democratic Party—the only party active—requires nothing more than a very rigid oath to support the nominees of the party. The result is that in the Democratic Primary 140,000 men vote; whereas in the general election the combined vote of all parties never exceeds 60,000. I suggest that our legislators consult that section of the country least subject to the extremes of the passing hour before passing legislation restricting party membership.

F. B. SIMKINS

New York, May 25

"Two Plans For a National Budget"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

While, in the main, I agree with the excellent article "Two Plans for a National Budget" in your issue of May 15, by Mr. Ralston Hayden, I want to call your attention to what seems to me a serious defect in his reasoning in respect to the advantage of making "the Secretary of the Treasury the initial point of administrative articulation," by putting the budget bureau in the Department of the Treasury. He himself gives the best reason why this should not be done. The budget officer would be "aut Cæsar aut nihil," and it is because the Constitution has already established a Cæsar in Washington and that Cæsar the President, that I approve of the plan of the Good bill. "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" is a rule which Mr. Hayden himself can not escape, since he says that, so far as the formulation of the budget is concerned, "it is the President who is ultimately responsible." The weakness of the McCormick bill is that it makes the President responsible without giving him the means to carry that responsibility. For if he is to decide wisely between the conflicting claims of his own Cabinet officers, he must have some means of ascertaining for himself the facts upon which he is to decide. According to the McCormick plan, however, to settle a dispute between the Secretary of the Treasury as budget officer and the Secretary of War the President must depend on information gathered by one of the parties to the contest—the Secretary of the Treasury—and has no means of instituting an independent investigation.

Under the McCormick bill the budget comes into the Cabinet as the proposal of one of the Cabinet officers; under the Good bill it comes before the Cabinet as the proposal of the President; and the jealousy which is certain to arise among other members of the President's official family by the interference by one member of that family in the affairs of the other, will be avoided.

Ex-President Taft agrees with Mr. Hayden that in the preparation of the budget it is "aut Cæsar aut nihil":

> . . . If you intend to have exercised the power of pruning down the estimates of the various departments, so as to create a budget that will be economical, you have got to give the necessary power to the person who does it or put that function into the hands of the man who has as much prestige and power as there is in the Government, and that is the President of the United States." [Hearings before the Select Committee on the Budget of the House of Representatives on the Establishment of a National Budget System, 66th Cong., 1st sess., Sept.-Oct., 1919.—Statement of Hon. William H. Taft, pp. 464-470, on p. 468.]

The suggestion that the McCormick bill "conforms to the practice of almost every other nation" in this respect is met by the author's own answer to the proposal that the Congress, like the British Parliament, should not be permitted to increase estimates. In one instance, as in the other, such a system "is workable only as part of the parliamentary system," and the precedent of the British parliamentary system is no more applicable in one case than in the other. I agree entirely with Mr. Hayden in his opinion in respect to limiting the power of the Legislature to increase or add items.

Another objection, however, to putting in the hands of the Secretary the power to prepare the budget, which includes the power of supervision over the Administration, is the fact that he is now the head of the largest civil executive department of the Government. The War Risk Insurance and the Internal Revenue are two of the largest bureaus in Wash-

ington, and they only form a part of the Department of the Treasury; so that, from this point of view, the Department differs from the Treasury in Great Britain, which has not even control of the Inland Revenue. The secretary will not have the time, any more than the President, to scrutinize and carefully study the estimates submitted to him, nor will other heads of Departments believe that he has scrutinized the estimates relating to his own Department, among the largest in the Government service, as closely as he has scrutinized those in the other departments. Practically, the Secretary of the Treasury is merely another wheel introduced into the machine between the commissioner of the budget and the ultimate authority, the President. His present duties are manifold and important. They have to do with the financial and fiscal affairs of the Government, as well as with the manifold other operations of the Department, not with the efficiency of the governmental organization, and it is impossible that he should give due attention to the preparation of the revision of the estimates which, to be effective, means the reorganization of the whole governmental machine, to prevent overlapping and waste, and to keep it tuned up to efficient operation.

J. P. CHAMBERLAIN
Legislative Drafting Research Fund
New York, May 17

Salvaging the Facts of Business

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

On the occasion of the tenth annual meeting of the Special Libraries Association, held recently in this city, several hundred librarians and research workers connected with the country's leading financial, industrial, and business firms gathered together to discuss professional problems and to consider plans for the further extension of library and research service to commerce and industry.

The Special Libraries Association is affiliated with the American Library Association and its members have coöperated with the public librarians of the country in drawing up the recently proposed Enlarged Programme of Library Service. Mr. Carl H. Milam, Director of the A. L. A. Enlarged Programme, addressed the convention, describing recent progress, and a joint committee of the two associations was authorized for the furtherance of this important work.

Since the signing of the armistice American firms have given increasing attention to the study of business problems, and it is now generally maintained that the decisions of the business executive should be based upon a knowledge of the underlying facts. The importance of accurate record keeping has been greatly underestimated by many business firms in the past. Important documents are mislaid or lost and little or no effort has been made to collect and classify the facts and data bearing upon special business problems. Lacking such information, many firms have found it necessary to call upon experts and special investigators to help them discover "weak spots" and inefficiency.

The Special Libraries have demonstrated their ability to salvage important information and so to classify and arrange such data as to be immediately available to aid in the solution of current administrative problems. It is estimated that there are more than 2,000 American firms that have felt the need of this kind of service to aid in the development of their business.

The Special Librarian brings a new point of view into the business world. He feels the romance of business life in the fabrication of new products, the articulation of transportation facilities, the vagaries of credit, and the financing and management of business enterprise. All these activities he views in their relation to the community and to the nation, and he has a keen appreciation of the need to understand and to interpret, not only for the enlightenment of the present generation, but for those that are to come.

War-time conditions drew American men and women into closer contact with the processes and the fabric of industrial and business life. This relationship has resulted in a more intelligent interest in commercial undertakings and an increasing demand for business information. That American business firms are responding to this demand is demonstrated every day by the creation of new business libraries and bureaus of research and information. A considerable literature of business is rapidly springing into existence whose benefit is evident in the enthusiasm and increased efficiency of employees, as well as of executives. That the business library has come to stay there can be little doubt, and much certainly is to be hoped from the further extension of constructive services of this kind.

DORSEY W. HYDE, JR.
President, Special Libraries Association
Detroit, Mich., April 21

The Sixth Dante Centennial

[The author of this letter is the son of the late Augustin Cochin, the Paris friend of Longfellow, Garrison, and several other well-known Americans of the Civil War period, and the brother of M. Denys Cochin, of the French Academy. He was for many years a member of the Chamber of Deputies and is an authority in France on Petrarch and Dante.]

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Italian historical studies are very popular in the United States. The finest Dante collection in the world is that of Willard Fiske, at Cornell University, of which an excellent catalogue appeared not long ago. So I feel sure that American academic circles will learn with interest of the movement now on foot in Europe to celebrate in 1921 the sixth centennial of the death of Dante Alighieri.

The great poet died on September 14, 1321, and all Italy is preparing to commemorate the date. The Italian universities have already announced some handsome publications, particularly the final edition of the "Divine Comedy," the fruit of the long labors of the learned Vandelli; and the universities of France and Belgium are not deaf to the celebration.

It is remarkable, also, to note that the first steps for the jubilee were taken by the Catholic Church. In October, 1914, a memorable communication was addressed by Pope Benedict XV to the Archbishop of Ravenna which dwells on "the irreproachable faith of Dante," despite the impassioned attacks which he directed against certain heads of the Holy See, and which vindicates the great poet in the eyes of the Roman Church by referring to him as "Noster Dantes."

As Dante died at Ravenna, that city will be the centre of the religious ceremony. The Holy See has also expressed the desire that the jubilee should be honored by Catholics throughout the world, and, to this end, committees have already been formed in France, through the initiative of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, and in Belgium under the auspices of Cardinal Mercier, who has just published in the *Revue Universelle* a scholarly study of Dante and St. Thomas of Aquino. Other publications have also been announced, especially a new translation of the "Divine Comedy," by the scholar and poet André Pératé, which is very faithful to the original, and in rythmic prose. It will appear first in a de luxe edition, with wood engravings by Jacques Beltrand after Botticelli, and later a popular edition will be brought out. There will also be published here in the near future a Bulletin which will present the unpublished works of several noteworthy writers concerning Dante, his writings, and his period. This Bulletin will be published, with appropriate illustrations, by the Librairie de l'Art Catholique, Paris.

I trust that this information may be of some interest to the literary readers of your periodical and that we may soon have the satisfaction of learning that the universities of the United States are also preparing to celebrate the jubilee of the greatest poet of the world.

HENRY COCHIN
23 *Quai d'Orsay, Paris, May* 1

Book Reviews

What to Do About News Juggling

Liberty and the News. By Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

MR. LIPPMANN believes that as long as we are content "to argue about the privileges and immunities of opinion" we are wasting time. We shall never succeed in fixing a standard of tolerance for opinions. "In going behind opinion to the information which it exploits, and in making the validity of the news our ideal, we shall be fighting the battle where it is really being fought." Liberty is not so much a condition as a mechanism. "In this view liberty is the name we give to measures by which we protect and increase the veracity of the information upon which we act." Our aims should be the protection of the sources of the news, the organization of the news so as to make it comprehensible, and the education of human response so that mankind will act intelligently in the light of the information it receives.

Few persons will agree with the author that the argument about the privileges and immunities of opinion is a waste of time. It is an argument in which most persons have indulged since the tribal days of the race and which seems to wax stronger as society becomes more complex. The fact that no enduring standard of tolerance can be found has small influence on the disputants, for the argument continues. It may be temporarily stifled, as in Soviet Russia, or it may be loftily ignored by an individual here and there in freer climes; but wherever it is permitted it is heard, and though its finer technicalities are of course reserved for the few, its more obvious phases are the subject-matter of the many.

Drawing the line on expressions of opinion is a fundamental need of social organization, and argument as to the location of the line is an inevitable consequence. No state, political party, church, guild, coöperative society, or trade-union can avoid the necessity. Each of these societies knows that, for its own preservation, it must prohibit among its members expressions deemed harmful to itself, and within the limits of its power penalize the seditious. There are persons who, while granting this right to the trade-union or the church, deny it to the nation; and there are other persons who, while granting it to the Lenin-Trotsky duumvirate, deny it to the democratic republic of the United States. But none denies it absolutely, and so long as men band themselves together for any purpose, from the organization of a state to the organization of a hunting party, they will set metes and bounds to the conduct of the membership; and they will consider the expression of non-conformist opinion as a vital phase of conduct. It is here that a large part of the battle is really being fought and always will be.

Still, the protection of the sources of the news, though but a part of the battle, is a most important part, and one listens eagerly for a hint of practical method. The evil of coloring, distorting, and suppressing news is widespread and glaring. It is impossible to say, from a close reading of this book, how general the author conceives this evil to be. He seems to think the capitalist news journals the chief offenders. "The current theory," he writes, "of American newspaperdom is that an abstraction like the truth and a grace like fairness must be sacrificed whenever anyone thinks the necessities of civilization require the sacrifice." I take it that he means capitalist newspaperdom; and this view is confirmed by his statement that "change will come . . . only if organized labor and militant liberalism set a pace which can not be ignored." An astigmatism so pronounced as to prevent one from seeing the persistent juggling of news by the critical and pretentiously ethical journals, does not promise much aid in the difficult task of safeguarding the news supply.

Yet the programme which the author proffers is a worthy one. Would that it could be attained! Progress toward its attainment will, however, require considerable soul-searching and inner reformation on the part of responsible persons connected with the handling of the news; and this is likely to require rather large drafts on the bank of time. A consideration of the specific details makes the attainment seem even more remote. Reporters must be supermen, rigorously trained in all the social sciences, in the use of words and in the technique of observation. They must set down impartially the objective fact. The news must be signed or documented, so that we may know where it comes from and who is responsible for it.

We want all this if it can be had. But we want something more. We want some assurance that after the news has come from an expert and an honest source it will be honestly used; that it will not be suppressed to make room for news from an inexpert source. It happens, for instance, that one of the favorite witnesses of the *New Republic* and other insurgent journals regarding Soviet Russia has been Arthur Ransome, a gentleman who, according to Professor Samuel N. Harper, rather prided himself (at least up to November, 1917) on his inability to understand politics. In other cases these journals have shown their preference for the hand-picked and pap-fed correspondent over the trained and informed observer. Under present circumstances, therefore, it can hardly be said that this proposed remedy offers a speedy cure for a confessedly bad situation.

"A rigorous discipline in the use of words" would no doubt help enormously. It is quite true that "education that shall make men masters of their vocabulary is one of the central interests of liberty"; and no doubt this truth has often occurred to the baffled reader of imposing arguments in the critical journals. But reform in this matter, so far as the radical reformers are concerned, seems a long way ahead; and the present tendencies in this field toward a more copious and cloudy verbiage give the observant reader only the sick heart of a deferred hope.

Finally, there is the "education of human response." This is a task upon which the best and the wisest of mankind have been assiduously working for several thousand years. As a proposal it has thus small measure of novelty. But it remains, after all, about the most promising proposal made. Its results so far have generated in some souls nothing but pessimism; in others, indifference; in most, only a chastened and subdued hope. Yet, to keep going, we must believe in it; we must believe that with the process of the suns men in the mass are rendered more intelligently responsive to truth and fact. Even the most optimistic person will at times doubt this evolution; but he will, if wise, continue, even in his times of gravest dubiety, to act as though it were true. Something can always be won by an appeal to the innate love of truth, to the instinct of fairness, to a sense of the dignity of sober reason and calm judgment. This appeal, made in behalf of a single standard of probity in furnishing the news—a standard as obligatory upon the harbingers of a "new world" as upon the defenders of things as they are—may in time work some part of the miracle that is expected of it.

"Our sanity," writes the author, "and therefore our safety, depend upon fearless and relentless exposure conducted by self-conscious groups that are now in a minority." True enough; but why the restriction to the minority? It is equally important—indeed, far more important—to the interests of social organization that the self-conscious majority should expose the falsifications and distortions of the insurgent groups. An increasing demand for a single standard of veracity in the news will start us well on the way to the desired goal.

W. J. Ghent

Is There a Religious Revival in France?

Guerre et Religion. By Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
Mors et Vita. By Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
La Paix des Nations et la Religion de l'Avenir. By Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
En Ligne. By Frédéric Rouvier. Paris: Perrin.
Le Clergé et la Guerre de 1914. By Lucien Lacroix. Paris: Bloud and Gay.

IS there a religious revival in France? Abbé Loisy in his three pamphlets answers in substance, No, while M. Rouvier, in his large volume of over 550 pages, says Yes, and Bishop Lacroix is rather less positive in both directions. All three speak with authority: Abbé Loisy is the author of a score of books and pamphlets on religious questions and is to-day Professor of the History of Religions at the College of France; M. Frédéric Rouvier has published half a dozen books and pamphlets on Catholic subjects which have gone through many editions; and Mgr. Lacroix, Professor at the Sorbonne, is not surpassed by either of the foregoing in the number and variety of his writings on ecclesiastical subjects, besides which he printed "Yankees et Canadiens," a volume of impressions of a voyage which he made to America in 1895.

After the war of 1870, the churches—Catholic as well as Protestant—acclaimed a religious revival in France; but the years that followed showed that they were mistaken. In the last half of his pamphlet, "Mors et Vita," whose purpose is to combat the idea advanced in Paul Bourget's "Le Sens de la Mort" and Ernest Psichari's "Le Voyage du Centurion" that only the faithful Roman Catholic can live morally and die bravely, Abbé Loisy examines the movement which started before the outburst of the war and which pretended to be a "return to the Church," but which he describes as "a current, neither wide nor deep, of mysticism," a sort of "nationalistic Catholicism quite different from the old traditional Catholicism which is still officially the religion of the Church of Rome." He speaks of "the transformation, not of Catholicism, which changes slowly, tardily, and in spite of itself, but of our society which more and more tends rather to disengage itself from Catholicism," and he holds that what was before and during the war will survive the war —"a religion of devotion to one's country will be our common duty."

In "Guerre et Religion," Abbé Loisy declared as early as 1915 that "the war will not change the respective positions of the religious parties in France," and he then returns repeatedly to this idea of religion being swallowed up in patriotism. "The religion which rules at the front and which for a very great number is the only dominant one is not the Catholic faith, but the worship of country."

In answer to the question as to "what will be the foundation of this religion and its essential idea," Abbé Loisy replies that "all domestic religious differences sink into insignificance in comparison with the question of the future religion—the religion of humanity, which is now beginning to make its way into the world;" which he defines as "a religion which will have humanity as the object of its faith and its service; not only the existing humanity but that superior ideal in which we delight to contemplate it and to which we could elevate it."

Bishop Lacroix is less speculative and less emotional in his examination of the problem but arrives at about the same conclusions as those of Abbé Loisy.

> It is a truth taught by experience that the religious sentiment, which too often in times of prosperity slumbers in the depths of our souls, awakens and becomes especially fervent in moments of trial. . . . Men pray better. It can not be denied that, particularly at the beginning of hostilities, all the belligerents showed an increased propensity to resort to prayer, the like of which finds few similar examples in the history of humanity. . . . This unexpected fervor, this unhoped-for sympathy for religion, showed itself still more strikingly at the front.

But Bishop Lacroix has to admit that the religious ardor which characterized the first days of the war gradually cooled. He gives the causes for the change, chief among them the long duration of the struggle. The soldiers grew accustomed to the ever-present danger and were less prone to look to the supernatural for protection; and as the months rolled into years, the *poilus* and officers, who were piously inclined in August, 1914, were gradually replaced by those who had not felt the effects of that initial wave of deep sentiment. "The commanding generals began to take less and less interest in the chaplains." And when the soldier returned home for a few days' furlough, "he found that the religious fervor behind the lines did not equal that in the trenches." Of the energy and heroism of the priest at the front one may read at length in Frédéric Rouvier's "En Ligne."

Mgr. Lacroix devotes the closing section of his study to a consideration of "what will survive the war." He thinks that "there will be a renewal of good feeling among the people for the clergy as a body and especially for those of them who were at the front," but he does not predict any real revival of religious sentiment.

What has really happened in the churches of France since the armistice is not a revival of interest in religion *per se*, but a renewal of the old politico-theological struggle between the Vatican and the Republic. The renewal of diplomatic relations may be interpreted as a victory for the former; but the end is not yet.

Theodore Stanton

Germany on the Eve of the War

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson. New and Revised Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE publication of a new edition of Mr. Dawson's admirable book, which has been a standard authority since its first appearance in the year 1908, is important at the present time in that it calls attention to the social and economic forces that were dominant in Germany before the war and gives occasion for the revision of judgment concerning German life and character. This book, like many others by the same author, was orginally intended to contribute toward a better understanding between Germany and the United Kingdom, and although the author's views have been greatly changed in recent years, he scrupulously refrains from criticism of German behavior and makes no forecast of future reconstruction. Prophecy is discredited in these days, but intimate description of social conditions and tendencies is of perennial interest and value.

Mr. Dawson does not indulge in analogy, yet his picture of German progress and prosperity before the war reminds one of the Niagara River above the falls, moving on between its banks, proud and confident, until the moment when it plunges into the abyss. Again, his account of the growth of Germany's population suggests the pressure exerted on all sides by the accumulation of a great body of water impounded in a reservoir and the disastrous effects of inundation when it breaks its bounds. In 1871 the population of the newly formed German Empire was, in round numbers, 41,000,000; in 1910 it was 65,000,000; and the annual increase of over 800,000 per annum must have brought the total up to 68,000,000 before the war began. The birth-rate, it is true, had declined from 38 per thousand in 1871 to 28 per thousand in 1913, but in the same time the general death-rate had fallen from 27 to 15 per thousand, so that the excess of births over deaths was greater in 1913 than in 1871, though less than in the decade 1901 to 1910. These simple facts measure the tremendous growth of Germany in almost every respect, and partly explain the feeling of Germans that they were ringed about with enemies, and the fear among the surrounding nations of an impending German invasion.

At first glance one might think Mr. Dawson's book a panegyric on modern Germany, but reading between the lines

and in the light of recent events, one finds a shady side to most of their achievements, even as all things human have the defects of their qualities. The population of Germany after the war with France increased by leaps and bounds, until she could no longer raise all her food supplies, and the time was approaching when, as Dr. Paul Rohrbach said, it would be necessary to import one-half of her bread, and the only alternative to the dreaded "industrial state" would be immigration on a colossal scale. The Raiffeisen coöperative associations, the protective tariffs, and state assistance had done much for agriculture, but the "land-flight" of agricultural laborers was increasing until both large and small landowners were threatened with disaster. Manufacturing had grown enormously, but hardly any of the raw materials were produced in sufficient quantities at home. Germany's shipping and foreign trade had grown until she was second to England alone, but her great rival was her best customer and her trade was more or less menaced by preferential tariffs. Much attention had been given to colonies and colonial policy, but most of the German colonies, being tropical, were unfit for European settlers, while Germany's colonial administration with all its *Kameralwissenschaft* was an egregious failure.

Much has been said, and justly, in praise of Germany's domestic administration, with its system, its discipline, and its general efficiency, as shown notably in the well-managed Prussian railways; but it tended to suppress individuality and initiative, and it was a perpetual complaint that the best business men were found, not in the service of the state, but at the head of industrial, commercial, and financial undertakings, offering emoluments beyond the means of the national treasury. Even the cartels and syndicates, which dominated the staple manufacturing industries, were not without their bad features, for, while they gave Germany great power in foreign markets, through price control and systematic dumping, they did it at the expense of the domestic consumer and the manufacturer of finished products.

German labor legislation, especially the laws providing for industrial insurance, had many admirable features, yet it did not serve to allay the deep-rooted hostility between capital and labor. Moreover, certain vestiges of serfdom still remain, as the Prussian "Servants' Ordinance," by which domestic servants and agricultural laborers, unlike the industrial workpeople, were legally disqualified from combining for economic ends. Then, too, the general attitude of workmen toward the plans of benevolent employers, such as special pension and benefit funds, holiday festivities, assisted savings banks, workmen's dwellings, workmen's colonies, premiums, and gratuities of all kinds, is unappreciative if not absolutely thankless. Employers complain loudly of the "ingratitude" of their workpeople, who dislike accepting as a gift what they hold is theirs by right, and prefer to secure advancement through their own unions, especially the Socialist organizations, which, in 1912, embraced more than half of the organized workers of the country. On the other hand, many employers, like Herr Kirdorf, former head of the Coal and Steel Syndicate, the Judge Gary of Germany, refused to deal with labor organizations of any kind, and even advised measures that should do away with the excessive turnover of labor by providing for every industry, in so far as possible, a stationary band of workers.

In other respects, also, German social conditions before the war were far from ideal. The Polish question, for example, was a continual aggravation, and the efforts of the Prussian Government to Germanize the Polish provinces through compulsory purchase of land, settlements, interference with schools, and other harsh measures had effects the very opposite of those intended. The Poles were enriched at the expense of the German taxpayers; a Polish artisan and merchant class was built up; Polish agricultural laborers migrated to the industrial centres of West Prussia and other districts formerly exclusively German; and, in general, the whole policy tended to make bad Germans out of good Poles.

So many and varied were the internal troubles and perplexities of Germany, largely due to her rapid increase in wealth and population, coupled with popular education and the growth of democracy, that Mr. Dawson, like many other writers, deplores the passing of the good old times when Germany was nothing but a geographical expression; when Germans were poor in the world's goods but rich in faith, with ideals and illusions, humility, sentimentality, hospitality, and *gemütlichkeit;* when baron and pastor received due meed of reverence; when the employer was a benefactor and the foreign traveler a friend; when Kant and Fichte ruled in philosophy and Goethe and Schiller in literature; when, in brief, there was universal plain living and high thinking and the demon of ambition had not yet entered the German soul. Doubtless, the primitive Teuton was asleep in those days, but latterly a change has come over the spirit of his dream. In the words of the late Professor Paulsen: "Two souls dwell in the German nation. The German nation has been called a nation of poets and thinkers, and it may be proud of the name. To-day it may again be called the nation of masterful combatants, as when it originally appeared in history."

Apologists for Germany have frequently called attention to some such dual personality among the Germans, as though the mass of the people, by nature peaceful and *gemütlich,* had been overruled by a few junkers and industrialists, and thus misled along the path of militarism, navalism, and *Weltpolitik.* Mr. Dawson does not say exactly this, although he recognizes the differences which exist among Germans of various regions and social classes. He rather takes the view that the logic of the situation pointed toward foreign conquest as the most promising remedy for internal ills, and he clearly shows that not merely the Navy League and the Pan Germans, but university professors, churchmen, journalists, and even the leading Socialists were united in the opinion that Germany must secure her "future on the ocean" and her "place in the sun," even though the new policy should involve the downfall of her chief rival—the British Empire.

J. E. Le Rossignol

Yeast and Phosphorus

Passion: A Human Story. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Responsibility: A Novel. By James E. Agate. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Peter Jameson: A Modern Romance. By Gilbert Frankau. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

In his latest volume of "Shelburne Essays," Mr. More has a paper on "Decadent Wit," which was occasioned by a book, rather worshipful, on "The Eighteen Nineties." Mr. More has small patience with the sickliness of that period; nor does he hesitate to assert that its false theory of the relation between filth and spirituality is still active: "In subdued form, befitting what remains of the reticence of the English temperament, it lurks among the present-day inheritors in London of the Yellow Nineties." If this was written some years ago with Shaw and Galsworthy especially in mind, what does the scholarly censor make of Messrs. W. L. George and James Stephens, and all the younger fruitage of the medlar school? In most of them, he might note, the English temperament is less in question than the Scotch or Irish.

Shaw Desmond's "Democracy" was a fiery study of a social and industrial England trying vainly to escape the tyranny of the past. It was noteworthy as the book of a radical who does not pretend omniscience—is sure of no solid ground ahead even for the next step. "Passion" is inscribed to "The Children of the New Age": a book of yeasty turmoil lighted by a kind of desperate idealism. The young Irishman in London who is its central figure and narrator is a-quiver from the cradle with consciousness of his strange position in a world which

has been made without his advice or even his permission. Clearly there is much to be done: but what? The arrangement of his nursery is not what it might be, the servants who care for him are imperfect, and his parents leave much to be desired. An English public school is conducted according to principles fatally different from his own. Sex is a rather nasty fact made nastier by the prudery of the Late Queen and her minions. Big Business, as he comes to know it presently in London, is not good enough for him. Despite its title, the theme of the book is Big Business rather than sex. In Golgotha House and in Fear Street our Anglo-Irish youth serves his time as "a fighting competitive animal" and as an amateur fellow-citizen. Presently he turns for safety to love and its mystical enlightenment: "And as I listened to the Passion of the Hours and to the mighty congregation that hurried towards it, I knew that there was no death, and that this passion-play was the passion-play eternal—knew that the age, this nervous, passionate age, held leashed in its heart unknown potentialities—that this rotten, imaginative, wonderful age was the age of the Big Idea as well as of Big Business—an age of struggle and despair, of defeats and victories . . . but an age reaching forward through the passion of men like myself, through that passion of love fulfilled, to splendors yet unborn; to human beings who shall be as gods . . . And through it all the face of the woman and the cry of the child came to me—that insistent, pulsating, whelming cry—the cry of passion, and of life." The book is full of that eager, hectic, well-wishing for mankind which now so frequently passes for idealism. We can but note how words like "rotten" and "imaginative" come together in the visionary's mind.

The author of "Responsibility" appears to be the very latest article in British novelists. England's reviewers have hailed him with their customary enthusiasm. The *Saturday Review* calls him "a star of the first magnitude—Aldebaran among our pasty twinklers—" alas, poor twinklers, each of whom has been greeted as a star in his brief day, namely, on the day of his first appearance. The book is a hodge-podge. Dedicated to Arnold Bennett, it strives to be worthy of a Clayhanger age and is busy enough at times with Wellsian topics, including socialism, suffrage, big business, and the war. Like "Passion," this is an autobiographical tale, in the sense that the central person tells the story. He provides also a long and labored "Introduction" which, like much of the text, is strikingly in the vein, or style, of the Yellow Nineties: a mincing, smirking style which invites us to make much of the stylist and to listen to the tale for his sake. Paradox and nonconformity in the matter, preciosity in the manner, make up the compound. Samuel Butler haunts the backscene, arm in arm with Oscar Wilde. The persons of the story, above a certain social level, all talk alike—that is to say, like the author—witty to a man, after the gentry of Shaw's plays. In the foreground, "realism," exulting in the beauty of squalor. After a revolting description of a prize-fighting scene, comes the inevitable bounce: "And the inherent beauty? Oh, convincingly, imperishably, the beauty is there." And of the music hall:

"Lovely, beyond all imagination lovely in sheer incredibility these palaces of the people, . . . There is enchantment in the place . . . Enchantment in the quintessential commonness. To it, mediocrity, and pell-mell! Sentimental obscenity telling the beads of passion flagrantly factitious, you on the stage are an amusing sister to the high-born marketry zealously trumpeting her wares in the half-penny press. Enchantment everywhere, in vice so decently veiled that we need not pretend to turn our heads, in the stolid unobservant policeman, in the doorkeepers into whose soul the pitiful buffoonery has so pitilessly entered."

"Peter Jameson" has for me a queerly belated, almost antiquated quality. It is the latest if not the last of the Britlings. Peter Jameson is a well-bred middle-class Englishman, comfortably married, otherwise comfortably "off," and greatly interested in business as a sport. The war breaks and makes him: quite two-thirds of the book is given to his experiences at the front, which read very much like other experiences we have been hearing of. Once again the filth and squalor of war are set forth without mitigation or remorse of print. And dovetailed with all this methodical naturalism is the laboriously romantic love-tale of Peter and the spouse who is to become his mistress and his mate. "Oh, boy, boy, I believe you . . . You're such a rotten lover, boy," is her song of surrender. Peter has returned from the war a sufferer from an obscure form of shell-shock, and it is his wife's father who urges her, for Peter's sake, to "make love to him as if she were his mistress." "The words themselves conveyed nothing whatever to a woman utterly unversed in the wiles of sex; but they filled her with a delicious feeling of fright." . . . Peter's Patricia is about as real a woman as Mr. Wells's Ann Veronica—a tailor-made she . . . The book is clever, veracious in spots; oh, so anxious to get at the truth about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and quite without creative vitality as a whole.

H. W. Boynton

Minor Dutch Painters

Künstler-Inventare. Urkunden zur Geschichte der Holländischen Kunst des XVIten, XVIIten und XVIIIten Jahrhunderts, von Dr. A. Bredius. Haag: Martinus Nijhoff.

In 1915 Dr. Bredius brought out the first volume of his "Künstler-Inventare." Since then four other volumes have seen the light, and the author, who found his material growing under his hands, promises the issue of yet another. In these six volumes, numbering together over 2,000 pages, are contained the results of nearly forty years of indefatigable research in the State and Municipal archives of Holland. A fascinating story can be gleaned from these dry and dusty documents. Dr. Bredius prints them with scarcely any comment, leaving to the reader the full enjoyment of calling up, with the help of his own imagination, the intimate picture of the past which these pages reveal in spare outline and faint, though suggestive, little touches.

Many a painter's life story is laid bare from the cradle to the grave, the goose-quill having recorded, with equal exactitude, both the tearful moments of baptism and burial and the minor incidents of the intervening span of life which required a notary's official interference. The artist's career began on the day when his parents signed the contract which bound him apprentice for a number of years to his first master. He entered upon it at an early age. Abraham Furnerius, who died in his twenty-seventh year and who is only known for his exquisite landscape drawings, was scarcely thirteen years old when he became Rembrandt's pupil. Uneventful lives most of them led of hard work for small remuneration. They often ended, as Rembrandt's did, in the bankruptcy court, and many a painter's furniture and pictures, left by him at his death, were seized upon by relentless creditors. But now and then we get a glimpse of a more romantic career. Michiel van de Sande, on record in a document of 1610 as a citizen of Rotterdam, appears in 1625 as "Lieutenant in the service of the Signoria of Venice," and again, four years later, as a recruiting officer in the service of the King of Sweden. Either the attraction of Italian art, or the love of adventure, or the hope of a better livelihood elsewhere, drove him, and many of his fellows, abroad.

The difficulty for a minor painter of making both ends meet by exclusive application to his art explains why so many combined the art dealer's business with the painter's profession. An illustrative case is that of Maerten Adriaensz Balkeneynde, of Rotterdam, who at his death in 1631 left a collection of a hundred pictures, which, in business-like fashion, were inventoried with special mention of

their proportions, in terms, unfortunately, to whose meaning we have lost the clue. Sometimes it was the artist's wife who owned and ran the business, while her husband plied the brush. Cathalijntie van den Dorp, wife of Anthony Waterloo, the landscape painter, willed to the latter, in 1641, all the furniture and silver, besides a picture by Jan Martsen, "that being a piece not included in the business stock." From a curious document of 1636 we gather that the dealer's stock was not only for sale, but could also be rented for special occasions. A certain Gerrit Luycken declared, in that year, before a notary in Amsterdam that he had received on loan from Elias Homis, painter and dealer, four pictures with which to decorate his house on the occasion of his wedding and which he promised duly to return when the festivities were over. The painter Gerard Uylenburgh, a relative of Rembrandt's Saskia, was for a time so successful as a dealer that contemporary poets celebrated him in verse not for his art but for his enterprise in business, especially in importing Italian masters, whose works he went personally to Italy to purchase. The eulogy of the poets is strangely contrasted with what we learn from the documents about a transaction of his with the Elector of Brandenburg, who called either his honesty as a dealer or his knowledge as a connoisseur in question. Of thirteen Italian masters which he sold to that prince in 1671, twelve were returned as worthless fakes. The experts called by Uylenburgh in his defense were of a different opinion. They found some good Italian works among them and also a few which were subject to doubt but, though not perhaps by the artists to whom Uylenburgh ascribed them, yet valuable pictures of good quality. When, nevertheless, the Elector refused to take them back, the collection was sold by public auction in 1673, and it may well be that Uylenburgh paid the poets to write their rhymed eulogies as an advertisement for the occasion. Either the notoriety of this case or a slump in the trade caused by the war with France brought on Uylenburgh's financial ruin. In 1675 he appeared in the bankruptcy court and, after the sale of all his possessions, emigrated to London, where he is said by Houbraken to have earned a scanty livelihood as an assistant of Sir Peter Lely. The catalogue of his stock drawn up on that occasion contains a list of 153 paintings and 52 pieces of sculpture. The notary's clerk has played sad havoc with the Italian names, some of which are hardly recognizable in the forms he put down, apparently, from dictation. Parmiggianino appears as Perments, Giorgione as Schorson, Paolo Veronese as Paulus Fernijs, Guido Reni as Gridorin, Caracci as Caras. No prices were added, but from the evidence given by the experts we gather that the Italian masters were highly valued in Holland at that time. "If the pictures," they said, "had been undamaged and exquisite samples of the art of these same masters, their price would have been reckoned not in hundreds but in thousands of guilders."

That is more than even Rembrandt ever got for his portraits, 500 guilders being the highest price that he, and he alone, could charge. In the early eighteenth century better fees were paid, as we gather from the documents relating to the flower painter Jan van Huysum (†1749), who received as an average one thousand guilders apiece. This vogue of van Huysum's painstaking art is characteristic of the declining taste of that period. On the same day that an "extra fine flower vase" by Van Huysum was knocked down for 1,245 guilders, a picture by Albert Cuyp went for thirteen, two by Jan Steen for thirty, and a portrait by Rembrandt for twenty-five! In England Van Huysum's art was just as popular. A younger brother of his settled in London, where he painted copies of Jan's pictures which sold as genuine Jan van Huysums at £50 a pair.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. A fair gauge of an artist's fame among his contemporaries is the frequency with which his work was copied. Among the pictures which the Leiden painter, Abraham de Pape, at the time of his wedding, declared he possessed were eight copies after Gerard Dou. A skillful copyist like De Pape could acquire the manner of the master he imitated sufficiently well to palm off his own original work as work of the greater master, or if he did not do so, it would soon be fathered on the latter by an unscrupulous dealer or an ignorant collector. In the Art Institute at Chicago the writer of this article saw, not long ago, a beautiful picture purchased from the Demidoff collection, a scene in a cavalry stable, signed D. Teniers. But both the composition and the color betrayed so unmistakably the hand of Jacob Duck that he felt little hesitation in discrediting that signature as a forgery of this kind. Such practices may account for the mysterious disappearance of the entire *œuvre* of minor artists whose names alone have survived in the old histories of painting or are revealed to us by the documents from the archives. In a private collection at The Hague, now dispersed, hung formerly a rare painting by Lucas Luce, clearly signed *L. Luce f.* In 1914 Dr. Bredius came upon this very same picture in the gallery of Count von Hallwyl, in Stockholm, but it no longer bore the signature of L. Luce and was catalogued as a work by Simon Kick!

In this way many a deserving talent, not strong enough, however, to impress an individual stamp on his paintings, has been robbed of both his work and his name by the fame of more original masters, from whom they drew their inspiration. Since Dr. Bredius has rescued their names and, in many a case, particulars of their obscure lives from utter oblivion, we possess some data by the help of which it may be possible to restore to them part of their *œuvre* as well.

A. J. BARNOUW

The Run of the Shelves

SOMEHOW one never thought of Keats as having a house; one thought of him as passing uninterruptedly back and forth from stables and hospitals to the realms of gold. For the last three years of his life, before he went to Italy, he had rooms in a house at Hampstead, in the other half of which dwelt Fanny Brawne and her mother. It was at its best not a very attractive house, but it was surrounded by a garden which was sufficient to give—to Keats—inspiration for the "Ode to a Nightingale." The garden is still there, and within doors a sitting-room and a bed-room retain many of the features they possessed when the poet moved about them. As an alternative to the impending destruction of the house it is proposed to raise £10,000 by subscription, which will serve to make of the place a permanent and suitable memorial. It is as easy to be cynical as sentimental about such a project, but it does seem a pity to pull the house down as if it had been occupied by one whose name had indeed been writ in water. *Anima mundi, sis memor!* Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir Sidney Colvin, Town Hall, Hampstead, N. W. 3.

Is a revival of John Addington Symonds under way? Not long since we received a little book, "Last and First," containing a notable study of Clough and a characteristic essay on the spirit of the Renaissance; and now, from the Macmillan Company, there comes another volume of hitherto uncollected, and in part unprinted, essays called from the first of the series "In the Key of Blue." Some of the essays in this second collection, those particularly which record certain personal experiences of the author in rather a sentimental, if not a sickly, vein, seem to us scarcely worth resuscitating. But others, of a more scholarly sort, rank with Symonds's best work and deserve to take a place in the not too large body of permanent English criticism. Such is the excellent study of Fletcher's "Valentine," which, while admitting the verbal excellence of the English romantic drama, shows how completely it falls down in the delineation of character. Equally notable is the distinction drawn in the essay on "The Dantesque and Platonic

Ideals of Love," in which the author's large acquaintance with both Greek and Italian literature leads him to make discriminations often missed by critics of a more one-sided culture. Perhaps, best of all the chapters, because dealing with the least familiar subject, is the eulogy of the forgotten poet, Edward Cracroft Lefroy, if that can be said to be forgotten which was really never known. It would be difficult to-day, we presume, to find a copy of Lefroy's Sonnets. Symonds quotes from them so freely that the owner of this book of essays may congratulate himself on possessing the best of a poet well worth treasuring in memory.

"Essays on Art," by A. Clutton-Brock (Scribners) are a dozen papers collected from the London *Times Literary Supplement*. Though the author treats with insight such personalities as Leonardo da Vinci, Poussin, and Mozart, the essays generally bear on the relation of the artist to society and to morals. Thus he takes sharp issue with Whistler's famous dictum that art occurs through the mere accident that an artist gets born. "I believe," writes Mr. Brock, "that the quality of art in any age depends, not upon the presence or absence of individuals of genius, but upon the attitude of the public towards art." Similar is the comment on Croce's view that art is merely expression—the artist's explanation to himself. "If the artist knew that the beauty he perceives was a product of his own mind, he could not value it so . . . in the beauty of art there is always value and wonder, always a reference to another beauty different in kind from itself; and we, too, if we are to see the beauty of art, must share the same value and wonder." We are denied this experience by the general feminization of taste (Essay, The Pompadour), and by an immoral exaltation of processes over persons. Here we reach the Germans and the war. Of humanity reduced to foolish and destructive process, Mr. Nevinson's cubistic war sketches seem to the author a very proper symbol. The same delusion of process works havoc in art, reducing it to an ostentatious professionalism. Apropos of the William Morris celebration, the final essay discusses Waste or Creation. The real quarrel of labor, he thinks, is less with poverty than with a toil which the laborer dimly divines to be unreasonably conducted and futile. "He may think he is angry with the rich because they are rich; but the real source of his anger is the work they have set him to do with their riches." Enough to show the gravity—real gravity—of Mr. Brock's view. In compensation the publishers have made the book small enough to sit comfortably in any pocket. With the strong ethical perceptions, Mr. Brock combines sensitiveness. He seeks a humanistic interpretation of art. If we still need a remedy for the individualistic green sickness of the "naughty nineties," we have it here.

The prize of $500 for the best volume of poems written by an American citizen, which the Poetry Society of America has for the past two seasons given through Columbia University, will this year be awarded directly by the Society. As the prize is not competitive but in the nature of an award, books need not be entered for it as in the ordinary prize competition. The judges for the present season are Professor John Livingston Lowes of Harvard University, author of "Convention and Revolt in Poetry"; Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Alice Corbin Henderson, Associate-Editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

The Poetry Society of America offers the William Lindsey Prize of $500 for the best unproduced and unpublished full length poetic play written by an American citizen. By "full length" is meant a play that will occupy an evening. No restrictions are placed upon the number of acts or scenes, or on the nature of the subject matter. The judges of the contest will be George Arliss, Professor George Pierce Baker, of Harvard, Clayton Hamilton, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, and Stuart Walker. Manuscripts should be sent by registered mail, the author's registry receipt to be considered sufficient acknowledgment. They must be submitted in typewritten form, fastened along the left edge of the page in one volume, and signed with a pen name. An enclosed sealed envelope should be inscribed with the title of the play and the pen name, and contain a card with the correct name and address of the author, as well as the title of the play. This sealed envelope should also contain one self-addressed bearing the full amount of return postage, including registry. The contest closes July 1, 1921, and the successful play will be announced at the October meeting of the Poetry Society. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Drama Committee of the Poetry Society of America, care of Stuart Walker, Chairman, Carnegie Hall, New York City.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Swinburne As I Knew Him" (John Lane) is more agreeable than most books of its class. It is more organic; it is less fragmentary. The trouble with books of reminiscence is that memory is not only a sieve, as we all know to our cost, but a grater: it loses much, and what it keeps, it keeps in a granular—not to say a powdery—form. It is the peculiarity of Mr. Kernahan's mind that his recollections band themselves together, that they acquire—in the measure permitted by the form—body, breadth, and contour. His is not what we may call the pincushion type of reminiscence—the mealy, lifeless mass, prettily encased, into which anecdotes are thrust like pins.

There is possibly a danger for Mr. Kernahan in this very superiority. The fullness and balance of his narrative may excite ungenerous suspicion even in those who are friends to generosity. Truth is so constitutionally slipshod that, when the tie of her cravat or her shoestrings is geometric in its regularity, it is hard not to suspect that she has engaged a valet. Here, for example, in Chapter IV are four pages of fashioned and finished English, which are supposed to have fallen in their perfection from Philip Marston's extemporizing lips and to have been received and recorded in this intact perfection by Mr. Philip Kernahan's superhuman memory. Be this suspicion true or not, Mr. Kernahan has done that rare thing—written reminiscences which the reader can recall. The style is good for its purpose—broad, roomy, outreaching with a certain informal dignity which never hardens into pomp. There are four letters of Swinburne to his cousin, Lady Henniker Heaton, one of which is an affectionate refusal to act as godfather to his cousin's child from the hatred of a ceremony which views a little angel as a "child of wrath."

In the early part of 1873, M. Victorien Sardou offered to the Vaudeville Theatre of Paris a play entitled "Uncle Sam." The rehearsals began, but the French authorities learned that the piece contained passages which would offend the American colony. So the manager was informed that unless he got the approval of the American Legation the play could not be given. But when our Minister at Paris, Elihu B. Washburne, was applied to in the matter, he gave the very diplomatic reply that "this was not one of his functions." Thereupon, M. Jules Simon, Minister of Public Instruction, in whose department was lodged the power of censorship, prohibited the production of the play in France.

Then that very enterprising New York manager, Augustin Daly, decided to bring out "Uncle Sam" in the United States, and early in March the city dailies contained this advertisement:

> Grand Opera House, corner of 23rd Street and 8th Avenue, Monday, March 17th, first time on any stage of Sardou's prohibited comedy of "Uncle Sam," which will be given with extraordinary realistic scenery, magnificent appointments and with a cast that can not be excelled.

And on March 18 William Winter had this to say in the *Tribune*:

> The public knew before that "Uncle Sam" was abusive; they know now that it is dull. . . . A piece of blackguardism . . . The Grub Street allegation that American women are unchaste

and that every one of them has her price,—this is substantially the allegation of "Uncle Sam" . . . A satire on American society as might suit the mental calibre of stable boys. . . . As a whole, "Uncle Sam" was a fizzle.

Mr. Winter's final statement proved to be correct, for the play was given for the last time on April 13. It did not hold the boards a month.

At the beginning of the present year M. Brieux, also of the French Academy, tried his hand at putting Americans on the stage, and "Les Américains chez nous" was not only not censored but it is still appearing at the Paris Odéon.

M. Brieux has been good enough to send us a copy of his play and, after reading it, we can well understand why it has not met the fate of the production of his fellow academician. After the part which our soldiers took in saving France on French soil, and with over 60,000 buried in French cemeteries, the Sardou method of treating us was of course impossible. But M. Brieux rises above all such considerations; the dedication shows what is in his heart:

Cette pièce est dédiée aux femmes des Etats-Unis qui se penchèrent sur nos douleurs. Humble et respectueux hommage de reconnaissance d'un Français.

M. Brieux takes an international and psychological view of the question and distributes his praise and criticism equally between both countries. His play closes with two international marriages confined to Americans and French, and where both sexes are impartially treated, there being a French bride and a French groom, and an American bride and an American groom. In a word, just as M. Sardou's comedy tended to push the two nations apart, M. Brieux's drama conduces to draw them more closely together.

Alexandre Dumas had a modest collaborator in his friend Auguste Maquet; though Maquet had a share in the composition of Dumas's most popular productions, he did not insist on his name being coupled with that of Dumas on the title page. Only the plays which he drew from the novels were proclaimed as the joint work of the two. The heirs of Maquet, however, are prouder of his authorship than he was himself. They demand the publication of his name on the title page of "Le Comte de Monte-Cristo" and other novels, and among the heirs of Dumas there are said to be some who are not averse to this official recognition of the dead partnership. Maquet died eighteen years after Dumas. The latter's *œuvre* becomes public property in 1924. By rendering to Maquet the honor which the Maquetists claim as his due, the Dumasists retain for eighteen years more a claim to part of the royalties which, otherwise, they will cease to draw altogether. "La vie chère" will make it hard for them to choose between their ancestor's fame and their own purse.

The Venus of Milo, whose beauty launched so many thousand ships from these shores, has never been seen by her American admirers in the lighting that could reveal her full glory. A headline quotes Mr. Robert Aitken as having said that the "Venus de Milo in the Louvre is worst placed of all." We could not discover the superlative in his speech as it was printed. If he did use it, he did injustice to the famous Ariadne of Dannecker in Frankfurt, which has the distinction of being the worst exhibited statue in Europe. She is made to revolve on her pedestal while a rainbow of light is thrown on her marble whiteness. To change the repose of the sculpture into a gaudy movie show is the worst indignity one can offer to the artist's creation.

Since neither the Paris Peace Conference nor the Secretariat of the League of Nations published an official collection of documents relating to the birth of the League, the International Intermediary Institute at The Hague has undertaken to do this unofficially. The success of the League depends on the confidence of the members in the impartiality of its working and in the reliability of the Covenant itself. Mrs. C. A. Kluyver, who performed the task of compiling these "Documents on the League of Nations" (Leiden: A. W. Sijthoff's Uitgeversmaatschappij), has supplied the means wherewith the real sense of the provisions of the Covenant and of their bearing on future possibilities of the League may be better understood, an understanding which is the necessary basis for the mutual confidence of all its participants. Mr. C. van Vollenhoven, of Leiden University, has written a preface to the volume in which he summarizes the chief uncertainties and ambiguities proffered by the twenty-six articles of the Covenant. The material published by Mrs. Kluyver does not throw much light on these. They will have to be cleared, not by the statements of diplomats and politicians, but by the practice of future days. In the collection are not included any documents relating to Part XIII of the Peace Treaty, which deals with the problem of Labor, nor does it contain any material reflecting the growth and gradual development during the war of the conception of such a League. Otherwise the material contained in this volume provides a comprehensive and impartial survey of the various contributions from all parts of the globe towards the establishment of the League.

"Ships Across the Sea," by Ralph D. Paine (Houghton Mifflin), deals with both the regular and the "trick" navy. Adventure is the ruling note—quest of subs and quest of spies, but Mr. Paine hits off well the odd mixes that the war brought about in fo'c's'l and ward room. These are tall tales and of a high seagoing quality, yet they keep close enough to the facts of the armed guard, the flying boat service, and the interminable chase of the destroyers. From a literary point of view "punch" is more in evidence than finish or fine shades of any sort. Perhaps a yarn shouldn't be very literary. These are good yarns, with a sufficient backing of experience and fact.

Dramatic Art in Holland

DRAMATIC art is in less esteem in Holland than poetry and music. The strong Calvinistic element in the nation accounts for the difference. To the puritanic followers of Dr. Abraham Kuyper the theatre is an invention of Satan, which one had better not mention at all. The history of the Dutch stage during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is a long concatenation of wrangles between its upholders and the zealous orthodox "dominees," who always tried to persuade the municipal authorities to suppress this suggestive and influential form of art. The result was that at the beginning of the last century the drama as an artistic mode of expression was practically non-existent in Holland.

Another cause, whose working, it is true, is not confined to Holland, joined with this puritanic prejudice to keep the stage in disrepute: the difficulty of distinguishing between real art and its counterfeit, which in the dramatic field is infinitely greater than in music, poetry, and painting. The public, though it may buy gaudy oleographs and the lastest music-hall song, is not unconscious of the fact that all these productions have little to do with art. But in its appreciation of the drama it does not make such a distinction. It would find it difficult to imagine that Mengelberg, the great conductor of the Amsterdam orchestra, should include jazz music and ragtimes in his repertoire of classical compositions, but that same public sees nothing astonishing in the alternating production by one and the same company of Shakespearean drama and the lowest German farce.

The true lovers of the drama, however, did not despair. They remembered how, about 1890, Dutch music was at almost as low an ebb, and that, thanks to the initiative of a few wealthy and enterprising Amsterdammers, Willem Kes, and after him Willem Mengelberg, were enabled to build up a purely artistic orchestra, whose fame has spread far be-

yond the Dutch frontiers. Mengelberg's genius and enthusiasm raised the standard of musical performance all over the country; and the lovers of the drama thought that, in the same way, the stage could be brought to mend its ways.

The task which they undertook, however, was infinitely more difficult, as they could rely on the support of only a small part of the nation: The Calvinists kept aloof, and the Roman Catholics would only hesitatingly lend their aid under strict reservations and conditions. But in spite of these drawbacks, the stage has been brought nearer to the ideal. September 1, 1908, will be remembered as a red-letter day in the records of the Dutch theatre: on that date the Netherland Society, Het Tooneel (The Stage), gave its opening performance under the direction of Willem Royaards, the man who did for dramatic art what Kes and Mengelberg had achieved in music. Some good pioneer work had, indeed, been done by a few predecessors, but none possessed his unfailing instinct for true literary value and his insight in the secrets of an all-controlling stage management. Descending from an old, patrician family, he brought his native distinction into both the scenery and the action of his plays, which won him the interest and the support of aristocratic circles where, until then, all theatrical enterprise, unless it came from Paris, had been ignored.

From other quarters Royaards received encouragement when he began to revive the seventeenth century drama of Joost van den Vondel, Holland's greatest poetic genius, of whose "Lucifer" Mr. Leonard van Noppen produced an excellent English translation some years ago. Patriotic feeling was gratified by this demonstration of the high artistic value of these early dramas, and saw in their revival a national movement worthy of financial and moral support, and the Catholics especially, who love to call the poet theirs because of his conversion, late in life, to the Mother Church, regarded Royaards' Vondel performances as an honor to themselves and flocked to the theatre to attend them.

In this way Royaards succeeded in transforming the theatre from a place of mere amusement into a temple of art, an achievement which, last year, was duly, though not very appropriately, recognized by the conferring, *honoris causa*, of the degree of doctor of Dutch Philology, by the University of Utrecht.

The Government, shortly after this academic recognition of the nation's indebtedness to the stage manager, gave evidence of an incipient interest in the stage: The Minister of Education, Art, and Sciences instituted a commission to advise him on the question of subsidizing dramatic art. This official admission of the importance of the stage as a national institution was highly gratifying to all who take its welfare to heart. Their satisfaction, however, was greatly diminished by the report which this commission submitted to the Minister. Those members who belonged to the Right, the Clerical block which does not care for the theatre or is even hostile to it, carried in the committee meetings a complete victory over their politically less experienced colleagues of the Left by making their standpoint prevail that the grant of a subsidy should be made conditional on requirements of a religious, political, and moral nature. If the Minister accepts the advice, which is but all too probable, the Government being a Clerical one, there is great danger of the subsidy being refused to a company because of the occurrence, in one single play, of a statement which is aimed at the established form of government, or which might be deemed to hurt the political or moral feelings of certain people. Every year, during the debate on the budget, the Calvinist members of the Chamber will not fail to bring their pressure upon the Minister to retrench the subsidies on account of all sorts of complaints, and though there may be some among them of a more liberal disposition, party discipline will prevent them from voting against the anti-stage majority of the Clerical block.

The decision of the committee does not, it is true, establish a censorship of the stage. The companies which forfeit the subsidy retain perfect freedom to produce the incriminated play, although the burgomasters, who have the power of prohibition, will feel encouraged by this evidence of Governmental displeasure to make use of that power with less scruple than formerly, especially when plays are performed that clash with their own political convictions. But the loss of the subsidy will make it hard for such companies to keep up the competition with their officially approved of rivals.

The advisory commission would have placed itself on higher ground if it had declared the artistic value of a play to be the only reliable test. Pure art is incompatible with what is ugly from a moral or a religious point of view. And if it had adopted the principle of subsidizing only such companies as produce, exclusively, artistically important drama, this unique opportunity of enhancing the æsthetic and social prestige of the stage would have been made the most of. Instead, conditions have been created for a new political conflict over the theatre, as bitter and barren of result as the recently ended conflict over the free school, which has vitiated domestic politics in Holland for the past two decades.

J. L. WALCH

The Hague

Books and the News

Motor Trips

THE blue book is the most practical book to take with you on a motor trip, and it is the only one you will take, unless you are unusually fond of reading. But in the early days of summer, before you have decided on your route, or while you still wish to refresh your memory of some place which you intend to visit, it is possible to get information and enjoyment from books which other explorers—in motors and on foot—have written of their trips. These books cover all parts of the country.

Sarah Comstock's "Old Roads from the Heart of New York" (Putnam, 1915) and John T. Faris's "Old Roads Out of Philadelphia" (Lippincott, 1917) start the city dweller on short trips. To go farther, and into New England, there is Louise Closser Hale's motor-trip: "We Discover New England" (Dodd, 1915), "The Lightning Conductor Discovers America," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson (Doubleday, 1916), and Katharine M. Abbott's "Old Paths and Legends of New England" (Putnam, 1904). The same author describes the nearer regions of New England, chiefly Connecticut, in "Old Paths and Legends of the New England Border" (Putnam, 1907). Edwin M. Bacon is the writer of two books: "Literary Pilgrimages in New England" (Silver, 1902) and "Rambles Around Old Boston" (Little, 1914). One of Mary C. Crawford's interesting books is "Little Pilgrimages Among Old New England Inns" (Page, 1907), while Walter Emerson's "The Latchstring to Maine Woods and Waters" (Houghton, 1916) is readable and pleasing. Two of the older writers may be represented by Thoreau's "Cape Cod" (Houghton) and Celia Thaxter's "Among the Isles of Shoals" (Houghton, 1873), although I forget whether motorists—as such—go any nearer to the Shoals than the road through the Hamptons.

David M. Steele's "Vacation Journeys East and West" (Putnam, 1918) is mostly about the mountains and seaside of New England and New York, but there are chapters on the far West. "Chauffeur's" (A. J. Eddy's) "Two Thousand Miles in an Automobile" (Lippincott, 1902) is about New York, New England, and Canada. One of Mr. Clifton Johnson's admirable volumes, "Highways and Byways from the St. Lawrence to Virginia" (Macmillan, 1913), describes, as in his other books, rural life and wayside conversation. Pennsylvania and Maryland are also included in "We Discover the Old Dominion" (Dodd, 1916), by Louise Closser Hale. New York, New England, and the South furnish chapters for Walter Pritchard

Eaton's "Barn Doors and Byways" (Small, 1913), perhaps the most charming of them all. S. D. Kirkham's "East and West" (Putnam, 1911), speaks of Cape Ann and Long Island, and also of Arizona and the far West. Another comprehensive book, with fine pictures, is Robert H. Schauffler's "Romantic America" (Century, 1913). Julian Street goes West in "Abroad at Home" (Century, 1914) and South in "American Adventures" (Century, 1917).

For the South, Margaret W. Morley's "The Carolina Mountains" (Houghton, 1913) and Mildred Cram's "Old Seaport Towns of the South" (Dodd, 1917). A houseboat, not a motor trip, from Chicago to New Orleans, is in John L. Matthews's "The Log of the 'Easy Way'" (Small, 1911). For the West: Agnes Laut's "Through Our Unknown Southwest (McBride, 1913), Enos A. Mills's "The Rocky Mountain Wonderland" (Houghton, 1915), and John Muir's "The Yosemite" (Century, 1912). Three more general books are H. G. Rhodes's "In Vacation America" (Harper, 1915), John T. Faris's "Historic Shrines of America" (Doran, 1918), and Clifton Johnson's "What to See in America" (Macmillan, 1919), which has a chapter for every State in the Union. Emily Posts's "By Motor to the Golden Gate" (Appleton, 1916) is an account of a trip from New York to San Francisco.

EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

EDUCATIONAL SECTION

WE remember reading, a few years ago, an indictment of democratic education in Denmark, "Lighedens Land," the land of equality. The writer, Dr. E. Lehman, raised a warning voice against the levelling tendencies of the modern educational system. Denmark, he complained, has now grammar schools without Latin and people's schools with a smattering of languages and mathematics. For to level means to lower the standard of the eminent few to the scale of the many. The greatest possible number of students is made happy with the smallest possible education. But a nation's worth should be gauged by the height of its greatest men, rather than by the average height of the masses. Our sentimental nursing of the average has made the nation like to a dense underwood choking the noble stems that try to shoot upward in their growth. Dr. Lehman based on these facts a sweeping condemnation of the democratic system.

Professor Irving Babbitt, writing in the *English Journal* of February on "English and the Discipline of Ideas," does not blame democracy for the same faults which he deplores in the educational system of this country. "True democracy," he claims, "consists not in lowering the standard but in giving everybody, so far as possible, a chance of measuring up to the standard." The case, therefore, is not one between democracy and aristocracy, but between true and false democracy. It is not democracy that is at fault, but the faults of that democracy which is now blatant. Democracy stands or falls with its true or false conception of liberty, and ours preaches one that is "purely centrifugal, that would get rid of all outer control and then evade or deny openly the need of achieving inner control." "Those who stand for this conception of liberty call themselves idealists; they not only spurn the past but barely tolerate the present; the true home of their spirit is that vast, windy abode, the future." Education entrusted to teachers of this bent of mind fails to build up background in the students. The contact with the past will be lost, unless a reaction sets in "to preserve in a positive and critical form the soul of truth in the two great traditions, classical and Christian, that are crumbling as mere dogma. To study English literature with reference to its intellectual content will do more than anything to make it a serious cultural discipline. Teachers of English have a choice to make between a humanistic conception of their subject and the current naturalistic and humanitarian conceptions."

The Beginning of Education

ALL sentimental journeys, however different the fields they traverse, end alike. Intoxication is their common origin. A fancied summum bonum is their common aim. Their common destiny is to arrive, if anywhere, at self-pity, confusion, despair, and unavailing sorrow. There is the sentimental journey amatorious, with which, perhaps, we are most familiar, since it has been elaborated in fiction ad infinitum if not ad nauseam. This is the sweetest variety, being generally incomplete, poised in a pink dawn of surrender before realization. But there is also the sentimental journey revolutionary with several variations. There is the Rousseau sort, misery intoxicate but still in love with itself. There is the Wordsworthian sort of the Waterloo period, stubbornly shutting its eyes and turning respectable. There is the portentous Byronic sort of the Regency, strutting, glooming, scoffing, complete bud, flower, and fruit. "Get very drunk," says Byron,

> Get very drunk, and when
> You wake with headache, you shall see what then.

But among all the nuances of intoxication none is more alluring than that which meanders after the heavenly maid education, and among all the sentimental journeys after education none latterly has been more piquant than that which moves with all the Bostonian elegance of Henry Adams.

Whatever the lengths to which the sentimental journey is made to go, the essential characteristics of the sentimental soul remain the same. It is forever like a child running down hill. A mysterious power lends it wings, and then when its head gets to going faster than its feet, trips its heels, and bumps its nose in the dirt. The child picks itself up, so hurt, so balked by the mystery of its flight and fall that it weeps and could die for vexation and shame, but continuing incorrigibly to live, endures by laughing angrily and bitterly at itself, and at the universe.

Superficially, of course, there are many differences between the sentimental Byron and the sentimental Henry Adams, but in the case of each the truth that hovered about him without ever alighting turned what was once romantic to burlesque. Byron had imbibed with the children of his generation the notion that happiness consisted in doing what you liked, Nature having saved you the trouble of deciding what that might be, and that freedom or the habit of emotional abandon was the certain means to happiness. Adams had inherited the notion that personal satisfaction was to be found in personal control over the current of human affairs, the direction of the flow being called progress, and determined, it would seem, by the direction in which you happened yourself to be going. The means of securing such control was education or the acquisition of knowledge. Now social circumstances gave to each man singularly ample opportunity for testing his particular open sesame with the result that each found himself impaled upon a dilemma from which he could not escape. The more Byron did what he liked the less other people liked what he did; the less other people liked what he did the less he could do as he liked or the less he liked it when he had done it, the less certain, in other words, of freedom as an infallible means to happiness. As for Adams, the search for knowledge led him to similar confusion. The more he

learned the less he discovered himself to know, the more he found to be still unknown, and the less certain he became that what he knew or could know was of any use for the control of progress, the less certain that progress could be controlled or indeed existed at all. What both Byron and Henry Adams thus discovered was not new and need not have been discouraging, but it led neither of them to happiness nor to power but only to a mixture of disconsolate moods. Adams, for instance, had his moments of mysticism when, like Byron, he could drop an Ave Mary after and before, had too big lapses into the old yearning when he could play with the illusion that some unattained knowledge such as French or mathematics might have given him what he had missed. Mostly, however, he despaired, and when not mourning, laughed the sardonic laughter of a disillusion which he took pains to make attractive in the perfect idiom of the best New England culture touched with the acridity of an Adams.

Such was the only lesson which this sentimental pilgrim learned in his quest for education. His experience was not unique; indeed, his book's best claim to permanence in literature is probably due to the faithfulness with which it represents the experience of many men, his countrymen not least of all, with that enterprise of which they have made so much and by which they have learned so little. At least two matters at the present moment give striking evidence of this faithfulness. On the one hand, in order to persuade the American public to pay more adequately for such education as it receives from professors, many of us find it necessary to keep up the delusion that education, whatever at the time being we may call by that name, is the universal solvent for all the several and particular ills from which the public in its various parts may suppose the body politic to be suffering. On the other hand, professors, instead of sharing that delusion, are in many cases leaving or wishing to leave their profession in order to escape, poverty perhaps, but more often the sense of failure and bewildered doubt which our romantic hopes of education necessarily entail. Thus even the *Atlantic Monthly*, itself no inconsiderable part of our educational system, has just published to all the world the confession of a professor who fears that he is not as important sitting in an academic chair as he might be if engaged in some more dramatic form of human vanity.

Now the experience of Henry Adams as professor is in this connection particularly illuminating. When he began teaching, Harvard had for some time ceased operating upon the simple principle that religious salvation was the purpose of higher learning, but was by no means certain as to what should take salvation's place. Culture might be the proper substitute, but possibly culture amounted to little more than a slight spreading out of the provincial dilettantism which may indeed be the best culture we can even yet attain. Culture, moreover, was at an early point unsettled by the intrusion of science purporting to be the unfailing Midas touch that was to turn all thought to truth. Apostles of science would at any time have admitted, to be sure, that we might feel strange to be without culture or, for that matter, religion as well, but science and hence education in science were what chiefly mattered if the world was to progress—progress, and here we are in an age of iron, coal, and petrol, of slums, famine, and pestilence, of self-determination and mutual extermination, from all of which, of course, a good education is at last to deliver us. Such being the current of ideas in the colleges, Henry Adams was supposed to teach at Harvard something called the science of history, and when we consider what his own education had been, we need not wonder that Harvard gave him a particularly acute fit of pessimism. Not that Harvard was particularly at fault, but Adams, though he confesses after the fact to many misgivings, probably began like most professors of our time by wishing at the bottom of his heart to think of himself as a kind of hierophant inducing contact between the mind of youth and the prime motor of the universe. What he experienced instead every honest professor not altogether new to his job knows but too well: vague, preoccupied youths; faculty meetings often dropping to the nadir of futility; an increasing sense of his own ignorance, a haunting fear that he was himself, if not a dry-as-dust, then a do-nothing in a world where there was much doing, that science and progress and education were probably nothing but a wild-goose chase.

What can a professor say in his own soul to defeat such moods as these, for from such moods no teacher altogether escapes? What, now that the public is endowing him with a higher salary, can he do to endow himself with greater faith? Well, it seems to me that he may begin by admitting without necessarily believing all that the Henry Adamses assert, and then without straining a single point of logic say something like this: Despair is not the end of education or of the business of being a professor or of the hope of human progress. Despair is nothing but the end of a sentimental journey, and at the end of a sentimental journey education and progress, if ever, begin. Suppose that Adams had learned to build the steam engine he so much regretted his inability to make. He would have learned chiefly how poor a thing it was, how little he knew about engines, how little it availed to build them, and how little of anything else he had learned in the process. Thus might it have been if he had learned to build anything else under the sun—one hundred per cent. Americans, for instance, or any of the myriad other things that educators are from time to time exhorted to make out of children. "But," says the author of one of the few wise books in the world on education, "methinks I hear the philosophers saying 'tis a miserable thing for a man to be foolish, to err, to mistake, and to know nothing truly. Nay rather, this is to be a man." In other words, human knowledge consists primarily in the discovery of human ignorance and weakness, and unless we can make that discovery with equanimity we can not begin education. For education, though it may not be a cure, is nevertheless a risk like any other enterprise, a risk of our lives, our dreams, our convictions, and all our goods. It may, on the other hand, be a cure as well as a risk, but whether it be so, whether we can learn what we need to know in order truly to progress, this we can not know except by trying, and may never know even thus until all trying is at an end. One thing, however, and perhaps one thing only we can assert with some confidence, and that is that despite despair we do as a matter of fact try and are not satisfied without trying. To try, and then to whine or to scoff at the little we have gained, the much lost, to complain because we can not eat our cake and have it, too, is to be a sentimental child. To try, accepting the risk, is to begin one's education. To try willingly is to be free; to try cheerfully is to be happy. Admit the worst, that it is all a gamble whether with all our trying we can ever know anything truly, and we must admit, too, that this gamble is as good as any other a man may stake his life upon, that one may as well risk his life on being a professor or on getting education as on being a maker of steam engines or of war or of money or of what you will, even though playing the one game rather than any of the others convict one of the kind of folly which Erasmus praises. "For there are two obstacles to the knowledge of things, Modesty that casts a mist before the understanding, and Fear that, having fanci'd a danger, disswades us from the attempt. But from these Folly sufficiently frees us, and few there are that rightly understand of what great advantage it is to blush at nothing and attempt everything."

WILLIAM HALLER

THE question of teachers' salaries has now received considerable attention, even if the obvious steps have not always been taken. Among the many charts and tables in Dr. Evenden's thorough report

(*Continued on page* 582)

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(*Continued from page* 580)
(Commission Series, No. 6, N. E. A., 1919) none is more convincing than that which shows, p. 110, that in five populous States even high-school teachers receive less average pay than machinists, lathers, bricklayers, inside wiremen, workers in structural iron, blacksmiths, machine tenders (printing), compositors, glaziers, plumbers, carpenters, hod-carriers, and bakers. It is an imposing list—from the point of view of the underpaid workingman! It is in fact an arraignment of our national judgment of what is worth paying for, when on close examination it reveals that the average for all these workers is more than double the average salary for teachers of the United States. It is no longer worth saying gently that, in all fairness to the teachers and our self-respect, salaries should be raised. The case is one of dire necessity; something must be done at once if our children are to find any teachers behind the desks. For who would fardels bear, who would grunt and sweat under a weary life of class-room toil when he could carry bricks for twice the pay!

AMONG all the pleas for increased pay of teachers one rarely hears a call for a few much larger salaries at the very top. Those pay-rolls which we are constantly told should be increased from fifty to eighty per cent., in some instances from eighty to over one hundred per cent., are nearly always at the bottom of the scale. Teachers in the middle distance may be happy if their salaries are advanced thirty to forty per cent., while those at the top are to be contented with a ten to thirty per cent. increase. There is no doubt some justice in the emphasis. The teacher at the minimum wage simply can not live in comfort without a substantial increase, while the teacher at the top is past the starvation line; a large increase for him means not merely all the bread he needs, but a flivver or a trip abroad or domestic felicity. Yet is not such a condition, and *a little more*, just what should be held before the successful teacher? As things are it takes something akin to the dedication of a martyr to induce a man to work at any profession when $4,000 or $5,000 is all he will make even if he achieves phenomenal success. Careful distribution would save the total budget from increase beyond the figures suggested by Dr. Evenden and other experts. Fewer teachers, to be sure, would receive the $4,000 or $5,000 held out by the new rates, but if the revision of rates were carried out all along the line, no one salary group could be greatly reduced in number, while many would work eagerly for $3,000 or even $2,000 if they knew that a teacher or two somewhere short of heaven was receiving $10,000 or $15,000.

The Collapse of Japan's After-War Boom

THE collapse of Japan's after-war boom has been impending for months; a glance back over the last quarter-century of her growth explains it. There is a belief current in Japan that every ten years international complications bring the Japanese Empire into collision with some Power standing in the way. Little, however, is said about this producing national dividends in its resulting economic expansion. Yet this is borne out by the Chino-Japanese War in 1894, the Russo-Japanese War in 1904-05, and the entrance of Japan into the European struggle in 1914. One part of the picture may be got by the rise of the per capita of Japan's whole foreign trade from a little over yen 5 a person in 1894 to yen 14 at the time of the Russian struggle, yen 22 at the opening of the Great War, and yen 62 in 1919. The actual figures are worthy of note:

Japan's Foreign Trade
(In 1000's of yen)

Year	*Exports*	*Imports*	*Total*
1894	113,246	117,481	230,728
1904	319,260	371,360	690,621
1914	591,101	595,735	1,186,837
1919	2,098,872	2,173,313	4,272,185

Another angle on this acceleration of Japan's economic development after a war appears in the rise of joint stock enterprises. When one remembers that the first modern corporate undertaking dates from 1873, the growth in the paid-up capital of Japanese business from yen 249,762,000 at the time of the Chinese War to yen 1,114,227,000 in 1904, yen 2,068,786,000 in 1914, and approximately yen 5,720,000,000 to-day seems extraordinary. But the other side of the picture must not be forgotten. That is, the boom days which have always followed Japan's victorious peace bring in their train the economic consequences of over-expansion, the speculative mania, and national mal-adjustment.

The more immediate background reveals 1919 as a turning point of major importance in Japan's development. The balance of trade during the four years succeeding 1914 was heavy on the side of exports from Japan to markets which the war situation made more than inviting—China, the Middle East, the British Empire, Russia, and the United States. This accumulated favorable balance of trade reached the sum of yen 1,408,000,000, but conditions operating towards the end of 1919 produced a drastic change in the trend of commerce with an excess of imports amounting to yen 74,441,000.

Had it not been for the fact that Japan was realizing the fruits of her participation in the Great War from the end of 1914, no such tremendous changes in her trade could have occurred. During this period—as after every war—the Japanese business world extended itself in every direction. In its outstanding developments, it was a carefully controlled expansion not directed by captains of Japanese industry, but finding its inspiration in the nexus existing between Japan's Big Business and the inner Government, which really guides the Mikado's land.

This must be clearly appreciated in the light of what has happened. With Japan, unlike the United States, her economic life is a means to an end. Japan's competitive strength lies neither in her natural resources nor in her business capacity; it is this highly coördinated Government-backed business, giving by political manipulation marginal advantages to the Japanese vested interests at every turn. Economic centralization has made Big Business truly the partner of the Japanese Government in its schemes of state, and nowhere is the business world so responsive to governmental opinion. Ill-founded though it may seem, when the flow of business in 1919 is analyzed, the dominant note in official circles was one of encouragement in every line of enterprise. Stock flotations during the war period, according to official sources, present the following figures:

Japan's Stock Flotations
(In 1000's of yen)

Year	*Total*
1915	197,091
1916	566,511
1917	1,132,912
1918	1,147,395
1919	1,914,008

While a considerable portion of these sums are nothing more than yen on paper, it is well to remember the bona fide operations are great enough to require most of the funds available in 1920 and 1921 to complete the payment of stock subscriptions unless the enterprises are to fail. Much of this represents the expansion of old concerns, though the trend through last year was highly speculative on the whole. More light on the promotions, from the standpoint of the extensions of credit, appears in the data prepared by the Mitsui Bank.

Relation of Stock Promotions to Loans

Year	Total in 1000's of yen		
	Capital Stock	*Loans*	*Total*
1917	2,003,601	73,775	2,077,376
1918	2,955,062	224,945	3,180,007
1919	4,137,169	164,370	4,301,539

Although the divergence in the estimates of the total stock flotations may

be taken as the maximum and minimum, the contraction of loans is a striking indication of what was expected in 1920.

As a matter of fact, the Bank of Japan advanced its discount rate several times towards the close of 1920. On the other hand, the steps that were taken by the Government to check the pyramiding prices, declining export balance, and speculative wave generally, carried with them the reassurance that it would not "interfere with prevailing tendencies and would rather encourage them." The tightening of the money market, however, was off-set by a calculated resort to the further inflation of the currency; the total for 1919 was in the neighborhood of 33 per cent., mostly in the last part of the year, and increasing the Bank of Japan's notes, as compared with the pre-war situation, about 7,700,000,000 yen.

Men in a position to know what was occurring raised lone voices here and there manifesting full appreciation of the impending crisis. But the Government optimism set the prevailing tone. A decisive factor in the situation is to be found in the raw silk market—accounting for one-fifth of Japan's exports, and as high as six-sevenths of the total raw silk production finding its way to the United States. For the past twelve months Japanese interests have been speculating heavily, pools manipulating the market to sky-rocket prices which had already advanced from a pre-war average of yen 800-900 a bale to yen 1,670 in 1919. By the middle of the year this had risen 40 per cent., capped with a spectacular jump after the July relapse, bringing the price to yen 3,520. Speculating interests began to find themselves saddled with over-stocks after the New Year, the price having outrun the foreign demand, and many were carrying their 1919 hoarding into 1920 in self-protection. The break began in the last of January; prices had climbed about 350 per cent. in twelve months to yen 4,500, doubling between October and January.

This strain on the market came at a critical time. Premier Hara had just warned Japan that retrenchment was in order, observing: "The large number of joint stock concerns of all sorts, which are now being promoted, can hardly be regarded as a healthy economic sign, and judging from what occurred after the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese War, it is not improbable that the crash may come at any moment." A dissection of the months antecedent to the April crisis reveals seven conditions at work to show that the Government and those on the inside were thoroughly cognizant of the situation impending. (1) The balance of trade swung sharply against Japan between January and March, total excess of

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imports being yen 260,000,000, or nearly equal to 50 per cent. of Japan's—for the first quarter of 1920. The month of March, with its 135 million yen excess of imports, constituted a record-breaker with the promise of a billion yen on the debit side of the national balance sheet if prevailing tendencies were maintained.

(2) The shipping slump has aggravated the problem of Japan's foreign remittances by the decline in freight charges due her from abroad, and has reduced profits, many of the smaller operators being in difficulties, while the general reaction on the basic industries through the cessation of construction is serious.

(3) Rampant speculation developed in the face of a tightening money market as promoters rushed flotations to get capital pledged before the crash came; thus the funds available through 1920 and 1921 are already hypothecated unless wholesale losses are to be entailed through the failure of partially consummated deals, and there is little likelihood that Japan's billion yen gold reserves held abroad—now liquidating the unfavorable balances—will come to Japan as specie instead of being defrayed in goods.

(4) Investment has been reduced by the inflation of prices and the tendency towards reduced dividends, with the cessation of abnormal war earnings.

(5) Foreign competition, since the armistice, has been increasing in Japan's domestic markets due to the high level of prices and the need of replenishing equipment quickly.

(6) At the same time, the position of Japanese manufacturers in overseas markets is not encouraging, as exchange has turned against them in countries of the East, hitherto a war monopoly virtually of Japan, and prices of production are too high in Japanese industry under existing conditions.

(7) Political complications have hit Japanese business heavily; this is especially true of the economic reaction against Japan's foreign policy in China, expressed in a more effective boycotting of Japanese manufactures than is apparent, and now being duplicated in Asiatic Russia as an outcome of the forward policy pursued by the Japanese War Office diplomacy.

The end of this pyramiding business was definitely in sight when March settlements were made with serious difficulty. The test was the failure of the markets to rally in April from the strain of the previous month's closing. The clapping down of the Government censorship on what is actually taking place shows that Japan is by no means through with her crisis. If deflation can be carried out with no further breaks symptomatic of panic, Japan will have rounded the most critical year in her swing over to an industrialized country. We shall not know what to expect until the mid-year, as a great deal depends on the raw silk situation and foreign purchases—which means the price the United States will pay for the bulk of Japan's production.

Shrewd as are Japanese statesmen and their financiers, the game is out of their hands. During the Great War they kept Japan's export trade financed by the Government backing the assumption of the accumulating foreign credits when the limit of the exchange banks was soon reached. When the deposits to Japan's account in New York and London were used up, the Government resorted to the issuance of paper money secured by the identical credits it was moving to protect. The measures were taken in 1918, manifested themselves in 1919, and must be solved to-day. That depends, however, on the share of trade Japan can secure in a normalizing world. A great deal of the answer rests in American hands, and it is not without irony that Japan's economic difficulties came at the moment when she threatened the "independent financing" of the Chinese Republic.

CHARLES HODGES

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Ibañez, V. Blasco. Woman Triumphant. Dutton.

Irwin, Wallace. Trimmed with Red. Doran.

Maugham, W. Somerset. The Explorer. Doran.

Merwin, Samuel. Hills of Han. Bobbs-Merrill.

Pryde, Anthony. Marqueray's Duel. McBride.

Thurston, E. Temple. Sheepskins and Grey Russet. Putnam. $2.50.

Waugh, Alec. The Loom of Youth. Doran.

Wells, H. G. Love and Mr. Lewisham. Doran.

ART

Villiers, Frederic. Days of Glory. Introduction by Philip Gibbs. Doran.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

Benedict, Bertram. A History of the Great War. Vol. II. New York: Bureau of National Literature.

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Gibbs, Philip. Now It Can Be Told. Harpers.

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FREDERIC HARRISON'S article in the *Fortnightly Review*, long extracts from which are given in a cable dispatch to the *Sun and New York Herald*, brings to the front an aspect of the League of Nations deadlock to which Americans would do well to give more attention than they have done. Especially is this passage in the veteran publicist's article worth pondering:

> It is plain that the league covenant and the President's fourteen points were the American conditions which the republic brought, with the enormous weight of her wealth, her inexhaustible armies and her natural resources, into the war. But for that covenant, Great Britain, France and Italy would have made a quick, plain, direct peace in some form with their enemies.
>
> But the terms of American intervention entirely transformed the whole situation. Civilized nations had been banded into a moral alliance. Peace had been bound up with the American Utopia and fifty nations of Europe and Asia had been fired with a passion for self-assertion at the call of the biggest of the Entente Powers.
>
> Then the domestic quarrel in the American Republic broke out. She withdrew from action in the council, but she did not withdraw from words. Refusing to meet the council, refusing men, money and goods and her own creation, the League of Nations, she does not cease to complain and to interfere, both officially and unofficially, in the doings of her own allies and the execution of her own treaty.

Mr. Wilson of course expected the Covenant to be ratified, but when he found that it could not be ratified, in any reasonable time, unless he made certain concessions, he was in the position of a man who had advised his associates to make profound alterations in their plans, under an engagement on his part to effect certain essential arrangements. Has he ever considered whether it was not his absolute duty to come as near effecting these arrangements as possible? Has he considered that long delay might impose upon the nations that had trusted him evils of unspeakable magnitude and gravity? Has he asked himself whether he had a right to proceed upon his own individual notions of what is best, without consulting the wishes or opinions of those who had placed their trust in his promise?

THE Presidential primary, at its present stage of development, is an ugly, clumsy, expensive, and almost futile piece of political machinery. The feature of it that has been most conspicuous in the public mind during the closing stages of the Republican pre-convention campaign is the expenditure of large sums of money. In the case of General Wood's campaign, the adverse impression is produced not so much by the total—which, considering the extent of his operations, is not greatly out of proportion with others—as the circumstance that so large a part came from, or was guaranteed by, a single wealthy man. The newspapers, as a rule—and the people, too, we believe—are showing a good deal of quiet good sense in recognizing that a primary campaign can not be carried on without spending much money. They are not being stampeded into any hysterical outcry of corruption; and, while General Wood's chances have been injured by the campaign-fund developments, they have by no means been destroyed.

SENATOR JOHNSON'S decision not to bolt may be variously interpreted. His devoted followers have, of course, set him down as a good fellow. Americans with alien hearts are doubtless already casting about for another candidate who will advance their special interests. Meanwhile Republican managers, whose forte is figures, have probably come to the conclusion that Johnson has a feeling for figures, too. This is not to say that the California Senator is no longer to be thought of as a power at the Chicago Convention. But if the point has been reached at which he thinks it indiscreet to adopt the old ruse of expressing supreme confidence now, with the chance of crying fraud later, forecasting the outcome of the Chicago Convention is, by so much at least, simplified.

THE New York *Times* may be all right editorially, but in its handling of news it shows shocking inefficiency. A paper like that ought to know that when Debs was notified of his nomination for the Presidency, the scene that was enacted, and the words that were spoken, should have received as little prominence as possible, and that the story, even on an inside page, should have been skillfully colored so as to make a damaging impression. Instead of that, we find it presented with large and alluring headlines on the first page, filling a whole column there, and continued

on the third. And that is not the worst of it. The scene is described in simple and sympathetic language; the reader gets the impression that Debs is suffering imprisonment in the spirit not of spectacular martyrdom, but of calm and dignified suffering for a great cause. Eloquent and moving passages are given from the speech of notification and from Debs's reply. What does the *Times* mean by thus betraying the interests which it professes to serve—which, as every soap-box orator in the country knows, all "capitalist" editors have sold their souls to serve? If we can't get this sort of news suppressed, or distorted, or colored, in the *Times*, what good is there in having a "capitalist press" at all?

"A FREE man may stop work when he pleases, and the consequences are no one's affair but his own." So Mr. Gompers, in the Carnegie Hall debate with Governor Allen, of Kansas. Let us see. If the right to strike is wholly without limitation, except the pleasure of the striker, it would be "no one's affair but his own" in case it should please him to abandon the wheel of a steamer in the St. Lawrence rapids, for example, with the possible loss of life of most or all the passengers on board. Mr. Gompers would have to admit, if pressed, that there are conceivable limits beyond which the possible consequences of a strike are very emphatically the affair of others besides the striker himself. Society has become very sure, and Mr. Gompers is doubtless very sure, that certain practices which formerly pleased many employers of labor could no longer be regarded as no one's affair but their own, and legal requirements are fast making these practices impossible. We may readily grant to Mr. Gompers that the right to strike, in general, rests on a sound basis and can not be swept away, consistently with the fundamental tenets of freedom. It does not follow, however, that there are no possible cases or circumstances which would justify a temporary or partial modification of that right. Whether Kansas has gone too far, in the legislation which sprang from a desire to make impossible a repetition of the suffering caused by the coal strike, is primarily a question of fact and of expediency.

THERE is little more to be said about the two-billion-dollar bonus; the scheme has long appeared moribund, and the House in passing it showed it up for the thing it is. A good deal might be said about the high sense of responsibility, the far-seeing statesmanship, exhibited by the one hundred and seventy-four Republicans and the one hundred and twelve Democrats who with cynical levity did what they could to make representative government a laughing-stock. The time for saying it effectively, however, is next November. In their opinion of the action of the present House sincere advocates of a bonus and its vastly more numerous opponents will be pretty much of one mind.

WHAT Gregory Krassin, by coming to London, and what the Soviet Government, by sending him, hope to achieve is clear enough; the mysterious part in this new act of the Russian tragedy is played by Mr. Lloyd George. Was Bonar Law's denial of British material and moral support of the Polish offensive not exclusively made to dispel suspicions at home, but also with a view to placating the Government at Moscow? If so, why should Lloyd George and his Cabinet Ministers be so anxious to negotiate with a Soviet mission which can not achieve success except at the risk of a fresh rupture between England and France? Besides, if the Soviet régime is on the verge of a collapse, as we are told it is, and can only be saved by a speedy import of rolling stock and machinery for Russia's ruined railroads and industries, why should England go out of her way to help prevent what, until Denikin's defeat, she spent millions in trying to bring about? The only reply that seems to meet these questions is that the Bolshevist activities in Persia and Transcaucasia are causing greater alarm to the Government in London than it would be safe to confess, and, that being so, there is reason to accept with some caution the sanguine predictions of an impending Bolshevist catastrophe. A cessation of Soviet activities in Asia will be demanded from Krassin as the price for which Great Britain will consent to a resumption of trade relations with Russia. However, the French Government will also have a say in the matter, and it is not likely that Paris will consent to this way of safeguarding British interests in Asia without securing the necessary guarantees for the safety of her financial interests in Russia.

IN contrast to Lloyd George's ambiguous policy towards Russia, the attitude of M. Millerand is absolutely clear and consistent. He refused the British Premier's invitation to have M. Cambon be present at the conversations between members of the British Cabinet and the Russian envoy on the ground that France is duly represented on the Allied Economic Council. If it is trade transactions that have to be discussed in London, the French representative on that Council is fully authorized to speak on behalf of the French Government; if political dealings are contemplated, France remains unshaken in her determination not to take part in them. The economic revival of Russia is not the end which Krassin, any more than Lloyd George, has in view. To the Russian it is only a means to an end, the world revolution which the Soviet Government, once firmly established in power by the improvement of economic conditions in Russia, hopes to bring about under the auspices of the Third Internationale. It is a wise and honorable policy which refrains from any action implying recognition of a Government which confessedly aims at the overthrow of that international organization to whose maintenance both France and England, as members of the League of Nations, stand solemnly pledged.

ALIEN minorities in the newly created States of Central Europe have a claim to the protection of the League of Nations, but the security thus gained imposes on them the duty to avoid all provocation in their deal-

ings with the ruling nationalities of the countries they inhabit. The Germans in Czechoslovakia have not yet learned to behave in accordance with this maxim. At the opening meeting of the first elected Parliament at Prague, the seventy German members shouted fierce protests against the use of the Czech language by the Speaker, and when Masaryk, after his election to the Presidency, was presented to the Assembly, the German leader sprang to his feet and led his followers ostentatiously out. This is not the way for the Germans in Bohemia to secure respect either for themselves, their rights, or their nationality. Nor can they increase, by assuming this attitude, the world's confidence in the moral conversion of the German nation as a whole.

THE *Freeman*, in commenting on the Interchurch World Movement, alleges that "the masses" distrust the church because, more than for any other reason, it gave its active support to the war. It may be remarked that the masses, as such, have no unified attitude towards the church. In any hundred men taken out of "the masses" at random will be found a group of firm adherents to the church, a group in opposition, and others of various shades of indifference. But that the masses distrust the church specifically because of its support of the war is contrary to plain facts within the vision of anyone whose eyes are not wilfully closed. For every man who took the attitude of the *Freeman*, scores of these same masses were with wholehearted loyalty upholding the cause of the war by every means in their power. For every woman who took that attitude, the knitting-needles of a hundred were cheerfully contributing to the comfort of willing representatives of the masses on the field of battle.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT, in her life of Molesworth, long ago pointed out how necessary to the pacifist is the war of words; how, renouncing combat on the battlefield, he must needs impart a tenfold virulence to his arguments and denunciations. What persons of a certain sort forswear they must compensate for in some way; what they lack they must make theirs through the imagination. The worship of Bolshevism and other violent forms of social adventure is nowhere so ardent as in the circles of the futile dilettanti. The helpless shut-in takes the wings of morning to pierce Barcan deserts or thread fearsome jungles; the utter failure in the world as it is, exultantly sees himself a Lenin or a Peters in the world as it ought to be. Even men of remarkable powers in one direction, but in other ways hopelessly handicaped, see themselves champions and victors in the fields where they are impotent. Many of the pre-war virilists, says the *Manchester Guardian*, were of this type. There was Stevenson, the invalid, who "figured himself in voluptuous reveries as master of a privateer or commanding a troop of irregular cavalry"; Henley, the lifelong cripple, whose pages reek with physical combat; Synge, the consumptive, "who scorned everything but the life of violence in the open," and even Andrew Lang, frail and "the most donnish of bookmen," whose mind was often, if not usually, running on raids and slaughters. The list might be greatly extended. And so, thinking it all over, perhaps we ought to be more charitable to the parlor Bolshevists. They have high and plentiful warrant for their exercise when they rave and imagine vain things. Though ridiculous, they serve a purpose in reillustrating an old law.

HOW proletarian sabotage always and everywhere, as one rapt enthusiast has recently phrased it, "moves progressively towards truth, beauty, love," is well illustrated in an episode from South Australia told by the Adelaide correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. A campaign of "ca' canny," followed by a strike, in the Government Produce Department, fizzled out after a time, and a normal output was resumed. Thereupon, an epidemic of a more serious form of sabotage broke out in the State Engineering Workshops for the construction and repair of rolling stock. Rivets were put in the reverse way, and the tails were so slightly burred that they would have worked loose as soon as the cars began to run. But before any of the cars were taken out to collapse on the tracks and thereby destroy human life, the plot was discovered by the chief mechanical engineer. The somewhat matter-of-fact boilermakers' union, to which these mechanics belonged, was unable to regard the affair transcendentally and to see in it an expression of truth, beauty, and love. On the contrary, the union formally denounced the men, declared that the work "was deliberately bad and dangerous to the travelling public," that it "is a wicked thing to do bad work on rolling stock of any kind" and fined the devotees of the new faith $25 each. The penalty will no doubt be regarded in the coteries of the illuminate as an outrageous and a reactionary one. Evidently the doctrine of the beatification of proletarian sabotage is not making its way without occasional reverses.

AN anonymous writer, using the initials S. E., editorially certified to be a "professor in an American college," has been wrestling in the columns of the *Socialist Review* with the subject, "The 'Free Speech' Fallacy." The keystone of the liberalist edifice, it seems, is the liberal's faith in "freedom of discussion." But under capitalism, according to the professor, there isn't any such thing. Even where there is legal or formal freedom (which at any time may be restricted), there is no positive freedom in the sense of adequate means or opportunity of discussion. For positive freedom "equally large and constant audiences must be available to rival ideas and programmes." When a small group, in the high and holy name of the proletariat, overturns the capitalist régime, then and not till then can we have "freedom of discussion." That is, all those who approve of the new régime may freely express their approval. As for those who do not approve—well, the thing to do with them is to label them "counter-revolutionaries," and then silence them. The demand for "freedom of discussion" by any one labelled a "counter-revolutionary" is, of course, the height of effrontery.

The Problem at Chicago

IT is not a happy situation that confronts the Republican National Convention which meets at Chicago next Tuesday. The difficulties with which it is beset are of a wholly different character from those that one associates with the history of past Presidential struggles. The contests in the primaries, so far from clarifying, have only further clouded the situation. Such rivalries as those between Conkling and Blaine, between McKinley and Reed, brought out factional animosities more sharply defined, but less difficult to handle, than those with which the coming Convention will have to grapple. Even the Convention of 1912, though confronted with an ominous schism, and one that in fact resulted in disaster, had a comparatively simple question to answer, and had to answer it with a plain Yes or No. At Chicago next week, there is an ill-defined conflict, big with possibilities of harm to the party, which every man realizes, but of which no man can define the exact character.

The difficulty relates both to platform and to candidates; and on the very eve of the Convention no way out of it presents itself clearly in any direction. Of the three most notable men that have been in the public mind as possible nominees not one is in the usual sense a commanding political figure. Senator Johnson, who is the most political figure of the three, has shown himself capable of rallying a big following, but it is a following of nondescript character. Furthermore his candidacy would so obviously fail to be representative of the party as a whole that his selection by the Convention is almost unthinkable; and neither his principles nor his record have the stuff in them that could bear the strain of the Presidential canvass. The other two of the three men we have in mind are, of course, General Wood and Mr. Hoover. Both of these men have behind them a record of distinguished achievement that has received high national recognition; but neither of them has been a political leader. The hostility of the Johnson forces is a great obstacle to the choice of either Wood or Hoover; and there is not behind either of these men that kind of intense political force that makes for the ultimate overcoming of any opposition, however powerful—the kind of force, for example, which caused Woodrow Wilson to triumph over Champ Clark in the long-drawn-out struggle at Baltimore in 1912.

As regards platform, it does not look as though there would be any great difficulty in drawing one up that would be fairly satisfactory to the party and the country, except so far as regards the question of the treaty and the League of Nations. But on the other hand, there seems to be little prospect of the platform containing anything that will awaken enthusiasm or keen interest. The Convention will have the benefit of the careful and systematic work that has been done by the Advisory Committee to the Republican National Committee. This, if availed of, will serve to make the platform rational and respectable, which will be a thing to be thankful for; but whether it will afford a strong basis for effective public appeal is another question. And as regards the treaty and the League, the party is in a most difficult situation. It looks as though the best it could do, in view of the utter disorganization within the party, is to make a declaration that will hold together everybody who is not in favor of accepting the treaty without reservations. A master hand could do better than that; but no master hand is in sight.

A few months ago, it might well have been thought that even with a colorless platform and a commonplace candidate the Republican party could go into the campaign with a certainty of victory. The chances are still strongly in its favor, but the chance of defeat is far from negligible. The danger of widespread disaffection is manifestly indicated in the story of the Johnson movement. And on the Democratic side a distinct possibility of the injection of new life has recently come to the fore. That party has, in the person of Ambassador John W. Davis, a resource which, if availed of, may give to the forthcoming campaign a character quite different from that which it would have under the leadership of any other of the men that have been named for the candidacy. His exceptional fitness, both in ability and character, are recognized with singular unanimity; and he has been just sufficiently identified with the present Administration to commend him to supporters of President Wilson without burdening him with the odium which in so many directions the Administration has incurred. And, whether they nominate Mr. Davis or not, the Democrats have an advantage which, in a situation so plastic as that of to-day, is of incalculable value, in that they will not have to make their decision until several weeks after the Republicans have gone to the country with theirs. It will not take any extraordinary amount of political sagacity to draw important conclusions from the way in which the work of the Chicago Convention will have been received by the country.

The Republican Convention will have before it two conspicuous candidates neither of whom has, like Wood or Hoover, been identified with affairs of national magnitude, but both of whom have political records that afford a substantial claim to the nomination, Governor Lowden and Governor Coolidge. Lowden's claim rests on solid achievement in the fiscal affairs of the State of Illinois, and especially on his introduction of a budget system; and altogether it appears as though he were the kind of a man who, in ordinary times, would make an entirely satisfactory President. Governor Coolidge, without having had, so far as we know, any special fiscal problem to deal with, makes a much more vivid appeal to the imagination. It is not only his conduct in relation to the police strike, but the tone and character of a number of his utterances that make him an outstanding figure. One has, in regard to him, something of the kind of feeling that the country had in regard to Cleveland in the beginning of his career in New York. One feels that with him the funda-

mental principles of American government and American life are so ingrained a part of his being that he could be trusted to meet any situation with courage and with practical wisdom. And a consideration that is by no means of minor importance is the character that a man like Coolidge would be likely to impart to the campaign. It is not only that his speeches by their vigor and terseness would be good "vote-getters"; something more than the question of the chances of the campaign is involved. His habit is to speak firmly and to the point; and from the present look of things it seems that nothing will be more needful to the country than that its political thought should be clarified—focused upon real issues, instead of being dissipated into all manner of vagueness.

There are other men upon whom the choice of the Convention may fall; the chance of the nomination of a "dark horse" is, in a situation like the present, always considerable. Nor is the mere fact of a man having been a "dark horse" inconsistent with the possibility of his being an inspiring candidate. But the prospect of such an eventuality is very slight. The one man whose selection would carry with it a thrill of high hope is Herbert Hoover. With his name is associated the thought of great things done for the world in that agony through which it passed so recently, an agony in which our hearts were engaged as nothing else could engage them, an agony which, alas, is being prolonged but which finds our country a paralyzed, and apparently almost indifferent, onlooker. With his name, too, is associated the thought of administrative genius and executive efficiency, which would arouse high expectations of help in the economic tangle in which our affairs are involved. The nomination of Hoover would arouse in millions of breasts a kind of hopeful expectancy to which the country has long been a stranger. If the question were solely as to where lay the greatest possibilities of immediate constructive achievement, there could be little doubt as to the answer.

But even from the highest standpoint of patriotic foresight, it can not truthfully be said that this consideration ought to be regarded as conclusive. In a certain sense, and that by no means a remote or unsubstantial one, the turning to Hoover is a sign of political poverty. The Presidency of the United States is an office charged not only with colossal responsibilities and magnificent opportunities in the administrative field, but with a political potency to which there is not, anywhere in the world, even a distant parallel. Whatever crisis may arise in the clash of classes or interests, in the struggle between opposing political, economic, or social ideals, the man who is invested with the power of the Presidency retains it undisturbed for four years. And one may say without gross exaggeration that in the case of a strong man with a mighty hold on the public imagination, that power is, for the time being, almost anything that he may be inclined to make it.

When we elect a President, we put ourselves into his hands in a degree unknown to the parliamentary system that obtains in countries like Great Britain or France. When this is done in the case of a man with a long or well-defined political record, that record, together with his personal character and ability, usually furnishes sufficient assurance of the attitude and conduct which may be expected of him in any new situation that may arise. In the case of Mr. Hoover, character and ability are all that could possibly be desired; but he has not been tested in the field of politics or government. Splendid as is his record, it does not furnish the kind of assurance of safety that a much more ordinary political record would be quite capable of affording. There is no scale by which one can measure the claims of safety on the one hand, and those of high possibilities of extraordinary service on the other. But it is not a mean or pusillanimous thing to attempt to weigh them in the balance against each other. If Hoover should be elected President, we should have reason to look forward to great things; but we should not have as much reason for absolute confidence in the safety of the Republic as if Coolidge were elected. And eight years of a President of unusual gifts, who has pursued high aims in his own extraordinary fashion, has borne in upon many of us a keen appreciation of what may be said in behalf of a President of less extraordinary quality, provided he be known to be of sterling stuff.

American Isolation

THE President could not do otherwise than veto the Knox resolution declaring a state of peace with Germany. It was not a good way of dealing with our relations either with Germany or with our associates in the war. It was not necessary as a means of bringing to an end the operation in our domestic affairs of the war-time laws. This could have been accomplished by direct repeal. It was merely a move in the game of "passing the buck" between President and Senate. Both its passage by the Senate and its rejection by the President were foregone conclusions—almost matters of mechanical routine.

Of far greater interest than the act of rejection is the character of the veto message. Mr. Wilson rests the veto neither on justice nor on practical detail, but on broad grounds of national honor and national policy. And the large issue that he thus once again brings to the front is a real one. We shall have to keep it in mind throughout the approaching Presidential campaign—and after that, until the nation has taken some definite position. The veto message, brief as it is, touches many points, but the heart of it is in this passage:

> The Treaty as signed at Versailles has been rejected by the Senate of the United States, though it has been ratified by Germany. By that rejection and by its methods we had in effect declared that we wish to draw apart and pursue objects and interests of our own, unhampered by any connections of interest or of purpose with other Governments and peoples.

For the situation which he thus describes, the President must himself be held in a preponderant degree responsible. He has never recognizd the duty of maintaining our "connections of interest or of purpose with other Governments and peoples" by gaining for a feasible and moderate

compromise the support of those who, while not following him to the letter, were sincerely desirous that the country should bear its rightful part in the reëstablishment of the world's order, the securing of the world's peace, the restoration of the world's prosperity. Month by month, the hopelessness of anything being accomplished has sapped the nation's interest, until at last it almost seems as though the nation itself were ready to declare for that isolation which, when the treaty was first presented to the Senate, was advocated only by a few extremists. Whether Lodge and his followers were right or wrong, is not the question; what has certainly been wrong is the President's unvarying assumption that he alone is entitled to form a judgment, and that if that judgment is not accepted everything must go to smash.

In the recognition of this, in the pondering of it at this moment, much more is involved than the mere allocation of blame. The nation has not, in point of fact, taken its stand on the issue. Between the nation and the issue there has been interposed the impassable obstacle of a political deadlock. It is of the first importance that the public should be keenly aware of this fact; because the surest way to make our position, for good and all, that which the President describes, is to spread abroad the notion that that position has already been actually taken by the nation, or by the majority party in the nation. It has not. Even in their final form—and they might almost certainly have been put through many months ago in much milder form—the reservations left a great deal of the League Covenant effective. Above all, their acceptance would have put us into the League. To prevent us from cutting loose from all connection with our associates in the war, and from all participation in the work of world restoration, that is still the one way, and it is still open. To create the impression that it is not, is to do the greatest disservice that can, at this juncture, be done to the cause of coöperation between America and Europe.

The German Elections

THE decision of the Conference held at Hythe to postpone the meeting at Spa until after the German elections for the Reichstag, should be taken by the German people as a flattering recognition of its increased importance. In the days before the war it mattered little to the non-German world what party sent the greatest number of representatives to Berlin, as the Reichstag under the Imperial régime had only a shadow of control over Germany's international relations. Only the growth of German Social-Democracy under Bebel's eminent leadership attracted attention abroad. A more and more industrialized Germany under Junker rule, adding year after year fresh thousands to her army of wage workers and consequently to the internationally organized army of the Social-Democratic party, was a spectacle worth watching in its developments. A clash between these two forces became more and more imminent, and the lighthearted unconcern with which the men in power at Berlin rushed into the war was partly due to their conviction that only by calling up the danger from abroad could they prevent the German internationalists from bringing the disruptive process within to a head.

It was only natural, then, that the Emperor's defeat and overthrow should bring the Socialists into power who had been the only party to oppose his autocratic régime. But this political success diminished, relatively speaking, their importance as a party, as the same revolution had freed the bourgeois parties from the shackles of "Kaisertreue" and given them a more independent standing. To each of them now falls the task of formulating principles for the guidance of the Government, and it is for the voters to decide which of those principles shall be adhered to. That gives to the coming elections next week a special importance, and we are glad to print, in another column, an illuminating article by Dr. Paul Rohrbach, from which the readers of the *Review* may gain an estimate of the parties' strength and chances.

The chief interest of his survey centres in the account he gives of the German Democratic party and of its tendencies to reorient itself in two directions, nationally towards the right, socially towards the left, to declare itself, in other words, for a programme virtually identical with that of the Majority Socialists while insisting on the realization of national ideals as against the dream of international brotherhood. Dr. Rohrbach is careful to remind us, in a footnote, of the intrinsic difference in German between the terms "National" and "Nationalistic"; the foreigner's appreciation of the Democratic Party's activity will, indeed, be dependent on the meaning which it will give to its name, not in profession, but in practice. That he describes this two-sided reorientation as the old ideal of Friedrich Naumann offers food for reflection. Naumann was the prophet of a mid-Europe under the German ægis, which was to be the achievement of the war, and in the book in which he developed that conception he praised his friend Rohrbach for being the eloquent preacher of "the German idea in the world." Were the eulogist and his friend, when those words were written, five years ago, the advocates of a "national" or a "nationalistic" policy—were they patriots or chauvinists? The aggressive policy of the Hohenzollern which they supported with their pen supplies a decisive answer to that question. A nationalism which requires for the realization of its ambitions the subjection of other peoples' nationality makes chauvinists of patriots. The country's boundary marks the dividing line between a national and a nationalistic policy. "Am deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen" is the slogan of an arrogant chauvinism, of which the world, averse to such a cure, will hear no more.

The enthusiasm over the initial victories of the German arms created the atmosphere in which the nationalistic ambitions of Naumann and Rohrbach could thrive. We should do injustice to the former's memory and our contributor's judgment if we did not deem them capable of realizing their

error in the cruel light of subsequent actualities. The present moment demands, from a German patriot's point of view, the cure, first of all, of a Germany sick to death; and the world will not deny her the right to be cured of the disease "am deutschen wesen." The Democratic party, in attempting that German cure by the application of far-reaching social reforms, may justly claim to stand for a national policy, and if it lives up to its claim, forswearing in practice past chauvinistic ambitions, there is some hope of Germany's recovery, both physical and moral, and of her reconciliation with the world.

From Cow to Consumer

FROM the cow to the ultimate consumer was the shortest possible distance for the infant Jupiter, hiding in a cavern from his father Kronos, according to the Cretan legend, and drawing his nourishment from the udders of the goat *Amalthea* with his own lips. Nor had Romulus and Remus any further to go, though the "cow" in their case was not even a goat, but a motherly-hearted wolf.

In addition to these instances of a milk supply absolutely direct, Mediterranean legend gives us also an example in which the help of the middleman is reduced to the very minimum of cost-increasing interference. When Metabus, the Volscian, as Virgil tells us, fled from his rebellious people into the mountains, carrying his infant daughter Camilla in his arms, he fed her by milking the warm fluid directly into her mouth, from the udders of the wild mares that roamed the forests. There was no unnecessary cost here, surely, unless Metabus had to waste valuable time in persuading the mare to submit.

Even yet, occasionally, the traveler may see an urchin of Naples or Palermo begging for a mouthful of goat's milk *alla Camilla;* but the milkman is apt to show a spirit of jest, rather than a concern for the child's nourishment, and neck, eyes, hair and mouth share about equally in the donation. In much of Italy and Sicily, however, there is no great loss between goat or cow and the coffee cup. The American traveler in Girgenti, for example, starting for a sunrise ramble among the temple ruins of the plain below, may ask the keeper of some little *ristorante* for *caffè e latte* before he has laid in his morning supply. He goes to the door with a little pitcher, looks up and down the street until he spies a bunch of goats, and is back in less than two minutes with just the amount needed. A lone American guest in a little *pensione* among the ruins of ancient Syracuse saw the goat that furnished the milk for his breakfast driven up in a donkey cart and milked before the door. On some of the public squares of Palermo one may see a donkey cart standing for a large part of the day, with two or three cows attached to it, and a calf tied to the tail of each cow, the owner at hand to milk the required amount for any customer who may appear. If the traveler is curious to know why the calves are brought along, he will be told—or will see, if he watches long enough—that the cow is sometimes stubborn about giving down her milk, and the calf has to be used as a "starter."

The advantage of these more direct modes of supply are evident, such as they are. No ice is needed to keep the milk from souring in your refrigerator, when you can call up a goat and get it fresh from the original package at almost any hour of the day. And you can save materially in the fuel required to boil it, when you have a temperature of about 100 to start from. You may know, also, that it has not been watered; and there is some satisfaction in knowing just where it comes from. If you do not like the milk from Giulio's spotted goat to-day, you can try a pint from Giuseppe's white one to-morrow. But whence comes the milk in the bottle set down at the door of the New Yorker, pasteurized, graded, and sealed, according to the officially imposed formula? No man on earth could tell you. The delivery man knows at what distributing station his wagon was loaded, but back of that all certainty vanishes. No one cow may have been responsible for even a spoonful in the entire quart. No one dairy farm may have supplied any considerable fraction of it. The grass that clothes the hills and valleys of any one of many possible combinations of counties and States may be represented in it. No, the satisfaction of knowing specifically where it came from can never be yours.

You can have fair assurance, however, that it is clean. Doubtless neither the goat *Amalthea* nor the wolf of the Capitol had her udders washed in any germ-destroying solution before the infant Jupiter, or Romulus and Remus, took their meals; and there is a very striking contrast between the goats and cows and their milkers, wandering unwashed through the dirty streets of a South Italian city, and the cleanliness of milker, cow, and stall of a modern New York dairy farm. Seventy years ago the proposition of an enthusiast that the milk supply should be protected by Government tests and inspection was used by Herbert Spencer as an instance of the absurd length to which Government might go in its encroachment on individual liberty. But to-day the deadly peril that may lurk in unclean milk is too well known to leave any popular support for the liberty of a dairyman to be clean or unclean, according to his own will. In a more complicated civilization, with a more accurate knowledge of dangers heretofore unappreciated, even those of us who believe in as little government interference as possible see more points at which government curtailment of certain liberties seems imperative.

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The Political Parties in Germany

A SUBVERSION of the German party system was the natural consequence of the Revolution. The parties themselves, however, though most of them have changed their names, are not sufficiently aware that the emergence of new political problems necessitates a reorientation of their aims and a restatement of the reasons for their existence.

Social-Democracy has sustained the strongest shock in the upheaval. At the outbreak of the war the party as a whole went hand in hand with the bourgeois parties, which until then had always claimed to be the "National" parties. But from the outset there was among the Socialists an opposition to the war and the war credits, and when, in the course of time, this opposition took visible shape by the secession of the "Independents" from the great Social-Democratic party, the day had arrived on which the German Revolution virtually began. It broke out at a time not of economic prosperity, but of economic depression, which from the German standpoint ended in a catastrophe in consequence of the blockade against the import of foodstuffs and raw materials not being raised after the conclusion of the armistice. The so-called Majority Socialists, the old party, saw clearly that under these circumstances it would be impossible to realize the theoretical ideal of the Marxian system. They restricted themselves to strong theoretical statements and a few moderate attempts at practical nationalization. Even that little proved difficult to carry through. The Majority Socialists, moreover, recognized the democratic principle, that is, the right of decision on matters of legislation, Constitution, government, and administration by the majority of the people. As this majority, at the elections early in 1919 for the National Assembly, voted a bourgeois ticket, the compromise policy appeared unavoidable from the Socialist standpoint, and will remain unavoidable so far as the Majority Socialists are concerned, as a majority of the two Socialist parties over the total bourgeois vote is very improbable for a long time to come. In this way the Majority Socialists, from a revolutionary party, have become a radical reform party, which differs from a Socialism of bourgeois conception chiefly in this, that it still considers itself a Labor party, and in that it subordinates its national aims to the international principle. Its right wing, however, seems to tend towards a revision, in these two points also, of the pre-war attitude of the old Social-Democracy.

The "Independent" Social-Democratic party is feebly represented in the National Assembly, as compared with the Majority Socialists, but it has, doubtless, among the masses, at the present time, a great many more supporters than at the time of the elections early in 1919. The extremists of the party, it is true, have left it again, the most radical to join orthodox Bolshevism, the others to form the Communist party; but the dividing lines between these three groups are vague and fluctuating. The Independents demand, according to the old programme, immediate nationalization and the actual dictatorship of the proletariat through the system of the soviets, in conformity with the Russian example. By the dictatorship the bourgeois will everywhere be ousted from power, and nationalization must be realized at once and without mercy. The democratic principle that the majority shall decide is not recognized by the Independents; they oppose to it the will and the "superior" right of the labor class to reorganize, according to their demands, the state and the social structure, together with the process of production and the division of the proceeds of labor. The rapid growth of the Independents' following is chiefly due to the circumstance that, in spite of the Revolution having extended the political rights of the people and the actual power of the labor class in particular, this increase of right and power was not accompanied by an improvement of their material existence. Foodstuffs, clothing, and all commodities remain scarce and expensive, and although strikes can enforce increasingly higher wages, their purchasing power will never equal that of the much lower wages of pre-war days. Hence the masses are easily persuaded that only the absolute dictatorship and the relentless destruction of all the opposing capitalistic interests of the bourgeoisie can bring them relief. This is, so far as Germany is concerned, an error, but the error is comprehensible, and there are no popular arguments against it. Distrust, unrest, and discontent at the high cost of living are the pacemakers of the Independents in their race for a majority over the old Socialist party at the polls, and it is not unlikely that the Majority Socialists will soon lose their title to that name.

The counterpart of the Social Democracy on the right is the German National People's party (Deutschnationale Volkspartei), formed by the old Conservatives with militaristic, agrarian, and Pan-German leanings, and the German People's party (Deutsche Volkspartei), which had its origin in the right wing of the former National Liberals, and which receives support, as the latter did, from the industrial magnates and a large body of men with university training. The German People's party is the great protagonist of the capitalistic interests and of the capitalistic organization of society. It insists on the necessity of leaving capital as much unimpaired as possible. It sees itself compelled by the force of circumstances to make concessions with regard to economic legislation, the influence of the workers on the management of the shop, etc., and many of its leaders have come forward with good suggestions on these subjects. But they are firmly opposed to the principle of nationalization. The party's internal strength depends on the membership of the bulk of the German intellectuals, and on the use, for agitation purposes, of the fundamentally false, but superficially convincing argument that Germany was great as a monarchy but, as a Republic under the rule of Social-Democracy, has come to grief. An interesting fact, which may prove the beginning of an important development, is the rise of social ideas among the extreme right, in the bosom of the German National People's party. In the field of social progress there is a better chance of an agreement between the democratic Socialism of the Left and the ethical Socialism within the German National party, than of the former with the capitalistic tendencies of the People's party.

A curious organization, destined, perhaps, to play the leading rôle in Germany's political future, is the German Democratic party (Deutsche Democratische Partei). It is true, however, that, constituted as it is at present, it can not exist very much longer. Its development tends, obviously, in two opposite directions: nationally* towards the right, socially towards the left. This is the old ideal of the greatest thinker whom the party ever counted among its members: the late Dr. Friedrich Naumann, who, as long as twenty years ago, tried to found a separate National Social party. Such a development would eliminate from the party, on the one side, the elements of the capitalistic class; on the other, all such elements of lukewarm nationalism as subordinate national to international ideals. The attraction of this movement, as against Social Democracy, is in its appeal to national sentiment, and, as against the right, in so far as this is anti-Socialistic, in its freedom from prejudice in social matters. If this National-Social principle should be made the corner-stone of the Democratic party, the consequence would be, in the bosom of the party, that internationalism and capitalism would lose their hold on it and that the socially minded elements of the right and such Socialists as are susceptible to national sentiment would feel attracted towards it; and for that reason it is not improbable that the devel-

*There is a great difference in German between "national" and "nationalistic," almost analogous to that between "patriotic" and "chauvinistic."

opment of the German Democratic party will bring about a more clear-cut division in the German party system. Democrats who are convinced adherents of the Republic, and such as, from tradition and sentiment, are in favor of monarchism are fairly well balanced within the party, but both groups are at one in their loyal acceptance of the present German Constitution.

Independent of any organization based on political principles, the Christian People's party (Christliche Volkspartei), still better known by its old name as the Centre, finds its chief strength in the Roman-Catholicism uniting its members and in the authority of the clergy. But the tension within the party is stronger than it ever was. Since the Catholic labor masses saw what power their class had gained, thanks to the Social-Democratic Revolution, it was only natural and unavoidable that class feelings became more and more pronounced among them. It would prove impossible to keep them within the Centre, if the party should turn unsocial and undemocratic. That is the reason for the remarkable coalition of the Centre with Social-Democracy and the German Democrats. The right wing of the Centre, however, has strong leanings towards monarchism, and conservative tendencies. In proportion to the growth of the influence on the party of the social radicalism of its left wing, the temptation will grow stronger for the aristocracy and the intellectuals of Catholic Germany to join the German Nationals, the extreme right in Parliament, where also Protestant orthodoxy has its seats.

All parties in Germany, therefore, are passing through a crisis. None of them has as yet readjusted itself to the new conditions created by the Revolution. The complete and surprisingly quick repression of the counter-revolution has shown, however, that strong reactionary forces are non-existent. To return to the old régime is the sentimental wish of the entire right, but the determination and the will to bring it back are nowhere apparent.

Dr. Paul Rohrbach

Berlin

The House of Piotr Ivanovitch

"Do you see that half-burned house over there on the knoll?" asked Carson.

"Yes, the one with the red-tiled roof. Looks as if it had been the best one in the village."

"It was; it is always the best one that gets burned."

We were driving through a Russian village not far from St. Petersburg in the early summer of 1914. It might just as well have been in any other part of the country, for Carson knew what he was talking about. He had lived in Russia at least fifteen years, had business interests that took him everywhere, and had a more intimate knowledge of rural Russia than any other American I knew. His remark that it is always the best house in the village that gets burned made no impression, however, for I at once set it down to an unsatisfactory breakfast or the vile cigar he was smoking, or to one of his occasional caustic attitudes towards everything Russian. Seeing this, he looked me square in the face and said, "I see you do not believe me, but I mean just what I say. If a Russian peasant builds a much finer house than those of his neighbors they will burn it down for him."

Carson was well started now on his favorite theme, namely, Russian peasant characteristics, and I saw he was about to give me some information gratis that I should have been glad to pump him for. I subsided and let him ramble.

"You see, when I first came to this country in the life insurance business it was a very new business for the Russian peasant. Few of them had heard about it and none of them knew anything about it. I made several exploration trips to Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, Odessa, then over to the lower Volga region at Astrakhan and up that stream to Tsaritsin, Samara, Kazan, Nijni Novgorod, and then back to St. Petersburg. From each of these cities I made short excursions by droshky through the surrounding villages, prospecting for local agents. Business? I never imagined we should get much more than expenses out of it if we were lucky, not when I first saw those villages. Why man, just imagine it! No fences, no roads, except mere cart tracks that didn't seem to go anywhere in particular; no farmsteads, for the farmers all lived in the villages; no welcoming groves of beckoning trees to show where somebody lived on the soil and loved it and cared for it. And the villages were laid out with but little attention to order and no regard for the compass, the houses were mere cabins of the same color as the soil, with thatched roofs and small cabbage gardens surrounded by a brush fence. Not much prospect for life insurance under such conditions, I thought; for how can you persuade people to take an interest in their estate, their posterity, or even in their own later days when they evidently have so little in their immediate surroundings. The houses or shanties were so much alike that they worried me. I even tried to show them how to build better ones, but they looked at me with suspicion. I have learned a lot about them in fifteen years, and now that I understand their point of view, let me say that I do not altogether condemn it. Strange as it may seem to you, I will even say that I respect it."

Carson glanced at me to enjoy my look of incredulity, seemed satisfied, and went on.

"I had with me an educated young Russian as interpreter and adviser. He is with me yet for that matter, is Ivan Andreivitch Ephimoff, for there is no more faithful and devoted helper anywhere than a Russian when he has become attached to you. With his assistance I selected our local agents from among the most thrifty and ambitious young men in the villages. These we called together in conference in the nearest city, and explained to them the purpose and working of a life insurance company. I was quite unprepared for the interest they took in it, and the rising enthusiasm that seemed to seize upon them as they consulted together, and quizzed my interpreter Ivan Andreivitch for more instructions from the 'barin.' When we were alone I in turn quizzed Ivan Andreivitch, and got very little return for my pains.

"Before long my business was growing astonishingly, and I remembered those forlorn little villages with wonder. Policies were issued, the premiums were paid regularly, and the applicants seemed to come without asking. One peculiarity I noticed was that the payments uniformly came by postal money order and not by bank check. I asked Ivan Andreivitch for an explanation. 'Perhaps,' he replied, 'it is because the peasants have no adequate banking facilities.' 'What, none at all?' 'Generally not; and sometimes they do not trust those that they have.' 'Ah! I think I begin to see.' 'Perhaps the barin sees also,' said Ivan Andreivitch, smiling significantly, 'why this life insurance business became popular immediately.' 'Possibly I do. You mean that because the banking facilities were inadequate the people turned to life insurance as to a bank deposit.' 'Yes, but that is not all. Can you guess the rest?' 'That is enough for my purposes; but if there are other reasons, I have not yet discovered them.' 'Wait till you do. It will mean a great deal more to you,' said Ivan.

"And still my business continued to astonish me with its growth. You would hardly believe it, but it is at this moment larger than all the rest of our European business put together. I often wondered where the peasants got their money, whether they hoarded it in unsuspected places, and whether they were in fact, as they certainly seemed, all equally poor. A flood of light was thrown upon these questions one summer while visit-

ing at the country home of a wealthy landed proprietor, Sergei Alexeivitch Baritzin, who lived in true baronial style minus the castle, but plus wide spreading lawns, ample gardens, and an abundance of buildings suggestive of old plantation days in America. The respect and deference shown him by his tenants and immediate servants, and the genuine human interest he took in all their small concerns was beautiful to see, and I could not refrain from remarking upon it.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I should think you would notice it, and with approval, too, in spite of your American notions of equality. Don't tell me that you have no trace of the feudal relation since slavery was abolished, for you do have it. Outside of agriculture your whole industrial system is built upon it, just as in western and central Europe, and the laborers are merely the retainers of their lordly employers, dependent upon them for their daily bread. You differ not at all from the barons, knights, and hinds of the Middle Ages, and I envy you not your theoretical equality. What you see on my estate is your own industrial system applied to agriculture, but applied with a conscience and human sympathy, and not with the inhuman claim that labor is just like any other commodity, to be bought at the lowest price. The difference between our feudalism and yours is that here we have not lost the personal touch between the upper and the lower classes, while in America you have, hence their mutual antagonism. Then, too, your rule of the majority—call you that freedom? If I am to be ruled by anybody, any kind of government, I prefer the rule of one intelligent head with a brain in it, a Tsar if you please, rather than the unintelligent, many-headed monster you call the majority. On my estate I am respected, beloved, and obeyed, as you have just observed, and likewise is the Tsar by all law-abiding and upright people.'

"'Yes, Sergei Alexeivitch, I have been much delighted with the cordial relations I have witnessed between you and your tenants, and I wonder if it is the same elsewhere. Do you happen to be sufficiently acquainted with other estates to say that yours is typical, or is it exceptional? I do not ask if everybody is satisfied, but if you please to admit a majority opinion, is the majority reasonably well satisfied, either with your excellent management of your estate, or with, for that matter, the Tsar's management of the Empire?'

"My friend halted for a reply, for as we both knew, disregarding the political issue raised, there were too many cases to the contrary. There were the landlords who never lived on their estates, who hired Jewish overseers, and thus contributed to racial enmities. There were the independent communes as in ancient times, the villages owning their own land and farming it as unintelligently as in ancient times, no landlord above them and but little ambition among them. There were also the independent farmers or peasants who had detached themselves from the village and moved out upon their own land—a rapidly increasing class. But not wishing at that time to go to the end of so large a subject, 'By the way,' I said, 'why was yonder house ruined by fire? I am told that such things are likely to occur to the better houses but never to the poorer ones?'

"'Here comes the very owner,' said Sergei Alexeivitch, 'You speak Russian, ask him.'

"The old peasant doffed his cap as he approached and said 'zdravstvuitsye, barin' (health to you, master).

"'Good morning, Piotr Ivanovitch,' said the master, 'aren't you sorry now that you undertook to build a finer house than your neighbors have?' Piotr shook his head slowly and mournfully—'No, barin, the old one leaked badly and was not warm enough in the winter. My son was to be married and we built a larger house to accommodate us all. A thatched roof burns quickly, barin, and so I roofed it with tile. If it was my neighbors that burned it, they surely did me a great wrong; but I suppose they did not understand.'

"'Never mind, Piotr,' said Sergei Alexeivitch, 'we will all turn in and help you build a new one, and I promise that you will never feel the loss. But mind you, what is good enough for your neighbors is good enough for you, and if you go to putting on airs with a fine showy house, why you can't expect it to last long—you know that now.'

"Piotr Ivanovitch acquiesced with a bow and moved away, apparently resigned to the force of the argument, even if unconvinced of its justice.

"And there," said Carson, turning to me again, "you have the whole case in a nutshell. The Russian peasant's idea of progress is that it must not be by individuals but in mass. They accept existing class distinctions without seeking to justify them, but the class at least must move forward together or better not move at all. Injustices spring from inequalities in condition, unless the strong protect the weak. Russia has taught me that much," said Carson with conviction. "America in colonial times was a country of practically uniform social conditions, in which wealth played no conspicuous part, and the misfortunes of individuals were alleviated by the community as a matter of course. This was notably the case under frontier conditions. But now, let a man lose his all in a ruined homestead, or worse still, let him lose his job, the only means he has of gaining a livelihood, even through no fault of his own, and the rule is that he will find no neighbors to steady him from falling till he regains his feet. There is nothing succeeds like success in America, and conversely there is no sin like unsuccess. Don't tell me 'No,' I have been through it all in our own dear country and I am not theorizing. I speak from sad experience when I say that progress by individuals means standing as individuals without community support in the day of adversity. That is the Anglo-Saxon way, but it is not the Russian peasants' way, and let us be fair enough to say that theirs has its merits. To me it seems as the greatest lesson of Russia's history that the solidarity and equality of her peasantry are the sheet-anchor of her hope as a nation."

"But," I interposed, "how far have your Russian peasantry advanced in the same time that we have transformed a wilderness into what America is to-day? Are they not in practically the same condition that they were in when we began?"

"Yes, and what is time to a Russian?" replied Carson. "Besides, he might answer you, 'Boast of your past if you like. We look to the future which shall be ours because we have not laid the foundation of our society in inequality and its resulting injustices!' Mind you this: that when the American thinks of inequalities he thinks of political matters; but the Russian means industrial inequalities also."

"Then a political revolution would involve an industrial revolution?"

"Among the industrialized class, yes; among the peasant farmers, no. Land grabbing there would be, and the despoiling of landed estates, but these, however distressful and unjust, would be isolated and not general phenomena, and in the main not the result of peasant initiative."

"And the individual ownership of land," I continued, "as it breaks up the close community of the village, will it not just as surely break up the community spirit?"

"That," sighed Carson, "is very much to be feared. Still, Russian peasant solidarity has been proof against harder tests than that. It is the result of centuries of pounding and hammering together and it will outlast any other that I know."

"One point more, friend Carson: tell me how industrial progress is at all possible, either by individuals or in communities, when progress is so limited that there are no means of saving or investing—no adequate banking facilities, and no houses or other tangible forms of property safe from destruction by envious neighbors." "Ah, that's where I come in," said Carson, smiling ever so sweetly, "life insurance."

J. E. Conner
U. S. Consul at Petrograd, 1909-1914

Anatole France as Preacher

THE speech delivered some months ago by Anatole France to the Congress of Teachers' Institutes at Tours, and reported apparently verbatim in *l'Humanité*, must have been read with astonished, though quite genuine, delight by many of the old novelist's admirers. We have long known that he could write in different styles, but we must be forgiven if we did not before think it possible he could *preach*. Yet it is preaching of a high order that he has now given us. On a somewhat similar occasion, overwhelmed by a like incongruity, certain men of Israel asked, "What is this that is come unto the son of Kish? Is Saul also among the prophets?" His experience of the European tragedy has wrought this change in the gay, debonair Anatole France, even as another—whose very temperament might by itself suggest the comparison—became a new man when Samuel had roused him to a sense of national responsibility, and had poured the oil of anointing upon his head.

It is hard to think of that impassioned address to the teachers on the solemn duties of their office as proceeding from the author of "Penguin Island"or "The Opinions of Jérome Coignard." For it is as an entertainer, a satirist, a skeptic, that Anatole France had so far been chiefly known to us. He had entertained us hugely, and his satire had spared none of our cherished sanctities. But what seemed to forbid still more strongly all thought of him as a guide to progress was the fact that he had been so uniformly skeptical about human advance, and had poured such scorn upon the hopes of world-mending by which others were inspired. A glance at his past in the light of his present may not be without interest and value. It is here offered in no spirit of reproach, for one must be a poor trifler indeed to dwell upon "inconsistencies" in an old man who has seen his world turned upside down. It is more fitting to express one's admiration for those who can make a change in themselves when a changing world demands it.

It was in the year 1870, while the Franco-Prussian war was at its height, and the shells from German guns dropped every few minutes hissing into the Marne, that the writer whom all the world has since come to know as "Anatole France" was doing duty at the front as a conscript. He has told us himself that he carried Vergil's Æneid in his knapsack, and read it as often as he found time. He had no enthusiasm for the business of war, and, when peace was concluded on those terms of desperate humiliation for the French which mankind in general came so slowly to appreciate, he rejoiced to be set free from the burden of his irksome service. The fortunes of Æneas and Dido interested him more than any change in the Europe of his own day.

Forty-four years passed. The unknown youth of twenty-six, who had to attend, against his will, to the first German menace, was a famous man of seventy when that menace appeared again. No one cared much whether he was apathetic in 1869, but not a few were very anxious indeed to know how his immense influence would be exerted in 1914. Nor did his first letter on the subject, counselling a moderation for which his countrymen could see little place, tend to reassure the public mind. But within a few weeks he had wakened up to the grim reality. It caused something like a thrill when we learned that he had ignored the weight of his years, presented himself at the War Office, and requested to be furnished with a rifle. Inconsistency is a poor reproach at best, but it was not even inconsistent to look upon fighting for the Republic in 1914 as quite another matter from fighting for Napoleon III in 1870. Needless to say, the French Government did not agree to enrolling this veteran in the ranks, but declined his spectacular proposal with adequate acknowledgment of his zeal. It was felt that there was another instrument which Anatole France could make mightier than many swords, and he was bidden to return to his pen. His next book, "Sur la Voie Glorieuse," was unlike anything he had ever written before, except in that vividness, pathos, overwhelming power, which he now turned to quite a new purpose. It was a trumpet call to destroy German militarism from top to bottom, a bitter indictment of those who dared to speak of peace until the forces of oppression should have been crushed, an argument to neutral states all over the world that no neutrality was possible in such a crisis, and a moving appeal, such as he knew better than any other man how to write, that Frenchmen should, as of old, be "the champions of their smiling, fertile land, the tombs of their fathers, and the cradles of their children."

Those of us who have long revelled in his books can not help recalling some things he used to say, and wondering to what extent he would now modify them. We knew, indeed, the fervor of his antimilitarism, and were sometimes inclined to suspect him of being a pacifist. Not even Tolstoi himself had been a more mordant critic of the European trend towards war. "Penguin Island" deserves to stand beside "Gulliver's Travels" as a satire upon the society in which its author lived. We remember the statue of "Trinco" in Penguinia, the warrior who had conquered half the known world, planting his flag amid the icebergs of the Pole and on the burning sands of Africa. "At the time of his fall there were left in our country none but the hunchbacks and cripples from whom we are descended . . . But he gave us glory . . . And glory never costs too much." What a lifelike picture we had in "Professor Obnubile," the brilliant economist who taught that wars are no longer possible, because it is an economic axiom that peace without and peace within are essential to the progress of the industrial state! As the professor visited democratic republics, and found to his disgust that they were all busy with armaments, which of us could avoid thinking of Norman Angell, and his book so appropriately named "The Great Illusion"? American readers may have been a little irritated, but they were certainly amused, at the story of New Atlantis, with its legislators sitting on cane chairs and resting their feet upon their desks, passing the accounts for a war with "Third Zealand" to kill two-thirds of the inhabitants that the remaining one-third might be forced to buy Atlantan umbrellas and braces, or decreeing in a few seconds a pig war with "the Emerald Republic which insolently contends with our pigs for the hegemony of hams and sauces in all the markets of the universe." Poor Professor Obnubile was driven to conclude that a wise man would collect enough dynamite to blow up this planet, thus giving satisfaction to the universal conscience. "Moreover," he added, "this universal conscience does not exist."

And, impartial scoffer that he was, Anatole France was no less sarcastic when he wrote of his own countrymen. The "insane Europeans" were plotting to cut one another's throats, though they were united and enfolded by a single civilization. There was no country where the freedom of the individual was less respected than in France. She pretended to be democratic, but was in reality the prey of *la haute finance*. For the last hundred years she had tried an incoherent succession of insurrectionary governments. In the end all bonds had been loosened, and she had become more corrupt than in the worst days of monarchy. Nor did our novelist build any hope upon advancing education, upon the arousing of the masses by the light of knowledge. His attitude used to remind us of Dr. Johnson's dictum that it was not worth spending half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than under another, for it made no difference to the happiness of the individual. It is risky, of course, to attribute to an author the sentiments which he puts into the mouth of characters in his fiction, but in this case we can scarcely be wrong. Just as Conrad, Lara, Harold, Juan were

so many spokesmen of the Byronic temperament, so Bonnard, Coignard, Trubbet, Bergeret were lay figures through whom their creator expounded the Francian theory of life. And however frequently he incarnated himself anew, we meet with the same spirit of genial kindliness rooted in the same profound skepticism about the ideals, the growth, the destiny of the human species. His view often suggested that of a literary Voltairean noble under the *ancien régime*, with many popular sympathies, but with no delusions about intellectualizing the herd.

Rather did the old Anatole France delight to sketch some *roué* man of letters, straitened in purse, dividing his time between the cabarets of the Latin Quarter and the book-shops of the Quai Voltaire—someone like the Marquis Trubbet in "Jean Servien," who had often breakfasted on a page of Tacitus and supped on a satire of Juvenal, but for whom such artistic substitutes, though they might take the place of food, could in no wise do duty for drink. In many of his books he makes one think again of that sympathetic touch with which Balzac used to depict revived aristocracy in the Legitimist period of fifteen years between the fall of Napoleon and the rise of Louis Philippe. They suggest the unmistakable friendliness with which the frail and fair successors of Ninon de L'Enclos were painted, and the far coarser workmanship that Balzac gave us when he tried to present the bourgeois semi-Puritanism prevalent at the court of the Citizen King. For Anatole France in other days was no zealot for the Revolution.

How he loved to caricature the old revolutionary enthusiasms! What fun he poked at the pseudo-history of empires from Noah down to Charlemagne, at the long procession of ambitious princes, greedy prelates, virtuous citizens, philosophic poets, "and other personages who had no real existence outside the novels of Marmontel"! How he laughed at the rhetorical tropes about Brutus and Scaevola and Hannibal, or at the new devices for a pack of playing cards that would have no such undemocratic figures as king, queen, knave, but would substitute Liberty of clubs, Equality of spades, Fraternity of diamonds, and Law of hearts! Coignard's ideal for educating mankind had for its first purpose a very singular rule. Men were to be shown that "their weak and silly nature has never constructed nor imagined anything worth the trouble of attacking or defending very briskly." "If they knew the crudity and weakness of their greatest works, such as their laws and their empires, they would only fight in fun or in play, like children building sand-castles by the sea." Coignard himself would never have signed the Declaration of the Rights of Man, "because of the excessive and unfair separation it establishes between man and the gorilla."

Those who love to trace spiritual affinities in literature often insist that Anatole France owes his deepest inspiration to Ernest Renan, and we know that this discipleship has been explicitly acknowledged by himself. But if we are in search less of the teaching which he consciously followed than of the temperament to which his own was unconsciously akin, it is a different name that will occur to us. We shall think of that calm, reflective, half-sympathetic and half-cynical *grand seigneur* who four hundred and fifty years ago retired from the world's bustle to spend "under the care of the learned maidens" whatever span of life might yet be allotted to him. Constantly as we read the Bergeret books that pensive figure seems to shine through the page, and though the words are the words of Anatole France, it is the spirit of Montaigne that has embodied itself afresh. We see again the placid critic of all things human, heedless alike of the bloodshed in a St. Bartholomew massacre and the cannonading of a Spanish Armada, shut up in the tower of his château with the three bay windows which every tourist knows so well, that he might amass more and more illustrations of the "wonderful, vain, divers, and wavering subjects" presented to scrutiny in the life of mankind, that he might browse with impartial interest among the treasures of literature both sacred and pagan, and that he might amuse his later years by covering beam and rafter with the inscriptions that appealed to his fancy—the aphoristic wit of Martial, the cold skepticism of Lucretius, the glowing poetry of the Psalms, the elegant lyrics of Horace, and the doleful vaticination of Ecclesiastes.

Now if the veteran novelist still has "a book in him," as Lord Morley would say, how many of these old attitudes may we expect him to reconsider, and how far may we expect him to write differently? Will he preserve the mood of "Les Opinions de Jérome Coignard," or will he further expand the message of "Sur la Voie Glorieuse"? He can not well keep to both, or much further experiment with them in turn. For instance, will he show himself as suspicious as ever that French munition makers are raising a scare about the country's peril for no higher purpose than to get business for themselves? Will he still feel sure that there is little to choose between democracies and aristocracies, that the tyranny of the former is on the whole more to be feared, and that the chief merit in a government is to let people alone? Is he as clear as ever that true knowledge can not be widely diffused, that superstitious adherence to custom is best for the proletariat, and that only a select few should be encouraged to try fundamental thinking? Does he continue to think of the French Assembly of 1793 mainly in its ludicrous aspect of excitement about Dumnorix and Vercingetorix and the glories of regicide? When he thinks of America, is his attention drawn to new wars devised for the opening of new markets? Or will he yet make the *amende honorable* to those whom he treated in the past with far less than justice, to the bourgeois man of business who has revealed a soul far above business profits, to the idealists who meant something now known to be very vital indeed when they talked of liberty and equality and fraternity, to the priests who have shown that other-worldliness at the altar can be united with an heroic zeal upon their country's battlefields? Is Montaigne still his pattern of an intelligent human outlook, or does he perchance feel that a little "enthusiasm" is needed, and that this world can not be saved if we enter upon its work spiritually hamstrung?

Such questions as these had often occurred to me before I chanced to read the speech delivered by Anatole France to the Congress of Teachers' Institutes. Guesses at his present mood are no longer necessary, for he has spoken out with frankness and even with passion. The spirit which inspired his address to the soldiers five years ago is with him still as he speaks to those who must reconstruct his country at peace. He has told the French educators that the future is in their hands, that the old social system has "sunk under the weight of its sins," that only in the awakening of a new humanity can Europe place its hope. He has warned us all against the facile assumption that "man does not change," or that exerting oneself towards social improvement is wasted labor. He has bidden us realize that human nature can still move backward and forward—as it has moved continuously since the days of the cave-dwellers—that it is environment which makes all the difference, that as one sort of education led us to catastrophe another can secure us against the like catastrophe again. His readers will be quick to recognize here, not indeed an absolutely new tone in Anatole France, for he has had fitful impulses like this before, but a new note of enduring resoluteness. Let the feeble folk who have so long imitated his skepticism, though they had no share in his power, take a lesson from the example he has set. One of the things that some of us hope from the new era is that we shall hear a little less about "conventional morality," Nietzschean transvaluations, and the hypocrisy of the "smug middle class"! It used to be all very amusing, but the hour for seriousness has struck.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Correspondence

Mr. Dreiser and the Broadway Magazine

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your issue of May 8, 1920, you publish a letter from one Annie Nathan Meyer, which you label in quotes "Mr. Dreiser's Battle for Truth." Now before dealing with Mrs. Meyer it occurs to me that a journal of the usual beautiful, good, and true standard such as no doubt yours professes to be might find it advisable before giving space to libelous assertions to submit the same to the person accused or at least to make some effort to confirm them. Take the statement by Mrs. Meyer which reads: "It is only a few years since a group of members of the Authors' League asked for contributions for the brave and hounded author to enable him to continue his 'battle for truth.'" Now this is all very well as malice but as a matter of fact I have never heard of any such group. Neither the Authors' League nor any other league or group has ever asked for contributions for anything in connection with me. At the time the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice undertook to suppress "The Genius" the Authors' League did call a meeting of some committee, which by the way I did not request but before which, nevertheless, I was invited to appear, to consider whether it would issue a protest against the suppression of "The Genius." I did so appear but, having done so much, the League took no further action and did not come to my defense in any shape. Now the Authors' League has a telephone and a secretary. Why could not one of the editors of a paper pretending to fairness have called him up and made inquiry as to this before printing a lie?

"I worked with Mr. Dreiser several months as associate editor of the magazine of which he was editor-in-chief."

The lady refers to the *Broadway Magazine*, of which I was not editor-in-chief but only the managing editor. Mr. Ben B. Hampton was the publisher and editor. (See *Who's Who* for 1907.) Mrs. Meyer's claim to having been associated with me in the management of that magazine takes its rise from the following circumstances: Either after having been recommended to me or coming to me of her own accord (I can not now recall) Mrs. Meyer undertook to prepare or have prepared for the magazine a series of articles on art and artists. In order to impress those with whom she desired to deal she requested the privilege of signing herself as assistant or associate editor, to which I agreed, but for that work only. That she has or ever had any letter conferring a general associate editorship is not true. You might ask her to produce the letter. The reason why subsequently I severed this arrangement with Mrs. Meyer was this: She had the profound conviction that every word and comma of her not ill-prepared text was not only essential but sacred and that neither she nor anyone else should be called upon or permitted to alter it in any way. As experts in the matter of makeup and space difficulties in connection with a magazine of the illustrated variety perhaps you will appreciate the difficulty of such a stand. I found it insurmountable and was compelled to break with Mrs. Meyer.

Now it may be that subsequently some writer with whom Mrs. Meyer made some arrangement may have sued the Broadway Magazine Corporation or Mr. Ben B. Hampton for non-payment of some bill. I do not remember. And in behalf of the Corporation I may have been compelled to appear. I do not even recall the incident. If so, I must have testified as I am testifying here, but as for denying her any connection with the magazine, I doubt it. I would like the name of the case and the date of the trial. She asserts that I so testified and that on her producing a letter which showed such associate editorship the judge looked at me in disgust and rendered a decision for the plaintiff. Nothing more. But I doubt whether a judge detecting a man in perjury would deal with him so very leniently. And as for my flushing, I think I might well have if such were the case, but I have a fairly retentive memory and I can not recapture even so much as a thought in connection with all this.

Speaking of your heading, "Mr. Dreiser's Battle for Truth," I wish I could persuade mine enemy and all others to drop that overworked and misused word "truth." I might be willing to battle for a fact or many facts, but for "truth," that wondrous, religious, moralic thing, which like a mercenary can be made to do service in any cause—well—no—I do not fight for truth.

THEODORE DREISER

New York, May 16

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

You were good enough to send me Mr. Dreiser's statement to read before publication. I can see no "malice" in my statement concerning Mr. Dreiser's friends, and their effort to help him fight the censor. I never claimed that it was an official movement on the part of the Authors' League, but that I was asked to help by some people who were members of the League.

I am sorry I am unable at the moment to look for the original letters, which I hope later on to consult. My daughter having just undergone a serious nose operation, it is important not to stir up dust in the room adjoining hers, where my old letters are filed away. But I have written to England to the writer who sued the *Broadway Magazine* and for whom I testified, asking him to send me the exact date of the trial, the name of the judge, etc. Unquestionably the stenographic report of the trial will bear out the entire accuracy of my statement. I am told by my lawyer that even when a judge who is trying a case has reason to believe that a witness is not testifying in accordance with the facts, he very rarely bothers to order the prosecution of the witness.

I understood that Mr. Hampton was the owner of the *Broadway Magazine*, and it was possible that he may have been down as Editor-in-Chief, but I never saw him, never had any dealing with him whatever, and to all intents and purposes Mr. Dreiser acted as Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Hampton never appeared at the trial, and Mr. Dreiser testified that he was Editor of the magazine, and was the only one who had authority to appoint any Associate Editor, and that no one else could have given me authority to order articles. Mr. Dreiser, in his reply, makes a point of not having conferred upon me any "general associate editorship." It does not matter what kind of editor I was; his answer at the trial was a general denial that I had any power to order articles of any nature whatever for the magazine.

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

New York, May 27

[Solely on account of space those portions of Mrs. Meyer's letter which set forth in detail her personal relations with Mr. Dreiser and the *Broadway Magazine* have been omitted. It may be proper to add that Mrs. Meyer is a writer and a public-spirited woman, well-known for the leading part she took in the founding of Barnard College.—EDS. THE REVIEW.]

"America's Duty"

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

Your article, "America's Duty," in the *Review* of May 22, is refreshing, the more so that one seldom hears of late from press or pulpit a vigorous expression on what the United States ought to do for the peoples in dire distress. The contrast with what we saw and heard a year or two ago is not only mortifying but amazing.

Congress is blamed for heartlessness. Well it may be, but does not Congress reflect a mental attitude prevalent through the country? Senators and members of Congress are not usually blind to what interests their constituents? If a particle of the extraordinary zeal for the Constitutional amendments had been manifested in behalf of wrecked and starving nations, Congress would not have been so lukewarm towards proposed measures of relief.

Probably the past six months have witnessed a greater outpouring of gifts from the American people for ostensibly beneficent causes than ever before in our history, but how trifling the part of mitigating the miseries of those overwhelmed by the calamities of the war! Every one knows what the great "drives" are for. So do our Congressmen. If the vociferous appeals that stir the country are made for accumulating funds to insure the ministry of coming ages, to pile up big endowments for universities and colleges such as never were dreamed of before, and to finance on a vast scale ecclesiastical schemes for visionary enterprises that tax credulity to the utmost, while overlooking millions of people who at this very hour are on the verge of starvation, what is to be expected of politicians in Washington?

May not these aspects of present conditions be properly commended to the serious consideration of all who are engineering the drafts on popular beneficence which are to-day absorbing attention and effort to the exclusion of the actual sufferings of the world?

ALTRUIST

New Haven, Conn., May 24

Survival After Death as Related to Physics

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In your issue of March 6 Professor Jastrow, discussing Sir Oliver Lodge, says:

> The peculiar aggravation of the "case" is the trivial irrelevance of the evidence upon which a professor of physics announces *a subversive dispensation which, if true, would contradict every principle of his science and relegate his laboratory to the scrap-heap of an abandoned intellectual habitation.*

The precise meaning of the phrase which I have italicised is not clear to me.

The words *seem* to mean that if "survival after death" were proven to be a fact it would be equivalent to a contradiction of the principles of physical science. As this is manifestly not the case—for physical science has no "principles" which are concerned with the "spirit" side of things—Professor Jastrow must mean something else, and what this something else is is not clear from his words.

Will he be so kind as to tell us what he meant?

The reason why I am anxious to have his meaning clearly stated is that many ill-informed people suppose that the *metaphysical dogma* which denies the "spirit" side of things rests upon a foundation of *physical science*, which, of course, it does not. It is pure dogma. Conceivably physical science may *disprove* it some day, but it can never *prove* it.

T. F. W.

New York, May 9

[The reference is to the fact that, as Sir Oliver is a physicist, he should be peculiarly alert to any use of physical data for an unscientific hypothesis. Since he has included physical evidence as part of his conviction, and thought that if Palladino got over her temporary moral decline (as people throw off a cold) she would once again show that spirit-agency can affect tables as hoist and tackle would. If that is so, I fail to see any use for a physical laboratory in which one teaches and demonstrates certain laws of behavior during the day, while at evening in a séance room things behave in a totally subversive manner.

I had no intention to imply that a belief in survival after death as a matter of faith or in association with any religious or cosmic position has any relation to physical data. It stands apart on its own terms. So, also, there is nothing in the general conclusions as to the nature of existence which may be derived from physical science that is freer from metaphysical implications than a view largely derived from other sources. I find myself wholly in agreement with the view stated by T. F. W. I should regard it as vain to look for any confirmation of any ultimate views I hold from the revelations of a séance room, whether the manifestations are physical or psychical. The sum total of such revelation is to my mind perfectly and necessarily explicable upon naturalistic grounds which leave science intact and consistent. Beyond this field we are all alike in our limitations of knowledge and have open the remaining sources of mental and spiritual assurance. JOSEPH JASTROW]

Germany the Logical Claimant

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

"The presumptions are in favor of Italy," you say in speaking of the Adriatic east coast, "because of her sacrifices in the war, because of the necessity of securing her active adherence to the League, and because of her established cultural position and prospects. When disposing of an almost undeveloped region, statistics of the scanty population have secondary meaning. What counts greatly is the capacity of the claimants for developing and eventually peopling the territory."

Permit me to suggest that from all these points of view which you so ingeniously suggest, Germany is the logical claimant. Her sacrifices in the war have been greater even than those of Italy; Italy shared in the gestation of the League and is parentally committed to it, while Germany still stands outside the family circle; and as to her cultural position, and to her need for scantily populated territory may I refer you to the works of Messrs. von Bernhardi and Treitschke?

Or was that little editorial paragraph perhaps a slip on the part of the same brilliant student of foreign affairs, who, describing the Communist meeting at Amsterdam, and compiling his information from that expert and impeccable source, the Amsterdam *Handelsblad*, converted the Brooklyn Jew, S. J. Rutgers,

BERTRAM W. KELLY

New York, May 5

[We are glad to print this telling testimony to Mr. Kelly's brilliancy as a student of foreign affairs, and humbly admit our inferiority of intellect, which made us blind to the fact that Germany, which started the war and ruthlessly sacrificed the world's peace for the sake of her own aggrandizement, has no less a claim to being rewarded for this method of vindicating her cultural position than Italy has for helping in restoring peace. As to Mr. Rutgers, a temporary residence in Brooklyn and active participation in Communist propaganda in the United States can not convert a Dutch engineer into a Brooklyn Jew. Eds. THE REVIEW.]

Gold as Commodity and as Money

To the Editors of THE REVIEW:

In the current discussion of the high cost of living does not Professor Laughlin blink the fact that in both of its functions, in the arts as well as in business, gold is a commodity subject to the same economic laws as any other commodity; in other words, that the quantity theory of money is implicit in the accepted economic relation of supply and demand?

Let us consider what would happen if the quantity of gold coin were suddenly centupled when the antecedent quantity just sufficed for the economic conduct of business. The supposititious mintage, constituting 99 per cent. of new monetary medium, would have as money no function whatever. It would not facilitate business at existing prices and, not being needed in business, it could not be safely put at interest except as it displaced existing loans. Nine per cent., let us say, would be absorbed by the arts but 90 per cent. would still remain in bank vaults idle. Inevitably it would seek investment and, whether economist or not, who can doubt that property values as expressed in gold would soar and continue to soar until finally adjusted to the value of gold in its double capacity of commodity in the arts and in finance? Whoever accepts the conclusion implied by this question must accept also "a," if not 'the," quantity theory of money.

H. A. BRIGGS

Sacramento, Cal., May 6

The Goncourt Prize

AMONG recent literary discussions none is more interesting than that connected with the award of the Goncourt prize for 1919 in France. In some aspects this discussion is amusing; in others it may turn out to be prophetic, for one of the two volumes to which the choice was finally reduced is perhaps indicative of a view upon human life which will distinguish the serious novel of the immediate future.

The winner of the prize was Marcel Proust with his "A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs"; the "runner-up," Roland Dorgelès with "Les Croix de Bois." The same two books were also considered for the Prix Vie Heureuse, awarded by a women's committee; and this time the result was reversed, Dorgelès getting the prize. Commenting on these results and playing on the titles, as also on the subject matter of the rival novels, the witty critic Rachilde attributes the preference of the women to nothing but the irresistible attraction of "le coq." She may of course be right; and she ought to know, being a woman herself and, as it happened, chairman of the committee. But I am inclined to think that this preference was determined at least in part by something else, a fact which all have observed who have dealt with the mental processes of both men and women, viz., the greater docility of the female mind and its weaker appreciation of that which is untried and original.

"Les Croix de Bois" is, to be sure, a charming volume. Containing stories and sketches of the war, it is as pleasing and well-written as any collection of the kind which I have read, especially to be recommended being the story entitled "le Fanion rouge." Dorgelès is alternately amusing and serious. He has a better control of his material, especially in the matter of perspective, than many recent writers on the same subject; and he is less haunted by the tiring cult of the inconspicuous and the commonplace. Thus his book appeals readily to the general reader whose taste is formed by celebrated storytellers of the past and who demand of a book merely the pleasure afforded by an artistic diversion with which they are already familiar. But for this same reason, "Les Croix de Bois" has little of interest for the intellectually adventurous, for those who, having watched the development of French letters, are eagerly seeking signs of something at the same time new and bearing the ear-marks of at least comparative permanency.

Proust's "A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs" will better satisfy the inquisitive. It suggests the thought that the novelist's view of man and the world after bobbing up and down for over thirty years under the pressure of the changing densities of the realistic, the rational, the sensational, and the intuitive, is at last coming to rest in a stable mixture of them all. Distasteful to the older generation of critics who, insisting on condensation and artistic choice, very properly object to it on stylistic grounds, and no less uncongenial to certain younger groups who, still convinced of the supreme importance of the lyric urge both in the individual and in society as a whole, dislike it for its merciless insistence upon the hidden principles of human reactions, it has nevertheless found much significant support in France. "Proust," says a reliable observer, "is one of the two authors whom every one must have read"; and his recent book is ardently praised by many critics who, of varying ages, occupy a middle ground and seem to be gaining daily in numbers and influence.

"A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs" is like Proust's preceding book, "du Côté de chez Swann," part of the series bearing the general title "A la Recherche du temps perdu." It describes events in the life of a young man, presumably the author, during a short period of his adolescence, stressing particularly the thoughts and feelings of the hero (if so gentle a lad may be given such a title)—thoughts and feelings so arranged in the retrospect of the author as to produce a novel and striking effect upon the reader.

To understand this effect, it must first be noted that Proust is a keen observer of his fellow men, with a subtle sense for interpretation. Speaking, for instance, of the fact that a young girl who had refused to let the youth kiss her had immediately afterwards presented him with a gold pencil, Proust remarks upon the perversity of those who seek to show an appreciation of our attentions while refusing to grant the particular favor we ask: "the critic whose article would flatter the novelist, invites him to dinner; and the duchess does not take the social climber to the theatre with her, but sends him tickets for her box on a day when she is busy elsewhere."

"A l'Ombre des jeunes filles en fleurs" is full of such observations and of others on a more developed scale; certain passages, notably a delightful two pages upon the young Mme. Swann, walking among her admirers in the sunshine of a spring afternoon, are remarkable portraits in which the physical and the moral are blended to perfection. In them all we detect the sharp eye and quick sensitiveness of an unusually gifted psychologist. But these observations are only the material out of which Proust has built his book, not its subject. His aim is to reconstitute the past of his youth with all the vitality of real life; and this vitality he obtains by arranging his material in accordance with a method of his own, one might almost say with a certain particular philosophy. It is in this that his essential originality appears.

There is no such thing, once the days of extreme infancy are past, as a virgin mind or virgin sensibilities; what is more, no normal man is exclusively perception, feeling, or mind. At any determined moment, we are all compounds of previously acquired ideas and sentiments, the which determine our approach to this or that person or thing, each succeeding experience of life modifying in its turn the predisposition of mind and feeling with which we face the next experience. The man who has loved once can never, even though he should later meet another woman exactly like the first, love in precisely the same manner again; and he who goes to the theatre to see a much-talked-of actress takes with him to the play a prejudice which that which he sees himself may greatly change but can not obliterate; and it may even happen that even this compound judgment will be further modified, once the performance is over, by the strikingly expressed comment of another spectator.

Such is evidently the theory on which Proust proceeds "à la recherche du temps perdu": he seeks to recapture, exactly as they were at the moment, the states of mind and feeling succeeding one another in the development of his young hero. Commenting on the letters of Mme. de Sévigné, he observes, in one passage of his book, that "she presents things in the order of our perceptions instead of beginning by an explanation of their causes," and elsewhere he shows his painter Elstir painting things "not such as he knows them to be, but in accordance with the optical illusions presented to the eye." Proust has built for himself a method along these lines; only, and it is precisely this point that saves him from the futilities of impressionism, at the very moment of describing each impression, he recognizes the illusion as being nothing but an illusion and thus keeps the reader's mind open with the expectation of new aspects or a further development to come later on. The result of this method is decidedly pleasing. The world unfolds before us as it does to the hero; we seem to discover it ourselves, advancing hand in hand with the author, our consciousness being constantly enriched by facts, rational, realistic, and emotional. A group of summer girls seem to us all alike when first encountered on the beach: they are all characterized by the same pride in their youth and the same exclusive joy in one another's society; "They had for those who were not of their group no affectation of disdain: their sincere disdain itself satisfied them." But a further acquaintance leads us to appreciate differences between them; and in the case

of those we learn to know best, the personality of one, whose identity was strongly marked at the outset, grows easily with the contribution of each meeting, whereas it takes more effort to reconcile and make into an harmonious whole the different impressions and facts picked up sporadically concerning another whose identity was not so fixed when we first saw her among her friends. Similarly, to take an example of a different kind, Proust makes us experience once more that sense of sudden enlightenment which is familiar to all persons who take pleasure in making and observing new friends. Through the author we make the acquaintance of certain aristocrats at the hotel; we watch them move, talk, and parade; we form an opinion of their merits, their faults, and their characteristics generally. Then a chance remark shows them to be relatives and intimates of persons we knew well years before in the very different surroundings of provincial social life. This association is a revelation: it explains and it modifies, and both our new acquaintances and our old friends are henceforth seen by us in a new light.

Thus Proust has found a secret for making men and things real to his readers; and it is this sensation of discovering his world for ourselves, as though with our own eyes, thought, and feelings, that is the one great charm of his book. Unfortunately, from the point of view of style and composition, it is deplorable. Proust belongs to that school which the French call "dit-toutist." His book is four times, and his sentences are half a dozen times, too long. He can resist neither a secondary detail nor a subordinate clause, and it often takes an extraordinary effort of the attention to catch the bearing of either. Perhaps it is this, quite as much as his originality or the title of his book, that cost him the favor of the ladies of the Vie Heureuse. Nevertheless I am inclined to agree with the decision of the Académie Goncourt. Proust is a novelist, no longer young, who has patiently worked out and applied with scrupulous fidelity a method of his own; and it would further seem, from the nature of his attitude towards life and the reception given to his book, that he foreshadows a literary philosophy towards which writers have unconsciously been tending. We have come, of late, to feel somewhat out of sympathy with the older novelists, with their exclusions and their over-emphasis. Are we to have at last a new synthesis based on a simultaneous recognition of all or nearly all the forces which the average man, in contrast to the professional philosopher, recognizes as potent in his life—his knowledge, his reason, his imagination, and his intuition?

A. G. H. Spiers

Book Reviews

Indictments Against Two Nations

Before and Now. By Austin Harrison. New York: John Lane Company.
Red Terror and Green, the Sinn Fein-Bolshevist Movement. By Richard Dawson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

If Mr. Austin Harrison had not long since won his own way to our regard for his vivacious articles as editor of the *English Review*, all lovers of brilliant journalism would still look with eager expectancy to the work of his father's son. The venerable Frederic Harrison is among those who throughout a long lifetime have taught most to their contemporaries, so that one is tempted to collect from the book called "Before and Now" some trace of family likeness in style or in message. These are quite conspicuous to even the most casual reader. There is a touch of the same apostolic spirit, the same resolve to make literature a medium of instruction rather than mere entertainment, the same caustic criticism of conventions, and the same daring challenge to prejudice. Some of the papers in this collection appeared during the three years immediately before the war, others between 1914 and 1918. They are re-printed now, with footnotes calling attention to the points in which their argument has been confirmed by experience. This is a courageous venture, in itself reminiscent of Frederic Harrison's own literary practice, and the author must not complain if his readers choose to supplement those footnotes which indicate his sagacity with others which draw attention to his mistakes.

The subjects chiefly discussed are the weak points of English life and custom. There is much about the characteristic insularity of British ideas, about the school system which idolizes sport, stereotypes class distinction, and imposes a classical training to the neglect of science and modern languages upon those who have little aptitude for Horace or Homer. Boys, according to Mr. Harrison, leave Eton or Harrow with a certain social prestige, but with almost a contempt for serious thought, reverencing "good form," but poorly equipped for the strenuous tasks of the modern world. "So the system endures, and it is the most conservative, wooden, and antiquated business concern in the country." It is urged upon us that the old motto about Waterloo having been won on the playing-grounds of Eton can not be applied in the changed conditions of our own time, that it inspires "class priggishness and class arrogance," that it is responsible for producing "mental derelicts," and that the thing needed first and foremost is to bring the old traditional high-grade schools under state management and discipline. Mr. Harrison sees the fruit of this obsolete educational heritage in John Bull's aversion to taking his part in European movements, in his sense of security while "marooned upon our right-little, tight-little island," in his scornful dislike of Continental methods, in his adherence to an ideal of personal freedom which divorces itself from all concern with social necessities and projects. He finds in the English temperament a strain of disorder, of rebelliousness against system and control, a belief that it is always possible to "muddle through" by a sort of national rule of thumb against other nations that have appreciated the need for applied science, a willingness to trust private initiative where community effort alone has a chance of success. Thus the same spirit which left British hospitals to be maintained by the charitable made it necessary on the outbreak of war to "advertise for an army." And Mr. Harrison thinks that there might have been no war at all if this mood of aloofness had not prevented Englishmen from realizing long ago the obvious menace in Europe, and from boldly declaring their resolve to take active part with France in the struggle that was bound to come.

There is much truth in all this, as the war has abundantly shown, and it is a chief purpose of Mr. Harrison's book to enforce that changed policy in the era of peace which such hardly learned lessons should suggest. He thinks the party system has become meaningless, and that the men from both political camps whom he calls "re-constructionists" should unite to forget old watch-words of mutual antagonism. Mr. Lloyd-George has been saying the same thing, but one realizes how ambiguous such advice is when one remembers that Mr. Harrison himself contested Mr. Lloyd-George's seat and bestowed very hearty invective upon this typical "re-constructionist" during the last general election. It seems as if there were no escape from party of one sort or another, and a chief complaint against the teaching of "Before and Now" is that old ideals, though they may be faulty because they are old, have a profound value because they are ideals. The Englishman's zeal for personal freedom may have been over-pushed, but so was the German's zeal for state-control, and Mr. Harrison has not given us much help in selecting the happy mean. Some of his papers are very slight performances, crisp, vivid journalese, sometimes descending even to *causerie*, perhaps worth publishing once, but scarcely deserving to be republished. He has a journalist's gift for the choice of an arresting title. Thus he discusses the dethronement of the landed aristocrat by the man of trade

and business under the heading "The Coming of Smith"; he presents the case about the idle, ostentatious rich in a chapter on "The Duke's Buffalo"; he introduces us to the spirit of feminism as "The New Sesame and Lilies." What he has given us is very suggestive, and one is grateful to any man who can stir up general interest in our social problems by the use of such a facile pen. Englishmen will be provoked to see themselves depicted in an essay on "The Country of the Blind." But being provoked may well be a pre-requisite for being made to think, and Mr. Harrison loves the country which he takes so much trouble to satirise into an awakening to its urgent needs. He has the same sort of literary gift as Mr. H. G. Wells, though in a slighter degree. But he has not so far shown anything like the rich literary nutritiousness that belongs to the work of his distinguished father.

Mr. Richard Dawson is a far more alarming writer than Mr. Harrison. The main thesis of "Red Terror and Green" is that we have all been utterly in the dark about the real purpose of Sinn Fein. He recognizes that that movement had in its earliest and quite ineffective beginnings a certain romantic side. But he urges that its driving power has long been no fanatical attachment to "nationhood," nor a wistful sentimentalism about Ireland's past, but rather a fierce, Bolshevistic rage against property and the propertied classes, so that if we would understand the record of the last twenty years we must give far less attention to the politicians, and far more to the stormy petrels of organized Labor. The significant figures for Mr. Dawson are thus not those whom the outside world has learned to know best. The reader will be astonished to find that, in a book which deals with Irish development during the last ten years, there is only the most meagre reference to John Redmond, an incidental mention of Mr. De Valera, almost nothing about Sir Edward Carson, while great space is devoted to James Connolly, James Larkin, and Roger Casement.

Mr. Dawson defines with clearness that traditional view which he means to refute. He finds it generally taken for granted (1) that the Irish insurrectionary movement developed out of constitutional nationalism; (2) that the physical force party exploited the impatience of those whose hope of Home Rule had been persistently disappointed; (3) that the example of Ulster was a potent influence in making the irritated rank and file of nationalism break away from pacific leaders like Redmond, who had constantly failed, and seek out a truculent leader like Sir Edward Carson, who seemed always to succeed. Against this reading of the story it is pointed out to us that it does not "square with the main facts." It does not explain the sudden and enormous access of strength and money to the Sinn Fein cause during the war, the complete overthrow of the parliamentary nationalists, the Dublin rebellion, and the German alliance. Mr. Dawson's own way of accounting for these things is that Sinn Fein was no passionate outgrowth of the old movement, but differed from it in kind. From the very first it was anti-constitutional, with its real roots in a hatred of the existing economic order, and its association with the spirit of nationality was never more than a dexterous disguise by which those quite unsympathetic towards its real purpose might be cajoled into reinforcing it. The German alliance, the flood of money from Bolshevist sources abroad, the touting for help from the followers of Lenin and Trotsky have thus made clear the ends which were all along of Sinn Fein's essence.

This is immensely interesting, and Mr. Dawson is a most lively expounder. As an Indian chief was seldom of much repute until he could show the scalps of some defeated rivals, so a clever journalist, aspiring to the honors of re-writing history, must vindicate his prowess by disproving some traditional view about the past. Nor can anyone deny that there is an element of truth in what Mr. Dawson has urged, though he is by no means so original in its discovery as he seems to suppose. Sinn Fein has always hated the constitutional nationalists, as was well known before Mr. Dawson set this forth, with a great show of revealing to us a secret. He does well to emphasize the Labor side of the rising of 1916, although almost every newspaper at the time was at pains to point out how significant was the part then played by Dublin Syndicalists. Perhaps the freshest point he has to make is Connolly's adroitness in connecting his own communistic schemes with the spirit of the old Irish tribal organization, so that he might avail himself of that national sentiment which better men had been unable to conduct to success. The intrigues of Casement with the Germans make excellent material for building up a theory that Sinn Fein was part of a German plot, and in a world torn by Bolshevism it is plausible to suggest that Sinn Fein emissaries have been seeking to combine the forces of disorder at home with the agencies of disorder in other countries. But Mr. Dawson will not easily convince those who know rural Ireland that its peasantry—now bitterly Sinn Fein—are now or were ever Bolshevistic. Perhaps no other class that could be named has so hated communism as the Roman priesthood, and, unless the Ulster folk whom Mr. Dawson admires are all wrong, it is the Roman priesthood which controls the rest of Ireland. Perhaps the drollest of Mr. Dawson's arguments is that Sinn Fein is now "thrown back perforce upon the urban population," just because those in the country districts are least susceptible to the forces of anarchistic Labor! As Ireland is overwhelmingly agricultural, one would like to think this view was right, for the success of Sinn Fein would then be short-lived. But as its strength is clearly spread over those areas in which his argument would prove it impotent, one must forgo the comfort which he has momentarily encouraged. And a glance will show that those main facts with which, he tells us, the traditional theory can not be made to square, are quite inexplicable on the theory he would substitute. Mass changes in feeling are not wrought in a day even by distributing German gold among leaders. But they are wrought by the prolonged disappointment of mass hopes. Subtracting, however, the due subtrahend, as Carlyle would have put it, one may learn from Mr. Dawson to lay more emphasis upon the passions of insurgent Labor in the cities, and less upon a demoralizing of the quiet rural folk, if one would explain the shocking orgies of crime. Herein lies the grain of hopefulness which the writer has unwittingly sown in our hearts.

HERBERT L. STEWART

One of the Ablest Members of the Supreme Court

JOHN ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES: SUPREME COURT, 1853-1861. By Henry G. Connor. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

TO some lawyers past middle life, and to specialists in the history of this country during the decade from 1855 to 1865, the name of John Archibald Campbell is still familiar. To few others would it now suggest anything. Many more could recall somewhat of such politicians as Lewis Cass, of such merchants as A. T. Stewart, of such pugilists as John C. Heenan, the "Benicia Boy," to say nothing of such a showman as P. T. Barnum, every one of whom was at some period of his life among his contemporaries. Yet we like to think of the Supreme Court as the greatest judicial tribunal that the world has ever known, and Campbell certainly ranked among the ablest half dozen of the more than three score men who have been members of it. When his name is now mentioned at all, it is usually in connection with the very few occasions upon which he had some hand in other than legal matters; as when, in the early spring of 1861, he was intermediary between the Commissioners of South Carolina and Secretary Seward; or when in February, 1865, with Stephens and Hunter, he represented the Confederacy at the conference in Hampton Roads; or when,

two months later, he obtained from President Lincoln permission for the Virginia Legislature to convene at Richmond, then in possession of Grant's army. All the greater the debt to Judge Connor for this readable book of scarcely three hundred pages, in which is told the story of Campbell's life, and from which we learn how highly his professional brethren in his own day thought of him as counsellor, advocate, and judge. That is usually the only possible test of the worth of a lawyer. There are no formal measuring rods by which to gauge his true size, a fact which the book before us strikingly illustrates.

Campbell was one of the six Justices whose decision in the Dred Scott case was recalled at the Presidential election of 1860, at Appomattox, and by the Fourteenth Amendment. He was of the dissenting minority in his opposition to the extensions of the Admiralty jurisdiction, since found so useful, and in his objection to the legal fiction by which the Federal Courts have secured for themselves so considerable a part of the litigation to which corporations are parties. He was of counsel in the Slaughter House cases, and there made one of the greatest arguments of his life. He lived to appreciate how unfortunate would have been the consequences had the majority of the Court accepted the construction of the Fourteenth Amendment for which he there contended.

His efforts to postpone the outbreak of the war by bringing about an informal understanding as to Fort Sumter; to end it by accepting the terms offered by Lincoln at Hampton Roads; and to escape from the perils of radical reconstruction by calling together the Legislatures of the several States which had made up the Confederacy, so that they might themselves undertake the necessary readjustments, all failed. Those who did not know him, with such evidence and none other before them, might well question whether after all he was really eminent. In such doubts, those who had heard him at the Bar, or had sat with him in the consultation room, never shared. As Judge Connor shows, they knew him for what he was. They saw and felt the power that was in him.

In fact, if not in intention, there is sometimes not a little irony in the conventional "learned judge." It was not so as to him. He was in the first rank as a common law lawyer, and he was an accomplished civilian as well, something which few English lawyers of his day, or for that matter of any other, were or are. It is a wonder, though, that any love of learning or capacity to acquire it survived his early experiences. We are told that he entered Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, at eleven, and graduated at the head of his class at fourteen. It would profit little now to inquire into what, at that time, were the requirements of his alma mater. Let us be thankful that he was at least apparently none the worse. Then for three years or thereabouts, he was a cadet at West Point. At seventeen, he took up the study of the law, and kept at it for the sixty years he thereafter lived. By grace of a special Act of Legislature, he was admitted to the bar when he was eighteen. Fifty-three years later, in New Hampshire vs. Louisiana, he made an argument before the Supreme Court which Waite, Miller, Field, Grey, and Blatchford united in declaring to be the greatest that anyone of them had ever heard.

The reader of Judge Connor's interesting little study must regret that Campbell went out with his State. He lived in undiminished mental vigor for nearly twenty-eight years afterwards. The Supreme Court might have had him for all that time. Wayne and Catron remained on the Bench throughout the Civil War, although Georgia and Tennessee seceded. Campbell could not see his way clear to do the like. He acted from a calm sense of duty, for he was not carried away by any enthusiasm for secession. He firmly believed in the right of a State to withdraw, whenever it saw fit, but he was strongly opposed to its exercise at that time. When, against his judgment and advice, Alabama seceded, he felt he was in honor bound to follow, for to her, in his view, his allegiance was due. How much water has since gone over the dam!

JOHN C. ROSE

Something Different

THE CREAM OF THE JEST. By James Branch CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

INVINCIBLE MINNIE. By Elizabeth Sanxay Holding. New York: George H. Doran Company.

AT the booksellers they are used to a certain type of customer who strolls in at odd hours and asks, rather hopelessly, for "something different." He is usually a confirmed novel-reader. If he can not get his new thing he will go on reading the old one: but there is always the faint hope of change, of the fresh theme or at least the fresh accent. To a few such "The Cream of the Jest," by James Branch Cabell, first printed in 1917, may have come as a boon. The not altogether happy reception of "Jurgen" very likely justifies the publisher in issuing a new edition of this earlier fable. The book labors under the disadvantage (for this period, at least,) of a studied and bookish manner which only in "Jurgen" has attained real freedom and beauty. Like its successor, it is fantasy rather than novel. The hero, Kennaston, in the flesh "an inadequate, kickworthy creature" is, nevertheless, "not merely human; he is humanity." His gross and dull physical presence shelters a prince of romantic dreaming. As Horvendile, poet and lover, he makes unearthly tryst with his mistress Ettarre. A little study discovers the author's commentary on his work in the inscription upon the mystic "sigil of Scoteia," symbol of the lovers' relation. "James Branch Cabell made this book so that he who wills may read the story of man's eternally unsatisfied hunger in search of beauty. Ettarre stays inaccessible always and her loveliness is his to look on only in his dreams. All men she must evade at the last and many are the ways of her elusion." Ancient and inexhaustible theme, which Mr. Cabell has expounded more richly if less discreetly in the unfortunately discussed "Jurgen." . . . Here, I say, he is less successful in making us forget his literary masters: has less certainly become master of his own medium. Here also insurgency of the now quite conventional anti-Victorian stamp almost overbalances the basic idealism of the book.

Contempt for yesterday is an unsafe altar for the worship of to-day and forever. Poor Kennaston makes himself ridiculous by "dwindling into" family man, vestryman, and "responsible citizen." He is the potentially free spirit enslaved by the flesh and ground to pattern by the social machine. Conformity stultifies him—and in him, humanity. "All I advanced for or against him, equally, was true of all men that have ever lived. . . . For it is in this inadequate flesh that each of us must serve his dream; and so, must fail in the dream's service, and must parody that which he holds dearest." And yet of this Kennastonian humanity mockery is not to have the last word. Dreams are more real than the flesh that in some feeble sense harbors them: "It is only by preserving faith in human dreams," the fabulist gravely concludes, "that we may, after all, perhaps some day make them come true." . . . Kennaston of Lichfield, dilettante author, pampered husband, stodgy citizen, sensitive dreamer, is American enough. Mr. Cabell makes skilful contrast between his inner romance and the dull realism of his everyday: notably in the note to the little scene where Ettarre looks at him out of his wife Kathleen's eyes, and he signals recognition—in vain: "So they dined alone together, sharing a taciturn meal, and duly witnessed the drolleries of 'The Gutta-Percha Girl.' Kennaston's sleep afterward was sound and dreamless."

"Invincible Minnie" is another American book of uncommon substance and savor. Its author says in her word of preface that it is "not intended to be a romantic story, or a realistic story," but

only a tale of something which might happen, given a person of the Minnie type. Fairer to the book and its writer would be its description as a reduction to the extreme (if not, towards the end, to the absurd) of what a Minnie would do if invincible intention did not here and there meet an impenetrable obstacle. In conduct and detail, it is "real" enough. Most of us, as the author surmises, "know a Minnie." A Minnie is a single-track egotist, a domestic "vamp," who without verifiable charm or recognizable authority or conscious system, somehow gets what she wants when she wants it. This particular Minnie, when we first meet her, is "a rather short, full-bosomed young woman of perhaps twenty, with a dark, freckled face and an expression very pleasant and friendly." She has the air (it is hardly a pose) of the faithful housewife, the self-effacing servitor. She is anxiously busy always, avid of duty; and covers her shiftlessness and ineffectiveness even from herself, with the camouflage of ceaseless activity. And by sheer pressure of primitive force she imposes her will, to their ruin, on all who come too close to the centre of her web. She is incapable of perceiving her own outrageousness. She can deliberately rob her sister of her lover, become a bigamist in order to support him, and introduce him as her brother into the household of the good man to whom she is about to bear a son: and all without compunction in her heart or shame when she is found out. Nor is this all. When sister Frankie takes up with Minnie's leavings in the person of the hoodwinked Petersen and Minnie's deserted children, she is capable of returning to snatch them away; not because she has any deep feeling for them but because they are *hers*. And the curtain falls on the bitter laughter of Frankie, who has planned to rescue some sort of happiness out of her love and care of Minnie's children:

"She thought of the house in the suburbs, with the nursery and playroom; even the new toys.

She thought of herself and Mr. Petersen married, for the sake of her children.

She thought of Minnie, who had carried off Lionel, and Lionel's child, and Mr. Petersen's child, and was now securing a supply of Mr. Petersen's money.

She began to laugh heartily."

The curtain lifts ironically for an instant, once more, for a glimpse of Mr. Petersen, years later, visiting the half-grown children and finding them—what Minnie was bound to have made them. Only then does his old illusion about her vanish altogether. A bitter book, remorselessly written, and quite against the current stream of tolerance for all human creatures. Evidently this story-teller does not believe (with Mr. Cabell) that one person is about as good as another. Perhaps it is wholesome for us to turn now and then from the genial process of admiring the best of us in the worst of us, and to behold how a Minnie looks, pinned fairly on the slide and set under a ruthless lens.

H. W. BOYNTON

Free International Waterways

INTERNATIONAL WATERWAYS. By Paul Morgan Ogilvie. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PROBLEMS of transportation, both at home and abroad, with all their involved factors, social and political as well as commercial, were never more pressing than they are to-day. Mr. Ogilvie's thoughtful treatise is therefore very timely. The treatise proper, which deals with the evolution of the principle of the freedom of international waterways, runs to only some one hundred and seventy pages, the rest of the book being devoted to an elaborate and carefully-arranged reference manual to the treaties, conventions, laws, and other fundamental acts governing the international use of inland waterways. This, with a bibliography and index, both sufficiently full to serve the student as well as the casual reader, fills two hundred and fifty additional pages.

Mr. Ogilvie sketches the history of maritime enterprise in the Mediterranean, and its gradual expansion throughout the Seven Seas; the institution and development of maritime law, from the ancient sea-code of the Rhodians to the recognized usage of modern times; the sovereignty of the seas, as exercised in succession by the Phœnicians, Greece, Carthage, Rome, Venice, Portugal and Spain, Holland, and England; the long controversy as between Mare Clausum and Mare Liberum, ending in the acceptance by all maritime nations of the principle of the freedom of the seas; and the final extension of the same principle to inland waterways. Freedom of navigation on inland waterways thus appears the logical extension of the older principle of freedom of the seas.

To most of us the genesis of the principle of unrestricted navigation of inland waterways, however important as a matter of history, will have less real interest than its application to present-day problems. In the recent treaties with Germany, Austria, and Poland, the Allied and Associated Powers at the Peace Conference at Paris have provided for the international navigation of certain European waterways. These provisions, taken in conjunction with the changed boundaries of many of the old and new states of Central Europe, will have a far-reaching effect on the development of international commerce. As Mr. Ogilvie points out, the commerce of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Hungary, which formerly passed through the Adriatic ports of Fiume and Trieste, may now be diverted down the Danube. Switzerland is engaged in extensive improvements to the upper course of the Rhine which, when completed, will give the Republic access to the sea. The projected canal to connect the Rhine and the Danube will give through-navigation from the North Sea to the Black. Under the Treaty of Versailles, special rights are accorded Czecho-Slovakia in the navigation of the Elbe and of the Oder. Poland similarly has access to the Baltic by way of the Vistula. The projected Rhine-Meuse canal will give through-navigation from points on the Rhine up to Verdun on the Meuse. These and other projected improvements will before long give to most of the principal inland cities of Europe the practical status of ocean ports. The resulting movement of commerce in every direction across the continent, to and from the North Sea, the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic, must have a profound influence not merely upon the economic but also upon the social and political relations of the various nations.

Obviously, most of the conditions of inland navigation, and the advantages of internationalization of inland waterways, apply as distinctly to North America as to Europe. This continent is peculiarly rich in inland water communications. It is literally true that, starting from such a great central reservoir as Lake Winnipeg, a man could travel by boat or canoe, with only a few portages, eastward to the Gulf of St. Lawrence or the harbor of New York, westward to the mouth of the Columbia, northward to the Arctic, north-eastward to Hudson Bay, or southward to the Gulf of Mexico. In fact a hundred years ago, in the palmy days of the fur trade, men did actually follow these water routes in canoes. To-day many of the same waterways are traveled more expeditiously and in greater comfort by steamer. Something over sixteen thousand miles of the Mississippi and its greater tributaries are navigated by steam craft. The Columbia is navigated, although not continuously, for five hundred miles. The Hudson Bay Company maintains steamers on both the Athabasca and the Mackenzie rivers, in the far northwest. It is possible, and even probable, that within a generation steam navigation will be opened from Lake Winnipeg to Hudson Bay by way of the Nelson river. But it is the eastern route from the heart of the continent that offers the points of greatest interest. The unrivalled system of waterways that extends from the head of Lake Superior to the Atlantic forms also,

throughout the greater part of its course, the international boundary between the United States and Canada. It is therefore one of the inland waterways covered by Mr. Ogilvie's survey. From 1794 to 1909, successive treaties between Great Britain and the United States have secured the free navigation of these boundary waters. The treaty of 1909 not only provides that the navigation of all boundary waterways shall remain perpetually free, but it also extends the same right to canals connecting boundary waters, now existing or which may hereafter be constructed.

The International Joint Commission, created by the Treaty of 1909, is now engaged in an investigation, at the request of the Governments of the United States and Canada, to determine the practicability of a deep waterway between Lake Ontario and Montreal, and incidentally, the practicability of a water route for ocean-going vessels from the head of the Great Lakes to the sea. It is said, by those who are opposing this project, that it is impracticable for the same vessels to navigate both the open sea and these inland waters. Mr. Ogilvie throws some interesting light on this problem.

> Vessels equipped with the screw propeller may be employed advantageously either on the high seas or for inland navigation. Cargoes may be embarked at the sea-ports or inland ports of one country and transported by inland waterways and the high seas to interior points on distant continents without the necessity of transshipment. A ship may take cargo at New York, Chicago, Montreal, or Duluth and may voyage continuously until arrival at the proposed destination, whether three thousand miles up the Amazon at the port of Iquitos, Peru; or Matadi on the Congo; or Asuncion, Paraguay, more than a thousand miles inland on the Rio de la Plata; or Hankow on the Yang-tse-kiang, six hundred miles from the sea; or in Europe at one of the many river ports of the Danube.

He points out that a serviceable type of steamer has developed, capable of plying between various river ports on the Rhine and the sea-ports of the Azores, Portugal, Spain, and of the countries bordering on the North Sea and the Mediterranean. "Varying in tonnage from 342-1770 tons, these skilfully designed vessels carry an extensive commerce from inland ports without necessitating the transference of cargo." This service was instituted in 1888, and although it declined after 1903, owing to the shallow channel between Cologne and Rotterdam, it still amounted in 1907 to some 347,000 tons. If the "Rhine-Sea" traffic could be successfully operated under the unfavorable conditions of the shallow Rhine, there can be little doubt that a similar traffic would be economically practicable between the sea and the Great Lakes. Mr. Ogilvie points out that "on larger rivers such as the Amazon, the Columbia, and the Rio de la Plata, sea-going vessels suffer no serious limitation when employed in inland navigation." The probability is that the opening of the St. Lawrence route will lead to the evolution of a composite type of vessel, built along somewhat similar lines to the Rhine-Sea craft on a larger scale, and combining the advantages of the ocean tramps and the lake freighters.

L. J. B.

The Run of the Shelves

Three Books of the Week

[Selected by Edmund Lester Pearson, Editor of Publications, New York Public Library.]

MRS. WARREN'S DAUGHTER, by Sir Harry Johnston. (Macmillan.)

The further adventures of Vivie Warren, heroine of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Like the author's "The Gay-Dombeys," which it hardly surpasses in interest, it is less a novel and more a gallery of characters, real and fictitious. Amusing comment upon English life and politics, with a sympathetic history of the militant suffragettes, and of life in Brussels during the German occupation, 1914-1918.

TALKS WITH T. R., from the Diaries of John J. Leary, Jr. (Houghton.)

A reporter's notes of Colonel Roosevelt's conversations, especially interesting for the frank comments upon President Wilson, Mr. Hughes, and the 1916 campaign. An astonishingly correct prophecy of the outcome of the President's trips to Paris is the subject of one of the conversations.

LABOR'S CHALLENGE TO THE SOCIAL ORDER, by John Graham Brooks. (Macmillan.)

A survey of the industrial situation for the past thirty or forty years, with frank criticism upon the attitude and actions of both sides of the controversy. Attractive to the average reader because it includes comment upon such minor but universally appealing topics as the servant question.

THE thorny path of martyrdom seems to be the path of the "intent" reader of Joseph Conrad. From the comments and criticisms provoked by his new book, "The Rescue," it appears that the devout Conradian approaches his novels in some agony of spirit. Mr. Wilson Follett, writing in the New York *Evening Post*, mentions the "tantalizing, almost torturing, regrets" endured by the faithful; no simple and shallow enjoyment may be theirs, but on the contrary they must ponder upon every step in the psychological development of their author. Long nights of suffering are to be filled with thoughts of what "The Nigger of the Narcissus" would have been had it been written after, instead of before, "Chance"; they must writhe under the efforts of imagining "precisely wherein 'Heart of Darkness' would have undergone a subtle modification if 'Victory' had preceded it." Other comment upon "The Rescue" recalls the old gibe about Henry James: "What's his new novel about?" asked one man. "He hates to tell," said the one who was struggling with it. One Conradian read one or two hundred pages, and announced—his devotion clearly wavering—that it contained a fine description of a thunder-storm! Plainly, the time is not far away when the Conrad Societies will be listening to "papers" written to fix the exact date when his "third manner" imperceptibly melted into his "fourth manner," and bitter debates will occur as to the relative merits of both manners compared with a fifth and perhaps a sixth.

How did Chaucer's Knight come to ride a-chivachieing with Guy de Lusignan to Lyeys in Armenia "whan it was wonne"? What brought the Armenians from the mountains of Ararat to the plains of Cilicia and tangled them up with the crusading kingdoms of Jerusalem and Syria, thus to tie another knot in the problems of their national fate? Who was Gregory the Illuminator and how does their ecclesiastical capital come to be at Etzmiadzin in the Russia that once was? Of what blood and kindred are they and where does their language call cousin? What has been their part in the world of Islam, and what in that of the Christian Church, national, Greek, Roman, and now, in this last half century, in certain dealings with descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers? What were the relations of the Russian Armenians to the Russian Government and thus to the future revolution and the Bolshevist current in which they are now caught and adrift?

All these questions precede and condition their present situation, with its many and most complicated elements, of past and present, of memory, of hope, and of ambition. Old things live on in Asia Minor, the Caucasus, and Syria, in a fashion hardly thinkable to us with a popular memory vivid only for a century or two. For even the pan-Turanian vision of the Young Turks which rises so menacingly above these lands is in essence an evocation of Mongols and Tartars, the ghosts of Chingiz Khan, Hulagu, and Timurlang. And at the Konia of to-day there still survives among the descendants of the Seljuks the spirit of revenge for their fourteenth century

overthrow by the Ottoman Turks. All this the Armenians in their long history have seen and suffered, and to the questions thus raised answers will fairly be found in "Armenia and the Armenians from the Earliest Times Until the Great War," by Kevark Aslan; translated from the French by Pierre Crabitès (Macmillan). The answers might sometimes be clearer; the latter part of the book is much more lucid than the earlier; but that is of the nature of the case. There are signs, too, in the names and phrasing, of its Armeno-French origin, and there is grievous need of a map and almost equally of an index. But the book is good and solid, sober with historical sense and conscience, and can be recommended to all but the historical specialist. He will, of course, turn to the same author's "Etudes historiques sur le Peuple Arménien," for the earlier part of this history. Of it the present book is a condensation extended by three additional chapters to the present day.

Drama comes to us finally from the pampas. Duffield and Company have just published "Three Plays from the Argentine," which Mr. Jacob S. Fassett translates, and Mr. Edward Hale Bierstadt edits and skillfully introduces. The three plays belong generally to the *dramas criollos*, creole or gaucho dramas, which, centrally placed between earlier imitations and later orthodoxies, in Argentine dramatic history, became, for a time, a conduit of the life-stream of an animated people. The gaucho, the protagonist, is, according to Mr. Bierstadt, a combination of Daniel Boone, Buffalo Bill, and Robin Hood.

Of the three plays, the first, the "Juan Moreira" of Silverio Manco and the "Santos Vega" of Luis Bayon Herrera, are valuable only as sidelights on the national spirit or as documents in what may be called the biology—or embryology—of literature. "Juan Moreira," formless, in six brief scenes, tattered and bloody like the remnant of a cloak which the passage of a sword has torn and reddened, with blunt, brief strokes which have almost the effect of scratches, does not lack interest of a rude kind. "Santos Vega" is more showy and less interesting. It is plotless, and its plotlessness has the weight of three acts to carry. It must stand or fall as a picture of manners, and it is difficult to believe that manners so decorative have not been submitted to the hands of a decorator. On the other hand, the third play, the "Witches' Mountain" by Julio Sanchez Gardel, is a strong play, a family tragedy, at once deadly and vital, with chasms between brother and brother, between father and son, which reach downward into moral abysses. Strong passions are finely imagined—a fact still notable in the dramatic world.

Mr. Floyd Dell in a playfully serious article in the April *Liberator*, which he calls a "Psycho-Analytic Confession," contends that our great mechanical discoveries, our locomotives and subways and telephones, are only mundane toys, the great world's substitutes for kites and marbles. He pleads, half in jest, for a "moderately advanced savagery." The word "savagery" may be taken as a wilful defiance of the commonplace, but, viewing the contention in its breadth and pith, there is meat as well as salt in his analogy. The inventions which dazzle and deafen both our senses and our minds are largely amusements in the guise of utilities; they are goods, they are necessities, only through their contributions to an order which may itself be an evil or a superfluity. The order here referred to is mechanical, not political or social; an individualist society might discard this apparatus, and a socialistic policy might retain them. They are not, however, easy to discard. A child may tear up its kite or throw its rocking-horse into the pond, without harm to its prospects of a good dinner and a warm bed. The naughtiness of the locomotive and the telegraph lies in the craft with which they have inserted themselves into the circuit of which the good dinner and the warm bed are parts.

There follows a second question: just what shall we renounce? Mr. Floyd Dell would drop the telephone, but keep the typewriter. His neighbor, indifferent to typewriters, would keep the telephone at all costs. It is to be feared that many telephones and typewriters would be consumed and thrown into the dust-heap in the progress of the debate that settled these contentions. Still, with every allowance for difficulty, one can not but dwell with pleasure on Mr. Dell's idea that complexity may be the middle term between an early and an eventual simplicity, that our apparatus may resemble the alloy in the ring in Browning's "Ring and the Book," which served the workmanship no less by its removal at the end than by its insertion in the process. (One may wish, in a parenthesis, that the "Book" had been as successful as the "Ring" in the discharge of its alloys before completion). In this hope one is heartened not a little by the analogy of language and of letters. Languages are simple at the outset. They improve by the adoption of a complex system of inflections, in which voice, mood, tense, case, gender, and number are laboriously discriminated. They improve still further by the repudiation of this system. Style, in the same way, tends to pass from an enforced simplicity in the immaturity of literature through a voluntary elaboration to a voluntary simplicity. Perhaps the material complexities of what Carlyle long since named the Mechanical Age may be the epoch of Johnsonese interposed between the primitive simplicity of Chaucer and the ripened simplicity of Kipling or Galsworthy.

In the text and translation of Marcus Cornelius Fronto, the first volume of which has just been added to the Loeb Library (Putnam), Mr. C. R. Haines has accomplished a task different in kind from that ordinarily set before the contributors to this series. In general the text has been already established, and it was only necessary to give an accurate and fluent translation and to subjoin an occasional note of explanation. That, indeed, is no light task, as any one knows who has attempted to render a Greek or Latin author into English; but in the present case the editor has been obliged to create his own text and to arrange chronologically a series of letters which have come to us in fragmentary shape and haphazard order. We can not enter into a discussion of details; enough to say that Mr. Haines has come through the ordeal in exemplary manner. For the first time Fronto can be read with ease, and belongs to literature. Much of the correspondence between him and Appian and Marcus Aurelius and others is concerned with questions of rhetoric which may seem anything but exhilarating to the modern reader; but not all. The affairs of the empire are touched on as well as the school exercises of the emperors. And even where rhetoric is the theme, the discussion often passes from the small proprieties of diction to the larger matters of literary criticism.

Two other volumes of the Loeb Library need to be recorded. Professor A. T. Murray publishes the second volume of his Odyssey, and Professor Bernadotte Perrin has progressed to the eighth volume in his masterly rendering of Plutarch's Lives. The present issue of the Plutarch contains the Life of Cato the Younger, which has left so many echoes in the literature of the world.

"Chill Hours" (Duffield), by Mrs. Helen Mackay, is the latest of this author's books, all of which—"Houses of Glass" (stories of Paris), "Half Loaves" (a novel dealing indirectly with France), and "Accidents" and "Journal of Small Things" (both made up of little French sketches written during the war)—have to do with "the City of Light." Mrs. Mackay has lived for many years in the French capital, and during the war she labored in the Hospital Saint Louis, Paris, until her health broke down. The present volume has to do chiefly with her experiences in the wards among the wounded French soldiers, where "courage, sacrifice and glory are come to be just the average, anonymous, like the uncounted little wooden crosses in the fields and at the road edges."

Impressions de Voyage—III

THE air here is full of gossip about individuals; of rumors diplomatic and political. The place, therefore, apart from its wonderful monuments of art and its checkered history, is extraordinarily interesting just now. Whether the situation is normal or no, I can not pretend to say, but I fancy such as I find it, such, in a measure, it has always been. At this moment the aggressive attitude of the Japanese appears to hold first place in every discussion. They are evidently in deadly earnest; they mean to hold all they have and to reach out for more. Crossing Shantung by rail the other day I wondered why they should covet it. So meticulously is the soil cultivated that it seems incapable of supporting a larger population; it is surely not wanted for Japan's surplus millions. Inquiry reveals the true cause of this land greed in three facts; first, the existence of valuable coal deposits; second, the former German railway, from Tsingtao to Tsinanfu, giving access to this coal, and being withal a trunk line from deep water to Pekin; third, the port of Tsingtao itself, where heavy vessels may discharge their cargoes direct into railway cars which can reach all parts of China adjacent to the capital, while Tientsin, hard by Pekin, is only accessible to light draught vessels, thence a double shift of freight is required—from barge to small steamers at the mouth of the Pai Ho River, then again by lighters at Tientsin to the railway. The Japanese have been shrewd enough to realize that in industry he who controls transportation is king. Moreover, they have bought up practically all the waterfront at Tsingtao, thus assuring to themselves a monopoly of shipping facilities. No wonder one American line of steamers has abandoned it as a port of call, so annoying were the unnecessary delays to which the Japanese subjected it.

While this policy, repeated wherever they have penetrated in China, may be immediately profitable to the Japanese, it is certainly costing them friendship and good-will which would doubtless in the end prove quite as valuable. Symptoms of this result were apparent even to as casual a traveler as I am. The notices in Canton—"Boycott the Japanese goods"; those in shops in Shanghai: "Japanese bank notes will not be accepted"; the glee with which the natives and others pointed out the emptiness of Japanese steamers on the Yangtze as contrasted with those of Chinese or European nationality loaded to the guard; the prompt negative invariably received to the question, "Do you like the Japanese?" all bespeak a frame of mind which bodes ill for pleasant relations between China and Japan. It is a great pity, for, pulling together, the former might achieve her independence of the foreign domination she experiences at every turn. Can a nation denied the right to frame its own tariff laws be considered sovereign?

I refrain from repeating the many stories which come to my ears illustrating the close resemblance, at least to their teller's mind, between Japanese and German methods. Let us hope that the Japanese will realize how shortsighted is this Hun policy and, realizing, abandon it.

The number of Chinese soldiers visible everywhere is astonishing and—disconcerting. They are not needed against foreigners, else would the Shantung question be settled promptly by the ejection of the Japanese trespassers; can it be that they are part of a great political machine? Every province has its own army under a "Military Governor." Are these coolies in uniform but pawns on the chess board of personal ambitions? To the ignorant tourist this seems the most likely solution of the riddle. Moreover, his suspicions are confirmed by statements from people long resident in China. Instead of borrowing money why should she not economize by returning to the soil hosts of these unnecessary consumers?

CASPAR F. GOODRICH

The Atavus

THE Merrills are very modern. This is natural because they have lived in the twentieth century for fully twenty years, as against less than ten in the nineteenth. It is also forced to some extent by the apartment in which they live. This apartment is ultra-modern, and they have aged perceptibly in trying to keep up with it. It is in an efficient, grown-up building; one hurdles no kiddie-cars in approaching it. Within, there are no childish whoops and wails, but only a series of mechanical clicks and electric hums.

Though I am welcomed most cordially when I call upon the Merrills, I always have a devil of a time getting in. I enter a tight little vestibule, turn a knob, open a box that is often the wrong box, press a button . . . and wait. As I wait I can hear vague, disturbing noises inside, a moan of resentment, a clatter as if someone were throwing up a defense against me, an irritable rat-a-tat, and though I be arrayed in all the glory of the late Ward McAllister, my tile becomes a slouch cap, my cravat a knotted bandana, and I am the person who was found loitering near the scene of the crime.

Suddenly the grilled door in front of me slides back, permitting me to walk into the hall. I am no longer a neophyte. Steeled for the second degree I present myself to the elevator-boy, a tall, gray-haired man with the dignity that a senator is supposed to have. He looks at me dubiously.

"Merrill's, please." I give the password a jauntiness which should convince him of my familiarity with the home whose sanctity he is guarding.

"*Mr.* Merrill's?" he asks with an accent of reproach.

"Yes—and Mrs. Merrill's," I add, just to assure him that my welcome will be unanimous.

He hesitates and then asks hopefully, "Are they expecting you?"

"They are." I confess it.

I can almost hear the Merrills sliding down his estimation. They had *seemed* like nice people, too. He admits me to the glittering cage. He has given up. If I proceed to mock the family portraits, or wipe my nose on my sleeve, or warble at my *consommé,* let none blame him! He has done his little best, but *de gustibus non est disputandum.*

At the eighth floor I step out of the car with carefully disguised relief; all the way up Charon has been staring at my ear-lobes, and I feel that the Juke is on me. There is more abracadabra about getting into the Merrill apartment proper—mainly matters of vestibules. First there is a vestibule and then there is a sub-vestibule, and the door of the vestibule must be closed before the door of the sub-vestibule can be opened. This is somewhat on the principle of the turnstile, and is a great help in keeping processions out of the home.

The apartment is small and very new. It is, as Mrs. Merrill has more than once remarked, "ducky"—but the remark throws more light upon herself than upon the apartment. Ducky or not, it is too complex for a simple soul like me. There are labor-saving devices on all sides—one can't make a move without saving a lot of labor—and the living-room is bedecked with space-saving devices until, like the Salteena of motor-cars, it seems dwarfed by its accessories. There is a table that is actually a multiplication-table in mahogany. It can, on "bridge" afternoons, turn itself into a host of little tables, or it can play the rôle of the long and festive board; test of all, it can telescope into almost nothing. The electric-light cords are on spring reels, and your light will go with you as far as you wish, but is apt to flash away when you least expect it.

The pride of the house is in the kitchen. It is an ironing-board that folds into the wall. True, Mrs. Merrill has all the laundry-work done outside, but the board is undeniably ducky. The way it slips into its niche is a tribute to the mind of man, and when it is not in use—which is all of the time—it is as ornamental as a spinning-wheel.

The modernity of the Merrills received a setback with the arrival of Peter. Babies are so old-fashioned. And Peter was a regular baby; the very first time I saw him I realized that. He was painfully pink, and proficient in the vulgar art of blowing bubbles.

"So this is Peter!" I said, in lieu of something clever and complimentary. "That was his grandfather's name, wasn't it?"

I thought they must have harked back at least a couple of generations for a name like that, but to my surprise I found that they hadn't harked at all.

"He isn't named for anyone," Mrs. Merrill informed me. "We just selected 'Peter' because it's so *quaint*."

I looked at Peter with new interest and not a little pity. There he lay in his crib—unfortunate child!—doomed to spend the rest of his days living up to a quaint name. What a future!

Though his ears are neither pointed nor furry, if he develops any conscience in infancy he will feel bound to behave like an odd, elfin creature. In childhood he will have to go away by himself and talk to fairies and flowers when he would rather converse with Dirtyneck McGrew. In youth he will have to cultivate an aversion to civilization, and practice his whimsicalities while the other lads are shooting pool. As for love, who ever heard of anyone named Peter breaking a woman's heart? Heartbreaking is not a laudable pursuit, I admit, but we all like to feel that we *could* go out and break a few if we weren't so decent. Probably when he gets older he will have to wear grotesque burnsides, waste a lot of time doddering, and be whimsical twenty-four hours a day; in his declining years he will have to build bird-houses when he's not writing for *The Contributors' Club*, and when he dies he will get a pun for an epitaph and be remembered as a delightful old bore.

All this goes with the name; the Fates seem to have ordained it. But I hope the three sisters—or two out of three, anyhow—may be wrong for once. I hope that Peter will look like his father, that he will vote the same ticket and sleep in the same church. I hope that he will drink coffee three times a day, chew gum at the office, marry the third girl he falls in love with, read the *Saturday Evening Post*, laugh at vaudeville, spell *through* "thru," boast of wearing B. V. D.'s all winter, and smoke Camel cigarettes.

But—who knows?—perhaps these very things will be the quaintnesses of Peter's day. In time, he may be pointed out as the eccentric old body who has vowed never to fly, though the planes pass his chimney every day. He will be thought a trifle "queer" because he uses the old-fashioned Gillette instead of having his whiskers removed by electricity. And it will be whispered that it is Peter who, under the name of "Old Subscriber," writes those letters to the *New Republic* sighing for the good old days when there was something wrong with the world every week.

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Drama

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REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. By Margaret Gardner Mayorga. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS, VOL. II. By Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE SOOTHSAYER. By Verner von Heidenstam, Translated by Karoline Knudsen. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE BIRTH OF GOD. By Verner von Heidenstam. Translated by Karoline Knudsen. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE SEVEN WHO SLEPT. By A. Kingsley Porter. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

MISS MAYORGA has done well to bring together twenty-four one-act American plays. If the American one-act play has not flourished in obscurity, at least it has blossomed in the shade, and so recent has been its note that, without actually counting, I should suppose that about half the authors in this volume were under thirty-five. The book

(*Continued on page* 608)

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New York THE ABINGDON PRESS Cincinnati

(*Continued from page* 607)
is duly and competently supplied with preface, introduction, biographical notes, bibliographies, and other concomitants of anthologies. Miss Mayorga classes her twenty-four plays under eleven heads. She has just one more category than Polonius in that tragical-comical-historical-pastoral passage in which Shakespeare seems, even in those artless times, to find a theme for mirth in the nicety of classifiers. At a moment when he was himself wildly capering in the gloomiest of tragedies, he felt the value of defensive satire.

It is natural that the one-act play should be marked by diversity of kinds. If one collected into two groups the people with whom one could comfortably spend a half hour and those one could put up with for two hours and a half, it is clear that the first assembly would be not only larger but more diversified than the second. Miss Mayorga classifies, not by dividing the whole like a logician, but by adding the particulars like a collector. But there is no good method of sorting dramas; logic is irrelevant and collectorship is lax. Even with eleven heads it is hard to give each play its proper billet. "Suppressed Desires" may be satire, as the editor thinks, but surely it is also farce; and a "Good Woman" is no more a "play of ideas" than a "Question of Morality," which is debited to "comedy." For myself I have no affection for classifications of dramas; they were too dear to Polonius.

Miss Mayorga has chosen well. She tells us in her preface that she has sometimes preferred the representative to the excellent—a preference to which, after a moment's hesitation, one assents. The average merit, however, is considerable. There is no ground as yet for national exultation, but Americans may well be soberly and humbly glad in the showing made by their compatriots in this volume. On the whole, the pattern is much better than the goods. The ideas, the motives, are strong. But the execution wants steadiness. The hand shakes a little; there is no assurance in the stroke. Even this defect is hardly marked enough to be felt in the theatre, and one is glad that form rather than matter should be the seat of the defect. It is easier for substance to annex style than for style to annex substance; neither annexation is child's play.

Envy is sometimes a good touchstone, and I am moved to confess that I should like to have written Miss Esther Galbraith's "Brink of Silence," Mr. Oscar M. Wolff's "Where But in America," and, but for its slanting or sloping morals, Mr. George Middleton's "Good Woman." I should like to have been bright enough to think out the motive of Mr. Percival Wilde's "Question of Morality," though I do not warm to the gelid subtlety of the result. The volume should serve the one-act play as furtherance and as incentive.

In Mr. Eliot's "Little Theater Classics," "Little" and "Classics" should be strongly underscored. The book adapts standard plays of other centuries to intimate, artistic, solicitous presentation. There are some intrepidities in Mr. Eliot which rather stagger me, though whether the protest comes from real disapprobation or simply from that unusedness which whimpers at the approach of novelty it is hard for me to say. For instance, I stand agape, if not aghast, at Mr. Eliot's consolidation of the Chester play and the Brome play on Abraham and Isaac into *one* drama. Surely the divinely pathetic Townley version of this still enjoyable theme might have served his purpose better than this adulterous conjunction.

The "Loathed Lover," the third play, is a greatly shortened and somewhat softened adaptation of Thomas Middleton's powerful and formidable "Changeling." I doubt if an expurgation so cautious as Mr. Eliot's has really improved the decorum of the play. Middleton's "Changeling" is, in agreement with its name, an unwashed and unkempt brat, and I think its hairiness and blotchiness become more rather than less conspicuous after it has been washed, combed, and wrapped in comely linen. I rather wonder that Mr. Eliot, whose restorative hand is omnipresent, has not troubled himself to iron out the creases in Middleton's (or Rowley's) insupportable blank verse.

Mr. Eliot is quite justified in including in his book the excellent old farce of "Pathelin." He has to travel far back in time to reach it, but "Pathelin" is worth a journey. I do not quite see, however, why he should stop on the return trip to pick up Molière's "Sganarelle," a smart, saucy, bustling one-act play, whose deserts, I should suppose, had been paid in full by the merriment of its contemporaries. The present text, which is Mr. Eliot's revision of the rhymed version prepared by Mr. Philip Moeller for the Washington Square players, is of an admirable pithiness, zest, and elasticity. Of Mr. Eliot's four curiously different plays, one approves "Pathelin," and "Abraham and Isaac," at least in the ground work, tolerates "Sganarelle," and looks askance at the "Loathed Lover." But of their fitness to their audience it is hard to judge. Mr. Eliot expressly dedicates "Sganarelle" to "lovers of the new, the whimsical, the picturesque and style-struck." He would be a bold critic who would undertake to say what would *not* please lovers of the new, the whimsical, the picturesque, and the style-struck in the modern theatre.

In the "Soothsayer" and the "Birth of

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God," short plays by Verner von Heidenstam, I find a dramatic void. Their merits consist in serious purpose, powerful settings, and a diction—happily reproduced in Miss Knudsen's picturesque and gliding English—which has both shape and color, both complexion and profile. In the "Soothsayer" a man flees from hearth to temple and from temple to hearth in alternate faithlessness to each. The play, on its tiny scale, is like "Peer Gynt" in its detestation of the uncommitted or half-committed man, and it is like "Brand" in its presentation of the conflict between religion and domesticity for the mastery of a struggling soul. Unfortunately it adduces no reason for its dictum that love and priesthood are incompatible, and its mere word, in the absence of a reason, will not greatly impress a world in which Socrates, St. Peter, St. Louis, and Ralph Waldo Emerson were husbands.

The "Birth of God" is less prettily wrought, but is somewhat richer in substance. Two strangers, meeting at night in our own time in Karnak, hold a solemn dialogue to which the images of forsaken gods serve as framework and in which from time to time the lamentations of these gods augustly mingle. God is dead; God is unborn. His birth is foreseen, and the foresight of his birth is already the beginning of his presence. All this is dimly cheerful; it loses its cheer and it does not acquire clearness when one of the strangers actually obtains his God by a voluntary leap into sacrificial flames.

Mr. Porter's preface to the "Seven Who Slept" is a defense of illusion. It is a dashing, sprightly, condescending preface, and much of what it says is incontestable. At times, however, its points, like crossing sword-blades, blunt each other. We are told at the outset that "the only power which can—or at least commonly does—dispel an illusion is another illusion." We are told at the end that "the modern age has been misguided in its exclusive search after truth." How can illusion be impaired or impeded by our search for truth, when, in the search for truth, we get illusion?

The legendary play, in four brief episodes, presents illusion as an encouragement to virtue in a pointed and clean-cut anecdote of the transitory revival of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus. With his lesson Mr. Porter has hardly succeeded; the moral is at once importunate and elusive; the reader can not get hold of it nor get free of it. But the play, in its informal fashion, shows a measure of dramatic faculty. Mr. Porter manages his surprise cunningly, and he has a good dialogue of the plain, crisp sort in which all the speeches are erect and solitary, as insulated in their proximity as the dwellers in New York apartment houses.

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Problems of Labor and Capital

IV. Chartering vs. Incorporating Employers' Associations and Trade Unions

THE usual excuse put forth by employers who refuse to enter into collective bargaining agreements with labor unions is the alleged irresponsibility of the unions. Employers, that is, very seldom succeed in recovering pecuniary damages from unions for breach of contract. In the belief that compulsory incorporation of unions would make it a simple matter for an employer successfully to sue for damages arising out of a breach of contract, employers throughout the country are in favor of compulsory incorporation. This movement is, of course, bitterly opposed by organized labor. The reason for this opposition usually alleged by organized labor is unwillingness to submit to any public control. There is no valid reason to suppose that the opposition arises from a belief that through incorporation the treasuries of the unions would be more subject to attack. An ingrained desire to be free from public scrutiny and inspection explains itself in the light of the fact that the trade union movement was an outgrowth of secret societies, somewhat resembling the Masonic orders.

But in all the discussions it has been but seldom suggested that it would be equally wise and fair to compel the incorporation of employers' associations. For many years employers' associations dealing with labor were incorporated under State laws. In this they followed the practices of employers' associations organized for purposes other than dealing with labor. Within the last decade, however, there has been a marked tendency among lawyers to advise employers' associations to remain unincorporated. The reason for this advice is obvious. Under the laws of many States, such as New York, the statutes covering membership corporations vest in the courts a so-called power of visitation, in effect a power of inspection. To prevent the possibility of any inspection whatsoever, employers' associations generally remain unincorporated, the members being held together merely by formal or informal by-laws and constitutions.

Though both labor and capital are fearful of public supervision, the unions, as a rule, print in their bulletins, which are distributed to their members and to the public, audited monthly statements of their financial condition. Knowledge of this fact comes as a great surprise to most employers. Hardly a single case can be mentioned where an employers' association, organized solely to deal with labor, has ventured to publish an income and disbursement statement, though they willingly make public their records of votes on important matters, and distribute such information not only to their members, but to their particular trade through their trade press, matters which the unions jealously keep secret.

Lack of general publicity on both sides is the basis for much of the lack of confidence existing between employers and organized labor. The unions, with considerable justice, allege the existence of large "strike funds" to crush labor organizations. That high-priced detectives are engaged to act as spies at union meetings is so commonly assumed that at many union meetings special remarks are made for the benefit of such spies. Where such sums exist they are in part called forth by the failure of the courts to give such protection to the employers as they think they are entitled to.

When employers argue that the incorporation of the unions would result in responsibility, they argue from a false premise and without knowledge of the facts. It can not be denied that in business dealings generally credit is established on statements showing assets subject to attack in the event that the credit is abused. However, it is most improbable that employers would ever be able to reach the funds of the unions, even if such funds were subject to legal attack. In the first place, if mandatory incorporation were to be adopted, the attorneys for the trade unions would speedily pursue the methods of corporate financing, which have been so successfully carried on by capital during the past decades. Subsidiary corporations would be organized to which would be transferred the larger part of the union funds. A local union in the City of New York decided some years ago to go into business on its own account; it bought a plant worth several thousand dollars and actually engaged in the line of business in which its members were qualified. In order to safeguard the funds so invested, a separate corporation was organized, each member of the union holding a share of the stock. It is plain that the legal difficulties involved in following the union's funds would prove so expensive and difficult as to make the relief impracticable. Assuming, however, that upon a breach of contract funds of the union could be easily levied upon, it must nevertheless be apparent to anyone familiar with the temper of the labor movement in this country that the mere risk arising to the funds in the treasury would not deter the average

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labor union from any course previously determined upon. Probably every day in the year some labor union without funds receives assistance from other unions in the same or other trades in other parts of the country. The seizure of the union's treasury would only further embitter the workers and prolong the strike. Is it not also true that most strikes would come to an end long before a decision could be reached in our courts on an action for damages?

What the employers and the workers really need is not the subjecting of funds to attack. All that is hoped for from mandatory incorporation could be accomplished through compulsory licensing or chartering. Legislation should be enacted to make mandatory the governmental chartering of trade unions and employers' associations. Such legislation should expressly provide that the financial responsibility of the parties is unaffected thereby. With this sound and fair provision, and with a further declaration of the benefits to trade unions of the compulsory chartering of employers' associations, it may be that the present opposition of organized labor to any form of public interference might be overcome.

Such chartering of the parties to the present industrial warfare would mean little more than the public filing of the constitution, and by-laws and amendments thereto, the periodic filing of detailed financial statements showing not only assets and liabilities, but income and disbursements, and the recording of the names and addresses of all members and officers of the respective chartered associations. A further requirement of some value would be the compulsory filing of certificates setting forth the result of all votes on election of officers or committees and proposed demands or strikes on the part of the workers, or lockouts on the part of the employers. Through the medium of chartering, the Government could obtain power of regulation over the manner of taking and counting of votes. The common cry of employers that they would be willing to deal with organized labor if the leadership were the leadership actually desired by the workers would in part be answered, if, in addition to the public filing of the result of the votes taken in such matters, the Government would also have power to surround these industrial ballots with safeguards similar to those now protecting the political ballot. Publicity of somewhat this sort has been successfully tried in isolated cases by the more progressive employers and unions. Neither side would revert to the former "star chamber" proceedings. Unfortunately, the introduction of similar practices in all labor unions and employers' associations will take decades of education in the absence of mandatory legislation.

MORRIS L. ERNST

The Whitley System in the British Civil Service

IN March, 1917, was issued the Whitley Report, so called from the name of the Chairman of a committee appointed by the Ministry of Labor. It has introduced into the industrial life of England a remarkable change. This committee recommended that employers and employed, in each trade, should form a Joint Standing Industrial Council and select representatives for the purpose of consultation and advice on subjects connected with the interests of the two parties. Employees thus secured a voice in the regulation of the labor engaged. This principle has now been applied to the Civil Service of the Crown.

Constitutional changes in England have for centuries occurred with so little friction and in so quiet a way that their importance is often unappreciated. It will be seen, when described, how large is the change effected by this application of the Whitley Report, which primarily was intended to affect only "the main industries of the country." It came about in this way. On March 7, 1919, there was issued a report of a sub-committee of an inter-departmental committee on the application of the Whitley Report to Government establishments. This was followed in April by a conference at which it was resolved that a National Joint Committee should be appointed to consider a Whitley scheme and make a report on the same. Accordingly a Provisional National Joint Committee was formed, consisting of fifteen official representatives and fifteen representatives of the employees in the English Civil Service. The report of this body, issued on May 28, 1919, formulated a scheme which was approved by the Cabinet in June, 1919, and subsequently accepted by a Joint Official and Staff Conference presided over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It will be seen by reference to some of the more important details how vitally it changes the position of the English Civil Servants of the Crown. The new principle, that the employees are entitled to a voice in the organization of the service, is distinctly formulated:

> The main objects of establishing a system of joint Whitley bodies for the administrative Departments are to secure a greater measure of coöperation between the State, in its capacity of employer, and the general body of Civil Servants, in matters affecting the Civil Service, with a view to increase efficiency in the public service combined with the well-being of those employed; to provide machinery for dealing with grievances, and generally to bring together experience and different points of view of representatives of the administrative, clerical and manipulative Civil Service.

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Therefore we find a representative body of employers and employed, for the heads of departments may be regarded as employers, set up to regulate the Civil Service system. Accordingly three sets of bodies are established—a National Council, Departmental Committees, and District and Office (or Works) Committees, the first named body consisting of fifty-four members, half to be appointed by the Government and the other half by groups of Staff Associations.

The object of the Council is to carry out the principles already described. The most startling point, and one which in any country in Europe would be regarded as subversive of existing institutions, is that "the decisions of the Council shall be arrived at by agreement between the two sides," and then "they shall be reported to the Cabinet and thereupon shall become operative." Startling does not seem too strong an adjective to use in reference to this recommendation, because it appears to take away Cabinet responsibility, and the National Joint Council becomes the real governing body in regard to the organization of the Civil Service.

The Departmental Committees will, however, probably be of greater practical utility than the National Council, because they will deal with the affairs of each department. The dividing line between the jurisdiction of the National Council and of the Departmental Committees is very vague, for "the precise line of demarcation between the scope of the National Council and Departmental Committees must be left largely to the test of experience." District Joint Committees and Sectional Committees are simply special committees necessitated by the existence of special sections or grades in some departments, and do no more than carry the system of Departmental Committees into greater detail. The main interest of the new system is not in the details, but in the adoption of the principle of staff intervention in the organization of the Civil Service.

It is clearly an extraordinary change, for if there has been one branch of civil employment in which the employed has been entirely subordinate to the employer, it is the Civil Service. The employee has entered it knowing its terms, its restrictions, its pay, and its duration of employment. He made up his mind from the moment of entrance that he was a mere unit in a huge Governmental machine. Now things are changed—how changed it will be for the immediate future to show. One may hope that the status and work of the English Civil Service have been such that extreme changes will not be required. But the application of the Whitley system to the British Civil Service makes one consider when and to what extent the same principle will be applied in other countries. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the extension is of quite extraordinary interest because nothing is clearer than that the original Whitley Report contemplated only war conditions and the problems which were likely to arise immediately after the war in relation to industrial undertakings. Its application to the Civil Service shows that its principles will be permanently applied, sooner or later, in every kind of employment. For if it is applicable to the Civil Service of the Crown, it is applicable universally.

E. S. Roscoe

London, May 10

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LEADERLESS—that is the one adjective which, by unanimous consent, was assigned to the Republican Convention as it assembled at Chicago. To take hold of the amorphous mass there gathered together and produce something like genuine crystallization—that was the problem with which the wise heads in and around the Coliseum had to grapple. By the time this paper reaches the majority of our readers, the final outcome of their efforts will in all probability be known. But, whatever the decision, either as to platform or as to candidates, the one thing certain is that the coming campaign will be one of the most important in the history of the country. Issues have been more sharply defined at other critical junctures in our country's history; but not more than once or twice—in 1860 and possibly in 1896—has the actual result of the election had a more crucial bearing on the country's future than that of this forthcoming election is likely to have. And the less distinctly the issues are defined, the more essential will it be to keep in view the momentous character of the consequences which our choice will almost certainly carry with it. Never was there a time when it was more necessary to keep our heads level.

WHEN an immovable object—an irreconcilable—is met by a political convention, which is the first to budge? Hiram W. Johnson's final position will soon be known; but even now it is evident that here is no question of firm convictions which a chance to be President can not modify. Old Dr. Johnson in a pinch clearly believes in calling in others for consultation—which is about the only comfort one could derive from the thought of him in the White House.

IN Utopia there is no place for such a spectacle as that presented by the Chicago Convention, for Utopia is ruled solely by reason, and the sprawling democracies of this world by—conventions. The American people are not at the moment choosing a President, they are choosing a champion who shall engage in a trial by combat with another champion similarly chosen. As a method of accomplishing this result scrutiny of the omens or the tight-rope tests of Lilliput might be expected to work as well as our way of putting a thousand citizens into a big auditorium and under the chemistry of oratory, cheers, bands, buttons, whispers, waggings of the head, four per cent. beer, and whatever else may have escaped the revived vigilance of the authorities, expecting them perfectly to interpret the people's will. It is highly ridiculous, of course—part circus and part race meet—but, and also because, it is deeply human. Those who refuse to be interested in such a spectacle because it does not nicely conform to every postulate of reason are themselves the slaves of fundamental unreason. Bossed or unbossed, pledged or unpledged, stampeded or traded, the delegates to the Conventions do succeed in hitting upon men who prove capable of discharging the duties laid upon them.

THAT the betting odds against the unfavored candidate in an election are habitually less than the actual indications warrant is a familiar fact. When, for example, in a Presidential campaign in which there are practically only two candidates the odds against one of them are steadily as bad as 3 to 1, the actual feeling among judicial observers is that his defeat is almost certain. Whatever the explanation of this phenomenon —and there is more than one reason that tends to account for it—the fact itself will hardly be disputed. An interesting confirmation of it, however, is furnished by the odds on the Republican aspirants for the Republican nomination as posted by the firm handling most of the bets in Wall Street on Saturday, June 5, just before the gathering of the hosts at Chicago. The odds against the candidates named were as follows:

Johnson	1 to 1	Allen	6 to 1
Wood	7 to 5	Coolidge	8 to 1
Lowden	8 to 5	Harding	8 to 1
Hoover	4 to 1	Butler	10 to 1
Hughes	5 to 1	Knox	10 to 1

Now if we add up the fractions which

represent the probabilities thus assigned to the several candidates—½ to Johnson, 5/12 to Wood, etc.—the total is nearly 2¼, instead of 1; and this allows nothing for the whole brood of dark horses! Thus it is safe to say that, on an average, the chance assigned to these several candidates is three times as great as a cold calculation would make it—which is quite in keeping with the experience above referred to, in election-betting odds.

SIXTY-SIX members of the Yale Faculty have signed the following protest to the Senate and House of Representatives:

> We, the undersigned, members of the Faculty of Yale University, are unalterably opposed to any interference by an outside nation with our domestic affairs, and we are equally opposed to any attempt on the part of our own government to interfere with the domestic affairs of any other nation. We protest, in particular, against any Congressional resolutions, or items in political platforms, touching upon the relations of Great Britain and Ireland. We ourselves deeply resented proposals of foreign interference in our domestic affairs during the Civil War from 1861 to 1865, and we should not fail to act in the present instance with the propriety that we then required of other nations.

It is a shocking absurdity that such protests should be necessary, but they are necessary, and it is the clear duty of thinking men and women everywhere to do what they can to make it plain to our representatives at Washington that the country is heartily sick of their cheap and dangerous political tricks. "If I were a citizen of the United States," says Mr. Philip Gibbs, the war correspondent, in *Harper's Magazine,* "I should be afraid—afraid lest my country should by passion, or by ignorance, or by sheer carelessness take the wrong way." Greater than all these is the danger arising from the behavior of politicians scavenging for votes.

GENERALITIES often sound so well as almost to conceal the fact that they do nothing else than sound. Mr. Gompers, for example, harking back to his Carnegie Hall debate with Governor Allen, asserts with great emphasis that "the public has no rights which are superior to the toiler's right to live, and his right to defend himself against oppression." As these words roll forth, one might imagine, for a moment, that the opposition had been knocked over the ropes never to recover. A moment's genuine thought reveals the fact that there really is no opposition. Nobody has questioned the toiler's right to live, or to defend himself against oppression. The resounding thump administered by Mr. Gompers was only against a man of straw of his own construction. Meanwhile, the right of the public to insist that the toiler shall defend his rights by legal and orderly methods remains unscathed.

THE wording of that passage in the Papal Encyclical on Christian Peace and Reconciliation which proclaims His Holiness to be "not averse to mitigating to some degree the rigor of those conditions which, after the overthrow of the civil principality of the Holy See, were justly established by our predecessors to prevent the coming of Catholic Princes to Rome in their official character," makes it absolutely clear that this decision does not embody a new principle, but constitutes merely a measure of expediency. "The dangerous turn of events," and no turn in the attitude of the Vatican, is given as a reason for the lifting of the ban on visits to Rome of Catholic Princes and heads of States and this "remission, counselled, or rather wished for, by the gravity of the times, must by no means be interpreted as a tacit renunciation of our sacrosanct rights." In other words, the Sovereign Pontiff does not renounce his claim to the temporal power withheld from him by the King of Italy; he only waives a particular form of protest against the latter's encroachment on his rights, without ceasing to protest against it.

THE returns of the elections for the German Reichstag are the reflection of a centrifugal force at work among the electorate. The left wing of Social-Democracy, the so-called Independents, and the German People's party, the stronghold of the capitalistic interests, have scored the chief victories at the polls. The former especially have cause for satisfaction. They have verified Dr. Rohrbach's forecast by robbing the Majority Socialists of their title to that name. The latter party's responsibility for the Government under conditions unprecedented in German history has proved fatal to their popularity with the masses. The formation of a new Government on the basis of this new party alignment will be fraught with difficulties. A combination of Independents, Majority Socialists, and Communists would find a strong block of all the other parties in opposition to it. A Government of the right is out of the question, as the People's party and the Nationalists together do not constitute a majority over the united Socialist groups. A continuance of the present coalition of Majority Socialists, Democrats, and the Centre is very unlikely, since the Socialist leaders have paid for their compromise with the bourgeoisie by a heavy loss in adherents. If the Centre leaders, in spite of their strong labor following, could be persuaded to join a coalition of the right, a Government thus constituted would have to face opposition from closed ranks of the working classes, Catholic labor included.

EXPLOITATION of the American Indian is no longer an easy game. The vigilance of the Indian Rights Association has recently scored another triumph in a long series by compelling the suspension of a contract seriously inimical to the rights and financial interests of the Pima Indians, on the Gila River Reservation. The terms of this contract are analyzed in a pamphlet published by the Association (No. 119, Second Series), and it is made very clear that its execution would have been a gross injustice. It involved 50,000 acres of excellent cotton-growing soil, all capable of irrigation, which would have gone into private hands for ten years, with possibility of renewal, and with no real approach to a fair compensation. The Association reports that one Pima Indian, having access to waste water from a canal, last year broke twelve acres of land in this same district and made a profit

of $6,000 on his first crop. There are funds now available for a diversion dam across the Gila River, a few miles above the Pima Agency. Under the circumstances, the humane and sensible policy of the Government would be to complete this dam with all possible speed, and then, through the Department of Agriculture, to provide the Pimas with the expert advice which would enable them to develop their own lands.

SO the gentle, merciful, and loving Bolsheviki finally killed Madame Ponafidine, after killing all the rest of the family they could lay hands on. Only one son survives, and at last accounts he was with the volunteer army. Readers of Madame Ponafidine's letters in the *Atlantic* a year or so ago will recall the vivid picture of a family who, hemmed in from all channels of escape, and gradually deprived of everything which made life possible, saw day by day the closer approach of the final tragedy. A friend tells the rest of the tale. The Bolsheviki returned and killed two of the sons. They came back again and removed Mr. and Mrs. Ponafidine to a little plot of ground. The husband and father being too old and helpless to perform physical labor, they compelled the wife and mother to "work the ground for a living." Very likely no living could be wrested from the ground. So again they came back and simplified the problem by killing the useless old man. But the problem was still unsolved, and therefore they came back for a final visit and slew Mrs. Ponafidine. Were the Ponafidines inoffensive folk, who asked only to be left alone? Ah, yes, no doubt; but "you can't wage a revolution with rosewater." These little sacrifices of the individual life are necessary oblations on the altar of the holy cause of Fraternity. None but reactionaries will protest against them.

SOMEWHAT "bluggy" is the social outlook in America, unless we have a care; and we are unlikely to exercise the proper care unless we maintain the right temper. So we learn from a sort of valedictory address given in Boston by Professor Harold J. Laski, late of Harvard University, but now returning to London for a post in the School of Economics. Industrial democracy, otherwise self-government in industry, he says, "may be slow in coming, but it is inevitable, and it is the business of those who think for the welfare of the United States to remember that it will come, if necessary, with blood, but can be secured without blood, and can only be secured without it according to the temper which you maintain." The warning sounds portentous, but its sophomoric quality quickly reveals itself and allays fear. Assuredly if we (meaning everybody) cultivate a temper that inevitably makes for bloodshed, why then inevitably we shall get what our temper calls for. Contrariwise, if we don't, we shan't, and there's an end on't. Speaking strictly for ourselves, we affirm our preference for forecasts expressed in more positive terms. We resent the attempt to harrow up our feelings by forebodings which do not forebode. A prediction bounded by "unless" on one side and by "if" on the other, even though it carry the suggestibility of the most dire and catastrophic events, is no prediction at all. It is too Laskian, so to speak, for a world of stern realities. It is a Brummagem substitute for the real thing.

NO exercise, we are fain to believe, is so easy as that of clapperclaw. The increasing amount of it is surely proof of the readiness with which the trick is learned. Given the mood, nothing seems necessary but a vocabulary—and even a little of that will go a long way, for of course one can always repeat. No information is necessary—indeed, sound information would, as a rule, only obstruct the railing impulse. No particular social theory is required; the Anarchist who wants no government, the bureaucratic Socialist who wants much government, and the Pluralist who wants a multitude of fractional governments, all join voices in railing at exactly the same things. There is but one rule—to rail and to keep on railing until exhausted, and then to take a fresh breath and start all over again. Of course, a basic assumption or two will help. One may assume that 90 per cent. of everything in the world (outside of Soviet Russia) is wrong, or that everyone anywhere intrusted with political power (Soviet Russia of course excepted) is a charlatan chiefly concerned with his own interests. Either or both of these assumptions serves to concentrate one's railing towards more or less definite objectives. Still, one can be economical and get along without either. There is such a thing as railing on "general principles," and a survey of the field will incline the observer to the belief that a considerable part of the output comes under this category. Perhaps it is idle to call attention to the problem unless one can suggest a remedy. But no remedy, except Time, occurs to us. Our stout ancestors, on much slenderer provocation, tried various drastic remedies, including the ducking-stool; but there is grave doubt as to the resultant benefits. For ourselves, we can counsel only a stoical patience to endure the terrific din while it lasts, confident that some day it will wear itself down to a more tolerable murmur.

LINCOLN'S saying that you can fool some of the people all of the time applies with particular force to the radical press and its avid following. This following, taken by and large, has a love of bamboozlement which is intensive, continuous, and cumulative. The victim always comes up hungry for more; and the supply of what he is looking for, great as it may be, is ever less than the demand. The radical paper with the largest circulation in the United States has one simple rule: to keep its following in the tensest possible state of excitement and apprehension. With mankind as a whole it may be said that the bamboozler plays a futile sort of game. But this does not apply to the gudgeons of revolutionism. Each fresh bamboozlement is but a whet to the appetite, which grows by what it feeds on. Maybe Lincoln, with his keen prophetic vision, had this element in mind.

The Voice of America

ENGLAND has had the habit—she freely admits it—of muddling through her crises. But English muddling has never amounted to huggermugger. Englishmen have had, and still have, a solid common sense to keep them within bounds. The confusion of American thought and feeling to-day is something so different that we can get little comfort from England's past examples. We are approaching the Presidential campaign at a time when the wishes and best instincts of the country are still inarticulate. It is not merely our foreign policy which is undetermined. The elements of our domestic life are warring among themselves, and the stream of traditional feelings and convictions upon which England in a pinch has been able to rely to carry her along is, in our case, badly clogged. Will it, in the next few months, make itself strongly felt?

Ours is the difficulty which European statesmen long ago foresaw for a young powerful democracy. "A democracy," said Metternich, "is a perpetual tour de force." We are now undergoing the extremely awkward experience of turning from a nation of doers to a nation of thinkers. Business can not resume its normal activity until many questions precipitated by the war, and more especially by our facile agitators, are settled; and business men are of a sudden asked to be metaphysicians. Problems of abstract justice are up for decision. Is the right to strike inalienable? Should work by hand be better paid than brain work? What can be said for interest on capital? In the present state of agitation what institution of the country is sacred to the popular mind? Exploring the first principles of justice is a dangerous experiment for a nation unless common sense also is used as a guide.

And common sense should tell us that, whatever the evils of our present system, American civilization is something altogether too precious to revolutionize. This year we celebrate the three-hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. One might think by the talk of the feverish radicals who are working for change, change, and more change that the life which has sprung up from that momentous event contained no health and no wisdom; that the freedom bred into our bones had entirely dried up; that this country had not been, and was not still capable of being, a land of marvellous opportunity for persons with pluck and ambition. At a time like this it is well to recall that the American who did most during the war to keep Europe from starving, started life as a poor boy, and that not only has he achieved great material success, but his name is signally honored the world over.

It may well be that our best way to get on as a nation, now that we have dipped copiously into the abstractions of panaceas, is to draw inspiration from the practical success of our history of three hundred years. For it *is* inspiring for one with any memory to call up the cases upon cases of persons who began humbly, and who by thrift and hard work and the ambition to provide for their children opportunities such as they never had, gradually made for themselves positions of security and genuine respect in their various communities. Are these opportunities so few to-day that we must think of making the life of this nation entirely over? Labor is in great demand, wages are high, and though costs of living are dear, they require a degree of saving far less than that practiced by many who achieved success in the not distant past.

There is such a thing as being reactionary, the turning of deaf ears to the call of the present and the future; and there is such a thing as being so progressive as to foster discontent leading to chaos. We need not be ashamed at this moment to hearken to the voice of America calling down the ages. The new machines of industry, the overturn of Governments, the searchings of heart and mind can not, unless we will it so, blur that American message; for it issued from truth and magnanimity and is just as urgent for us to-day as when it first came into being. What is it? Our ancestors understood it as freedom, and if such freedom as they meant has left this land, we may join hands with radicals and ask for a new deal. Have we yet made of the humblest workman a slave? If he is dissatisfied with his job, can he not still snap his fingers in the face of his boss and look for other work? Is his suffrage of less value than a millionaire's? Has he less rights in the courts? Have there been no cases of workingmen becoming wealthy in the past ten years? Twenty-five years ago Americans boasted of their country; in the present state of confusion they have grown over-apologetic. They can best serve by vividly remembering America's solid achievements as they approach the many problems that confront them now. For attachment to the past is like loyalty among old friends; it furnishes an excellent touchstone in the forming of new allegiances.

Federal Prohibition a Fact

THE Supreme Court of the United States, without a dissenting voice, has established the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment, and has also affirmed the power of Congress effectively to enforce it. Nor does there seem to us to be any sound reason of large principle why this result should ever have been in serious doubt. On questions of procedure—like that relating to the restriction of a Legislature's power by referendum requirements in a State Constitution, or like that relating to what constitutes "two-thirds of both houses" of Congress—there was room for theoretical doubt; but as to the large principles, it has never seemed to us that there was.

The large principles which we have in mind are two. First, that relating to the contention that the Eighteenth Amendment was beyond the scope of the amending power defined by Article V of the Constitution; a contention that has sometimes been buttressed by the provision in the Tenth Amendment (part of the "Bill of Rights") 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." Concerning this whole contention, we said half a year ago in the *Review*:

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. . . . 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.

The second question of principle is that relating to the "concurrent power" of Congress and the several States to enforce the prohibition amendment. Whatever juristic or technical arguments may be brought up in criticism of this feature of the Eighteenth Amendment, the common-sense view of it seems to us to be perfectly simple, and to coincide with the view that is taken by the Supreme Court:

The power confided to Congress by that section, while not exclusive, is territorially coextensive with the prohibition of the first section, embraces manufacture and other intrastate transactions as well as importation, exportation and interstate traffic, and is in no wise dependent on or affected by action or inaction on the part of the several States or any of them.

In other words, any prohibition enforcement act passed by Congress must be obeyed; if a State passes a prohibition enforcement act, that, too, must be obeyed; and the consequence is that whichever of the two is most prohibitory is the effective one. This evidently involves no clash; it is simply that whatever is prohibited by either law is illegal. Complications may, of course, arise in the matter of the administration of two laws, where both cover the same subject-matter and apply to the same persons; but that is a problem ulterior to the question of the validity of the laws themselves. One practical consequence is that if some future Congress should pass a law making five per cent., or ten per cent., the permissible alcoholic content, then only those States would be "bone-dry" that wished; those that imposed no more severe prohibition than Congress did would be as "wet" as the legislation of Congress permitted them to be.

But it is one thing to say that the Eighteenth Amendment is a valid part of the Constitution, and quite another to say that it is a proper part of the Constitution. An Amendment of the Constitution may be valid, and yet be revolutionary; it may be valid, and yet be utterly out of place; it may be valid, and yet lower the whole standing of the great instrument of which it has become a part. All these things the Eighteenth Amendment is and does. Our protection against it should have been found in a prompt manifestation of the political virility of our people, instead of being left to the eleventh hour possibility of a rescuing decision by an overruling court.

It is not the violation of any merely juristic concept of "State rights" that makes the Eighteenth Amendment revolutionary; the blow it strikes goes to the very heart of the idea upon which our union of States rests, an idea embodied not in mere legal distinctions but in the intimate and habitual thoughts of the people. Any attack upon the individuality of the States, upon their right to manage their home affairs in their own way, which may be launched on a wave of popular sentiment will hereafter have plain sailing; the assertion that it is contrary to the spirit of our institutions will hereafter have but little force. And into the Constitution, which has hitherto embodied simply the framework of our Government and the guarantee of fundamental liberties and rights, there has now been imbedded a police regulation which belongs on a wholly different plane, and which will serve as a precedent for other like intrusions. The presence of this single one is enough distinctly to lower the place of the whole instrument in the people's mind; and surely it would not take many more to degrade it altogether from the place that it has proudly held during a hundred and thirty years of national achievement and national trial.

The Law or the Cadi?

ONE of the distinctive features of our system of government, as the Constitution of Massachusetts says, and as many other State constitutions provide, is that it is a government of laws and not of men. What this means is that our citizens are to be responsible to a standard of conduct and of duty fixed in definite form by law, and not to the mere caprice or judgment, good or bad, of any individual exercising the powers of the Oriental Cadi. In Oriental law, the Cadi is the centre of justice. He determines at one and the same time what the law is and whether it has been violated. If we were to have this system of law, we should need nothing in the way of statute, perhaps, beyond the Golden Rule.

The Federal Constitution in its Sixth Amendment provides that a person accused shall "be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation." Under a long series of cases, the rule had been established before the war that the citizen is entitled to be informed by the law, as well as by the complaint, what acts or conduct are prohibited and made punishable; in other words, to know in advance of any prosecution what the law requires him to do. The citizen must live up to the standard set by the law and not by the varying standards of public officials in the absence of law.

The Lever law, passed under war conditions, provides in paragraph four:

It is hereby made unlawful for any person . . . to make any unjust or unreasonable charge in handling or dealing in or with any necessaries.

The section also provides a penalty of $5,000 fine, or two years' imprisonment, or both, for the violation of this section, adding immediately that the section does not apply to any farmer, dairyman, or other agriculturalist, with respect to produce or products raised or produced by him. But the Lever law does not set up any standard whatever by which any man can know in advance what rates or charges are deemed unjust or unreasonable. All over the country, Federal officials, acting under the Lever

law, have been arresting citizens, berating them in the public press, and subjecting them to criminal prosecution, for alleged unjust or unreasonable charges in handling or dealing with necessaries. However irritated we may feel at excessive prices, as the expression of selfishness and rapacity, we have here the question of whether the method of prevention is not worse than the disease. We have to consider whether or not, by laws of which this Lever Act is a good example, the old rule under which a government of law has been here established, and under which our country has grown, is not being insidiously supplanted by an Oriental system, enforced by official Cadis, and subjecting citizens to a purely bureaucratic control hitherto unknown in this country. It is for our citizens to take thought whether they believe that such a transformation should be allowed to occur.

Let us consider briefly some of the cases in which the old principle requiring that the citizen should know in advance have been considered by the courts. Here, for example, is a decision on an ordinance in the District of Columbia which provides that every street railway company shall both supply and operate "a sufficient number of cars, clean and sanitary, in good repair, to all persons desirous of using said cars *without crowding such cars*." The railroad was charged with unlawful failure to operate such cars without crowding. The Court declared the law unconstitutional. It said, among other things:

> The Sixth Amendment provides that in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation. In other words, when the accused is led to the bar of justice, the information or indictment must contain the elements of the offense with which he is charged with sufficient clearness to fully advise him of the exact crime which he is alleged to have committed. . . . What shall be the guide for the court or jury in ascertaining what constitutes a crowded car? What may be regarded as a crowded car by one jury may not be by another. What may constitute a sufficient number of cars in the opinion of one Judge may be considered insufficient by another. What may be regarded as grounds for acquittal by one court may be held sufficient to sustain the conviction by another. There is a total absence of any definition of what constitutes a crowded car. This important element cannot be left to conjecture to be supplied by either court or jury. It is of the very essence of the law itself and without it the statute is too indefinite and uncertain to support an information or indictment.

Here is another case in which a Federal Court passed upon the validity of an act providing that railroad companies shall not charge "unreasonable" or "unjust" rates of fare for the transportation of passengers. The act did not say what should be the rate, but simply that it should be just and reasonable. The Court held:

> There is no standard whatever fixed by the statute, or attempted to be fixed, by which the carrier may regulate its conduct, and it seems clearly to us to be utterly repugnant to our system of laws to punish a person for an act, the criminality of which depends not on any standard erected by the law, which may be known in advance, but one created by the jury. And especially so, as that standard must be so variable and uncertain as the views of different juries may suggest and as to which nothing can be known until after the commission of the crime.

As Judge Brewer says in another case, where a similar statute was involved:

> In order to constitute a crime, the act must be one of which the party is able to know in advance whether it is criminal or not. The criminality of an act cannot depend upon whether a jury may think it reasonable or unreasonable. There must be some definiteness and certainty.

As the Supreme Court has held in a case arising long before these war laws were enacted: "Laws which create a crime ought to be so explicit that all men subject to their penalties may know what act it is their duty to avoid."

Time and again decisions of this sort have been made. We are dealing here, not with legal technicality, but with fundamental principle. We are considering whether or not the basis of bureaucracy shall be laid under war conditions and continued after the war is over. Old principles, fundamental in our law, are violated by the quoted section of the Lever law. No man can tell in advance what standard of prices is fixed, what rate of profit is allowed. Whether the storekeeper or purveyor of necessaries would be subject to criminal prosecution is left a matter of discretion to prosecuting officers and juries, and no standard in one case sets the rule or standard in another. From the standpoint of business, it is a wholly intolerable situation. Is it also an illegal encroachment upon the rights of citizens? Conflicting decisions have been rendered in the lower Federal Courts and the matter is now on its way to the Supreme Court for final determination.

While the ultimate outcome of this particular statute as to its constitutionality is of course a judicial question, it is not inappropriate at this time for the public to consider the perplexities which this law creates, to note the extent to which the shadow of criminal prosecution falls upon all merchants and traders engaged in the supplying of necessaries to the people. It is entirely appropriate to observe and comment upon the opportunities for favoritism and graft which are created by this extraordinary law. What is a reasonable rate or charge? How can a merchant determine that which is unjust or unreasonable? Under a recent ruling of one of the Federal District Courts, the same article sold at the same price by two different dealers may result in one merchant being a criminal and the other not, since one may have bought the goods he sold at a lower price than the other. Suppose we have a small store in which numerous articles are sold, some sold under competitive conditions and substantially without profit, others at a very low profit, and a third class sold at a high profit, but the whole volume of the business being sufficient only to produce a modest income for the storekeeper. Is he subject to criminal prosecution and imprisonment, if the goods showing the highest profit, considered by the price examiners, are unreasonably high?

Let us get clearly in our minds what concerns us all. We are at the end of a war period, in which vast bureaucracies have been built up, at enormous public expense, for supposed public purposes. Thousands of men in these bureaucracies have exercised authority, have expended and often grossly wasted public money and drawn large salaries. Are these bureaucracies to continue in times of peace? The Lever law is a startling instance of the bureaucratic extension of the idea of the public prosecutor as a director general of industry. The sober sense of the American people will sometime require the return of its government to the form and substance of Anglo-Saxon freedom, to a government of laws and not of men.

A Rock-Bottom Prophet

Of prophecies of disaster there is such an abundance, in these days of world-wide trouble, as to furnish satisfaction to every variety of taste in pessimism. And it must be confessed that there is no need of pessimist bias to give to forebodings of evil ample warrant. At no time in the memory of living men have so many elements of danger conspired to envelop in doubt the prospects of the civilized world. When, therefore, a writer comes forward with a fresh survey of the situation, from a standpoint of his own, and finds that European civilization is face to face with utter collapse, he is pretty sure to have a large and attentive audience.

In the *North American Review* for June, Major Charles Lacey Hall, an officer in the Engineer Corps of the United States Army, presents us with such a survey and such a conclusion. His article is not a mere recapitulation of existing troubles and menaces. It is "an attempt to arrive, by historical analysis, at the reasons for the impending collapse." The reasons are rooted in the history of modern capitalism, which is characterized in a few bold, strong strokes. Thus the true inwardness of the policy of colonial expansion is exposed in this simple and clean-cut fashion:

> Ever since 1848 the preservation of capitalism has depended on the progressive amelioration of the condition of the lower classes. In order to accomplish this amelioration the excess profits of capital can no longer be taken from the home state, but must be obtained from subject or backward countries. Hence, a strong colonial policy was an absolute necessity to the proletariat, as well as to the bourgeoisie; a fact rather well appreciated by the former.

Again, as to the condition to which capitalism has been reduced by the war:

> From the day war was declared the Western Powers began to use up their accumulated overseas capital and thus dissipate their sources for further commercial exploitation. They also proceeded to capitalize their credit for all it was worth. By this means wealth was transferred out of the hands of the holders of fixed capital, the most naturally conservative forces of the state, either into economically useless goods or labor (munitions of war and pay of the army) or into the hands of entrepreneur capitalists. These latter held their wealth in paper money, and this money could only be converted into real wealth at the expense of somebody. The three possible "somebodies" were:
>
> (a) The inhabitants of the state itself, that is, the general public.
>
> (b) The enemy.
>
> (c) The inhabitants of the semi-civilized states and of the colonies. Another alternative was not to convert it at all, but to repudiate. The probability of repudiation is the existing menace to capitalism.

The peace of Versailles, "dictated by the Entente capitalists, is their scheme for converting their paper wealth into real wealth at the expense partly of the enemy and partly of the inhabitants of semi-civilized states"; but Major Hall points out categorically why neither of these things can actually be done, and proceeds to tell us what Europe is really up against:

> The only other solution is repudiation, either direct or by a further inflation of credit. This latter means is the one now actually being followed and is apparently destined to continue. By it money is being reduced in value gradually until it no longer pays to print. This reduction naturally unsettles international exchange, and with it international trade. The raw material producer in Polynesia has been accustomed to get money for his cocoanuts with which to buy red cloth. When he discovers that, for his cocoanuts, he no longer gets a reasonable amount of red cloth, he stops producing; unless he can get another source of supply for his red cloth. Also the soldiery who have kept him in order stop soldiering when their pay comes in perfectly useless paper. The raw material market is thereby cut off; and the home state, "not having of its own whereof to live," starves. At this point, in pure desperation, the people turn Bolshevist. To this exact spot all European states are travelling with varying speed, and when they reach it, capitalism will have collapsed and Europeans will have to starve until they become few enough to live off the land. During this period of starvation it is reasonable to expect that every institution of society we know, every rule of morality we are accustomed to, and every motto we hold dear, will utterly disappear from the European continent.

Before such a combination of remorseless logic and picturesque presentation, what can one do but bow one's head in submission? Yet there is a lurking feeling that the thing is a little *too* clean-cut—that history is not compressible into quite so simple a formula; one suspects that no man can be quite so wise as Major Hall sounds. And suddenly there appears a gleam of genuine hope that he may be mistaken about some of his grand conclusions. For, coming down to the comparatively simple problem of the advancing of American credit for the restoration of European industry, Major Hall has this to say about the difficulty Europe will experience in meeting the obligation:

> Since the adoption of prohibition there are practically no European goods needed in the United States, except a few articles of luxury, and the interest can be paid only in
>
> (a) Raw materials from tropical and oriental markets, shipped from them in exchange for European manufactured goods.
>
> (b) Expenditures of American tourists abroad.
>
> (c) Transfers of credits of immigrants to their homes. The first class will always be limited, as America still exports raw materials on its own account. The second class is unlikely to grow for some years; and the less we have of the third the better. Altogether the outlook is not promising.

When we came upon this passage, we breathed a deep sigh of relief. If Major Hall had turned to no more elaborate a work than the World Almanac, he would have found that our total imports of wines, malt liquors, and distilled spirits, in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, were $20,300,000, while our entire imports from Europe amounted to $896,000,000. If he was satisfied to draw upon his inner consciousness for an estimate of the effect of prohibition upon the volume of Europe's trade with this country, it seems not impossible that his selective imagination had something to do also with his account of larger matters, and with the cocksureness of his conclusions upon them. Which, by the way, would not be worth all this notice but for the fact that it is typical of a large class. The woods are full of Cassandras. It would be foolish to shut our ears to their warnings; but it is well to remember, too, that for the one Cassandra whose story has been preserved there have been ninety and nine who have been every whit as solemn, but whose names have been swallowed up in oblivion along with their unfulfilled prophecies.

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Worries of the Young Nations

THE United States is now one hundred and forty-three years old, which is a tolerably mature age as nations go. While we consider ourselves youngsters, it is a fact that only the Governments of Great Britain and Japan are older than the Government of the United States, and that there is no Government, great or small, on the face of the globe which has not suffered radical constitutional changes during the period of our unbroken constitutional existence. The peoples of the old world recognize this more clearly than we have done. Americans went to Europe feeling like spoiled darlings; they found that they were looked upon as rich uncles. They had a plenitude of resources; more than this, they were known to have had longer experience in running a democracy than any other nation. Paderewski of Poland and Masaryk of Czechoslovakia had studied our institutions on the ground. It has taken the aftermath of the Great War to teach us some of the opportunities as well as the penalties of national maturity.

Between the Baltic and the Adriatic Seas there are now eleven states, not including Greece and Turkey, where before the war there were five. The largest of these, Poland, has a population of about 27,000,000; Czechoslovakia, in round numbers, has a population of 12,000,000; Greater Serbia, 11,000,000; Rumania, 8,000,000, and Austria, 6,000,000. By the scratch of a pen a large part of the government of these countries has been transferred from the field of internal administration to the domain of foreign affairs. Without questioning the propriety of this transfer there is left for the statesmen of the countries themselves who were responsible for the change, and for the statesmen of the great nations who underwrote it in the treaty of peace, the problem of handling these affairs at least as well as they were formerly handled under the old régime. Upon their ability to do so depends the security of the new nation and the peace of the world. No one of these nations can supply all or nearly all the subsistence needed for its own economic life. Three have no seacoast whatever; the rivers and railroads upon which they depend for transport traverse from one to three states before reaching a world port. One has coal, another has oil, another has a sufficiency of wheat. None has a sufficiency of all three, and some have little or none of any of them.

Can the New States Survive?

Can the states themselves within a year after liberation provide that internal stability and that external foresight which are necessary to build up their own prosperity and to guarantee peace with their neighbors? It is not surprising that the first answer is a dubious one. Never had rulers of new states such burdens as haunt the pillows of their statesmen. History may smile, but not they, at the worries caused them by their own people. Everywhere there is childlike faith in the law and the prophets, dependence on the aphorisms of freedom and the efficacy of politics to accomplish all ends, from digging coal to running a railroad and solving a tangle in international finance. But the number of men who can give to harassed administrators the benefit of expert counsel on food supply, train dispatching, the increase of coal production, and the mysteries of international exchange, is very small indeed. From some experience in riding in the trains of Europe I should say that the average worker thinks to manage these by the caucus system. And I am credibly informed that he thinks banking problems can be handled in the same way. The Government's use of such experts as it can find is seriously handicapped by the party system as it exists in Europe. The United States worries along with two parties; Great Britain turns to coalitions only under the stress of major necessity. Our new pupils have a dozen parties apiece. Aside from the fact that mutual jealousies limit the government to the use of mediocre men, there is the further disadvantage that the coalition government cannot act quickly nor with true foresight, and in external affairs it is too likely to have to face half a dozen ways.

The Case of Czechoslovakia

Czechoslovakia provides an excellent illustration of the condition in which a new state may find itself, quite apart from its own merits or failings. In some respects Czechoslovakia is the most favored of all the new states of Central Europe. And its perplexities are the direct outgrowth of its abundant endowment. Czechoslovakia is in the position of a dog which has cornered a supply of bones and is surrounded by other dogs ravenous for meat. Bohemia, which is the commercial part of the new republic, contains the best farming lands and three-quarters of the mines of the old Austrian Empire. It has several large industrial cities, it manufactures much of the steel, and has in normal times excellent railroads. Tendencies are already manifest which will isolate Czechoslovakia by encircling it with dissatisfied and needy neighbors. There are three million Germans on the western front of Bohemia who have set their hearts on being joined to Germany, now that their ties with Austria are broken. On the northern border Polish labor is in the majority in Teschen. The problem of the Silesian coal fields is the most confused boundary tangle in Europe. In the little Duchy of Teschen three languages are spoken. Just outside of Mährisch-Ostrau there is a point at which, in 1913, the three empires of Russia, Germany, and Austria joined. Now envious eyes are turned to this very spot by Poland and Czechoslovakia and Germany. Below the ground are rich veins of a gas coal which is indispensable to the economic life of all Central Europe. Not only Poland and Czechoslovakia, but Germany and Austria and Hungary are more or less painfully interested in the distribution of this coal. Without it their cities cannot be lighted, their traction lines cannot run. It is axiomatic that under present confused

conditions no single country should be burdened with the responsibility for the control of the distribution of this commodity. Whatever way the problem is solved, the possession of this coal is bound to be the source of anxiety on the score of international relationships as its loss would be the source of economic anxiety. Just at present the Czechoslovaks are in possession. Production is cut to about seventy per cent. of normal; transportation facilities are far below the demand, and deliveries to foreign countries are held up by diplomatic misunderstandings.

On the south the Magyars are an interrogation point to-day, but only yesterday they were strong enough to push a wedge between the Czechs and the Slovaks. Will the marriage between the Slovaks, who are agrarians, and their industrial fellow-citizens, the Czechs, endure? The answer depends upon many contingencies, not the least of which lie outside of Czechoslovakia in the domain of international affairs. If the Great Powers can find a world programme, Czechoslovakia and the other young nations can endure. But if they are to be left alone to seek their own salvation, confusion is as certain as cobwebs in dusty corners. Czechoslovakia has no sea-coast. She can get and give only by railroads and rivers that traverse the domains of her watchful neighbors. Already there are signs of an approaching understanding among these. German-Austria is making advances for an "economic entente" with the other members of the former Austrian Empire and is reaching across Czechoslovakia for a military alliance with Poland.

What of Austria?

It is true that at the present time little is to be feared from any military action of Austria, but Austria is not to be ignored as a source of influence in the Greater Balkans. Austria is worse off than Bohemia for coal and lands; she is economically better off than Bohemia in the sense that, while the one country has lost its limbs, the other has lost its directing head. The city of Vienna, of two million inhabitants, which formerly commanded a wide empire of industry and mines, is now the capital of an area in which the industry is negligible and the agriculture second-rate, in which the railroad systems are truncated, and in which there are no mines. A population of seven million cannot long support a capital of two million people, nor can it indefinitely live under the conditions of hunger and impoverishment. A practical solution might be that Vienna shrink to an appropriate size to serve the country. Such a solution argues without those economic and creative factors which made Vienna the chief commercial city of Eastern Europe before the war. It may be so arranged that ownership of the Czech and Slav industries pass out of German-Austrian hands. This would not, however, solve the problem involved in the fact that it was Vienna which before supplied the direction of these industries and the machinery for international commerce. If the world wishes to transfer that machinery to other cities it must aid in the transfer. Otherwise there will be every tendency for procedure to seek its old channels.

Mutual jealousies between the new countries of Central Europe are hampering the development of that industry and self-reliance which are essential to their prosperity. It is still too difficult to get a proper and equitable distribution of export materials, coal, oil, and agricultural products. Expert labor sits on one side of a line ready to do work which is sorely needed on the other side of the line, and a narrow and selfish "national interest" denies its use. There is still needed the friendly and neutral coöperation of the older brothers among the nations to assist the young nations through their trying stage. The question whether this shall be accorded is rapidly passing out of the domain of abstract discussion.

THOMAS H. DICKINSON

A "Gold Brick" From North Dakota

It is often said to be easier to sell a gold brick on Broadway or in Wall Street than to the American farmer of to-day. There were many smiles among those familiar with the situation, when they read in the New York *Times* of Sunday, May 16, 1920, "Governor Frazier's Own Story of the Nonpartisan League," written by Governor Lynn J. Frazier of North Dakota. Knowing ones saw at a glance that the *Times* had been "gold-bricked."

The Governor attempts to give the reader the impression that the Nonpartisan League is a coöperative, economic movement. On the contrary, it is distinctly political, designed to give political power to its leaders, most of whom have been proved to be closely allied with the radical movements of the country. These leaders, from the first, have been members of the Socialist party; some of them have been affiliated with the I. W. W., and Governor Frazier himself was in a working alliance with John Fitzpatrick, radical labor leader of Chicago, principal promoter of the new Labor party, and has now aligned himself, as well as the organization, with the Committee of 48.

Governor Frazier showed himself to be one of the "smooth" kind in his account of the Fargo Bank case:

> One of the erroneous reports about the Nonpartisan League is the story of the so-called failure of the Scandinavian-American Bank at Fargo. Many publications received the impression that it was the Bank of North Dakota that had been closed. The Scandinavian-American Bank is an ordinary farmers' state bank, which had been friendly to the farmers' movement and which had helped to finance various farmers' organizations. The opposition to the Nonpartisan League movement, including the Attorney General of the state, who had turned traitor to our organization, tried to discredit and put out of business this farmers' bank. It was illegally closed, as was shown by the supreme court decision, which finally re-opened the bank. It is still doing business and should never have been closed.

The Scandinavian-American Bank was not "an ordinary farmers' State bank." A. C. Townley, the president and founder of the Nonpartisan League, had secured control of the machinery of this bank and used it to finance the Nonparti-

san League, and subsidiary organizations of the League, to a total of $432,000, on collateral that would never have been accepted by any properly managed institution.

These loans were in direct violation of the State banking law, which provides that a bank may not lend more than 15 per cent. of its capital stock and surplus to one account. The capital of the Scandinavian-American Bank was $50,000 and the surplus $10,000, a total of $60,000. This would make the highest loan permissable to any one account $9,000. In violation of the law, the bank lent to four Townley accounts $432,000. Furthermore, the "collateral," supposed to be deposited with the bank, was left in control of the borrower and in the custody of the borrower's agents, without having been checked by the bank officials, whose only record of the "collateral" was that reported by the agents of the borrower.

The bank was closed and a temporary receiver appointed by action of the State Banking Board, on the direct and definite recommendation of the Assistant Attorney General and two deputy State examiners, who acted under orders of the State Banking Board, and who reported the bank in a state of insolvency as a result of the large loans to the Townley organizations. These examiners also reported that the bank had absolutely no cash legal reserve, but was maintaining a "book reserve" through "book credit" with a Duluth bank, based on a deposit of discounted paper for the definite, specific, and understood purpose of enabling the Scandinavian-American bank to show a "book reserve" only.

Governor Frazier says that the bank was illegally closed, yet the president and cashier were later arrested, charged with violation of the State Banking act, and the president was convicted by a farmer jury, in a court presided over by a special district judge appointed by Governor Frazier, instead of the judge then sitting regularly in that district.

It is true "the bank was re-opened by order of the Supreme Court of the State." The deputy bank examiner who had been installed as temporary receiver was removed, and the bank was ordered to resume business, without its resources having been rehabilitated. The Supreme Court of North Dakota comprises five members, four of them elected by the Nonpartisan League. Notwithstanding the fact that the bank case was already in the District Court, and would have come to the Supreme Court under due procedure, the majority of the Supreme Court, at the request of the leaders of the Nonpartisan League, arbitrarily assumed jurisdiction, gave a swift "once-over" hearing on affidavits filed by the Nonpartisan League attorneys, and refused to hear witnesses on behalf of the State Banking board, which was made the defendant.

Three of the five justices rendered a decision that the bank was solvent, principally on the affidavits of the president and cashier. The question of jurisdiction, proper and legal procedure, and all other points raised by the defense were practically ignored and no witnesses were given a hearing.

This was too much for one of the Supreme Court judges elected by the Nonpartisan League, who filed a dissenting opinion declaring the majority decision to be a fundamental and far-reaching error.

> It strikes at the very foundation of judicial due process of law . . . Compared to a denial of judicial due process, all other questions are as chaff to the wheat. It seems to me that this proceeding is most extraordinary; I have searched in vain for any precedent for such action . . . If considerations of this character are once made controlling to the extent of precluding trials, then government by injunction will become the accepted rule instead of the odious exception.

It is true "the bank has been reopened and is still doing business," but new stockholders have bought in, new capital has been added, and a complete change in the management effected. Possibly the best reply to Governor Frazier's reference to the bank is found in the statement issued by the new directors, who say:

> Our aim is to rebuild the bank, getting it back to its former position as a safe and sane banking institution. . . . That the bank ever got into politics was not the fault of the stockholders now in charge, except that they did not realize the course that was being taken by the officers then in charge. . . . We directors are very much interested in bringing the bank out of the mud.

Governor Frazier's reference to his action in the coal strike crisis, last November, just as carefully and completely hides the true facts in that case. Every action of the Governor in that crisis indicated his desire to bring about a condition that would give him an excuse for seizing the mines and operating them under the State Socialism programme of the League leaders, just as it was the purpose of the leaders of the nation-wide strike to bring about a condition that would serve as an excuse for nationalization of mines.

As a matter of fact, the Twenty-seventh district of the United Mine Workers of America was not included in the call for the strike of coal miners, and John L. Lewis, acting president of the United Mine Workers, did not expect a strike in North Dakota. Mr. Lewis told Governor Frazier this when the Governor wired to the acting president of the United Mine Workers appealing for permission to operate the mines under some sort of State supervision. Mr. Lewis informed the Governor that the lignite miners of North Dakota had a contract with the operators until September 20, 1920, and referred him to Henry Drennan of Butte, Montana, president of the twenty-seventh district.

Governor Frazier and Drennan held several conferences, which were followed by Drennan's making an abitrary demand of the operators for a 60 per cent. flat increase in the pay of the miners. *This increase was not to go to the miners themselves; it was to be paid into the treasuries of the miners' locals in other States.* This would have meant that the lignite coal industry in North Dakota would have been required to pay nearly $50,000 per week into the strike funds of an organization whose members in other States were then defying the Government of the United States.

Naturally the operators of North Dakota refused to accede to these demands. Drennan ordered a strike, and then, on November 11, in the face of acting President Lewis's withdrawal of the national strike order, Governor Frazier issued a proclama-

tion of martial law, suspending all civil rights, and seized the mines in the name of the State, and proceeded to operate them under conditions demanded by President Drennan, even to the point of expelling non-union workers from some of the mines.

The mine owners appealed to the courts, and the executive came back with the dictum that, martial law having been declared by the Governor's proclamation, the civil courts had no power to intervene. Nevertheless, District Judge Nuessle promptly issued an order that the mines should be restored to their owners. At the same time he expressed consciousness that resistance of the judiciary department to the executive department might plunge the State into civil war, but declared even that condition preferable to despotism. "It seems to me that it amounts on the one hand to confiscation, and on the other to involuntary servitude," was the court's comment on the action Governor Frazier had taken. "I realize that any mandate this court may issue, unless the Government chooses to recognize it, cannot be carried out without civil war. But are we," asked the court, "to permit the executive to go ahead and exert the powers of the judicial and legislative departments to make laws, to construe them, and to decree how they shall be enforced? That would be despotism."

The Governor's next step was an application to the Supreme Court for an injunction restraining the District Court from putting into effect its order for the return of the mines to the owners. The Supreme Court refused, and Associate Justice James E. Robinson, one of the Nonpartisan League members of the Court, wrote a scathing denunciation of the Governor's action, which was pronounced from the bench, in which he said:

Pandering to the labor vote, we have passed laws to permit and encourage strikes, picketing, and idleness; a law to permit any person to quit work in disregard of his contract, and to persuade others to do likewise; a law to prevent coal miners from working more than 8 hours a day, and a law to subject mine owners to a tax of nearly five per cent on their payroll. We have a statute of 27 printed pages subjecting mine owners to fearfully expensive, onerous and drastic rules and regulations. The result is that the pleasant summer days have passed with only a limited production of coal. We have sown to the wind and we are reaping the whirlwind. The long, cold winter is upon us, and without any grievance, our well-paid miners have quit work and struck pursuant to orders from some labor agitators. The miners were willing to continue work for the same wages, with an advance of 60 per cent to be paid to the agitators and idlers. To this the mine owners did not accede, and the result is that, with the military, the Governor has undertaken to operate the mines.

An injunctional order has been issued restraining such operation. The Governor applies to this court for a writ to forbid the district court and the mine owners from interfering with his operation of the mines. *His position is that the courts have no jurisdiction to interfere with him when he acts as a commander of the militia, but that the courts have jurisdiction to aid him by enjoining all parties from obstructing him; in other words, that the courts have only such jurisdiction as the Governor may permit them to exercise; that the courts may aid him, but if they thwart his wishes he may use military force to defy them and to turn them out of their offices.*

In every civilized government the courts are the bulwarks of freedom and civil liberty, the refuge of the citizens for protection of life, liberty and property. The military power is for military purposes only. It may be used to suppress insurrection and to repel invasion. It may not be used to take from him that has and to give to him that has not.

The shortage of fuel is in no way different from a shortage of bread and butter, flour and feed and other necessities of life, and who will say that such shortage does authorize the military to take bread or grain from one and to give it to another. It follows that the Governor has no jurisdiction to declare martial law for the purpose of taking over the mines, or to cause anyone to do it, and any order to that effect is wholly void. Motion denied.

Governor Frazier refers with pride, apparently, to the fact that Mr. Townley owns and controls two daily newspapers and fifty weeklies for the purpose of "informing the people of the facts of the political and economic situation in our State." He does not relate, however, how Mr. Townley forced through the last Legislature a bill making these papers in which he is interested, and in which a number of the members of the Legislature are interested, the "legal papers" of the State in their respective counties and requiring all public notices of every kind and nature to be printed in them. Thus there have been transferred to these Townley-owned and controlled publications more than $300,000 worth of patronage taken from other newspapers; as a result, at least sixty weekly publications in various parts of the State have been killed off.

The Governor also fails to tell the readers of the New York *Times* that the members of the Nonpartisan League are urged, and all but commanded, to read no papers save those owned and controlled by the League leaders; and it is in that manner that they "inform the people of the facts of the political and economic situation in our State."

But for naïve suggestions and delightful climax, it would be difficult to find anything better than the concluding thought of the Governor's story. He says, "If this industrial programme is not a success, it will die a natural death. . . . Then why is it necessary for the opposition to spend thousands upon thousands of dollars trying to discredit a movement which cannot possibly survive if it is not a benefit to the rank and file of the people?"

To this, of course, the people of North Dakota reply that they are expending the thousands with the hope of preventing Governor Frazier and his associates from involving their State in a programme that will cost the people of North Dakota millions upon millions.

EYE-WITNESS

Poetry

Stormbound

"BEYOND my ken the winds their combat wage,
The dashing waves roll in on every side,
And we, the victims of the surging tide,
Lie impotent their fury to assuage.

Its black sides straining with the tempest's rage,
Our ship is borne along without a guide,
The tattered sails are rent and cast aside,
The hold is flooded, and no anchorage."

So wrote Alcaeus in the distant past
When civil strife in Lesbos held full sway
And petty tyrants sought to rule the land.

We, too, sail on by wind and sea harassed,
And through the mists we blindly grope our way;
God grant we find a pilot to command.

WILLIAM N. BATES

Iris in Kansas City

HERE in the West the iris is blooming. Blooming in little yards, by farm houses on unfrequented roads, and in big gardens; white, white veined with lavender, lavender, mauve, violet, purple, blue purple, pink, cream yellow, yellow, and velvet red, smoke purple, every one beautiful, some almost too beautiful. It is growing everywhere that any one will plant it. Drop a piece and it will root itself on clay banks or in the garden loam. The only thing that keeps the world from being smothered in iris is that if left alone it grows so exuberantly that it finally smothers itself.

If that were all the world offered in beauty now it would be enough to satisfy one's soul, but that is just the foreground of the picture. With the iris blooms the dainty columbine, as delicate on their stems as fairies poised between flights. And lower down the spice pinks are sweetening the air. While out in the great farming world emerald green vies with purple earth, and as the cloud shadows sail across the fields the greens change to blues and back to fresh shades of green.

It is useless at this season to talk to gardeners of anything but gardens. We wander among the iris like worshippers hypnotized by the play of sunlight upon colors; we remembered them as beautiful last year but nothing ever could have been like this!

Moths work their will in our houses, and spring cleaning is for the drudges of the earth. This is the hour of the gardener's rejoicing. Frosts are over and done. His seedlings, which have to risk a late frost if they are to grow large enough before the heat seizes them, are safely set out. Each week we have been told that the peach crop has failed, plums and cherries were going, and little was to be looked for in the way of apples and strawberries. But somehow these doleful predictions have not been fulfilled, and the world gives back the hopeful smile of the once agitated gardener.

One must, indeed, garden with gratitude and philosophy. Anything that my garden produces I receive with gratitude and anything that fails I feel sure can somehow be replaced. I give it credit for having tried its best to grow, but there are some things no self-respecting plant can stand; I can at any rate admire its courage. One of my neighbora who had put out a row of flowers one morning to have them blown nearly out of the ground by a spring gale told me that she could hear those plants shriek at her, "Why on earth did you plant us here? Don't you know this is no place for flowers in a gale like this?" Yet if for one instant heaven smiles they grow like our friend Jack's famous lentil. One can see the difference between morning and evening. This year we had very little rain or snow all winter. One morning in March it began to rain. By night the grass looked green. It rained the next day too. In a week my jonquils had grown out of the ground and were in bloom, and the leaves had come out on the early shrubs and rose bushes. I wonder if I must tell what happened on Easter Sunday to teach those ambitious leaves where they belonged? No, I am not going to tell, because it had never happened in ten years of gardening, and I do not feel that it really is typical, but it was awful.

But I do not care, because now the iris blooms and it is glorious. Some love to struggle and toil over their plants and love them more for the labor expended, but not so I. Give me the iris that just blooms for the planting. No bugs attack it, rarely does anything injure it; one plants and one receives a thousand fold. Peonies may be poor for lack of rain at the proper moment, chrysanthemums may multiply, but so sometimes do the attacking aphis; the iris, however, blooms whether the season is late or early, whether there was too little rain last summer or too much snow in January.

MAYTIME

"Batter Up!"

THE times are singularly deficient in great men. War produces great men; the people wills them into existence, for the people in time of war knows exactly what it wants. But it grows harder and harder for great men to carry over into the troubled times that follow upon wars; the people is no longer of one mind, nor are its many minds clearly and cleanly made up. Those who try of their own strength to be great quickly discover that their roots do not reach down to the life-giving waters. But a people must have its heroes none the less —a people always ready to barter happiness for history; and great men, we were long ago assured, are "the quintessence of history."

It is only on some such view of things as this that a great people, having pretty thoroughly muddled its relations with most of the other peoples of earth, and about to subject itself to an agony, quite unparalleled anywhere else, that is designed to discover him who for its sins is to hang the next four years upon the cross of the Presidency, should nevertheless be moved to its inmost depths at the possibility, grown less and less remote, that Babe Ruth will actually and indubitably, once and for all surpassing the might of men hitherto, swat the ball into the centre-field bleachers. Even if he does not achieve this ultimate feat, he has already done enough to entitle him to greatness. Fifteen home runs, a *quinzaine* of perfect, unanswerable wallops, no less than three in a single game, and all within a season still so young that the summer sun has hardly yet warmed him to his work, where else can one point to human effort so skillfully, so triumphantly, in short, so *heroically* disposed?

There is this other characteristic of greatness about it, too, that others are doing well what at the moment he does superlatively. His giant stick rises from an underwood which not meanly challenges its towering top. The renaissance of batting upon which the ancient and critical scarp of Coogan's Bluff looks down approvingly is not the work of one man. But none must complain if the applause of the world centres itself on Babe Ruth. It is a case of Shakespeare—and the rest. The world must have its hero.

Let no one suppose that baseball is a game. It is a symbol; and the home run is its perfect expression, its pearl, whole, unique, finished. No such *katharsis* anywhere as your home run; it clears the passions as it clears the bases. Purged and refreshed, life is for the moment radiantly conscious of itself. In a world of tentatives, of frustrations, of misdirections, it is the one thing complete and satisfying, transmuting the raw materials of life into the perfect product and leaving nothing at loose ends; that, at any rate, is *that*.

There should be no cloud in one's satisfaction over great deeds nobly done because of the possibility that the recent resurgence of human prowess at the bat may owe something to the hampered state of pitchers. One likes, of course, to think of the batter as bravely standing to whatever life offers him, refusing, to his profit, the bad if he is wise enough to recognize it, and finding the good to his advantage only if he can make use of it. Now, however, that the pitcher is estopped from putting his blackest magic on the ball, may no longer employ sand or emery, or, most potently magical agency of all, saliva, to make the ball gyre and rocket like a woodcock, the chances of the batter seem measurably improved. But that slight conventionalization of the game does not at all detract from its value as a symbol. Here, again symbolically, is represented the progress of civilization, consciously removing from life some of its wilder and more erratic hazards. No game is good if it is not playable, and life, if it is to be well lived, must at least be livable. The rules are the proof of greatness—at once its test and its demonstration.

There is another side to the matter. If Mr. Ruth, by reason of his unquestioned position as hero, is allowed to stampede the Republican convention, if he consents in accepting the Democratic nomination, if, assuming his batting

average shows no falling off, he is earnestly consulted about the high cost of living and the desirability of trading with the Russian Coöperatives, if his opinion is sought as to the possibilities of communicating with Mars, then will come the real test of his greatness. Matters need go but a little further and no less than this will happen. No public error is so common as to confuse the symbol with the thing, an error which the symbols themselves are only too prone to share. It is a wise nation and a rare that knows it own heroes—and their limitations. To be wise and a hero is granted to but few among the gods. But to have had a Babe Ruth at all, whatever fortune hold for him (and us) is cause for present thankfulness.

Correspondence

Prince Feisal on Zionism

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

I quite agree with Professor Reed's statement that Prince Feisal is thoroughly qualified to speak for the Arabs touching Palestine. And this is what Prince Feisal had to say about the Zionist programme as submitted to the Peace Conference and now written into the public law of Nations, at San Remo:

Paris, March 3rd, 1919.

DEAR MR. FRANKFURTER:

I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists, to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr. Weizmann in Arabia and Europe; we feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, have suffered similar oppressions at the hands of the Powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first step towards the attainment of our national ideals together. We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with the deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our Deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization to the Peace Conference and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best in so far as we are concerned to help them through. We will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home. With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had and continue to have the closest relations. He has been a great helper of our cause and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. We are working together for a reformed and revised Near East and our two movements complete one another. The Jewish movement is national and not imperialist. Our movement is national and not imperialist and there is room in Syria for both of us. Indeed, I think that neither can be a real success without the other. People less informed and less responsible than our leaders and yours, ignoring the need for coöperation of the Arabs and Zionists, have been trying to exploit the local difficulties that must necessarily arise in Palestine in the early stages of our movement. Some of them have, I am afraid, misrepresented your aims to the Arab peasantry and our aims to the Jewish peasantry, with the result that interested parties have been able to make capital out of what they call our differences. I wish to give you my firm conviction that these differences are not on questions of principle, but on matters of detail, such as must inevitably arise in every contact of neighboring peoples and are easily adjusted by mutual good will. Indeed, nearly all of them will disappear with further knowledge. I look forward and my people with me look forward to a future in which we will help you and you will help us, so that the countries in which we are mutually interested may once again take their place in the comity of civilized peoples of the world.

Believe me,

FEISAL,
Délégation Hedjazienne, Paris

FELIX FRANKFURTER

Cambridge, Mass., June 7

The "Intellectuals"

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

What is taking place in America now—something with which Europe has long been familiar —is the formation of an intellectual *class*, revolutionary in tendency and bound together by a common antipathy for the present order of things. Although not organized, it has coherence; and it exercises power through a number of brilliantly edited journals, which, though recently established, have rapidly gained wide circulation and influence. It may be stated that the weekly which, unlike the daily and the monthly, is primarily an organ of opinion, is now largely in the hands of radicals, who are thus in a position to mobilize a large and influential section of public opinion in favor of their ideals.

A reader of Tolstoi, Marx, Ibsen, Shaw and Sorel, no matter how young and superficial, is an intellectual, if his views of life are radical. I use these contrasts in order to emphasize the new meaning of the word, not to disparage the intellectuals, for among them there are to be found scholars and thinkers and scientists of a high order of ability.

Matthew Arnold, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Lowell, Emerson, Hugo, Taine were put into handsome bookcases with closed doors. On the open shelves appeared Shaw, Wells, Nietzsche, Marx, Anatole France, Ibsen, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky.

From "Revolutionary Intellectuals" in the June *Atlantic Monthly.*

Comment is needless, but it might serve a good purpose if your sound and conservative weekly would put these so-called intellectuals in the class where they belong. Probably most college men, for example, will be rather amused to find themselves, according to Mr. Shapiro's definition, in his "intellectual class." They have been talking prose all the time, it seems, without knowing it.

W. F. BISSING

New York, May 27

The Kaiser's Case

[The author of the following letter was for several years Professor of International Law at the University of Berne and is now a member of the bar of that city. He is one of the leading authorities in Switzerland on jurisprudence.]

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

It is clear that the expiation under consideration can have, and as a matter of fact, probably is intended to have, an additional and higher objective. The present war has been one of the greatest occurrences in the existence of mankind. It is in the interests of history and of humanity in general that the blame for its origin be fixed for all time. The tenets of international law were so often violated that some observers have asked if there has not been a complete breakdown of the system. It is a public duty that these violations and their causes be determined. History and international law, truth, and justice, demand this; international morality demands it no less.

The havoc that the war has caused in the soul of peoples is so vast that it can not yet be fully comprehended. If those responsible for the war had not at its beginning intentionally brought about a moral confusion by representing themselves before the world as the innocent victims of aggression, this moral disaster could have been avoided. But as it was, they succeeded in violently disturbing the moral equilibrium throughout the neutral countries, and this equilibrium can now be restored only through expiation and through the determination of the whole truth.

This might have been accomplished without asking for the Kaiser's extradition if the German people had acknowledged the truth, if they had candidly admitted their culpability, if they had resolutely repudiated the guilty old régime and brought the criminals to justice. But the expected and much desired change in the mental attitude of the Germans unfortunately has not occurred. The German people are as blind as before. They do not see the injustice done the world by Germany. On the contrary, they consider as unjust the merited punishment that has overtaken them. Instead of acknowledging their own culpability and repenting, the new Germany endeavors to obscure this culpability and to vindicate the old régime. The truth, even in the Germany of to-day, is not proclaimed unadorned. The German people, instead of doing penance, indulge their self-admiration in the rôle of the victims of injustice, of injured innocence. This mental attitude makes it imperative to fix the blame once and for all, because only thus can be found the moral basis for the co-existence of the nations.

Thus the problem of expiation for the responsibility for the world war, the question of the extradition of the guilty, has become a moral problem. Will it not be much more effective if the former Kaiser, when the facts have been determined through judicial procedure, suffers for his moral guilt a moral punishment, and instead of being a martyr, be simply delivered over to the verdict of history? It seems to me such a moral sanction would be the best and more obvious solution for the punishment of crimes that stand outside of the positive sphere of the law.

OTTFRIED NIPPOLD

Berne, Switzerland, April 15

Business and the Tax Burden

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

We are, most of us, agreed that increased production is necessary in order to reduce the high cost of living. But we must reckon with the fact that the manufacturer considers his business with a view to returns, and that our present system of taxation, instead of offering a premium for increased production, puts a fine on the manufacturer who earns more than a stated amount—increasing the size of the fine (or tax) as the profit increases.

Personally, I see no hope for increased production on a large scale so long as the present system remains in force; by way of illustration I offer an instance which occurred in Alabama: Some time ago a mill man purchased a small tract of timber, estimating that he had approximately a ten-year cut. He continued to operate until about June 2, 1919, and then closed down. Eventually an auditor called to go over his books for the year, and asked why he had shut down at that time of the year, to which the operator replied that he had made about all the Government seemed to think he was entitled to, and, if he continued running for the balance of the year, it merely meant giving the Government approximately forty logs out of every hundred. As the Government paid him nothing in return for depreciation of his teams and for the wear and tear on his machinery, he could not see the wisdom of continuing operation. In addition to this he also figures, since the Government seems to think that he is entitled to make only so much per year, that it would be to his best interest to operate six months out of every year, whereby he would have a twenty-year cut.

I believe that in many industries of fundamental importance men are reasoning in exactly the same way as the Alabama saw-mill man. On such men the cry for increased production will have little effect so long as they labor under the present heavy burden of taxation.

GEO. CALHOUN

Tampa, Fla., March 6

"The Jest"

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

Now that "The Jest" has passed from the stage it so conspicuously adorned, and the distinguished actors are reaping less exotic laurels in other fields, it may not be impertinent to inquire whose was the edict which so harshly vulgarized certain episodes of so beautiful a play. Was it, one wonders, translator or stage manager, that assumed the responsibility, for example, of altering the third act where the fettered Neri is confronted with his victims—a scene rancorous to be sure, but dignified in its rancors—so that, rather than the electric air of tragedy, we breathe in the fetid mental atmosphere of a reformatory for morbid incorrigibles. The despots of the Renaissance, it may be argued, were for the most part incorrigibles, but it evidently pleased Signor Benelli, as it pleases us, to believe that beautiful decoration, lovely garments, and the imminent presence of il Magnifico might impart, even to an environment of crime, a picturesqueness and a conduct of evil far removed from the ravings of the defectives of a city slum.

"Mad, indeed, he is, poor sufferer!" says Laldomine, as she approaches the arch-criminal she has loved to her own undoing, and then cries to him "Neri! Neri!" while the bitterer Fiammetta cries "Sir Traitor!"

"He answers not," says Laldomine again, "and I—I pity him!"

Fiammetta
A traitor moves me not to ruth but wrath!
Laldomine
Me too, he has deceived . . . What would you have!
Why look for reason where no reason is!

Later on, Fiammetta says

"I would not trust him."

and the more subtle Laldomine responds

"And I would long to dare
To trust . . . that I might trust him more!
For when I see him not, then I detest—
And when I see him, then, again, adore!—
Yes, I am at thy feet again, again!"
Fiammetta
The brute! he promised me that he would wed,
Give me a house as he has given Ginevra:—
She, the astute, has got both house and gear.
Would Fiammetta had but loved thee less!"
Laldomine
For me, there's nothing—nothing—I repent!
Fiammetta (drawing nearer to Neri)
How grim he is!
And fettered well—and cannot sin again!
. . . Dullard!!
Laldomine
You have no mercy!
Fiammetta
I am a woman—and where love has led
Now hatred urges.
(To Neri)
I offer votive prayer
That you may never know again
The light of reason! thus you shall never more
Betray fond women!
Laldomine
Alas! you are a viper, Fiammetta!
Does nothing move you? See how he suffers!
How his poor eyes are darkened—
His cheeks aflame!

and later, when Fiammetta has reached the climax of her rage, she exclaims:

I am too honest not to know I hate!
Laldomine
Cruel is honesty!
Fiammetta
Best that I leave you then!
(To Neri)
Yes, yes, I go—and go
Without tearing your eyes! Traitor and knave!
I go!

This is a somewhat free but quite unchastened translation of part of this act and of that part of it in which the two ladies are most uncompromising in expression, with their former lover and with each other. Now, however modern opinion may lament Laldomine's lack of proper resentment, or feel that Fiammetta nurses too intolerant a grudge, at least they both yield to the restraints of a plane of emotion tense but not frenzied. In the recent adaptation, these victims of seduction look and behave like the Furies of a red-light district and "clinch and roll over" in an access of hysterical and physical abasement, as far from the probable as from the limits of an exacting dramatic taste. Can not an American audience believe in the verities of a grand passion unless they are sustained by a strangle-hold? And as for the tremendous catastrophe of the fourth act, so superbly represented, so triumphant in situation, where, in that unforgetable pose of a satisfied, but still apprehensive vengeance, in incomparable grace of color and outline, Giannetto stands against the curtain waiting the entrance of the murderer, why must Neri, to the dismay of the sensitive, trail in a bloody nightshirt—or did the overexcited Neri pick up a pillow-sham or a bureau-cover upon which to wipe his weapon? Why, rather, should he not bring with him the dagger—blood-stained, if you will, but still the dagger of the text. Modern audiences are too inured to bedroom scenes to balk even at pajamas, if necessary to the action, and of course Gabriello's blood had to go somewhere, but when it was a question of the Renaissance and Lorenzo, the grand manner would seem to be better maintained by the blood-stained dagger and the flame-colored mantle of the author's choice.

And again, what is the theological or other warrant for that sensational prayer offered at the last, by Mr. John Barrymore, admirable as it is in grace and pictorial effectiveness, but very confusing to one's apprehension of Giannetto's religious affiliations? We find no other than that of a single exclamation.

"Nature!" cries Giannetto, in the tumult of his curiously contradictory impulses,

Let me weep at least, in order not to know
The torture of the evil I have wrought.

And thus, this Hamlet of the Renaissance:

To slay myself—or not to slay—I do not dare.

It is not only regret at the defacement of a great play—a defacement apparently uncalled for by any necessity of cutting off the superfluous or suppressing the unintelligible, to bring it within the limits of performance—that shadows the pleasure in a striking rendering lovely to the eyes; it is, likewise, the fear that the retort to all criticism will be that the public demands the concessions.

A. E. T.

Hartford, Conn., March 11

Book Reviews

The War—The Last Phase

THE LAST FOUR MONTHS OF THE WAR. By Major-General Sir F. Maurice. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.
OUR GREATEST BATTLE. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

WHOEVER wishes to get a clear idea of the greatest of battles should read both these books together, for they supplement each other nicely. General Maurice writes military history, concerns himself only with operations, his unit is the army. Mr. Palmer's unit is the American division. He adds to his account of operations in the Meuse-Argonne an elaborate commentary on the entire effort, from the point of view of all ranks.

In its larger aspect the last battle is a miraculous feat of recuperation. In the late spring of 1918 the Germans had driven nearly to Amiens in the west and to Château-Thierry in the south. The Kaiser had prepared his observation tower on the Marne to witness the assault on Paris. In about six weeks after the Germans had been checked by our 2nd and 3rd divisions, on the Marne, late in July, they were smashed back to approximately their positions of 1914. It should be noted that this victory was won by those British and French armies which had lately been thoroughly thrashed. Our American aid in this preparatory stage was confined to casual reinforcements and to the flattening of the salient at St. Mihiel. But our participation had proved that the American divisions were highly efficient, and ready to be made into corps and armies. It was this demonstration that justified in the autumn of 1918 that final blow which had been timed for the following spring. In six weeks from the last days of September the German armies were thrust back fifty miles eastward along the entire front, their communications were cut, their morale deeply impaired, the Kaiser had fled, and Germany was a republic.

General Maurice discusses briefly the disaster of early 1918. It was due to dispersion of the British effort on several fronts, and the illusion of an inexpensive decision in the east. Haig was 180,000 men short, and driven to the desperate course of breaking up two cavalry divisions and one hundred trained infantry battalions for replacements. In the face of this, he had to take over twenty-eight more miles of front. Gough's Fifth Army, at the juncture of the French and British, consisted of fourteen depleted and battle-worn divisions, holding forty-two miles of front. It can not be said that they yielded. They were overwhelmed by a three-to-one superiority consisting of reorganized divisions from the Russian front. General Gough was in an impossible position, and, as is usual in such cases, was made a scapegoat for the War Office.

Their sacrifice and the whole disastrous battle of Flanders were needless. There were troops in England, awaiting a hypothetical invasion, surplus troops also in Palestine. Lloyd George had come to the conclusion that only a stalemate was possible in the west, meanwhile he would wait for the Americans. We may add that if Jellicoe had attacked resolutely instead of weakly at Jutland, the Germans would have had small fighting edge for the *Friedenssturm* of 1918.

At least the collapse of the British defense brought about unity of command. On April 14 Marshal Foch assumed supreme command of the Allied forces. The pages which General Maurice devotes to Foch are most instructive. Foch, in distinction from the Germans who regarded war as a science, considered it as an art. Where the Germans held to long-prepared and highly elaborated plans, he believed in large principles and simple plans based on the divination of the moment. Thus the Germans were constantly wearing themselves out in unlimited offensives which were badly timed and articulated. Even in the victories of early 1918, they gave respites between battles. They lacked the sense of occasion and opportunity which Foch had in the highest degree. Two days after he took command, April 16, he quietly declared that the Battle of Flanders was over, and that Haig would need no reinforcements. This was a few days before Mount Kemmel fell to the Germans—a serene and correct estimate made in the face of confusing and apparently discouraging facts.

When Foch got ready to strike, he smote relentlessly and without pause. "He makes his counter-attack on July 18, and the second battle of the Marne ends with the Germans behind the Aisne and the Vesle on August 6. On August 8 Haig opens the Battle of Amiens, and on the twelfth it ends with the Germans in their lines about Chaulnes. Meanwhile, on the ninth, Humbert has already begun the battle of Lassigny, which comes to an end on the sixteenth, and from the seventeenth to the twentieth Mangin is driving the Germans from the Aisne heights. As soon as he stops, on August 21, begins the battle of Bapaume." It lasted till August 31. Six days earlier Horne struck from Arras, completing by September 19 the recapture of Kemmel, and the occupation of the Drocourt-Quéant switch. From September 6, the French advanced rapidly on the Somme, and on September 12 and 13 two American corps cleaned up the salient of St. Mihiel. In less than two months Foch had launched eight major attacks every one of which had succeeded, and there had never been time between battles to rest or reorganize the shattered German divisions.

From the moment on August 14 when Ludendorff advised Berlin to make peace the war was won. Their forces had shrunk from 207 divisions with 66 in reserve in May to 185, with 19 in reserve in early September. Meanwhile the British, who were supposed to be crushed, had come back in irresistible force, and the fighting mettle of the green American divisions had been abundantly demonstrated.

At this point the British war Cabinet wished to halt. They feared the Americans were not fully ready. They still hoped for an inexpensive decision from Saloniki. Even Foch hesitated to ask greater sacrifices of the English and was willing to wait till the American organization should have been perfected. Pershing believed his new armies would make up in spirit for what they lacked in finish and experience. Thus it was due to the insight and confidence of Haig and Pershing that the push for victory was timed not in the spring of 1919 but in the autumn of 1918. General Maurice finds that the decision, though immediately costly in lives, was strategically sound and as compared with the alternative plan economical in every way.

We leave the reader to follow the essentially simple strategy of the final battle in General Maurice's lucid pages. The German line now lay nearly straight from Nieuport to Verdun. The task was for the English and French to swing back a great door while the Americans attempted to shatter the hinges in the Argonne-Meuse. The English had the longest walk, the Americans the toughest mechanical problem. If either failed in the mission, the French at the centre could have done little. How the two nations accomplished their task is familiar. The climax had its sensational features. To see the Americans emerge at Sedan must have satisfied the spirit of Lafayette, while certain units and individuals of the "Old Contemptibles" heard the command "cease firing," on November 11, 1918, in the precise positions on the field of Mons from which they had retreated in August, 1914.

On the much debated point whether the armistice was premature General Maurice has no doubts. The Germans were soundly beaten, and no commander was justified in sacrificing further lives. In any event the Allied Armies had outrun their supply and were incapable of a decisive general advance before spring. To be sure, an American offensive in Lorraine was fully prepared, but it offered no military advantage comparable to the cost.

General Maurice does not dwell upon the unnecessary waste of the early

stages of the war, before unity of command was attained. Such, however, will be the inevitable reflection of every reader as he closes this book. Barring shakiness in woulds and shoulds, most venial in a soldier and a Scot, the book is admirably written. The just proportion between narrative, comment, and personalia is preserved. It should remain among the rather few military classics. To present a work of this importance without an index is unpardonable.

Mr. Palmer undertakes to give an account of the final American operations, division by division, and also to convey the picturesqueness and color of our entire overseas effort. In this blending process operations come off badly. Everything is in the book, but it is only a disciplined reader who can keep the course of events clearly in mind. Comment obstructs narrative. The author is naturally oppressed by the greatness of his theme, and keeps the stylistic pressure uniformly too high. Indeed, his account of administration is more valuable than that of field operations. He makes one feel the shock of adjustment. The new officers appalled by their novel responsibilities and the off chance of orders to Blois present an appealing picture. One feels the somewhat sinister imminence of the Fort Leavenworth men, nameless potentates, who, from the general staff or the dreaded *Vehmgericht* at Blois, disposed of the reputations and even of the lives of our young crusaders. One feels as pathetically the fates of the old regulars, shaped all their lives to little things, and suddenly faced with the dilemma of avowing or concealing incompetence. One feels even more the grim endurance of men in the ranks cynically yet cheerfully observing the rise and fall of their temporary princes. One senses the ruthless, intelligent will of the Commander-in-Chief making the human sacrifices required by speed and the emergency. One sees the confusion emerge into a kind of rough order inspired by an indomitable will to win.

Here and in the admirable portraits of the commanding generals lies Mr. Palmer's success. He has lived into his matter, and whether he describes army cooks or air men, "Y. M." secretaries, or Salvationers, engineers, or truck drivers, you feel that he has campaigned with them and understood them. Hence his book is indispensable for those who will share in imagination the misery, confusion, and glory of those great days in France. The account of American operations remains to be written, and it is likely to come in its definitive form not from any member of the A. E. F. but from some calm person in shell glasses who will study the orders, reports, and war diaries with glacial detachment. Mr. Palmer is no monster of this sort. His book abounds in heart, perhaps somewhat to the detriment of its permanency.

Mr. Palmer confirms General Maurice's low opinion of the German service of intelligence. On all main issues it was wrong. In particular its calculations of morale were grotesquely amiss. Even in the smaller field they failed to anticipate the American offensive in the Meuse-Argonne. In this as elsewhere the scientific conception of warfare undid them. Foch, in all the operations, and Pershing, whether in generously expending his new divisions along the straining line in July or in insisting on fighting with his half ready armies in the last stage, alike showed that quality of artistic imagination without which there is no great military leader.

Achievement and Hope

The Century of Hope: A Sketch of Western Progress from 1815 to the Great War. By F. S. Marvin. New York: Oxford University Press.

It is good to be cheerful—especially good, physicians tell us, for the digestion—and to any victim of dyspepsia we heartily recommend this book. Its method is clear, its conclusion simple. As for method, in a succession of chapters dealing with the various fields of human activity, Mr. Marvin points out the great achievements of the nineteenth century, culminating in these glorious years of the twentieth. In government he shows the steady advance of democracy, nourished on the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity announced by the French Revolution. Education has been deepened and broadened (as every teacher knows). Science has slowly become more certain of herself, and with her development has blessed the world with a succession of miraculous inventions which have made existence easier and larger for all men. Literature has kept pace with the expansion and purification of practical life, enriching the age with such prodigies of the imagination as Victor Hugo, to name only one of the stars of the galaxy. In his heart man has been growing more religious year by year, or at least has been growing religious in a better sense of the word.

We condense necessarily; those who desire the full breath of flattery must read the book—they will feel themselves mighty tall fellows. This is not said in irony. Granted that some of Mr. Marvin's statements are questionable, and some of his judgments a bit queer (e. g., that Carlyle "was the strongest influence towards Socialism, in the wide sense of the word, among English writers of the nineteenth century"), nevertheless, the details of genuine progress here heaped together make an imposing array. So much for the method of the book.

When we come to consider Mr. Marvin's conclusion we are not so sure. What that conclusion is may be guessed from the title of the book. Much as has been accomplished, still all is but preparation: "Come grow *young* with me, The best is yet to be." Or, to quote Mr. Marvin instead of perverting Browning: "In the world a wider consciousness, though nascent, has still to come. That we believe in its coming, even in the midst of the greatest war, is of all symptoms the most striking of an Age of Hope." Now we— the reviewer of this book, not Mr. Marvin's world-we—make no prophecy regarding the future. Of the sweetness of hope we have knowledge:

> Truth justifies herself, and as she dwells
> With Hope, who would not follow where she leads?

But there is still that "unconcerning thing," the matter of fact. Is this really an age of hope? Somehow an acquaintance with the radical press as well as the conservative leaves one, against one's will, with an impression that these days of ours are not so hopeful as they ought to be. The paradox is even a vexation. Why, after a period of such stupendous achievement is there so little lightheartedness, so little spontaneous hope among men? The discouragement, such as it is, does not seem to be a result of the war itself; though it may have arisen from a sudden return to reflection brought about by the shattering of illusions begotten during the war.

Mr. Marvin offers no answer to such a question—naturally, since he feels no discouragement. But perhaps the suggestion of an answer might be wrung from him despite his cheerfulness. One observes, for instance, that social progress seems to be identified by Mr. Marvin with socialistic progress, and that for him Karl Marx is the man who "saw things whole." Is it possible that an age of accomplishment has not ended in an age of hope—speaking always of the present mood, not of things far off—just because it has been suffering from this confusion all the while? Again, one observes that in the evolution of religion, as Mr. Marvin sees it, "the growth of scientific thought and the increasing hold of practical activities must take first place." He is emphatic about this:

> It remains, however, profoundly true—the most important fact in our whole discussion—that the spiritual forces, of which we may trace the workings in the same period, are the supreme factors, both in building the individual soul and in giving a common soul to all humanity. This common spirit is best exhibited, and most powerfully enlarged, in the two channels of the growth of science and the application of science.

Science is well, very well, and practical activities are well; but is it possible that an age of enlightenment has not

ended in an age of hope just because it has too often failed to distinguish between the spirit of science and the spirituality of religion? We ask these questions without attempting to answer them.

Conrad the Great

THE RESCUE: A Romance of the Shallows. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

WE who have had a sense of groping for the old magic amongst the later tales of Joseph Conrad may find it in this book. Here are the salt and spicy atmosphere, the haunted beauty, the strangely woven texture, with its pattern revealed as if casually by gleams and cross-lights so that only when the web is completed do we really perceive its pattern. And here is the spirit, not simply the body or dress, of adventure and romance. It is all, to be sure, as far as possible from the reality of facts, an elaborate invention. But it is an invention in the older sense—the discovery of a scene and an action which might have been, might be at any time, in the world of creative dreaming which embodies the inward nature of man.

"The shallow sea that foams and murmurs on the shores of the thousand islands, big and little, which make up the Malay Archipelago, has been for centuries the scene of adventurous undertakings": with this quiet gesture the enchanter begins the weaving of his spell. A Chaucerian motto in the title-page has already warned us frankly that we are to give not sober belief but a willing temper to the imaginative enterprise in hand:

> For wende I never, by possibilitee,
> That swich a monstre or merveille mighte be!

This is the older Conradian world of "Nostromo" and "The Nigger of the Narcissus," of exotic seas and far-flung shores and strange yet not contemptible peoples among whom the white man moves, here and there, either feebly as one who has succumbed to the enervating lure of the tropics, or triumphantly as the exemplar of the British seaman's code: duty, loyalty, endurance, honor. Triumphantly as exemplar, but never happily as individual; since in Conrad's melancholy Slavic eyes to be good (that is, faithful, steadfast, a gentleman) is not more certainly to "acquire merit" than to be unhappy. . . . This also is the eloquent Conrad of old time, with the golden and at times voluptuous voice, not British, nor Polish, nor French, but trebly nourished and enriched for our enchantment. At the very least, what melody, what imagery!

"On the unruffled surface of the straits the brig floated tranquil and upright as if bolted solidly, keel to keel, with its own image reflected in the unframed and immense mirror of the sea. To the south and east the double islands watched silently the double ship that seemed fixed among them forever, a hopeless captive of the calm, a helpless prisoner of the shallow sea."

But linked and blended with the verbal and emotional splendor of the earlier romances are the sharper ironic vision and, at times, the more restrained manner of the later Conrad. An announcement by the American publisher explains this oddly composite effect. "The Rescue" was begun twenty years ago (the period of "Lord Jim"), partly written at that time, and then laid aside, not to be completed till this year. It interprets an early episode in the life of Captain Tom Lingard, who figures in Conrad's first two novels, "Almayer's Folly" and "An Outcast of the Islands." His strong, primitive virtue finds in youth escape from the crooked bonds of "civilized" life and a field of exultant activity in the Malayan seas. There he becomes "King Tom," a rough paladin of honorable adventure. Chance or fate leads him to become the savior and champion of a Malayan prince and princess, robbed of their island kingdom. They are a pair worthy of devotion; but only King Tom would have made them a dominant obligation. On the eve of its discharge, when time is ripe for the decisive blow against the usurpers, Fate takes a hand. A yacht full of sophisticated Europeans is stranded in the very mouth of his adventure. His first impulse is to get rid of them anyhow, to let them be wiped out by the Malayans; by any means to have them out of his way; for he can see nothing but his sworn duty to his protegés. But of course this will not do. A new set of obligations to men of his race, and especially to the woman among them, force themselves upon him. Thenceforth he must struggle and be torn between friendship, and honor, and love; and on every side in this supreme crisis his boasted luck forsakes him. His passion for the woman, his love for his ship, his faith in the old human derelict he has set afloat once more, all work against the fulfillment of his sworn resolve. The end is failure, the end of his love, the destruction of his noble young pair, the ruin, as he feels it, of his honor. The closing scene in which he wordlessly renounces the woman who has set his safety before that honor, and sets the *Lightning's* course towards no port, but simply away from that of the yacht which bears the symbol of his defeat, stops short of tragedy only as it leaves us feeling that the hero who has escaped the final defeat will live to fight again, with however sad heart, and under a flag, however dimmed and torn.

A story of sombre magic, enforcing once again the old Conradian struggle between on the one hand the apparent chances of incident and complications of circumstance summed up in the word Fate, and on the other, the primary valor and fidelity of the human soul. In this conflict Conrad beholds humanity losing and losing again; yet not quite to the point of despair, so long as the worship of valor and fidelity endure. Conrad's skepticism, deepen and broaden though it may as the years go by, may, rightly marching under this double standard, be of more inspiration to his kind than the chameleon banners of the all-believers. These, at all events, are "Anglo-Saxon" virtues in which the romancer discerns, as it were, a last hope for the world; and if that hope seems dim, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that after all the fellow is only a Slav!

H. W. BOYNTON

Winwood Reade

THE MARTYRDOM OF MAN. By Winwood Reade. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AMONG those books which have led a subterranean existence and yet have managed to live and even flourish without the sunshine of popularity or the oxygen of public discussion, Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man" furnishes a curious example. Ignored by critical opinion at the time of its publication, unmentioned in most histories of literature, it has, nevertheless, continued to live on and go through many reissues. Radical journals frequently quote it (though Reade was politically a conservative or, at most, a Whig), industrious compilers of lists of books which have influenced them not seldom include it, and lovers of the bypaths of thought and of the curios of literature, like Mr. Philip Hale, still honor it with an occasional reference. The anomaly is worth a brief investigation.

Winwood Reade was a self-reliant, self-willed man, reminding one in his eccentricity and stubbornness of his uncle, the famous novelist, Charles Reade. His first ambition was to be a writer, but, upon the failure of his abortive novels, he decided rather impulsively to become an African explorer and succeeded so well in his enterprises that he was able to boast: "Henceforth no man can say that I am only a writer; for I have proved myself a man of action as well as a man of thought."

But it was as a writer after all that Winwood Reade was destined to keep his name alive. While his work in Africa is now all but forgotten, his sombre, but stimulating, "Martyrdom of Man" continues its semi-clandestine existence. The book was published in 1872. Its author's first intention was to write on the part which Africa had played in the world's story. But the conception grew under his hands until it became a full-fledged philosophy of history. His guid-

ing principle of explanation is given in the last pages of the book: "I give to universal history a strange but true title —*The Martyrdom of Man*. In each generation the human race has been tortured that their children might profit by their woes." The successive stages in this painful upward struggle he designates as war, religion, liberty, and intellect, and to each of them he devotes a section of his book. But another stage is yet to be traversed: we must in the interests of right thinking rid ourselves forever of anthropomorphic religion. For Winwood Reade was a thorough-paced rationalist, believing, like Buckle, that progress lies through the clarification of the intellect.

It was mainly owing to Reade's attack on Christianity that his book was passed over in disdainful silence by so many. He speaks like a dogmatic atheist when he sums up his attitude in these words: "Supernatural Christianity is false. God-worship is idolatry. Prayer is useless. The soul is not immortal. There are no rewards and no punishments in a future state." At other times his tone is that of the agnosticism current in his day: man will never be "nearer than he is at present to the First Cause, the Inscrutable Mystery, the God"; the "Supreme Power is not a Mind, but something higher than a Mind; not a Being, but something higher than a Being; something for which we have no words; something for which we have no ideas." Reade does not hesitate to call Jesus a dervish; he suggests that he was, like other prophets, uncouth in appearance and uncleanly in garb; he regards him as simpleminded and subject to hallucinations; he thinks that he did not move consistently on the highest moral plane, since he appealed to the self-interest of his hearers and displayed in his words the spirit of a persecutor. The God-worship which Jesus taught must be classed with those provisional expedients—famine, war, slavery, inequalities of conditions—which nature employs for the development of man and which she throws aside when they have served her turn.

But though Reade regards the past life of the human race as one long tragedy, he is unquenchably optimistic about the future. "Our religion, therefore, is Virtue, our Hope is placed in the happiness of our posterity, our Faith is the Perfectibility of Man." If he seems to echo the eighteenth century in those words, on the other hand, he sounds very like Mr. Bernard Shaw when he says: "All men indeed can not be poets, inventors or philanthropists; but all men can join in that gigantic and God-like work, the progress of creation." The seductiveness of his work for so many readers comes, one may conjecture, largely from the combined appeal which he makes to our grim sense of the tragedy of the past and to our innate hopefulness for the future. His facile generalizations, which give the experts pause, have a potent attraction for the lay reader. Greek and Roman culture is seen, not as the very fount and origin of all civilization, but as a mere episode in the cause of universal history. Everything is made simple and clear with a few bold strokes, and the multiplicity of the trees never obscures the woods. The lively style is an added stimulus to the reader, for the author possessed an undeniable talent for direct and forcible statement. When he becomes enthusiastic in his narrative he can revivify the past as tellingly as Macaulay, whom he resembles also in the crispness of his sentences. All of which may help explain why "The Martyrdom of Man" has now reached its twenty-first edition.

W. K. STEWART

From Couperin to Debussy

FRENCH MUSIC OF TO-DAY. By G. Jean-Aubry. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

IT is the fashion at the Metropolitan Opera House, and in other places, to belittle the importance of French music. But it is none the less admitted by musicians of high rank and standing that the most notable advances made in music since the death of Wagner have occurred, not as some seem to think, in Germany, but in France and Russia.

When the Metropolitan, some fifteen years ago, denied that there were French operas worth performing here, Mr. Hammerstein (the manager of the Manhattan) proved the absurdity of the contention. What Mr. Hammerstein began has been continued by the management of the Chicago Opera Company, and, rather grudgingly, by the Metropolitan management. Yet even now we have hardly an idea of the wide range and varied interest of French opera.

In the concert room, again, within the past ten years, Mr. Damrosch, Mr. Stransky, and some others have proved the value of French modern music. They have allowed us opportunities of enjoying the symphonic works of masters like Debussy, Dukas, Florent Schmett, and d'Indy, to say nothing of the Belgian, César Franck, who, to a great extent, was the inspiration of his French successors.

But there are still vast treasures waiting for explorers in French music, not only in the scores of modern masters, but also in the achievements of their forerunners. Before Gluck, the Austrian, gave us "Orfeo ed Euridice," Rameau had written operas of impressive dignity. His "Indes Galantes," his "Hippolyte et Aricie," had established him in France. His "Castor et Pollux" (which was revived in Paris recently) was in its day perhaps the most popular of all then current operas.

Before Rameau, the amazing Couperin family (all organists and writers for the harpsichord and clavecin, in turn) had really founded the French school which later on sought full expression in so many ways. To the Couperins, and more particularly to the second François Couperin, known as "le Grand," we owe a whole musical literature, including songs of rare beauty, lovely and enchanting works for clavecin, simple yet often wonderful organ music. The style of Couperin, to us, may seem archaic. But to musicians of his time it was as modern as Debussy's is to ours. It was distinguished by melodic grace and clearness. Without the resources of the modern orchestra—and in most cases for a single instrument—the "great" Couperin produced small, delicate masterpieces. Not "Tristans" or "Messiahs," to be sure, but very precious; for they were pioneer examples of an art which was destined to take shape at last in the opéra-comiques of Grétry, Hérold, Boiëldieu and Auber; in the operas and lyric dramas of Rameau, Massenet, and Chabrier; in the tone-poems, songs, and ballets of Ravel, and Gabriel Fauré, and Debussy.

It may seem fanciful to link some of the modernists just named with François Couperin. Yet, from the essays of Jean-Aubry, collected and translated into English by Edwin Evans, which make up the volume whose title stands at the head of this review, it appears quite plainly that in considerable measure, François Couperin inspired some of the most complex works of Claude Debussy. The Russians, and especially Moussorgsky, no doubt also largely influenced Debussy in his "Pelléas." And so did Wagner. But, in his piano pieces and his exquisite songs, one sees the influence of Couperin and Rameau. Mr. Jean-Aubry tells us, in an essay on Debussy, that the creator of "La Mer" and "Pelléas" was once an interested listener at the revivals by the St. Gervais singers of the older French composers who preceded Couperin. The very title of his "Hommage à Rameau" is an avowal of the debt he owed that master.

The truth is that, for something like five centuries, there has been a French tradition in the art of music. Couperin and Rameau clung to that tradition. Hérold and Grétry and a dozen more were true to it. While Fauré and Massenet, in different ways, helped to perpetuate it.

To quote a passage from Mr. Jean-Aubry's "The French Foundations of Present Day Keyboard Music," the characteristics of Rameau were the "plasticity of his rhythms, a sense of orderly life, delicacy and care in maintaining the balance of expression." Like Coup-

erin before him, and most later French composers, his aim was to attain a musical maximum of expression with a minimum of effort. As the author of "French Music of To-day" with no little justice says, the chief features of French music bear a remarkable correspondence with those of the French mind and temperament.

"First, clearness. Not the external clearness of works which are devoid of thought, like some Italian compositions, but the clearness of the mind that has reflected, and that puts forth in good order the results of its mediation." Next, "the avoidance of all that is redundant; knowledge, without the desire to display it; a horror of pedantry; a taste for pleasantry and for wit."

The French composers of all periods have intuitively shrunk from the German way of mixing up music with metaphysics, philosophy, and literary theories. In the present century they seek variety of expression, atmosphere, picturesqueness, rhythmic beauty. They are sensuous, and on occasion sentimental, vivacious, sweet or ironic, very delicate. They have subtility to a fault, and grace, and piquancy. But above all they have charm, charm, charm.

They could not, if they would, have Wagner's power, or the sensational extravagance of Richard Strauss. Their art is light and fine, discreet, alert, and rarely vulgar. And, as Mr. Jean-Aubry gleefully reminds us in his opening essay, Romain Rolland, after attending a musical festival in Alsace-Lorraine some fifteen years ago, declared that "French art was . . . taking the place of German art." In Germany, since Wagner's day, there has been a tendency to confound grandeur in music with immensity, to prefer quantity in instrumentation to quality, volume of sound to eloquence.

In the great temple of the art divine there is room for many schools. It is mere snobbery to proclaim that we must always thirst for Wagner, Bach, and Beethoven. All who have hearts and ears respect and love those giants. But why should they not also love Debussy, Rameau, d'Indy, Berlioz, Couperin, Bizet, Hérold, and Charpentier?

The French composers of our time may not have touched the heights. Yet they have far outdone their rivals in their own fields. Only Strauss compares (perhaps favorably) with them in ingenuity. None equal them in variety or—though that does not mean much, of course—in art—in zeal and industry. If the Germans and Italians have traditions, which go back to Father Bach, the French have theirs, to which they cling devotedly. And, while the glory of the German school seems to be fading, the future of French music is aglow with hope.

CHARLES HENRY MELTZER

The Run of the Shelves

Books of the Week

[Selected by Edmund Lester Pearson, Editor of Publications, New York Public Library.]

LETTERS OF TRAVEL. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday.

Letters from America and other lands in 1892; from Canada in 1907; from Egypt and the East in 1913.

ALL AND SUNDRY. By E. T. Raymond, author of "Uncensored Celebrities." Holt.

Witty and ironical little essays about Foch, Kipling, the Prince of Wales, Conan Doyle, President Wilson, Chesterton, and others.

THE MAINTENANCE OF PEACE. By Colonel S. C. Vestal. Putnam.

Too extensive for casual reading; a careful research by a military writer into the causes that have interrupted peace, how wars have been and may be prevented. The writer thinks that peace is too precious to be sought in vague optimism, too difficult of attainment to be won by pretty phrasemaking.

THE PORT OF NEW YORK. By Thomas E. Rush, Surveyor of the Port. Doubleday.

The romance of the past and the business of to-day in New York Harbor.

AS journalist, critic, and novelist, ex-Premier Clemenceau has had much to say about the Jews. He shows the specialist's knowledge of their habitats and habits from America to Asia, and though his presentation of them is never flattering, the same may be said of his estimate of every other sect or class of humanity concerning which he has emitted his caustic dicta. His "Au Pied du Sinai" (Paris: Georges Cres), though it bears the imprint of this year, is composed of stories and sketches of which all, or the majority, were evidently written long ago. In one of these he speaks of having reached the age of fifty some three years before, and as M. Clemenceau was born in 1841, this bit of work thus appears to date back at least a quarter of a century. The new book is only a belated fellow to the two or three similar volumes which he published a generation ago. But the Tiger always writes well, though always severely, and there is both profit and amusement in the new arrival. The conclusion is keen and just, though perhaps pitched a little high for American readers, who do not think of Semitism as a serious menace. "Reform the Christians who are still masters of the world, and it will not be necessary to exterminate the Jews . . . "

There is sombre power in the sketch of Baron Moses of Goldschlammbach, who went mad with grief because men hated him for gold-grabbing, an instinctive process which he could no more restrain than a bird can help singing, and who wandered the streets begging, promising himself that he would give his millions for the feeding of the hungry if one charitable passer-by would drop a copper into his wretched outstretched hand. There is still more in the rancor of the poor Galician Jew tailor who is forced into the army by the trickery of his wealthy co-religionists, and who comes home to reap a terrible vengeance. There is droll and almost cheerful humor in the tribute to the enterprising son of Jacob who sold the Tiger a two-dollar pair of spectacles for ten dollars, and there is a grotesque abandon, which is not without precedent in the earlier books, in the irreverent anecdote of the old Israelite whose enjoyment of Paradise was spoiled by the apostasy of his son. The Tiger's American admirers who read French will be interested in this whimsical setting forth of certain of his vigorous opinions.

Gossip has been saying for some time that M. Clemenceau was on the point of writing his memoirs. But now that he has returned to Paris from his Egyptian tour and can speak for himself, we learn from a private and most reliable source "qu'il n'est pas dans ses intentions actuelles d'écrire."

The "Open Vision" by Dr. Horatio W. Dresser (Thomas Y. Crowell Company) is a book about relations with the dead. It is also a book about the life of God in the human spirit. Its art lies in the combination of these elements. The occupancy of the human soul by the divine spirit is the highest conception of the highest religions, a conception that may almost be said to attain the grandeur of the superhuman without falling into the cheapness of the miraculous. Spiritism rests on a far lower plane. Communication with the dead merely as the dead is neither high nor low; it is neutral with the same neutrality that attaches to communication with the living. But historically the instrumentalities, human and mechanical, which have furthered the alleged communication have been sordid. Dr. Dresser's object is to clear spiritism of its dross, and to raise it to a level where it can act on equal terms and in close conjunction with the life in God. Accordingly, he throws away the mediums, and what we may call for brevity the media. He has no interest in tables, no faith in experiments. In his

scheme for exchanges between the two worlds, spirit is to act upon spirit without the intervention of a medium, and mind is to influence mind without the intervention of the senses.

If these are tactics, they are admirable tactics. In robbing spiritism of half the charms which make it interesting to its disciples, they strip it of half the objections which alienate and irritate its opponents. The question is whether the shift of base is possible. To the vast majority of seekers the agency of mediums seems more effectual than their personal efforts in producing a sense, authentic or illusory, of communication with departed spirits. Moreover, disenchantments await the reader who pauses over the examples of mystic intimations supplied by Dr. Dresser from the storehouse of his personal experience. He is informed of the perilous nearness of a train, of the whereabouts of a missing diamond. It is strange that a divine being who prefers the uniformity of his operations to the safety of Pompeii, San Francisco, or Messina, should think the life of Dr. Dresser or the recovery of a lost jewel a sufficient reason for a breach in that routine. Dr. Dresser's reasoning is systematic, but not powerful, his piety refined but not robust; his style expands discreetly in the calm of a featureless level.

Mr. Theodore Stanton and Mrs. Stanton-Blatch are finishing for Messrs. Harper and Brothers a biography on which they have been engaged for some years—that of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who died in 1902, leaving a mass of documents, letters, and notes bearing on the reform movements which characterized the middle of the last century. This work will be especially interesting for the light which it throws on the whole woman suffrage struggle, for Mrs. Stanton was first in America to make the formal and public demand for "the political enfranchisement of women," as the phrase went in 1848. The history of the long effort, now on the verge of accomplishment, for the securing of woman suffrage by Federal amendment, is given here in a manner in which it has never been presented before.

Mr. George Middleton has published six new one-act plays under the title "Masks" (Holt). That Mr. Middleton is somebody anybody can perceive. The paper jacket, always so affectionate to its own contents, does not strain the truth when it praises the dexterity, the frugality, of his unbending and imperious technique. His art is akin to mathematics. Apart from the soundness of the fabric, his strength lies largely in the hardness, the firmness, the insistence of the individual stroke. Unfortunately for Mr. Middleton, this hardness strikes inward, and the virtue of the technician becomes the limitation and incumbrance of the man. In his plays, every sentence, every phrase, works, but it works under a kind of duress, and the best service is not obtainable from characters and situations in a state of helotage. Donne's famous line, "A bracelet of bright hair about the bone," might suggest the glittering surface and hard core of every one of the half-dozen plays in "Masks."

In "Masks" itself, where Mr. Middleton brings into his own play two imaginary characters from his hero's play, he hardens and cheapens these spectra to the injury of a really good conception. In the "House," he attempts sentiment, and, adroit as he is, gets no closer to real feeling than celluloid gets to ivory. "Jim's Beast" has a novel and happy setting in a museum of palaeontology, but, when the husband reclaims the faltering wife by contrasting her forgetfulness of her children with the maternal tenderness of the fossil brontosaurus, Mr. Middleton lets us see that human beings for him are very close to petrifactions. The "Reason," the sixth play, is strong and vile. As drama it is excellent, but there are a few exceptional infamies in life the recital of which amounts to collusion. Such is Tom Sabine's conduct in this play.

"The attempt to escape from an enemy country," says Mr. Eric A. Keith in "My Escape from Germany" (Century Co.), "viewed as a sport, though its devotees are naturally few and hope to become fewer, has a technique of its own." Mr. Keith ought to know. He got away three times; the first time he was taken by a ruse after he had crossed the border without knowing it; the second try did not take him so far; the third was successful. He is not even a novice at writing of his experience, since before the peace he published an account veiled as to many details for the protection of those he left behind. He is a Briton and a sportsman. His preface discusses the technique of the game, equipment and the like, as if it were like climbing the Matterhorn; a matter of life and death, but not of business. Temperament or schooling enabled him to keep cool throughout the prolonged emergency of his three attempts; the habit made his attempt successful, but it does not make for the success of the book except as a convincing document, for it leaves the tone unemotional, and dulls effects which might legitimately show more color. For this the author's prison life would amply account, and perhaps it is hardly fair to mention it, since the book has thrill enough in its mere situation to satisfy any ordinary reader, so much, in fact, that it is hard to comment on it except in terms of the art of fiction. "The Spy" of Cooper stands as the archetype of situation for sustained thrill, for from the nature of his mission the hero is in danger at every turn of his devious way. His success is to make his friends think him a foe that his foes may believe him a friend; his friends may shoot him if he succeeds, and his foes will surely do so if he fails. Second only to this situation is that of the escaping prisoner in an enemy country. A moment's peace is not so much as a breathing space, for you never know till it is over that it is anything more than a deceptive calm. Not even the assurance of the title that the end shall crown the work can rob any page of its ticklish suspense. You read it in ravenous haste, draw a breath, and go back over the details. Then you lay it aside and think of the flight through the heather in "Kidnapped," Gerard's escape from the tower in "The Cloister and the Hearth," the prison delivery in "St. Ives," and you ponder on the mysterious nature of the true romance.

"Text criticism" has done much for modern scholarship, but the security of its results must evidently rest upon the most scrupulous care in its processes. To base some revolutionary thesis as to authorship or date of a certain text upon the presence in it of a certain number of specific peculiarities, and then to have some more accurate observer prove that your figures are radically wrong, and thus that your thesis is bereft of the very basis on which you chose to set it, is disconcerting, to say the least. This is just what an American Homeric scholar, Professor John A. Scott, of Northwestern University, has been doing with the text critics who have been seeking, since the days of Friedrich August Wolf, to disprove the unity of the Homeric poems, on the ground of irreconcilable differences in their various parts. While it might be unsafe to say that he has finally put the separatist theory out of court, there can be no reasonable denial that he has made wreck of the great mass of alleged textual discrepancies upon which the denial of unity has been so confidently based, and that he has left little ground for claim to authoritative scholarship to a good many who have busied themselves in accumulating such "discrepancies." In the March number of the *Classical Journal*, Professor Scott tells in a very interesting way how years of study of the Homeric text have brought him over from his early acceptance of the destructive theory to a firm belief that the Iliad and Odyssey are the work of one great poetic genius, Homer, and that we have them essentially as he left them, without expansion, contraction, or expurgation. "Schliemann defied the authority of higher criticism and found Troy; the scholars of to-day are again defying that authority and are finding Homer."

Drama

Barrie, Galsworthy, and Others

IN my last letter I complained of the dearth of plays worth writing about; to-day I have more material than I know what to do with. In the last few weeks we have had a sudden rise in the quality of the work presented, synchronizing with a rather less sudden fall in the popularity of the theatre as a whole. I do not think that there is any relation of cause and effect between these phenomena. It was pure chance that led Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie to break their long silence on two consecutive evenings; and the slump in receipts, far from resulting from this rise in literary values, had set in weeks, if not months, before it. The truth simply is that the war fever which kept the theatres full whatever rubbish they presented, if only it was rubbishy enough, has at last subsided, and that its subsidence has encouraged serious playwrights to creep out of their shells. Perhaps they may suffer temporarily from the general cooling-off of the public craze for the theatre; but the ultimate effect of the slackening of an unhealthy and uncritical craving for "shows" of every class can not but be good in the main. If this state of things continues, the demand for theatres will decline, rents will fall to a reasonable level, and good plays will no longer have to be taken off merely because they do not absolutely fill the house every night in the week.

Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose" is not a play which gives me, personally, very much pleasure. When we wander beyond the confines of reality, I think it should be in search either of sheer delightfulness (as in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"), or of some symbolic or phantasmagoric message (as in "Faust" or "Peer Gynt"). Now there are many delightful details in "Mary Rose," but its fable is in essence profoundly pessimistic, with a pessimism which is not serious, but, so to speak, capricious. If Sir James Barrie really meant to tell us that life was at the mercy of occult malevolences, such as those which shape the destiny of his heroine, I should hear him with respect, if not with agreement. But I do not think he means the only message which can rationally be extracted from his story. He tells it simply to give us pleasure of a pathetic, a semi-tragic, order; and somehow or other I can not take pleasure in such a fantasy. If people in general like to exercise their imagination on these lines, then Sir James is right and I am wrong; for there is certainly nothing unworthy or unbeautiful about the play.

What we are asked to conceive is this: An ordinary couple of well-to-do English people, resident in Sussex, and differing from their neighbors only in a little extra amiability, go to the Hebrides one summer with their thirteen-year-old daughter, Mary Rose. The father, an enthusiastic fisherman, is in the habit of taking the girl to an islet, only a stone's throw from the coast; and one day, while his back is turned for a moment, she vanishes away. After searching every possible nook and cranny of the islet, the heartbroken parents naturally give her up for lost; but behold! after a month, she turns up again on the very spot where she disappeared, and without the smallest knowledge that anything unusual has happened to her. Then she grows up into a marriageable maiden, rather child-like for her years, but otherwise apparently normal. The uncanny incident in her past has been sedulously concealed from her; but when a young naval officer proposes for her hand, her parents quite honorably tell him the story. With the intrepidity of his caste, he marries her, and they have a son; and then, carrying intrepidity to the point of foolhardiness, he must needs take her to the Hebrides, and picnic on the mystic islet. He turns his back for a moment, to stamp out the fire they have lit, when suddenly a burst of wild music is heard (inaudible to the lieutenant) and Mary Rose walks off as if in a state of somnambulism, and is lost to mortal ken. This time her eclipse lasts for twenty-five years, at the end of which she returns to her Sussex home, as young as ever, and very much pained to find her parents quite old and her husband middle-aged. Her son she does not find, for the young scapegrace has run away from home and gone to Australia. Apparently —for details are denied us—she dies of chronic anachronism, a distressing, but fortunately rare, disease. But her woeful weird pursues her beyond the grave. She disappears only too easily in life, but she can not disappear in death. Her ghost haunts the Sussex manor-house, sadly depreciating its value; until at last her runaway son arrives, in the person of an Australian soldier. Then one would have thought that her perturbed spirit might have found rest; but Sir James Barrie will have nothing to do with such facile optimism. She is as incurably anachronistic in the spirit as in the flesh, and declines to recognize her child in this strapping Anzac. What occurs at the very end is not quite clear, but I hope, and almost venture to believe, that she permanently disappears into the Celtic Twilight from which she originally emerged. But how she came to be born of ordinary English parents in the County of the South Saxons remains a harassing mystery. If her forbears had been second-sighted Gaels we could have understood it better.

Turning to Mr. Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," we find ourselves on solid English earth again. There are no "harps in the air," no vanishing ladies, no semi-malignant ghosts. (I forgot to mention that, if I rightly understood the matter, the ghost of Mary Rose came within an ace of doing grievous bodily injury to her son.) "The Skin Game," an inelegant expression wholly unfamiliar to me, is understood to be roughly equivalent to "War to the Knife." The combatants are representatives of two classes, the static squirearchy and the dynamic plutocracy or mechanarchy. Mr. Hornblower, a rather aggressive member of the latter class, comes to settle in the immediate neighborhood of the ancestral "place" of the Hillcrist family. Their relations might have been amicable enough but for the fact that Mrs. Hillcrist is of a masterful, opinionated, and decidedly "stuck-up" character. She offensively closes her doors against the Hornblower family, with the result that Mr. Hornblower threatens to buy a piece of land within three hundred yards of the Hillcrist mansion, and to erect a factory upon it. The land is put up to auction, the Hillcrists strain every nerve to secure it, but Hornblower defeats them by a rather mean trick. Meanwhile Mrs. Hillcrist has learnt a secret about Hornblower's daughter-in-law (his wife is dead) which, if revealed, will not only destroy the happiness of the Hornblower household, but drive them from the district. Against the will of her rather ineffectual husband, she uses this knowledge to terrorize Hornblower into re-selling the plot of land. It is intended that the secret shall be disclosed to Hornblower alone; but it inevitably leaks out and becomes common property, to the total discomfiture and misery of the Hornblower clan. The squirearchy is thus victorious, but at the cost of its self-respect; and the moral seems to be that class warfare is embittered by a deficiency on both sides of what Matthew Arnold used to call "epieikeia or sweet-reasonableness."

Moral or no moral, the drama is a very strong one. Many of the scenes—notably that of the auction—are breathless in their tension. Some critics disparage it as melodramatic, but they are surely wrong. The play represents the clash of character with character, and the fact that the clash happens to be a violent one does not detract from its artistic quality. I have been a little afraid of late years that Mr. Galsworthy was losing his grip of the stage; but it has never been stronger than in "The Skin Game."

The same week which brought Mr. Galsworthy and Sir James Barrie to the front witnessed the production of another noteworthy play, "The Grain of Mustard-Seed," by Mr. H. M. Harwood. This is a really thoughtful and witty

political comedy, the best thing of its kind since Mr. Granville Barker's "Waste." We see how a self-made man and a political idealist, who has elaborated a very important housing scheme, is at first welcomed by the Government, and then summarily "turned down" when he declines to emasculate his scheme out of respect to inveterate prejudices and vested interests. The portrait of Lord Henry Markham, M.P., the cynical party wire-puller, is admirable and apposite. Indeed the play, though it wore the colors of no party, abounded in lines which were intimately applicable to the present situation. It was much less satisfactory on its sentimental than on its political side. The middle-aged idealist, the millionaire proprietor of a patent food, was made to fall in love with a wisp of a girl, a daughter of the governing classes, supposed to be a representative of post-war pessimism, cynicism, and moral laxity—in fact, a thoroughly bad lot. I feared at one time that the ennobling influence of "Pongo" (the patent food) was going to effect a change of heart in this worthless young person, and that all was going to end happily. Mr. Harwood, however, spared us this extreme of conventional optimism. He left his hero speechlessly flabbergasted by the revelation of his lady-love's moral obliquity. But the whole idea of this love-interest was merely theatrical. The pure-hearted man of the people marries in his own class and does not go a-gadding after corrupt slips of aristocracy.

That Mr. Harwood's heroine is not really, or at any rate not characteristically, a post-war type, may be gathered from the fact that she is very nearly duplicated by the heroine of a comedy by Mr. H. V. Esmond, "Birds of a Feather," which was written several years ago, though produced only the other day. This is a play of really high dramatic quality; but its intellectual and moral standpoint is that of about twenty years ago—whence, no doubt, its lack of success.

Miss Gertrude Jennings, authoress of the very successful "Young Person in Pink," has followed it up with another three-act play, "Husbands for All," which is much less happily inspired. Miss Jennings takes us forward to the year 1925, and imagines that an autocratic Director of Reconstruction has hit upon the plan of correcting the shortage of males by legalizing "lateral marriages," or, in plain language, bigamy. Not only are such marriages declared legal, but every husband who has fewer than seven children is compelled, on pain of imprisonment in Dartmoor as a conscientious objector, to contract a "lateral" union. Miss Jennings' gift of bright dialogue enables her to make this skit fairly entertaining; but her inventive and constructive powers are, unfortunately, by no means on a level with her wit.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford this year has been noteworthy, not so much for exceptionally good acting, as for the success with which the producer, Mr. Bridges Adams, has solved the problem of combining the advantages of the non-scenic Elizabethan platform with those of the modern pictorial stage. By the skillful employment of movable columns, Mr. Adams secures what is practically an expanding and contracting proscenium, by aid of which he can change his scenery, or perhaps one should say indicate changes of scene, without any appreciable loss of time. He suggests the environment of the action without building up realistic stage-pictures; and that this is the true principle of Shakespearean mounting there can be little doubt. Successful experiments in the same direction have been made at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and (with a touch of regrettable eccentricity) by Mr. Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. The abolition of the long waits necessitated by the changing of heavy "sets" of the old Lyceum school is a most valuable reform. Much more questionable is the use that is being made of this new facility. The craze of the moment is for what I have ventured to call "holus-bolus Shakespeare"—revivals in which no single word, however obsolete, however incomprehensible, however manifestly corrupt, shall on any account be omitted. That, at all events, is the ideal; but some of the longer plays, such as "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Cymbeline" and "Coriolanus," can not even be galloped through within the limits of a modern theatrical evening. Mr. Bridges Adams gave us three hours and three-quarters of "Hamlet"—far too much for the endurance of any ordinary audience—yet even to this end he had to make considerable cuts. His "Cymbeline," from which he cut something like 500 lines, lasted three hours and fifteen minutes. At Birmingham they raced through "Othello," minus some 60 lines, in three hours; but the play was recited rather than acted, and, furthermore, recited with extreme verbal inaccuracy. It need scarcely be said that our latter-day purists will not spare us any of the obscene and otherwise obsolete expressions which are far less offensive in Shakespeare than in his contemporaries, but are nevertheless disagreeably frequent in some of his plays. The whole movement is one of extravagant re-action from Irving-Tree-Daly methods of reckless mutilation. Common sense will presently re-assert itself, and it will be recognized that Shakespeare is to be honored in the spirit and not in the letter. Since we know that Elizabethan performances seldom exceeded two hours and a half, we are bound to conclude that in his longer plays he wrote a good deal that he did not intend to be spoken. But even if all his plays could, without gabbling, be performed within a reasonable limit of time, it would remain mere folly to speak passages which the lapse of centuries has deprived of all their savor, and even rendered absolutely incomprehensible. It is not only inartistic and absurd, but positively immoral, to force actors to speak and pretend to understand lines which, even if not corrupt, are the battle-ground of the commentators, and have no vital meaning for any human creature.

William Archer

London, May 6

EDUCATIONAL SECTION

University Training for Business

ALTHOUGH nearly all the universities of the United States now have departments, schools or colleges of commerce or business administration, there still seems to be something incongruous in this alliance of the university with the business world. Possibly this is because the movement is so recent—the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania was founded in 1880 and the School of Commerce of New York University in 1900—but more probably it is because of the mediæval origin of the university as a corporation or guild of masters and scholars chiefly interested in theological studies and organized for mutual protection against unfriendly townsmen. Of course, they were always willing, as now, to receive doles from charitable citizens, but the thought of making other than spiritual return never entered their mind.

But it was not long until the scope of university activities widened to include medical and legal studies, as well as philosophy or the liberal arts, until in most universities the four traditional faculties were established for the training of clerics, physicians, lawyers, and teachers. After this the universities ceased to give birth to new faculties; and even the universities of America, which were built on European models, long held aloof from a number of occupations which were becoming learned professions in all but the name.

Truly sensible people, who are, to be sure, few in number, do not care a fig

whether their occupation be called a trade or a profession, but in point of fact a learned profession has certain marks or characteristics which distinguish it rather clearly from a typical trade, and give it a claim to special consideration from the university. The chief of these is the scientific basis of the occupation—an organized body of knowledge of sufficient volume to justify a mature person's spending some years in the study of it before entering fully into the activities of his career. From this point of view the list of learned professions should probably be extended to include literature and the fine arts, military and naval science, engineering, scientific agriculture, dentistry, pharmacy, journalism—and business. Of course, it is possible to write without literary training, to fight without military science, to farm without being an agriculturist, to pull teeth without being a dentist, to sell goods without being a business man. Genius and folly know no rules, but ordinary men require years of study and experience for the mastery of any really learned profession.

Some successful business men question the validity of this argument, and insist that cadets should enter business at an early age and grow up with it, gaining experience and picking up what theory they may need as they go along. Do not such conservatives overlook, among other important considerations, their own unusual ability, the fact that pioneer days are almost over, the rapid changes that are going on in business, and the new type of business man that is coming into the field? Apprenticeship, it is true, is the old and tried method of training—tried and found wanting. Formerly all the learned professions were recruited in this way; the aspirant to holy orders began as a novice, servant to the elder clerics; the budding lawyer swept the floor in a law office; the young medico mixed pills for some physician or was apprenticed to a surgeon. After a time, as the volume of knowledge increased, it was found that broader and sounder instruction could be obtained in the schools, and to them the most enterprising students flocked, leaving their belated brethren to learn a weird mixture of truth and error in the service of quacks and pettifoggers.

For all that, we still find a few physicians, lawyers, clergymen, and teachers who dislike the schools, and some business men who hold that nothing worth while about business can be taught in the university. Such distrust of learning reminds one of the quaint Greek skeptic whose philosophy was summed up in the formula "Nothing is; if anything is it can not be known; if it can be known it can not be taught." Pos-

(*Continued on page* 636)

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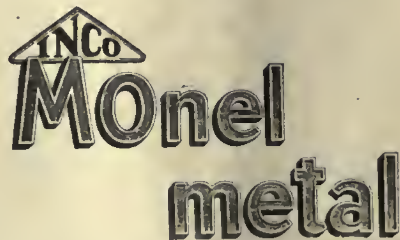

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(*Continued from page* 635)
sibly we should complete the chain of sophistry by adding a fourth proposition to the effect that, if anything can be taught, it can not be applied in actual practice.

The fact is that the stock of knowledge that has been accumulated by generations of business men has not died with them, but has been recorded in books, magazines, reports, and other forms, and is now so great that no business man can keep up with it. Indeed, the demands of business are so exacting that many business men, immersed in affairs, can scarcely find time to read the daily papers and glance through the trade journals, while the economic and financial periodicals are quite neglected, and of the numerous books and reports treating of important phases of business economics they do not even know the names. Apart from the disheartening lack of time, one trouble is that they do not know what to read; another, that they have not formed habits of study; a third, that they lack the stimulus of class discussion and the guidance of competent teachers. No doubt, capable and determined men can overcome all these obstacles, but the way of self-education is hard, and those who have not had preliminary professional schooling are severely handicapped. The school-trained men may have more theory than practice; but the theorist will soon gain practical experience, while the mere practitioner can seldom, if ever, pick up all the theory that he needs.

The logic of the situation has, in fact, forced the universities to make provision for the new disciplines, and has compelled all but the most conservative business man to admit that the coming generation of business executives—if not those in subordinate positions—should have a schooling in business principles and methods such as they themselves did not and could not obtain. The only serious obstacle in the way of carrying out plans for the higher education of business men is the difficulty of obtaining competent teachers. But this obstacle is by no means insuperable. The trouble is due to the poverty of the university rather than to any inherent impossibility of teaching the mysteries of business. All professional schools have been confronted with the same problem, but the best of them have long since solved it, partly by finding practitioners who can give a portion of their time to the schools, partly by inducing experienced men to retire from practice and give the whole of their time to the work of teaching. Besides, the best universities already have competent teachers of commercial geography, economics, money and banking, corporation finance, transportation, accounting, business law, statistics, insurance, and other standard courses, and it is only for the more practical subjects, such as business organization and management, that it is difficult to arrange.

Educational movements such as this are of the greatest significance as indicating a spirit of co-operation and mutual appreciation between the universities and business men that should result in great good for both parties. The standards of business efficiency and ethics should be raised by the influence of university ideals, and academic ways of thought and action should derive benefit from contact with the practical affairs of business life. The one danger to be feared is the growth of a tendency to regard the practical and tangible results at which the business education so largely aims as setting a standard to which university study as a whole should conform. But the right way to guard against that danger is not to refuse recognition of the part the university may play in business education, but to maintain in full vigor and authority those higher intellectual functions which must, in the future as in the past, be the heart and centre of the university's life.

THERE is a kind of squinting optimism in the "talks to students and graduates" which President Hadley has brought together under the title of "The Moral Basis of Democracy" (Yale University Press). "I wish I could think," he says, "that the world to-day is as sound of head as it is right of heart." No doubt, he adds, people are more ready to-day than ever before to think about their conduct and its consequences; but still the complexity of life has outstript the growth of thought, so that the need is to raise our intelligence up to an equality with our goodness of heart. So it is that all through these talks President Hadley stresses the need of taking thought in the political and social problems that must confront the college man when he goes out into the world. That, he believes, is the true messages of the Gospel, that men should not only desire to do right but should reflect more earnestly upon what is right. Ah, well-a-day! It is pleasant to know that our hearts are in the right place, that we are no longer greedy and selfish and overbearing and belligerent by nature; it is wholesome doctrine to tell us to take better heed of our acts in our universal desire to serve the world. Yet two things we seem to miss in these eminently useful and uplifting discourses. We should like now and then to hear a word addressed to those who still are conscious of the old Adam of unrighteousness in the heart, and we should like also a plain statement now and then that education is a good thing in itself, in the joys and consolations it may bring, with no thought of serving the world. This "service," it is a noble idea. But somehow, hearing it so frequently, we can not forget the idle story of that land where everybody prospered by taking in everybody else's washing. Something like this must have occurred to Epictetus when, in his humble school at Nicopolis, he had this conversation with a student anxious to forget himself in service:

> "But my country," says he, "will lack assistance, so far as lies in me."
>
> Once more I ask, What assistance do you mean? It will not owe colonnades or baths to you. What of that? It does not owe shoes to the blacksmith or arms to the shoemaker; it is sufficient if each man fulfills his own function. Would you do it no good if you secured to it another faithful and self-respecting citizen?
>
> "Yes."
>
> Well, then, you would not be useless to it.
>
> "What place then shall I have in the city?"
>
> Whatever place you can hold while you keep your character for honor and self-respect. But if you are going to lose these qualities in trying to benefit your city, what benefit, I ask, would you have done her when you attain to the perfection of being lost to shame and honor?

LATIN scholarship was caught by the war in the middle stage of one of its most laborious and important modern enterprises, the preparation and publication of the "Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ." The material had been assorted and arranged in due order, many scholars were at work upon their assigned portions, and publication had reached about the middle of the fifth volume. As the work was being done in Germany, under the auspices of the five learned Academies of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipsic, Munich, and Vienna, the stress of war soon brought it virtually to a standstill, through inroads on its editorial staff, scarcity of printing materials, and disarrangement of its finances. One fascicle, the sixth of Volume V, was printed in 1915, and has just reached American subscribers. At the same time comes word that the undertaking is in serious financial distress, and an effort is now in progress among American philologists to raise a fund sufficient to avoid immediate disaster. Is it not possible to find in America a more radical and profitable method of relief? The work is of importance not merely to a small group of Latinists, but to every

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branch of learning connected with Latin, either directly or indirectly. Some speedy means of carrying it to completion ought to be found—speedy, of course, as is consistent with its own standard of thoroughness and scholarship. We have in this country, at Washington, an institution which, according to the declared purpose of its founder, "shall *in the broadest and most liberal manner* encourage investigation, research, and discovery." It would be an admirable illustration of that breadth and liberality which stands at the head of their donor's deed of trust for the Trustees of the Carnegie Institution to tender to the management of the "Thesaurus" a grant sufficient to permit a complete reorganization of their editorial staff, and assure publication as rapidly as the matter can be put in shape. A number of American scholars were engaged in this work at the outbreak of the war, and a still greater number could easily be enlisted, if funds were available.

The Reconstruction of France through Agriculture

FRANCE has always been essentially an agricultural country. At the present time, about half her population is rural. She has few great industrial or commercial cities, but many villages. From this point of view, the appearance of France has changed but little since the Middle Ages. The great alterations of the nineteenth century, which transformed the conditions of economic life, did not affect our country to a degree comparable to that seen elsewhere. Yet few countries have undergone, in the course of ages, crises so grave as those through which France has passed. And few have known how more rapidly to heal their wounds; this is owing especially to the richness of her soil, the evenness of her climate, and the persistent industry of her peasant population. A class destined by its very nature to feel most disagreeably the weight of wars, foreign or civil, the class from which are recruited the hardiest soldiers, the rural population has paid a heavy tribute in the recent war. Statistics show that of our 1,500,000 dead, the peasants have furnished 55 per cent., industrial laborers 18 per cent., clerks, merchants, and professional men 27 per cent. And if the war has ruined certain of our most prosperous industrial cities, it has likewise devastated those of our provinces most advanced in agriculture and furnishing our finest harvests of cereals and sugar beets.

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no less by requisitions, by destruction due to the invader, and by the necessity of feeding immense armies. Finally, the threat of failure in the bread supply, the basis of French alimentation, led the Government to adopt a wheat policy the fatal consequences of which we now appreciate. The principle having been asserted that it was necessary, by every means, to avoid increasing the price of bread, this price has been kept far below the cost of production, the state making good the difference. The fixing of the price of wheat has been managed in such a way that a paradoxical situation has been reached in which the raising of wheat is less profitable than that of oats, rye, or barley. Hence, there is a decrease in acreage sown to wheat, the peasant finding it more advantageous to devote himself to other crops.

To so many causes of impoverishment may be added the devastation of our forests, sacrificed to the demands of the national defense, or scientifically destroyed by the enemy, or, finally, annihilated by the rage of battle.

In consequence of the war, then, French agriculture finds itself obliged to face a crisis of unprecedented gravity. With a greatly reduced supply of manual labor, with ten departments ruined for long years to come, its problem is to produce at least as much as before 1914—even more, if the country would free itself in some degree from the heavy tribute which it must pay to the outsider in consequence of the importation of commodities indispensable to its life.

Still further, the entire year 1919 was marked by evidences of anxiety, on the part both of the Government and of individuals, concerning the farmers. This was rather unusual, the foremost thought being, heretofore, to satisfy the demands of the laborers, strongly organized in their unions, rather than those of the peasants, isolated on their farms. Nor were political considerations foreign to this granting of attention to the Socialistic proletariat, rather than to the conservative mass of the rural districts.

And yet, immediately after the victory, everyone turned to him whom journalists and politicians emulously proclaimed to be the savior of the country—doubly its savior through the blood shed in such abundance, and the labor carried on at the rear by that part of the rural population which was left, the women, old men, and children. The battle for the peasant, one writer has called it. Political parties, the sacred union once broken, have turned towards this great force, which does not know its own power, to win it to them. Economists and historians have recalled that on the morrow of our worst disasters, it was agriculture that restored a condition of equilibrium. It would be difficult to construct a bibliography of all that has been written on this subject during the past fifteen months, articles in the newspapers and reviews, and books of scientific or sentimental trend.

At so much praise, more or less disinterested, the peasant was at first amazed; but with his practical spirit, he took advantage of the situation on occasion of the legislative elections of November, 1919. It was especially the rural vote that brought into the Chamber of Deputies so many new men, of moderate tendencies, who gave to the Assembly a conservative tone which it had not manifested since the National Assembly elected at the close of the war of 1870-1871. This, however, is only one side of the question, the political. The economic side is less easily resolved. It is an easy matter to say, Produce, produce in abundance! But there must be the means with which to produce. The soil, kept in order as well as possible during the war, needs to be fertilized in order to get back its productive capacity. Worn out agricultural machinery must be replaced. But the crisis in the transportation system impedes all efforts. Even if the factories of France and of foreign lands could supply the demand (and such is far from being the case), the railways are not in condition to assure the arrival of the fertilizers, the machinery, and the necessary fuel for the motors. Phosphates, for example, are found in abundance in the North of France, in Belgium, and especially in Tunisia. There are few or no cars from the first, few or no vessels from the second. Potash, of which recovered Alsace could furnish us a considerable quantity, remains in heaps at the mouth of the mines. On the first of April, 1920, the Minister of Agriculture said, in reply to a question put by a deputy, that 250,000 tons of potash fertilizers were ready for shipment, but that the difficulty of transportation would permit of the delivery of only 1,000 tons per day. And so the mines are accepting no more orders.

As for agricultural machinery, an effort has been made to produce it in quantity, both by factories long specialized for that purpose, and by transformed munitions factories; here again, the lack of coal, and strikes, have delayed production. As to foreign-made machinery, English, Canadian, or American, the cost of carriage raises the price to a point almost out of reach, and that which comes to our crowded ports remains upon the docks, for lack of cars to take it away.

But in spite of so many unfavorable conditions, no one thinks of giving up in despair, and the work in the fields goes on, the French peasant having an incalculable fund of "stick-to-itiveness," and of attachment to the soil. It is, indeed, one of the characteristic traits of his temperament, noted by all observers. He loves the soil, and ardently devotes himself to its conquest. After each great social upheaval, he is the beneficiary of the troubled situation in which the nation finds itself. Thus, after the religious wars of the sixteenth century, and the liquidation of a part of the property belonging to the abbeys, the peasant had his share. His share was still more important, we may believe, on occasion of the sale of national properties at the time of the Revolution. Finally, the army just mustered out has seen the small holding almost entirely cleared of mortgage indebtedness, and still further, the purchase by the peasant of lands given up by their owners, desirous of realizing money with which to meet the increasing cost of living.

The farmer has acquired, then, in small purchases, that which in other times constituted vast domains; the reverse of the medal is that the property is cut up into very small bits, and that this division is further increased by our legislation, and by the necessity of partitionings after the death of owners. This constitutes an obstacle, and not among the least, to putting the soil in condition to yield a reasonable economic return. Some think of remedying the situation by a reversal of this process

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of dismemberment, that is to say, by a series of exchanges and compromises which would reëstablish, upon a more logical basis, the division of the totality of our land. But a reform of this nature, even if it appeared theoretically attractive, would surely arouse a resistance which sociologists or legislators do not suspect.

This minute division of landed property is a hindrance, also, to the development of cultivation by the use of the motor, which, to tell the truth, has not yet fulfilled the hopes founded upon it. The motor-driven machines in agricultural use, of French or foreign make, do not give complete satisfaction. Built in general with a view to cultivation on a large scale, which is exceptional in our country, expensive and too complicated to be easily kept in repair, they have not yet really gained their right of citizenship. It is incontestable, however, that in them is to be found the solution for the crisis in the labor supply. Furthermore, there are serious efforts to construct models better adapted to the specific conditions of our country, more economical of fuel than the American models, and also more durable; for in France one does not like to change too often a utensil with which one is familiar. Along with this feeling, a propaganda is taking form in the rural districts, distrustful of novelties in general, and attached to traditional methods. Yet in 1919 and 1920, expositions of motor cultivation have been numerous, and have been followed attentively by the most progressive element among our farmers.

But there is another movement, preeminently social, which has manifested itself with such spontaneity, and so generally over the entire territory of France, that it is important to set it forth in clear relief. It is the extension of agricultural syndicates. These have had a legal existence since 1884, and in some regions have been considerably developed. The lessons of the war have here brought forth their fruit. The vital necessity of coöperation has been apparent to all, especially to those who have been in the armies. The successes secured by the revolutionary workingmen's syndicates have led the peasants, essentially enemies of revolution, since it threatens the right of property, to group themselves together, in turn. Where syndicates were already in existence, they have seen new adherents coming to them *en masse;* where there was none, they have been created.

The agricultural syndicate has this peculiarity, that it is neither exclusively of workmen, nor exclusively of employers, but a mixture of the two. It is generally non-political. It exerts itself to put its members in direct connection with producers, for the purchase of supplies, or farming utensils. Again, it fills an educational function in diffusing modern methods and in studying technical questions too difficult for the mass of farmers. It creates mutual credit companies, and mutual insurance companies to protect its members against losses by the death of cattle, and by fire. A network of this kind is beginning to spread itself over all France. If these attempts were to remain isolated, their future would be hazardous. These groupings by professions strike at too many interests not to encounter opposition. It was necessary, therefore, to federate these syndicates. In 1919, two great organisms appeared, the General Confederation of Farmers, and the National Confederation of Agricultural Associations. It is to be desired that the future may see the union of these two organizations with a common end.

Finally, a reform which may attain great importance has been voted by Parliament—the creation of Chambers of Agriculture. These will be exclusively professional, and will function within the framework of the Department of Agriculture. While commerce has long had its chambers, agriculture has always been without them. The error is now going to be repaired, and the farmers, in order to solve the problems which interest them, are going to have competent representatives, chosen among themselves, disposing of an important budget and endowed with sufficient means to initiate useful projects.

In conclusion, we may say that French agriculture is going to be in position to collaborate effectively in the work of national reconstruction. Professionally organized, defended in Parliament by many of its most authoritative representatives, who, until the last elections, had held aloof from political struggles, the rural class has become conscious of itself. Thanks to our possession of North Africa, and to the return to the mother country of the provinces lost in 1870, we have at our disposal beds of chemical fertilizers of great value; and thanks to our reconquest of the Briey basin, and of Lorraine, we have the scoriae, or refuse, from the process of dephosphorization. Above all else, we have the peasant of France, who, if a little sleepy upon the soft pillow of an easy life before the war, has taken a new vigor, in spite of the blows which have thinned his ranks. He knows that many years will pass before the world's affairs have regained their normal course; but years do not frighten men trained by their rugged life to long calculations, and to submission to the laws of Nature.

André Rostand

Flamanville, Manche, France,
May 15

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THE democratic ideal, which America inherits from the classical world, hastens forward to introduce the new candidates to their country. Mr. Coolidge is at pains to explain that the rent of his part of the two-family house in which he lives is thirty-two dollars a month and not thirty-five, as erroneously, perhaps maliciously, reported. We wonder how the other family would feel if he chose to carry on a front-porch campaign this summer. Mighty pleased, is our guess. And as for "Doc" Harding—the old "doc," that is, for it is well known that the son of the village doctor always bears the courtesy title of "doc," too—he is discovered to the country washing the buggy that has succeeded to the old jenny mule of earlier days. "Warren G. always was a good boy." Of course he was; everybody knows what that means. It isn't in the least incompatible with having belonged to a beefsteak club that wasn't just an eating club, or with having chewed tobacco with an efficiency that inspired the awe of his fellows, or with having swiped melons as the leader of the Stunners. The country is suddenly invited to take an interest in some very plain and very sturdy Americans. It doesn't find this prospect very thrilling at first glance. The country has been having a pretty big time of it lately and has outgrown, or thinks it has outgrown, some of the things it used to admire. Quite apart from the question of who will be elected and who ought to be elected, it will do the country good seriously to ponder the lives of these two men. It will do it good to realize afresh that living in a small town, winning one's way in a small town and holding the liking and the respect of one's fellow citizens the while, is not a dull business, but one that is both exciting and satisfying to those who have character sufficient to respond to it. It will do the country good to remind itself again that the qualities engendered by success in such a life are qualities which form no mean part of the equipment of one who aspires to the highest honor in the gift of his fellow-citizens.

COMMENTS in the English and French press on the Republican nomination indicate a feeling of satisfaction which has been reached by a process of elimination. The thought of Johnson in the White House was naturally a nightmare to Europeans, and by comparison with him the picture of Harding as President appears roseate. That the latter is a friend of Myron T. Herrick is a sufficient guarantee to the French that Mr. Harding, if successful in November, will work for pleasant and helpful relations with their country It must also be a source of gratification to them to remember that Senator Harding was numbered among those Americans who earnestly believed that the United States should have found an earlier opportunity to enter the war.

THERE is an old story about a recipe for a highly complicated salad, which, after giving minute instructions as to how the concoction should be effected, winds up with the direction, "then throw it out of the window." That about fits the case of the Presidential primaries, in the present stage of their development. Whether there is any way of making them a better instrument for their purpose is another question. But enough is known already to show that the mere creation of machinery for the registration of popular preferences, even if that machinery were uniform throughout the country, would furnish no assurance of the direct Presidential primary being a good way to make choice of a candidate for President. There are times, indeed, when such a poll would give a significant result. When, for example, there are two outstanding figures to whom the choice is practically limited from the start, the vote may really be entitled to the weight of a public decision. But in a free-for-all race, or anything like it, the result turns on a hundred factitious elements, and carries little moral authority. To overcome this deficiency by a cast-iron legal regulation may be a way of settling things, but whether it is a good way is open to most serious doubt.

NOBODY in the State of New York, and few intelligent citizens anywhere, will fail to understand just what the platform makers at Chicago have in mind when they "demand that every American citizen shall enjoy the ancient and constitutional

right of free speech, free press, and free assembly, and the no less sacred right of the qualified voter to be represented by his duly chosen representatives." This is the epilogue to the sorry play that was enacted at Albany by Speaker Sweet and his misguided followers, and pronounces the verdict of the party on the performance. Upon this outcome the Republican party and the nation are to be congratulated. What threatened for a time to be an immense help to the cause of revolutionary agitation has been relegated to the position of a mere passing escapade. Those Republican leaders, like Mr. Hughes, and those Republican newspapers, like the New York *Tribune*, that came out in vigorous protest against the attempted proscription of radical opinion and the attempted disfranchisement of radical constituencies, did an invaluable service to their party and to the country. It was the promptness and energy of that protest that prevented the affair from attaining dangerous dimensions at once; and there can now no longer be any doubt that the protest was not only sound in itself, but represented the true attitude of Americans generally, whatever momentary impulse there may have been to give way to passion or prejudice.

MR. HOOVER will not be our next President, but it is quite possible that he is destined to play a rôle no less important. We do not refer to the possibility of his service in the Cabinet of the next President. Besides the opportunities of extraordinary helpfulness which are open in this direction, there is another field in which his transcendent organizing ability may be of even greater importance to the world. The appalling conditions in Central and Eastern Europe, to which Mr. Davison recently directed public attention, show no signs of passing; and the longer they continue the more desperate is the need of something really effective being done to cope with them. If an international arrangement could be made whereby the direction of all remedial efforts in that great area of human distress and economic paralysis was centred in a single head, something might be accomplished that was commensurate with the need. And Herbert Hoover is the one man in all the world to whom the working of such a plan could be entrusted with confident expectation of success.

JUST where the "progressively-minded" are headed for is becoming more and more of a mystery. Mr. Villard tells us, in the *Nation*, "Indeed, I no longer believe that any President elected under the existing political conditions could give satisfaction to progressively-minded men and women, *though a man of Cleveland's type might go far towards so doing*." If this be true, one is forced to the conclusion that the "progressively-minded" have been woefully misrepresented by each and all of the "journals of opinion" which have assumed to speak in their behalf. Mr. Villard's memory may be poor, but there is a man down at Atlanta, just now running for the Presidency, who doubtless recalls without difficulty the Chicago railway strike of 1894, the injunction secured by President Cleveland's Attorney General, and the sending of United States troops to Chicago to see that the order of the court should not be disobeyed. There were many men of progressive mind who applauded the President for this vigorous assertion of national authority against disorderly interference with the functions of the Government in the carrying of the mails; but such applause is not exactly what one expects from those who would pass muster as "progressives," on inspection by the editorial experts of present-day "Progressivism."

WE note with pain the increasing evidences of *odium sociologicum* among the brethren who are striving to bring in the ideal society. There are many roads to Utopia, and the travelers thereon are not at peace. Their opinions of one another are unflattering. They say hard things, and they mean them, too. The acquisitive, reactionary, hypocritical bourgeoisie are bad enough, but they would appear to be glorified angels when compared with the members of the rival sects of revolutionists. "The class-conscious workers of America," reads a recent document of the Communist party, "are through with the stinking carcass that calls itself the Socialist party of America. . . . [It] is the most dangerous enemy of the working class, and as such we shall wage a bitter struggle against it." The old Socialist Labor party has always had a decidedly unfavorable opinion of its upstart rival, the Socialist party, and its language of denunciation has not mellowed with the flux of time. "The Socialist party," says the letter of acceptance of the S. L. P.'s Presidential candidate, "is essentially nothing but a petty tax-reducing concern, an aggregation of the cheapest of cheap politicians, hoping to ride into political jobs on the present wave of 'radicalism.'" But the other extremist factions are almost as bad, and must be treated accordingly. "With the other wings and feathers, the rags and tatters of the labor movement, the I. W. W., the Communists, Communist Laborites, and what not, we must deal unflinchingly." Each of these factions, we must regretfully say, views its rivals in much the same uncharitable light. One exception is to be noted in the fact that recent circumstances have swung the Communist Laborites into a more favorable attitude toward the Socialist party. But otherwise all is discord and recrimination. The outlook is disquieting; for how shall we attain to the earthly heaven when its consecrated exponents spend most of their time in damning one another to perdition?

OF the three proposals put forward by the Mayor's Committee charged with forming plans for New York's permanent war memorial—a bridge across the Hudson, a public building on the site of Madison Square Garden, and a triumphal arch —the bridge was rightly given first place. On grounds both of utility and of sentiment it seems to be by far the most appropriate. A Hudson River bridge is desperately needed. It would be a daily blessing to more people, and a greater blessing, than a public building, and it could easily

be combined with the essential features of a triumphal arch. The building of a bridge has from of old been regarded as a work of especial piety. Flung across waters which the foot of man may not walk, it is a link between two worlds. Who of the millions who shall move upon its stately span but would come to think with poignant and reverent affection of those dead in whose name it sprung into being?

IN Italy the political situation is very much like the one which the late elections for the Reichstag have created in Germany. No party is strong enough to form, unsupported, a dependable majority for any Government. Coalitions are the necessary evil by which the worse evil of domestic anarchy must be cured. But the parties to these makeshift compromises are too ill assorted to be relied upon in the solution of crucial questions involving a sacrifice of one or the other's principles. An illustrative instance of the inconstancy of such alliances is the attitude of the Popular party, the political organization of the Catholic voters, at the first and at the second resignation of Signor Nitti. The earlier crisis was brought on by the Popular party's joining the Socialists in defeating the Government; on the eve of his second resignation Signor Nitti found himself forsaken by all but the Catholics. The latter reproach him with too much indulgence towards agrarian Communism and the exactions of labor. That is why they ousted him a month ago with the help of the very element which they accused him of treating too gently. This hair-of-the-dog-that-bit-you policy could not cure the country of its anarchy. Its only result was a strengthening of the Catholic element in Nitti's reconstructed Cabinet, and, by so much, more bitter opposition from the Socialists as a consequence.

THE three Allied Commissioners in Budapest have agreed to make joint representations to the Hungarian Government for restoration of order and avoidance of mistreatment of minorities in Hungary, according to a report to the State Department from the United States Commissioner, U. Grant Smith. Our radical weeklies will hail this news as a confirmation of the rumors they helped to circulate concerning the White terror in Hungary. A White Paper published by the British Government about a month ago, containing the results of an investigation made, at the request of Lord Curzon, by Admiral Troubridge and General Gorton, disposes of the assumption that this step of the Commissioners is proof of the existence of a White terror. The conclusion arrived at by the two investigators, and fully shared by the other Allied representatives at Budapest, was an absolute denial of the allegations. "In the opinion of my colleagues and myself," wrote General Gorton, "there exists no White terror in Hungary," and Admiral Troubridge concluded one of his letters from Budapest with the statement, "Life here is just as safe as in England." The representations of the Commissioners must have been called for by recent disorders which Horthy's Government may have been slack in repelling; they do not refer to any systematic persecution under Government auspices.

MR. BENJAMIN TURNER, a member of the British Labor delegation to Russia which has just returned to England, is credited with the statement that "the Soviet Government has the acceptance of the bulk of the people, the good-will of many, and fierce opposition from the Social Democrats, who say individual liberty has been destroyed." This affords an interesting counterpart to the picture of public opinion in this country, where the Soviet Government remains unrecognized with the approval of the bulk of the nation, where many are not unfavorably disposed towards it, and where the Social Democrats hail it as the only form of Government worthy of adoption by the American nation.

GENERAL GOURAUD, the French High Commissioner in Syria, concluded an armistice with Mustapha Kemal Pasha on May 30. A few days later M. Millerand caused great emotion in Paris by a grave statement to the foreign affairs commission of the Senate with regard to the policy of France in the Orient. He declared that General Gouraud's army, in spite of reinforcements, had to engage in a strategic retreat, a term whose euphemism did not conceal the dark reality. The exact conditions of the agreement with the Nationalist leader have not yet been published, but so much is known, that they include the withdrawal of French forces from "certain" towns in Cilicia. Apart from the critical situation of the French forces revealed by this transaction, it can not fail to have a serious effect on the peace negotiations with Turkey, as any success scored by Kemal will strengthen the opposition in Constantinople against the Sultan and his British-approved Cabinet. And what success is better calculated to heighten his prestige in the Turkish world than the conclusion of an agreement with one of the Great Powers constituting his official recognition as the actual ruler of Anatolia?

"CONTEMPTIBLE is the nation which does not stake its all on honor!" With these words Schiller, in "Wilhelm Tell," justified the Swiss struggle for liberty, and with these words from Schiller Prince Joachim Albrecht of Hohenzollern justified in court his attack with bottle and glass on members of the French Mission in the Hotel Adlon at Berlin. This Prussian avatar of William Tell, punctiliously addressed by the presiding judge as "Your Royal Highness," gave flight also, in the course of the trial, to a winged word of his own creation: "A German man must be able not only to live and die for his country, but also to suffer for it." As the *Berliner Tageblatt* comments, Joachim Albrecht has certainly not died for his country; it is a question if he has lived for it; and "suffer"? Perhaps at the Hotel Adlon. However, German liberals find some balm in the fact that in this trial, for the first time in Prussian history, a Hohenzollern was tried openly in a civil court, and fined 500 marks, a small amount, in truth, but all the state's attorney asked for.

The Result at Chicago

THE Republican party goes before the country with an uninspiring candidate and an uninspiring platform. So much as this will be widely conceded by Republicans, as well as generally asserted by Democrats. At a time when the nation is faced with problems of the utmost gravity, and when its relations with the outside world are of an importance never before equalled, the party that has for two years been in possession of a majority in both houses of Congress has chosen as its leader a man of no peculiar distinction, who has never played a leading part in public affairs; and has presented a declaration of principles which, consisting in the main of long arguments in arraignment of the opposing party and in commendation of itself, fails to define its own position on the leading issue of political controversy. Whatever else may be claimed for this result, it is clear that inspiration is not to be found in it. If the campaign is to have appealing quality, it will be because of the heart that may be put into it by subsequent developments.

Concerning the question of the League, however, while the Convention might have done somewhat better, it was practically out of its power to do much better. The time for doing much better was months ago. Long before the Convention met, it was clear that a kind of disorganization of opinion had obtained in the party which made the assertion of a clear-cut position on the treaty impossible. When a party is divided into two opposing camps, it is sometimes quite possible to strengthen it by a clear decision in favor of one faction. Thus in the campaign of 1896 the Republican party took a firm stand for the gold standard, and let the silver men in it bolt or not as they pleased. But the peculiarity of the present situation was that only one of the two principal factions on the treaty was thoroughly in earnest. The delegates who stood with the Johnson-Borah irreconcilables were heart and soul against the League; but there was no great body of delegates that was heart and soul for the League. You can rally men that are heartily for one position to stand up for that position and defy the men that are against it; but what can you do with people who hardly know what their own position is? And that was the situation in which the Republican party, after a year of manœuvring, found itself at Chicago in regard to the treaty.

It is too early to say what that situation will be when the campaign develops. Much will depend, of course, upon the action of the Democratic Convention at San Francisco. Whether Mr. Harding will undertake to add anything to the platform declaration remains to be seen. In the meantime, it is important to take exact note of the position in which that declaration itself leaves the party. The treaty plank is of precisely the character which has seemed to us inevitable. It was designed for the purpose of holding together everybody who is not in favor of accepting the treaty without reservations. It says many things that sound inimical to the treaty, and carefully refrains from promising acceptance of the League, even with the Lodge reservations; so much as this was done to keep the Johnson-Borah people from revolting. But it is equally careful to say nothing that promises rejection of the League; and it winds up as follows:

> We pledge the coming Republican Administration to such agreement with the other nations of the world as shall meet the full duty of America to civilization and humanity, in accordance with American ideals and without surrendering the right of the American people to exercise its judgment and its power in favor of justice and peace.

Obviously, ratification of the treaty with the Lodge reservations, or with any others, milder or stronger, that might seem at the time expedient, would be in no way inconsistent with this "pledge." If the various sections of the party should, throughout the campaign, jog along together without any further definition of its position on the subject, and if the party should carry the election, the whole question will be an open one for the new President and the new Congress to settle. Whether the Democrats will be able to smoke the Republicans out of this peculiar, but on the whole not uncomfortable, position on the treaty, is one of the interesting questions of the forthcoming campaign.

That the platform takes no stand on the subject of prohibition, and that its declaration in regard to Mexico is inconclusive, we do not find to be good ground for censure. The question of prohibition, so far as regards the near future, has become, since the Supreme Court rendered its decision, essentially a question of Congressional determination of the degree of rigor with which the prohibition of "intoxicating" drinks is to be carried out. That is a question of great social, and even political, importance; but no obligation rests upon national parties to divide on the lines of that issue. The question of Mexico is in a different category; but there is ample reason why a gathering like that at a national nominating Convention should hesitate to commit a party to a definite stand in so difficult a subject. We ourselves would regard intervention in Mexico, except under the most absolutely unmistakable necessity, as a national calamity; and if the Convention had adopted a plank that meant probable intervention we should have regarded it as a misfortune. But to find fault because the platform declares an intention to assert American claims more vigorously, and yet carefully avoids the implication of an interventionist policy, seems to us hypercritical.

High credit must be given to the Convention for the clearness with which it has stated its position on labor, and on the closely related issue of railroad ownership and operation. Here are real questions, questions upon which the attitude of the incoming Congress and the incoming President will be of crucial importance. The Republicans declare, without ifs or buts, that they are "opposed to Government ownership and operation or employee operation of the railroads." On the general question of the relations between capital and labor—or rather between employers and employed—the position of the party is stated with a degree of precision unusual in political platforms. The declaration is in accurate agreement with the recommendations of

the second of the Industrial Conferences held at Washington, upon the President's call, in which Mr. Hoover is understood to have been the leading influence. It recognizes "the justice of collective bargaining." It denies "the right to strike against the Government." In the case of public utilities, it favors "the establishment of an impartial tribunal" to decide disputes, the decisions of the tribunal "to be relied on to secure their acceptance," and the tribunal to "refuse to accept jurisdiction, except for the purpose of investigation, so long as the public service is interrupted." In private industries, it does "not advocate the principle of compulsory arbitration," but favors "impartial commissions and better facilities for voluntary mediation, conciliation and arbitration, supplemented by the full publicity which will enlist the influence of an aroused public opinion."

The position thus laid down, both on railroad operation and ownership and on industrial relations generally, has already aroused the antagonism of prominent labor leaders. In the course of the campaign it will doubtless be branded with that cheap and handy epithet "reactionary"; but it is reactionary only on the assumption that everything that does not contemplate a radical change in the economic order is reactionary. To sober American liberals it will appeal as a straightforward statement of a programme of intelligent progress towards a bettering of industrial conditions. It is a question of acute interest whether the Democrats will make a bid for the labor vote by writing into their platform a declaration contrasting with this. Such a move is quite within the possibilities, even the probabilities, of the situation. And if the San Francisco convention should put forward a plank designed to satisfy the demands of labor-union extremists, and to appeal to the predilections of the semi-socialist "intellectuals," it is by no means impossible that the issue thus drawn will become the leading issue of the campaign.

Upon the nomination of Governor Coolidge for the Vice-Presidency the Convention is to be heartily congratulated. The spontaneity with which this nomination was made is itself matter for hearty satisfaction, and is in contrast with the spinelessness of the rest of the proceedings. There can be no doubt that the presence of Mr. Coolidge's name on the ticket will add materially to its standing with the people. And it is to be hoped that his occupancy of the second place on it will not preclude the injection into the campaign, upon more than one occasion, of that kind of savor which, if he had been nominated for President, his speeches might have been counted on to contribute abundantly. However, the curtain has barely risen on the play, the first actors have not yet made their bow, the identity of others is still to be disclosed, and the character of the plot is open to a great deal of conjecture. In times so unusual as these, it is the part of wisdom to possess one's soul in patience while events are unfolding to a point where an accurate perception of what is at stake shall be possible.

"Greek for the Greek-minded"

THE discussion over the study of Greek has led some of its opponents to propose—a generous concession, apparently, in their own estimation—that it be left to "the Greek-minded," as an elective branch entirely in keeping with their mental aptitude and disposition. And now and then we find some sincere, though not Hellenically clear-sighted, friend of Greek expressing a similar opinion. The former class are interested in any plan that will leave the largest possible percentage of students the utmost freedom to take the kind of studies in which they are particularly interested. The latter are charmed with the conception of a scholarly *élite,* a saving remnant, pursuing the study into the very *sanctum sanctorum* of Greek art, literature, and philosophy.

If the two classes were skillfully cross-questioned, their ideas as to what a "Greek-minded" student is would be found to disagree. With the former, the term would hardly connote more than a scholarly habit of mind, and predominantly literary tastes, with no particular interest in the natural sciences, or the newer group of "social sciences"—poor grist for their particular mills, and indeed not standing very high in their respect, yet capable of being educated after some fashion, and possibly useful in keeping the Greek teachers busy, so that they will not be trying to tempt the "scientifically minded" into their classes. To the other class, Greek-mindedness would consist in that quickness of mental perception, that keenness of intellectual insight, that discriminative appreciation of varying beauties and harmonies, that instinctive preference for the delicate rather than the clumsy, the accurate rather than the careless and slouchy, that joy in searching and finding out, in many fields of truth, which entered characteristically into the makeup of the "lively Greek."

Now as a matter of fact, while the man of this type is sure to enjoy the study of Greek, sure to draw rich profit out of it, and to impart that profit generously to others, he is at the same time the one man who is best able to give a fairly satisfactory account of the use of his intellectual talents without it. To set Greek to one side as a virtually hedged-in preserve for this type of student would be no more appropriate than to limit the physical-training facilities of the schools and colleges to the small group whose physical endowment and athletic disposition were most nearly perfect at the outset.

There is no field to-day more in need of a liberal infusion of this life-giving Greek element than that of scientific investigation; for there is no field in which the temptation to intellectual narrowness is greater. The task of research into the secrets of the physical universe is worthy of the best and most complete mental equipment imaginable; and yet we find the banks of the great sea of nature-knowledge lined with would-be "scientists," angling for its tarpon and tuna with intellectual tackle not finely enough tempered to hold even blue-gills and "goggle-eyes." It is

wrong to set up the alternative of "science or classics," as did a recent participant in the discussion over compulsory Greek at Oxford. The proper ideal to hold up is as large an infusion of the subtly penetrating Greek spirit as possible into the field of modern scientific research. And just as far as possible, that infusion should come by the normal and most effective method of direct contact with the Greek language, literature, and art.

No effort should be made to force Greek into educational curricula as a positive requirement. What is feasible is that Greek should be offered, by well-equipped teachers and with a liberal supply of illustrative material, in at least one high school of every large city. Such provision is wholly in harmony with the most advanced ideas of the elective system of study; and when all that is asked is the mere possibility to elect the study of Greek, for those who desire it, opposition to it smacks of a narrowness unbecoming genuine educators, and inimical to sound education.

Is there a Public?

IN their recent debate Mr. Gompers had no answer to Governor Allen's inquiry whether the public had any rights in a strike which interferes with the production and distribution of necessities. Consequently he could not say what steps he would take to protect rights concerning whose existence his silence showed him to be in doubt. That he did not, in a good-natured way, say "the public be damned" may be due to a belief that there ain't no such animal as the public. Everybody is either a laborer, and as such, in hearty sympathy with every effort of labor to improve its condition, or else he is a capitalist, and, as such, opposed on principle to all strikes of whatever character.

It is not likely that anybody could be got consciously to assent to a position so extreme as this. It is a theory which has all the facts against it. Again and again, especially of late, the public has risen in its might and unanswerably asserted that, be differences what they may, life meanwhile must go on. In England and in Sweden the public has successfully met something resembling a general strike. Nothing like a general strike has arisen in America, but if one may judge by the behavior of the public in the face of a police strike or a railway strike, there is a public which at any rate believes that it exists, and which believes it has rights that can, under sufficient provocation, be enforced.

It is due to the essentially foreign character of the more radical thinking in this country that there should be any tendency to identify the "public" with a "bourgeoisie," or middle class. Even the American laborer is not particularly conscious of himself as the member of a class. He is a man who every now and then feels that he has a grievance, a "raw deal," and in those circumstances he sets about using such means as he has of getting the trouble corrected. This means is usually the strike, and it is generally the case that if the grievance can be at all made plain to the overwhelming majority who have no immediate concern with the matter their sympathy—the public's sympathy—immediately goes out to the strikers. No doubt the American laborer is a very poor-spirited fellow not to be continually agitating for some big overturn of the social structure, not merely little things like better wages and better conditions; but these are the things he is interested in.

In this respect laborers are at one with the public; they are not merely *as good as* the so-called middle-class, and even better able to exert their power: their attitude is essentially the same as that of the great mass of people who make up the public. It ought not to be so, on any theory of class conflict, but in America at any rate it is so. If the sense of class identity is weak, or at least of brief duration, even among organized labor, it is still slower to declare itself among the millions who are either unorganized laborers or merely technically capitalists. But in their degree they respond in exactly the same way. Given a sufficient grievance and they—the public—will act to correct it. And on their side will be found many who in other circumstances would themselves use the strike for their own immediate ends. When a strike brings to a halt the production and distribution of necessities, there is very little difference in its effect on "bourgeois" and on laborers. Apart from the few whose interests are immediately bound up in the strike, and the still fewer who console themselves for present hardship with the hope that the far-off divine event of revolution is moving nearer, both "laborer" and "bourgeois" become indistinguishably members of a public which recognizes that there are limits to what it can afford to put up with.

The decision recently rendered by a New York court that common carriers shall not consent in a strike of the handlers of produce, making it impossible for goods to be moved except on terms dictated by the unions, is an important landmark in the slowly defining status of the public. If the longshoremen are not so well off as they might be, it is too bad; if they can not agree with the carriers or the carriers with them, again too bad. Settle it if possible, and let each side get what it deserves, and, if possible, what it thinks it wants. But meanwhile, gentlemen, don't expect the rest of the country to sit by and starve while you are arranging your little difficulties. The decision rebukes the carriers—who are presumably capitalists—quite as much as the longshoremen. And it rebukes both in the name of everybody else who is not a direct party to the quarrel—in the potent name, that is, of the public.

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Chéradame on Lloyd George

[M. Chéradame has dealt so long with the uncertain march of future events, and his writings have excited so much interest on both sides of the Atlantic, that anything coming from his pen is worth attention. The article by him which follows is, at any rate, an interesting historical document, not because of the light it throws upon Mr. Lloyd George's alleged pro-Germanism, but for what it reveals of French fears and suspicions as to Great Britain's foreign policy. History is the record of human errors, and the idea now possessing certain statesmen in Paris as to the perfidy of the British Premier is of no less historical value for being, as we firmly believe, a sad delusion. Lloyd George's leniency towards Germany is not dictated by the German elements of international high finance, but rather by the influence of British liberal opinion and the pressure of labor. He is not such a fool as to be working, after the immense sacrifice to which he stimulated his country in the war, for an end which would make that sacrifice a needless waste. Not the financial and political ruin of France is his aim, but the economic revival of Germany. To consider the latter incompatible with the welfare and safety of France is forgivable in a nation still suffering from the wounds inflicted by a prosperous Germany. But the world would pay the French an ill service by encouraging their anti-British bias tending to substitute for the Entente Cordiale, which stood the test of the war, an alliance of France with her young protégés of West and East Europe, whose chief desert in Frenchmen's eyes is their hostility towards Germany and Hungary. The old continent can not be pacified by rebuilding its political framework on foundations of enmity and hatred.]

THE moral and material failure of the Peace Conference has naturally made many Americans averse to taking any interest in the affairs of the Old World. Still, in spite of the Atlantic, the moral, political, and economic ties connecting the two Continents are so many and so close that the United States could not ignore what is happening in Europe without serious damage to purely American interests.

The situation I have now to expose is so strange that even such readers as have lost their interest in Europe will thank me for bringing it to their notice. It will seem improbable only to those who did not read my former previsions which, at the time, seemed singularly audacious but have now been justified by the events.

The general German manœuvre which is actually developing is virtually the same as denounced by me under the title "Le Coup de l'Armistice," in my book "The Pan-German Plot Unmasked," which was published early in 1916. The dangers and deceptions of the armistice which are now facing the Allies were exposed in "The Essentials of an Enduring Victory" (Scribner, December, 1918). Those readers who followed my articles in the New York *Tribune* at the end of 1918 and the beginning of 1919 can now verify the accuracy of my statements.

The origin of the present situation consists in the fact that the armistice was signed between the Allies and Germany under conditions which appear more and more amazing. The Allied army in Hungary, which could, without any risk, have marched across Bohemia upon Berlin, was forced to give up this plan by the armistice of November 6, 1918, with the Dual Monarchy, and its unity was later broken up in obedience to orders whose origin has remained mysterious. Official German documents throw a vivid light upon the strange circumstances which preceded the conclusion of the armistice with Germany.

In the first months of 1919, a sharp conflict arose in Berlin between the President of the Council of Ministers and General Ludendorff. The polemic that ensued was so violent that the Government was induced to publish, under the title "The Origin of the Armistice," a long series of official German documents which together form a big volume. A certain number of these documents concern the rôle played by Mr. Wilson in the period preceding the armistice, and reveal the existence of secret informants in German employ through whom the German Government knew at almost every hour during those decisive days the intimate thoughts of the President. Americans will be deeply interested in the perusal of these documents of indubitable authenticity. A German edition of them has appeared in Berlin. A French edition, by Captain Koeltz of the French General Staff, has been published by the Renaissance du Livre, 78 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris, under the title, "L'Aveu de la Défaite Allemande. Les Origines de l'Armistice." Americans who will take the trouble to read the documents attentively will soon become convinced that hostilities ceased under very surprising conditions. A similar conclusion is to be drawn from a declaration made by M. Poincaré, then President of the Republic, in an address at Givet early in December, 1919: "The day when the German armies," he said, "signed their capitulation before the victorious troops of Marshal Foch they were incapable of carrying on the war, and three or four days of continued fighting would have forced them to absolute surrender. It was in order to escape that disaster that Germany signed the armistice."

As a matter of fact, it was the captains of international finance, many of whom are of German origin, that, pulling the wires behind the scene, made an end to the war before a decisive victory was achieved. As, since the armistice, the Germans have ceded large shares in their industrial concerns, at very advantageous conditions under the present rate of exchange, to certain Americans and, especially, to a number of Englishmen, these are now so deeply interested in German business that they are doing their utmost to rescue the Germans from the economic consequences of the Peace Treaty and, especially, from those involved in the reparations.

The influence exerted by these financiers on Mr. Lloyd George is so powerful that the latter has abandoned the formula of his peace programme: guarantees, sanctions, reparations. In fact, the affairs of Europe are being settled in such a way as to make it seem that Mr. Lloyd George wished to divide between Great Britain and Germany the hegemony over Europe and Asia. That is why Mr. Lloyd George is doing his utmost to prevent France from applying the Treaty and to save Germany from the consequences of the war. The full weight of these moves must gradually devolve upon France, which under those conditions can not fail to succumb. As a result of this policy France will be brought under the Anglo-German yoke. Central and North Russia and more than half of Siberia will become a German

colony exploited on behalf of Anglo-German syndicates. This is the explanation of Mr. Lloyd George's favorable attitude towards the Russian Bolsheviki, whose principal leaders are German agents. Poland will be subjugated, and Hungary will serve as a base for the Anglo-German interests against Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Jugoslavia. As to Turkey, the Caucasus, Persia, South Russia, they will form the exclusive share of British imperialism.

Such is, in rough outlines, the political plan to which Mr. Lloyd George has been won over, and whose realization is obviously already being attempted, as appears more and more clearly from recent occurrences. The Germans see an immense advantage in this combination of their own invention. By it, they have practically succeeded in destroying the Entente. They have, thanks to Mr. Lloyd George's interference, evaded the real guarantees which they ought to have furnished and the judicial sanctions for the crimes committed during the war. The Germans are now working to elude the imposed reparations, and Mr. Lloyd George goes out of his way to help them find the supple formula which, while seemingly leaving the rights of France intact, will nevertheless furnish to the Germans the means of evading somehow their execution.

In this entire transaction with the English the Germans have, naturally, their own particular aim in mind. They know perfectly well that the financial ruin of France is bound to involve her political ruin. They also know that England will lack the power to maintain her hegemony over the Balkans, Turkish Asia, and South Russia. The Germans are quite right in this respect. The social situation of England does not allow her, confronted as she is by the growing difficulties in Ireland, in Egypt, and in India, to realize for good the imperialistic plans on a gigantic scale of Mr. Lloyd George.

It follows, therefore, that, ultimately, the Anglo-German combination, if it developed unimpeded, would result in the establishment of the Pan-Germany which the Ludendorffs, the Helfferichs, the Bernstorffs, who are still the wirepullers behind the scene, have not ceased to imagine as a possible reality.

Fortunately, the extremely dangerous character of Mr. Lloyd George's foreign combinations is becoming so prominent that the consummation of this particular one is far from certain. Part of his project is based on Germany's hold on Central and Northern Russia, and her exploitation of that area on behalf of Anglo-German syndicates. This plan, however, involves the crushing of Poland. During the last months, Mr. Lloyd George has done all he could to bring this about by the combined action of the Germans in the West and the Bolshevik army in the East, an army, by the by, which is in reality a German force consisting of Russian mercenaries.

But here commences a new miracle capable of upsetting all Mr. Lloyd George's combinations. Poland is governed by a man of great capacities, Marshal Pilsudski. He has wisely not waited for the German-Bolshevik forces to crush the nascent Poland. The Polish army, which has made enormous progress in the last few months, has inflicted a serious defeat on the Russian Bolsheviki. If, as is to be hoped, the Polish troops, which will perhaps be joined by the Rumanians, follow up their successes, it is not impossible that these will lead to the overthrow of the abominable régime of Lenin and Trotsky, which has reduced the Russian people to enforced labor. As to the Czechoslovaks, the Jugoslavs, and the Rumanians, they are ready to prevent Hungary from becoming a bastion for the Anglo-German schemes against them. If, finally, Marshal Pilsudski has the wisdom to render to the Russians the truly Russian territories, and to conclude with them a cordial peace, after freeing them from the Bolshevist yoke, the immense consequences of such a course would be that the project of Berlin and Mr. Lloyd George would be frustrated and Europe could again look forward to a régime of liberty. But we have not yet advanced so far.

In view of this general situation the interest of the United States seems clearly defined. America must see her interest in the establishment of a state of affairs which will free her forever from the nightmare of having again to interfere with military force in the quarrels of the Old Continent, and which will enable her to carry on a stable and profitable commerce with the nations of Europe, once for all freed from the oppression of Germany.

The European combination which would most surely enable the Americans to obtain these results is the consistent elaboration of the programme which eminent American statesmen are said to have approved for the reconstruction of Europe—an "Entente Cordiale" between France, Belgium, Poland, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Greece.

Not until that alliance is fully realized will Americans be perfectly free from the fear of having again to intervene in the affairs of Europe, for it will possess sufficient power to prevent a renewal of the Pan-German peril. That combination will also furnish the means of readjusting the financial situation by ending the crisis of the exchange. That obstacle once surmounted, the Americans will be able to do profitable business with about 130 million Continental Europeans anxious to welcome them.

What is the immediate requirement to produce this desired result? It is desirable that American opinion should express its sympathy with the cause of Poland, of Rumania, of Czechoslovakia, of Jugoslavia, and that American business men should not hesitate to procure for these countries the means of vindicating their independence. Poland especially has need of arms and ammunitions. It were to be wished that Americans favored these operations, which are more likely than any others to put an end to the Bolshevist pestilence. No action of Americans at the present hour can be more conducive to provoking subsequently, by reaction, a beneficial effect for the United States.

ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

The Republican National Convention

AFTER five sweltering days in the Chicago Coliseum, to say nothing of the days and nights in candidates' headquarters, hotel lobbies, and clubs, the Republicans have chosen their standard-bearers for the election in November. Nine ballots were required to bring this about, and up to the seventh ballot the delegates seemed all at sea and a dead-lock apparently impended. Then came the quick swing to Harding which relieved the tense situation, and the weary delegates heaved a sigh of relief rather than of satisfaction. To nominate Coolidge as Harding's running-mate was a matter quickly disposed of.

The judgment passed upon the nomination by many of the representatives of the press was that it was a triumph of the so-called "Old Guard" and the Senate group, and it must be admitted frankly that the nomination must have afforded the stand-patters considerable satisfaction; but to attribute the nomination to their direct manipulation is to give them too much credit and to ignore the outstanding characteristic of the Convention, which was its absence of leadership. The causes underlying the nomination of Harding were, in fact, quite different.

The key-note of the work of Mr. Will H. Hays as Chairman of the Republican National Committee has been harmony, and by the word "harmony" Mr. Hays meant the bringing together into the fold of the Republican party all possible factions, and especially reuniting with it the Progressives, even those of the left wing. This involved a dangerous degree of compromise with the traditional principles of the Republican party and led to a situation of which certain political adventurers were not slow to take advantage.

It was this that gave to Hiram W. Johnson and his associates, Senator Borah and Senator McCormick, an importance in the Convention out of all proportion to their actual strength. Johnson came to Chicago prepared, with the assistance of Hearst and William Hale Thompson, to stage a great popular demonstration that should stampede the Convention. Had there been real leadership, this manœuvre would have been evaluated at its proper worth. Owing to the lack of it, Johnson was able to make a display of strength that was not without its effect upon the Resolutions Committee in their work upon the platform. In other words, the whole policy of harmony at any cost enabled this group to hold up the Convention and prevent the nomination of either General Wood or Governor Lowden. If, therefore, the delegates were obliged to select a somewhat neutral candidate rather than a more forceful and positive leader, they have the Johnson group to thank for it. It was the selfish and opportunist policy of the Senator from California that made such a selection a logical necessity.

The opening of the Convention was somewhat dull and listless. Little enthusiasm was displayed either on the floor or in the galleries. The key-note speech of Senator Lodge was well received, though frequent remarks were heard to the effect that in his effort to justify the position of the Republican Senators he laid far too much emphasis on the struggle between President and Senate rather than upon the chasm between President and people. With its statements, however, the delegates showed themselves in accord.

As for the delegates themselves, they were essentially regulars. A majority of them had been delegates in the 1916 Convention, and in reply to a question as to whether there was any likelihood that they would be stampeded, an old Republican war-horse remarked that the Convention was "a basket of hard-boiled eggs."

The first real struggle of the Convention came in the sub-committee of the Committee on Resolutions, which labored all night to formulate a plank on the Treaty and League of Nations that would satisfy the demands of Johnson and Borah. The plank finally adopted was practically that written by Senator Root just before his departure for Europe, and while it was generally felt that Johnson had succeeded in blocking a statement more in harmony with the position of the mild reservationists, such as Murray Crane desired, it was in reality a Pyrrhic victory and did not tend to strengthen Johnson's position in the Convention. Another long delay took place when the sub-committee report came before the Resolutions Committee, a delay which caused the perspiring delegates to become very restless.

It was not until late in the afternoon of Thursday that the report was finally brought before the Convention and the platform read *in extenso* by Senator Watson. On the completion of his reading occurred an incident at once amusing and instructive. A fresh and self-assertive young man from Milwaukee named Gross, for some unexplained reason a member of the Resolutions Committee, presented a minority report—the report of a minority of one. It was a long, rambling screed, couched in the customary patter of the Socialists, and might have emanated either from LaFollette or from Victor Berger. The hour was late and the delegates tired and impatient, and at first they showed their displeasure and impatience vigorously. But at the request of the Chairman the young man was given a hearing to the bitter end with derisive tolerance, and was not permitted to make a martyr of himself, as was evidently his intention.

Friday witnessed the whole series of nominating and seconding speeches, with accompanying demonstrations. These time-wasting demonstrations have grown to be a great nuisance in Conventions and bear unmistakable signs of artificial organization. The one exception to this was the spontaneous outburst from the audience that greeted the nomination of Hoover. He was easily the most popular candidate with the audience of all those brought forward; the only thing he lacked was delegates. The best of the addresses was made by Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Colonel Roosevelt's sister, in seconding the nomination of General Wood. It stood out as a gem amidst a welter of platitudinous and commonplace speeches. The worst address was the speech of Charles S. Wheeler of San Francisco, placing in nomination the name of Hiram W. Johnson. If Johnson at any time had any chance of becoming the Republican candidate, this address effectually killed it. Allusions to the power of the press and the fact that his candidate was divinely chosen brought forth a cry of "Hearst," which was taken up with derisive cheers by the whole audience, while an insinuating allusion to the campaign expenditures of the two leading candidates called forth a chorus of boos from the floor. When Mr. Wheeler sat down, Johnson's candidacy had been punctured beyond repair.

Throughout Friday night numerous conferences took place in the effort to break the dead-lock, and when the Convention met on Saturday, the feeling was general that Harding would be chosen, though the names of Sproul and Knox were also heard as alternatives. It was said that Johnson was willing to release his delegates from their pledges provided he were given assurance that neither Wood nor Lowden would be nominated, and that his preference was for Knox. When the recess was taken Saturday afternoon, the nomination of Harding was a foregone conclusion; but two more ballots were required to bring this about. Harding's name did not arouse superlative enthusiasm, but there was a general feeling among the delegates that they had selected a candidate against whom nothing could be said, and that in so doing they had averted the threatened break in the Republican party and had got off lightly from the Johnson *chantage.* Joined with this was an undercurrent of uneasy feeling that, under Harding's leadership, the Republican party would by no means have a walk-over in November and a nervous interest in the prospective proceedings of the Democratic Convention at San Francisco.

JEROME LANDFIELD

The Problem of Palestine—A Rejoinder

"THE Problem of Palestine," by Edward Bliss Reed, printed in a recent number of the *Weekly Review*, asks American public opinion to "support the enforcement of the clause in the Balfour Declaration that promises security to the great majority of Palestinians who are not Zionists." It may seem a gratuitous insult to a friendly power for Mr. Reed to urge "that America has a great responsibility" to tell Britain how she is to carry out the terms of her mandate over Palestine, a mandate given under a treaty which we have yet failed to ratify, and under which we, therefore, have neither obligations nor rights. Mr. Reed makes his appeal in spite of the fact that a statement in another part of his article renders such an appeal superfluous and irrelevant. For he quotes the just and sober official statement of General Bols, Chief Administrator for Palestine, ending in the words "the inhabitants may be assured that the Government is well intentioned towards them and holds only the scales of justice in its hands." Mr. Reed makes his appeal to America at a time when her interest in Near Eastern affairs is registered in the decisive defeat of the resolution in favor of an American mandate over stricken and suffering Armenia.

Why does Mr. Reed come to a conclusion diametrically opposed to that held and advocated in the United States since 1891? In that year the Reverend William E. Blackstone and Henry Clay Trumbull, late editor of the *Sunday School Times*, sent a memorial to President Harrison, signed by hundreds of prominent Americans, favoring the restoration of Palestine to the Jewish people. The Zionist cause has been consistently supported in America since then. It has been recently espoused not only by President Wilson, Secretaries Baker and Daniels, and Senator Lodge, but by the leaders of American intellectual and spiritual life, Charles W. Eliot, G. Stanley Hall, Henry van Dyke, Right Reverends Charles S. Burch and Luther B. Wilson, and James Cardinal Gibbons, among others.

Mr. Reed opposes Zionist aims in Palestine because of a mistaken point of view. He talks in terms of territories and thinks in terms of theology. But Zionism is concerned only incidentally with the former and not at all with the latter. Zionism is an attempt to solve a social problem, the Jewish problem. This is not a problem of Palestine, it affects countries outside of Palestine. It is a world problem. It is not an Arab problem; it affects all of Christendom. For in Eastern Europe there are seven million Jews who can not all remain there. The disorganization of Europe, the breakdown of the industrial mechanism, has created a surplus population.

And even before the war, the Jew had an uncomfortable berth on the edge of the volcano. In Poland there had been developing a crushing anti-Jewish boycott. Since the war, Dmowski has said quite frankly that the boycott was part of "a war of extermination." In Rumania the native-born Jew, whose ancestors settled there hundreds of years ago and who may have served his country in war time, was an alien in the eyes of the law, in spite of the treaty of Berlin in 1878. Rumania's signature to the recent Treaty of Peace with Austria will not bring this discrimination to an end. The stroke of a pen does not suddenly alter national psychology, nor will it promptly change the relation of illiterate and fanatic people towards others of different ethnic stock. The signing of the armistice brought an end to hostilities among the belligerents but did not stop massacre and pillage of the Jew in Eastern Europe.

All the old superlatives of the history of martyrdom have been exceeded. The massacres in the Middle Ages have been outdone in the past three years. In Eastern Europe tens of thousands of Jews have been murdered and hundreds of thousands made destitute. And that is why "they are waiting at Odessa, Constantinople, Constanza, and Vladivostok for passage to their new home." That is why, as Mr. Reed calls them, "aliens, chiefly Russians, Poles, and Rumanians are to come in and possess the land" of Palestine.

What are the charges against Zionism, set forth by Mr. Reed? The burden of his attack is, not what Zionists have done, but what they may do. And what are the fearful plans of the Zionists? "It is of utmost importance to understand that Zionism desires in Palestine more than a mere place of refuge for oppressed Jews," asserts Mr. Reed. The Jews who as a minority people have suffered for untold centuries now seek a place where they may be guaranteed freedom. A people that has been driven out of its homeland, and has wandered weary and worn, now seeks a resting place from which no majority can turn them out at will, a homeland in which their fathers dwelt for a period that exceeds the history of any nation of Europe on its soil, a homeland in which they developed a culture which, through its daughter religion, constitutes the cornerstone of modern civilization. Truly the Jews do not seek a mere refuge in Palestine as a minority. History has taught them the futility of such a quest. For, in the Middle Ages, liberal Poland invited the Jews to take shelter within her borders, and to-day they are under the painful necessity of seeking homes elsewhere.

Mr. Reed contends further that "the Jews that emigrate there will not go in the same spirit in which thousands of Europeans have sought our shores." Hardly could he have found a broken reed less suitable to lean on. Not in the same spirit, indeed, will the Jews go to Palestine as the Europeans came to our shores. What was the motive of all but the earliest immigration into the United States? Economic opportunity in a rich land, self-interest, the desire to participate in an industrial bonanza. The spirit that is urging Jews to go to Palestine is not this spirit. For the land is now barren and desolate. Its economic attractions are nil. The spirit that moves them is the spirit of the Puritans, of the Quakers, of the Huguenots, and of the other colonial non-conformists, who, in an age of individualism, sought freedom of conscience. And in the present social era, the Jew seeks freedom for his people, and an opportunity to express himself unhindered by physical force or by more subtle, though not less painful, social stigma. The group of Russian Jews who went to the waste lands of Palestine in 1881 suffered the fate of our early settlers in Massachusetts and Virginia. Like them the "sons of Moses" and the "lovers of Zion" perished from starvation and fever. The immortal monument they left behind is the eucalyptus tree, the Jew tree, the Arab calls it—that drained the malarial marshes for the later colonists.

What are the other wicked plans of the Zionists for Palestine? They brought from Scotland a town planner of international fame, Sir Patrick Geddes, "to draw plans for the reconstruction of Jerusalem * * * and for the development of Jaffa, Haifa, and other places." Worse still, they are planning to develop the industrial resources of the land, which have remained neglected for centuries. They are planning to increase production at a time when the world sorely needs goods. They are planning to relieve Poland and Rumania of their "surplus" population. The Zionists aim to bring to Palestine the mechanics of civilization, sanitation, transportation, and education. The Zionists, under British auspices, are guilty of applying the methods that developed North America and Australia.

Mr. Reed bases a long list of grievances against Zionists on the personal opinion of an unnamed writer of a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, reprinted

in *Palestine*, an unofficial paper, and unrelated to the Zionist organization. This presumably irresponsible letter-writer states that "the Zionists require a preference in the settlement of the waste and dead lands * * * and a priority in any concessions for public works on the development of the natural resources of Palestine." Aside from the very relevant and practical fact that the British Government is in control of Palestine, and that what "Zionism requires" counts for naught except insofar as, in the opinion of the British authorities, the best interests of Palestine may be advanced, Mr. Reed quite naïvely cites in destruction of his own argument the official statement of General Bols, assuring even-handed justice to all the inhabitants.

To refute the other charges, one need but quote Mr. Reed's own statements made in another article. In the *Weekly Review* he says, "Zionists do not wish equality of privilege for Christian, Arab, and Jew." Elsewhere, however, he wrote "the Zionist organization has founded orphanages and hospitals that minister not to the Jew alone, but to Christian and Moslem alike, and it has brought to maintain them many women highly qualified for their work both by their spirit of devotion and their technical training."* Again, he contends in this article that "organized Jewish labor in Palestine has declared that only Hebrews shall be employed on public works." And the irresponsible writer of the letter "reprinted in *Palestine* would require 'adequate employment of Jews in constructing and operating any public works.'" What are the facts? Have the Jewish colonists at any time in the past thirty years actually conducted a "boycott on Arab labor"? Let Mr. Reed himself speak. In another article he stated that the Arabs have found employment in the Jewish colonies to the extent of about one-third of the total population of the colonies.

As evidence of the Arab opposition to Zionism, Mr. Reed cites the fact that in some cities there have been Arabs who paraded and demonstrated. These were instigated by political propagandists that opposed a British mandate and that became particularly vigorous immediately prior to the confirmation of the Balfour Declaration by the Prime Ministers at San Remo. And as a climax to these efforts of months to incite the Arabs against the Jews, Mr. Reed mentions a riot in which five Jews and four Arabs were killed. Through a sinister propaganda, the Arabs are being taught the methods of the Black Hundreds of Russia. Ten thousand times five have been slaughtered in Europe since the signing of the armistice. Wholesale massacres of Jews to drive them out of Eastern Europe furnish a powerful motive to emigrate which can not be stemmed by a few retail killings in Palestine. The tremendous pressure driving Jews out of Europe can not be met by the petty resistance to their immigration into Palestine.

These excesses in Palestine are deplorable, but they do not reflect the sentiment of the masses. What is the true voice of the Arab? Does the absentee landlord, the *effendi*, the non-Palestinian Arab, who fears the deprivation of the privilege of exploiting the ignorant peasant, of the right to farm taxes and to thrive on *bakshish*, speak for the large majority of Arabs in Palestine? The latter sent a protest against the anti-Jewish riots in Jerusalem to General Bols. The representatives of eighty-two Arab villages sent this petition:

> We have the honor to express to you our protest and our demands be forwarded to the Peace Conference and to the British Government.
>
> First to cancel the declaration and demonstration of a few men in the cities of Palestine, especially Jerusalem and Jaffa. We, the undersigned, are the majority, in numbers seventy per cent. and in land and holdings (tenantry), ninety per cent. * * *
>
> We state further that there is no danger to public or private interests in Zionist immigration and that our mutual relations will be those of justice.

The generous soul that vibrates with sympathy may with profit turn his attention from the few hundred thousand Arabs in Palestine who are being raised to higher Western standards of living by the operations of the Zionist organization. Let him look to the millions of Jews in benighted lands, repressed and thwarted, and of potential service to the world which enjoys the fruits of the labors of a Bergson, an Ehrlich, a Flexner, and a Jacques Loeb. Let his righteous indignation be directed to secure for the Jews in Eastern Europe what the Balfour Declaration guarantees the Arabs in Palestine. Perhaps an altruist may find that it profits the Arabs more if he devotes his time, not to inciting them to riot in Palestine, but to developing them in the Hedjaz, Syria, and other Arab lands, many times as large as Palestine in area and in population, and richer in resources.

It is a penny-wise social policy which attempts to allay the imaginary ills of a small group and to ignore the physical suffering of a greater group. Mr. Reed may with profit ponder the closing verses of the book of Jonah, "Thou hast pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not labored nor madest it grow. And should I not spare that great city wherein are more than six score thousand persons?"

ELISHA M. FRIEDMAN

* *Yale Review*, April, 1920.

The Laodiceans

"To the Angel of the Church of the Laodiceans write . . . I know thy works, that thou art neither hot nor cold. I would thou wert cold or hot."

WE are the Laodiceans: we know not the ice nor the fire;
We have never sprung to the edge of doom at the call of a brave desire;
We have basked in the tepid noon-tides; we have drawn an even breath;
We have never felt between our lips the savors of life or death.

We are the Laodiceans, loved not by God nor man;
We boast in our ease or riches, and take what praise we can;
No love shall sear us with longing, no grief shall turn us to stone;
We shall not dance to the pipes of Spring, nor answer to joy or moan.

We are the Laodiceans: when God's great summons came,
Cleaving the hosts of living men, as with a line of flame,
We were tossed aside like vagrant leaves at an idle wind's behest,
For we knew not the ways of battle, and we found not the ways of rest.

We are the Laodiceans: we have slight fear of Hell,
For even its master can not say, "Ye have done my bidding well."
And what for us would Heaven be, with its endless lift and range?
We are doomed to a passionless limbo, that knows not life nor change.

We are the Laodiceans: we care not for wrong nor right;
We have no part in a world's defense, no cause for which to fight;
The fruits of the ground are sweet; we would rest in our garden-places,
But God Himself shall drive us out, between the black star-spaces.

We are the Laodiceans: our fight is with only those
Who would send us to burning deserts, or whelm us in alien snows;
We feel no lure of march nor flight; we taste not hope nor shame;
And we die, in our visionless Eden, of a curse without a name.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH

Correspondence

Retroactive Income Taxes

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

I have read with interest your very lucid editorial entitled "Stock Dividends Again." More than two months ago I sought to point out what you now show in your editorial—that a second tax on past incomes is, in reality, either a tax on property or on that which has ceased to exist. Those incomes either have been spent or have become capital. It is inconceivable that the Supreme Court would uphold a new tax on what no longer exists; and in so far as the past incomes have become capital, the tax would be a direct tax and void, because not apportioned among the States. The iniquity of the proposed tax is obvious for other reasons—its retroactiveness among them—but it has been a surprise to me that the very first conception of it was not killed by criticism as to its constitutionality. Instead of this I am informed by Mr. Rainey, its first proponent in Congress, that practically his entire committee considers it legal; and I learn that the legal advisers of the Treasury Department, in the beginning at least, were of this opinion too.

Some doubts, however, must have crept into Congressional minds on the subject, for another proponent of the same idea, Mr. Johnson of South Dakota, in his bill of April 27 for raising the bonus for soldiers, proposes a subterfuge to turn the Constitutional difficulty. He proposes to call his tax a tax on 1920 current income only, but to take up to 80 per cent. of it, or of what he defines as its "war income," using as a basis for his definition of "war income" the income, not of that year, but of the past years of 1917 to 1920. You had evidently not noticed this feature of our latest economic thought in Congress when you wrote your editorial, and I enclose correspondence that I have had with the Solicitor of Internal Revenue on that subject, which may be of interest to you. And Mr. Rainey has proposed a new bill in nearly identical terms with Mr. Johnson's. To my mind, while these new bills purport to tax this year's income, inasmuch as the rate of tax is based on the incomes of past years it is really another form of taxing a second time those past incomes. I believe such a tax as Mr. Johnson's is not only void because as a tax on past incomes it is a tax on capital, but also because it violates the uniformity clause of the Constitution. If Mr. Johnson's tax can be sustained, then by that same reasoning two persons, each having a hundred thousand dollars income in 1920, could be taxed on such incomes—the one just nothing at all because he happened to have no income in past years, and the other 80 per cent. solely because he did happen to have a large income in those other years.

Surely this is not an income tax for 1920 that complies with any reasonable view of the uniformity in taxation required by the Constitution. Nor is it an income tax at all, since it is not really based on current income but on something else. As well enact a tax on 1920 incomes so-called and base the rate on people's holdings of real estate. Would that be an income tax? I can not help thinking that these new measures are as obnoxious to the Constitution as Mr. Rainey's original measure, and that both are so, notwithstanding the opinions of the legal advisers of the Treasury or Mr. Rainey's committeemen.

The whole bonus proposal looks at this time less likely to become law than it did—but it will not do to relax our vigilance in any respect, when a bonus bill has just passed the House by a large majority and with a retroactive provision for taxing the corporate right to declare stock dividends.

CHARLES ROBINSON SMITH

Glendale, Mass., June 4

The Housing Problem

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

In your editorial "A Cost-of-Living Exhibit" on May 8, you fail to bring out what seems to me the most significant reason for the striking contrast between the relatively small increase in house rents and the great increase in clothing costs, etc.

Houses differ in one fundamental particular from the great majority of commodities which enter into commerce with sufficient freedom to establish ascertainable market prices. In the case of clothing and food and fuel, for example, the total stock on hand at any given time (actually or potentially on the market subject to sale and delivery for immediate use) is a fraction of the total annual production. In the case of houses, as in the case of diamonds and gold, the stock in existence, and potentially salable for immediate use to any buyer who offers an advance on the current market price, is enormously greater than the normal annual production, or even of any possible annual production under any conceivable stimulus.

A rising cost of production with any commodity of course tends to check additions to the stock on hand until the demand so outruns the supply as to raise the market price to meet the production cost. But while the effect is relatively prompt on the market price of those articles of which the stock on hand is quickly exhausted by actual consumption when the rate of production falls off, the readjustment is inevitably slow in the case of such things as houses, of which the quantity in existence and potentially on the market enormously exceeds the annual production. The market price commanded by new houses can not greatly outrun the market price of similar houses already existing, and to produce a given percentage of increase in the average market price of all existing marketable houses—the accumulated production of many years—the shortage must be much longer continued, or more acute, or both, than in the case of ordinary commodities.

Except in so far as the increased cost of production is very temporary, there appears to be no escape from the economic necessity of acquiescing in the accrual of a stupendously large "unearned increment" for the owners of the existing houses, until the market price and rental value of houses, old and new, shall have risen to the point where it catches up with the cost of production. The unfairness, the "profiteering," of such a process rankles, and this helps to retard the reluctant raising of purchase price and rentals even under the stimulus of acute and increasing shortage.

The human hardships and social damage which are wrought by such a shortage of housing, long continued, are for the community far more serious than the mere fact of the economic injustice of the "unearned increment" received by those who happen to be house owners. The housing shortage is one of the worst of all the evil results of inflation, because it combines slowness of price adjustment, on account of the relatively great stock potentially on the market, with great hardship while the shortage lasts.

In case of commodities whose market price responds violently to relative changes in supply and demand, making for spasmodic fluctuations in price, the interests of the community are served by devices which promptly apply the brakes to soaring or to plunging prices. In the case of houses the adjustment of price is naturally so slow that any deliberate efforts of the community should be in the direction of accelerating the required adjustment, whether on a rising or a falling market. To retard the process of adjusting house values to the cost of production by "anti-profiteering" efforts on the part of a community suffering from acute housing shortage is to play the part of those conservatives who were once defined as "they who remain in hot water lest they be scalded."

FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED

Brookline, Mass., June 1

[Mr. Olmsted treats the supply side of the housing problem; the editorial related to the demand side, "the way in which an increasing volume of money operates to raise prices." Eds. THE WEEKLY REVIEW.]

Book Reviews

A New History of the French Revolution

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: A STUDY IN DEMOCRACY. By Nesta H. Webster. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

MOST histories of the French Revolution inspire either enthusiasm or indignation, or, it may be, a mixture of both. Mrs. Webster's new history inspires rather, and is intended to inspire, a sort of cool disgust. The odd circumstance is that she gets this effect not as an enemy but as a champion of the popular cause. Her argument is, in brief, as follows: The King knew what the people wanted and was prepared to give it to them; but at the critical moment various groups of conspirators interfered violently and thwarted both the royal and the popular will. Mrs. Webster divides the conspirators into four main groups: (1) those who sought to change the dynasty of France and put the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Egalité) on the throne; (2) the Subversives, affiliated with Spartacus-Weishaupt and the Illuminati of Bavaria, who attacked all religion and government, fomented class hatred, and held out the promise of unlimited loot; (3) those who worked in the interests of Prussia; (4) the English revolutionaries who aimed to overthrow the Governments both of France and England. Only the fourth of these intrigues may be said to have failed outright. Prussia succeeded in breaking the Franco-Austrian alliance and this became the point of departure for her increasing domination. The Orléanists triumphed in the Revolution of 1830. As for the Subversives with their dangerous secrets for imposing the will of a fanatical and highly organized minority upon a passive and unorganized majority, one can trace their activities without any change in the underlying theory—and it is a chief merit of Mrs. Webster that she brings out clearly this connection—from Jacobins of the eighteenth century to Bolshevists of the twentieth.

There were the instigators (who remained in the background), the agitators, the instruments. Mrs. Webster admits popular participation in the taking of the Bastille and in the Tenth of August, but in general, as in the September Massacres, the people were either mere instruments or passive spectators. "I am convinced," she says, "that the day will come when the world, enlightened by the principles of true democracy, will recognize that the French Revolution was not an advance towards democracy but a directly antidemocratic and reactionary movement, that it was not a struggle for liberty but an attempt to strangle liberty at its birth; the leaders will then be seen in their true colors as the cruelest enemies of the people, and the people, no longer condemned for their ferocity, will be pitied as the victims of a gigantic conspiracy."

Mrs. Webster's justification of the heart of the people is, one can not help reflecting, more or less at the expense of its head. Had it not been for the prodigious gullibility of great masses of persons, the formidable secrets that she describes for inciting tumults in the interests of a few conspirators would have been of no avail. She herself speaks in one place of "the amazing credulity of the Parisians" and in another of "the amazing credulity of the country people."

The truth is that neither the good nor the evil of a movement like the French Revolution emanates spontaneously from the people. It is all a question of leadership; and the one serious doubt about democracy is whether it can show sufficient critical discrimination in the choice of its leaders. Now, the Revolution was, on the whole, singularly unlucky in its leaders. Mirabeau and Danton, who had practical sagacity, were venal voluptuaries. Those who were upright, like Louis XVI himself and many of his counsellors, and who yet allowed the Revolution to drift into anarchy, suffered from something even graver than the lack of practical sagacity. They were made ineffective by their acceptance of some of the very principles that led to this anarchy and which, in the earlier stages of their application, seem to Mrs. Webster so admirable. Croker speaks of "the King's unfortunate monomania that no blow should be struck in his defense." This monomania is not unrelated to the growing belief not only that the will of the people is sovereign but is identical with its shifting caprice, for example, with the will of a Parisian mob. If the King and his counsellors had not been thus touched by the new philosophy, the "whiff of grapeshot" would not have come before 1790 at the latest and there would have been no reign of Terror.

In general, Mrs. Webster does not put sufficient emphasis on the philosophic aspect of the Revolution. She has written an interesting and ingenious survey from her own special angle, but one can not help feeling that the angle is a somewhat narrow one. At times she seems almost to reduce the Revolution to the proportions of a dynastic intrigue. She does not make us feel sufficiently that, more than any previous revolution, it must be judged as a movement of ideas —nay more, as the dawn of a new religion or sham religion. She is quite right in seeing one continuous movement from Spartacus-Weishaupt to Lenin; but we shall never understand the power of these men if we regard them simply as "subversives." In their own eyes and those of their followers they are, as she herself points out, "idealists." The enthusiasm they inspire is due, above all, to their appeal to the type of imagination that one may call, in opposition to the "moral imagination" of which Burke speaks, Arcadian. One should make large allowance for the idyllic element in the psychology of the terrorist. It seems incredible that Robespierre and St. Just should have hoped by wholesale massacre to bring the real France, which was too rich and populous, into line with the Sparta of their dreams. Unfortunately scarcely anything is incredible in those who, in pursuit of some "ideal" conjured up by the Arcadian imagination, have once allowed their logic and emotions to part company with common sense. In spite of the accumulated experience of a century as to the upshot of revolutionary Utopias, Mr. Bertrand Russell has just been setting forth, in the columns of the *Liberator*, an "ideal" that is as absurd in theory and would prove at least as sanguinary in practice as that of Robespierre and St. Just.

The Revolution abolished innumerable partial evils and accomplished innumerable partial goods. It is still possible, however, to doubt, not merely on tradition but on purely psychological grounds, whether this movement was right at the very centre. Carlyle, whom Mrs. Webster, like most other recent writers on the subject, disparages, puts the issue squarely: "Alas, no, M. Roux! A Gospel of Brotherhood, not according to any of the Four old Evangelists, and calling on men to repent, and amend *each his own* wicked existence, that they might be saved; but a Gospel rather, as we often hint, according to a new Fifth Evangelist, Jean-Jacques, calling on men to amend *each the whole world's* wicked existence, and be saved by making the Constitution."

According to Mrs. Webster, England was preserved from the French anarchy and ruin not only by the statesmanship of Pitt and eloquence of Burke but by the sound common sense of the English people. She might have added by the influence of religion, especially by the Methodist and Evangelical movements. These movements were marked by plenty of the new emotionalism, but at all events they did not encourage the individual to shift the burden of moral responsibility, to make "Society his glittering bride, and airy hopes his children." At present, if we are to judge from the article by the Bishop of Hereford in the *Edinburgh Review* of last January, the drift of an important section of the Anglican clergy is towards Socialism.

Study and Fable

AN IMPERFECT MOTHER. By J. D. Beresford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

TAMARISK TOWN. By Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE deadly limitation of the kind of realism that tries to record fact without interpreting it is that it so soon runs short of facts. The only story a man knows with literal knowledge is his own. Or there may be some single person or type outside himself who is so intimate a part of his consciousness and his experience as to belong to his story almost as he himself belongs to it. Mr. Theodore Dreiser knows Mr. Dreiser, *esse* and *posse* (no great range); and he knows a woman of whom Sister Carrie is the earliest and best embodiment. When he has set forth the beings and surroundings and doings of those two (as he did long ago), he is done. Thereafter he can only deal in variation and caricature. That is his sad fate, and we oughtn't to keep twitting him on it. So it is with a number of his English contemporaries, J. D. Beresford, for example. He wrote three novels about one Jacob Stahl—an amazingly intimate and absorbing chronicle of a fellow-being who, we never doubted for a moment, was in everything that mattered the author himself. Jacob pleased us, or held us, primarily, I think, because while he was not a noble hero of the antiquated Victorian strain, he was not, either, the feeble wordy æsthetic drifter of a later model. He had a preference for decency and even an instinct for conduct. So has the son of "An Imperfect Mother." Stephen Kirkwood is a Jacob Stahl *mutatis mutandis*, a good solid youth of lower middle class who after a touch of public school training chooses to go in for the solid unpretentious career of building contractor.

But this is the record of "a life unfolding under a definite influence." In fact, we are here observing a Jacob, or a Stephen, in a frankly psychoanalytical light, especially in relation to the influence of his mother. And in order to give saliency to this study, Stephen is provided with a mother extraordinary, a mother modern and temperamental. We are to suppose that she married Stephen's good little father out of cussedness; that she bore marriage and motherhood with tolerably good grace for twenty years; and that she then fell madly in love with one Threlfall, cathedral organist and ravager of hearts. After coolly discussing this with Stephen, now a boy of seventeen, she leaves him and her poor little devoted husband, and her two grown prigs of daughters, and goes off with her Threlfall to "live her own life." Years later, long after the death of the poor little husband, Stephen finds his mother in London, a successful minor figure of the theatre; married to her Threlfall, who has also succeeded; and ornament of a gay little upper-Bohemian society. Something of the old spell of almost passionate affection is rewoven between them. But another influence which at its birth has had much to do with their first parting is now deepened and confirmed. The imperfect mother at last transcends her nature by yielding Stephen to his predestined mate. It is an easy enough book to read; but there is nothing much to carry away from it, except the impression of an experienced chronicler rehandling his materials in the light of an "idea." Stephen's self-expressive mother is the new figure; but only new as a subject for Mr. Beresford; and, on the whole, rather outside his special realistic scene.

The "new novel" of England (aside from its public-school and country-house department) deals almost exclusively with the British middle-class provincial, either at home or in London—the Clayhangers and the Jacob Stahls. Monypenny of "Tamarisk Town" is a Clayhanger robed in romance. His maker belongs to a group later and less standardized than Mr. Beresford's. In this book, as in "The Challenge to Sirius," Sheila Kaye-Smith strikes a richer imaginative note than Mr. Beresford, or any of his contemporaries except Hugh Walpole, has been capable of. Veracity is of no consequence to this writer except as a means of interpretation. Nor is she content with the dry conversational cleverness of the pseudo-recorders. She uses language not as a set of counters but as a plastic medium. She has a power of description not less eloquent than that of Eden Phillpotts, and free from his tendency to lapse into a sort of hypnotic drone.

> In the hollow of the hills that, to the North, melted into the Sussex Weald and, to the South, broke and crumbled into the sea, Marlingate lay with the green of the tamarisks hazing its streets. The town itself was a tumble of blacks and reds, a mass of broken colors flung between the hills, into the little scoop between the woods and the sea. It lay there like a thing flung down, heaped and broken, rolling to the very edge of the waves, and held from falling into them only by its thick, battered Town Wall.
>
> A mist usually hung over it, the webbing and clotting of its sea breezes as their spindrift met the homely things of its atmosphere—the grey hearth-smoke, the stewing heat of the town's crooked ways, the dews that refreshed the tamarisks at night. There was nearly always this fog of smoke and spray over Marlingate, melting its reds through purple into the deep, dancing blue of the sea; only now and then the colors came out clearly, blocks of blacks and red, with slashes and slices of white, and the old grey mouldings of church and Town Hall with their battlemented windows. Then the weather-wise spoke of rain, and those wise in other ways than the weather's, saw in the town a queer, changeling beauty, as if it lay between the hills a fairy's town. A wind would rise and shake in the woods, and blow down Fish Street and High Street to the sea; and the sighing waves would answer the sighing trees, and roar and cry to each other over the little red town that divided them, deep calling to deep, eternity calling to eternity across time.

So runs the prelude, with Monypenny, the solitary, watching from his window in Gun Garden House, feeling the menace of nature, of the woods and sea about to regain their own, of himself and Marlingate already "pledged to a divine destruction."

Monypenny of Marlingate, in his grave and white-haired youth, imposes himself as a personal force upon his fellow-townsmen. He plans and achieves prosperity for the little fishing town through transformation into a fashionable resort, carefully protected from trippers and all cheap lures for cheap people. Then love comes to him and cheats him; and to avenge himself against fate he sets about the slow destruction of that which he has created. As mayor he is able insidiously to effect the vulgarization of the place; and in the end he perishes, by a frankly poetic justice, at the hands of the mob he has turned loose to the ruin of his once beloved town. The tale has something of the magic of style and of mood which belonged to Stevenson's fragmentary "Weir of Hermiston"; and as it is a work of imagination we need have relatively small fear of later and paler imitations or variants of the same product by the same hand. I can think of rereading this book; for me it has the glamour of true story-telling, the creative reality which is so dismally absent from most studies of fact.

H. W. BOYNTON

Admiral Fisher Speaks His Mind

MEMORIES AND RECORDS. By the Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher, in two volumes, with portraits and illustrations. Vol. I, MEMORIES. Vol II, RECORDS. New York: George H. Doran Company.

THESE are books, as the author admits, "without plan or sequence"—so many lightning flashes of wit, scorn, indignation, admiration, and ambition. One imagines a hale and hearty old man walking up and down the floor, thundering and sputtering, while the rapt stenographer works—from time to time shying letters and documents at her, partly to ballast the recitation, partly to see her duck her pretty head. Anecdote, official report, character sketch, apt quotation, hint of literary and religious preferences are a glittering woof woven into the warp of solid naval history. And the gaudy fabric has coherence and charm of its own sort. One feels the great personality behind an often fantastic rhetoric.

When Admiral Fisher became First Sea Lord in 1904, he celebrated his advent by scrapping 160 obsolete ships, and discharging 6,000 unnecessary me-

chanics. Long an advocate of speed and the big gun, he reorganized the fleet on the basis of dreadnoughts and battle cruisers. He stopped the dispersion of the fleet, assembling most of it in home waters, and keeping it in constant readiness for action. In 1902 he had democratized the training of officers through the establishment of the College at Osborne. In 1907 he completed this work by making promotion open throughout the naval ranks. He foresaw the submarine menace, predicted the war with Germany to the year, advocated in vain a proper provision of sea mines, introduced the turbine engine and fuel oil. He reduced the time of building battleships from three years to one. With volcanic energy he combined adroitness. He not merely discharged the 6,000 workmen made superfluous by scrapping useless ships, but also found them jobs. With the keenest sense for *matériel*, he never lost touch with the greater issues of strategy. When he retired in 1910, he left as his monument the modern British Navy.

He had become an enfant terrible. The office admirals hated him. The pacifists shuddered at him. Had he not advocated "boiling oil" at a Hague Conference, and advised "Copenhagening" the German fleet? Yet the people knew his worth, and so did the young navy. October 30, 1914, two months after war broke out, he was recalled to his old post of First Sea Lord. Three days after his appointment came news of the disaster off Coronel. Fisher launched the only Nelsonic stroke of the war. He sent Sturdee's battle cruisers to sea with the repair gangs aboard, and on December 8, Von Spee's squadron was annihilated off the Falklands. Nothing less than the control of the seas was involved in the decision. A prolonged chase of Von Spee would have seriously weakened the North Sea fleet, while by the simple process of dispersing his cruisers as commerce destroyers, England's sea traffic might have been crippled. On this single conclusive fight of the war the Oxford Professor of Poetry, Sir Herbert Warren, fairly beat the punning record, and in Latin, as follows, *Merserat Ex-Spe Spem, rediit spes, mergitur ex-spes,* which congratulatory verse may be rendered: "Von Spee sunk the Good Hope. Hope revived. Von Spee is sunk hopelessly."

In his six months of control, Lord Fisher planned a great armada of 612 vessels to seize the Baltic and effect a Russian landing in Pomerania, laid down the gigantic, lightly armored battle cruisers—the so-called "Irish ships," made good the deficiency in submarines, and prepared gunboats for the Mesopotamian campaign. He resigned in May, 1915, when he found the navy was to be seriously expended in the futile campaign at the Dardanelles, but continued to do great work as Chairman of the Board of Invention and Research.

He would himself be the first to admit that his loss to the Admiralty was irreparable. Small defensive ideas, theories of attrition dominated by the naval strategy of England, and the fiasco of Jutland were a necessary consequence of lack of energy and imagination. And the only man in England who could have supplied that imagination and energy was the septuagenarian Admiral Fisher. Again, we have his word for it, and the joke of it is that he is perfectly right. "Passive pressure" to be sure brought the German fleet ignominiously to Scapa, but it also prolonged the war by two or three unnecessary years. And what if the German fleet had been "Copenhagened" in 1910?

John Arbuthnot Fisher's prodigious energy and zest for life were lucky in finding early opportunity. At 13, in 1854, the last living Captain of Nelson joined with Nelson's niece to get him a midshipman's appointment. From 15 to 19 he shared in the China War, at 19 he was in acting command of a small vessel. "I entered the navy penniless, friendless, and forlorn. While my messmates were having jam, I had to go without. While their stomachs were full, mine was often empty. I have always had to fight like hell, and fighting like hell has made me what I am."

One keeps going in such a life only through abundant toughness and humor and sentiment. Admiral Fisher has these qualities super-abundantly. In the sixties he would vary the responsibility for the British Navy by dancing all night. He openly yearns for America because the land of the Summer Girl which may be secured in Midwinter at Palm Beach need not be relinquished till Midsummer at Bar Harbor. He rejoices in the American ship's barber who propitiated an impatient client by asking him if he were leaving the ship. Admiral Fisher's gift for comradeship makes him an admirable portraitist. King Edward is drawn to the life, in his beautiful considerateness, slightly tinged with fussiness. "He had the Heavenly gift of Proportion and Perspective." Even more vivid are the sketches of seamen. Absent-minded Lord Kelvin, entering immaculately dressed with his trousers neatly carried on his arm, is unforgettable. One loves the unnamed admiral who because torpedoes were not known in his youth declined to bother about them in his old age. He was probably the same one who being torpedoed thrice in manœuvres by a submarine and requested by the young commander to withdraw, simply signalled in return "You be damned." But the obscure portraits are even better, and an anthologist could make a handsome gleaning. There is no dull moment in the two volumes. As epilogue we may choose a letter to a friend which has bearings on navy matters both sides of the water.

March 27, 1918.

My dear Blank,

It has been a most disastrous war for one simple reason—that our navy, with a sea supremacy quite unexampled in the history of the world (we are five times stronger than the enemy) has been relegated into being a "subsidiary service". What crashes we have had!

Tirpitz—Sunk
Joffre—Stranded
Kitchener—Drowned
Lord French—
Lord Jellicoe— } Made Viscounts
Lord Devenport—
Fisher—Marooned

* * *

Heaven bless you! I am here walking 10 miles a day! and eating my heart out!

And a host of minor prophets promoted. (We don't shoot now! we promote!)

Yours, etc.,
FISHER.

Suggestions for a Far Eastern Policy

HAVE WE A FAR EASTERN POLICY? By Charles H. Sherrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE-HALF of Mr. Sherrill's book is not suggested by its title, and deals with matters which have no political implications—with the flora of the Hawaiian Islands, with Japanese umbrellas, footwear, lanterns, street games, chrysanthemum shows, and private gardens. Upon these topics Mr. Sherrill writes entertainingly and with artistic appreciation, but without adding much of substantial value to what is already common knowledge.

As to whether the United States has a definite Far Eastern policy, a negative is not distinctly asserted but is clearly implied. At any rate our author presents us with one of his own which he considers worthy of adoption by our Government. Shortly stated, it is as follows: That the United States should refrain from all opposition to Japan's expansion north and west upon the continent of Asia, that is, in the regions of Manchuria, Mongolia, and Siberia; that, in return, Japan should agree to abandon her southeasterly development and transfer the Caroline and Marshall Islands to international control or to administration by Australia; and, thirdly, that Japan, Australia, and the United States should jointly guarantee the independence of the Philippines. This plan, he says, "ought to satisfy all four parties concerned, assure peace in the Pacific, progress for American trade in coöperation with Japan, and add another star of altruistic achievement to the

American escutcheon." At what point the American altruism enters it is a little difficult to see, unless it is deemed a laudable philanthropy that Japan be permitted to secure an increase of her political and commercial interests at the expense, or, at any rate, without regard to the wishes of, China and Russia. The belief that, from such a policy, progress for American trade in the Far East would be promoted is evidently founded upon a confidence that Japan will reverse all her former practices and permit the nationals of other Powers to trade upon equal terms with her own subjects in regions over which she has dominant political influence or control.

Mr. Sherrill also refers to another Far Eastern policy for the United States, first put forward by him in 1915, according to which the Philippine Islands should be exchanged for European possessions in the Caribbean Sea. He says that he has received many expressions of approval of this plan, but he does not dwell upon it to the extent of explaining whether or not this would mean the abandonment by the United States of all efforts to exercise an influence, political or commercial, in the Orient.

Without stopping further to consider these attempts at constructive statesmanship, we may turn to some of the other points made by Mr. Sherrill. The strategical importance to the United States of the Hawaiian Islands is properly emphasized. By the possession of Jaluit, on one of the Marshall Islands, attention is called to the fact that Japan obtains a naval base some fourteen hundred miles nearer to Hawaii, and therefore to California, than she had previously possessed. Of Japan's determination to control Shantung, Mr. Sherrill says:

> It means an eleventh-hour decision to prevent the passage into white hands of that last remnant of Asia which fronted on the Japan dominated waters, the waters so vital to the island race living in their midst. . . . If I were Japanese, I would loosen my hold on Shantung at the same time that the French, English, and Russians relinquish their acquisitions of Chinese territory, and not a minute sooner . . . If Japan had not taken over Germany's rights in Shantung . . . then one of the usual European annexers would surely have stepped in just as England did into Wei-hai-wei, or Russia into Manchuria after the Japanese defeat of China, and annexed it. At the date of this writing I firmly believe that China will receive back far more of Shantung from the Japanese than she would have gotten had the English or French occupied the German holdings there.

Mr. Sherrill is of course entitled to hold such personal opinions as these, but they surely must have been formed in ignorance or disregard of occurrences in China and Korea since 1905. How little Mr. Sherrill appreciates Chinese national sentiment is shown by his description of the recent "student movement" in China as "a pettish outburst against a stronger race by one whose childish behavior confesses its helplessness to employ more manly methods of national protest."

Mr. Sherrill is convinced that the Filipinos are not yet qualified for full self-government, and that an independent Philippine republic, unprotected by some strong Power, would not long endure, and might, indeed, prove a serious menace to a peaceful Pacific.

Japan's record in Korea he reviews with complaisance and even commendation.

W. W. Willoughby

The Run of the Shelves

Books of the Week

[Selected by Edmund Lester Pearson, Editor of Publications, New York Public Library.]

The Stranger. By Arthur Bullard. Macmillan.

A new novel by the author who, as "Albert Edwards," wrote "A Man's World" and "Comrade Yetta."

Swinburne as I Knew Him. By Coulson Kernahan. Lane.

Beginning the process of "unfreezing" Swinburne—strange as it seems that anything glacial should be connected with his name.

The Irish Case, Before the Court of Public Opinion. By P. Whitwell Wilson, American correspondent of the *London Daily News*. Revell.

Written at the request of Americans, to refute the theory of the Sinn Fein that anything about Ireland by an Englishman is "propaganda," but by a Sinn Feiner becomes "facts."

Simsadus: London; The American Navy in Europe. By John Langdon Leighton. Holt.

"Simsadus" was Admiral Sims's cable address. The book describes our naval participation from the point of view of American naval headquarters.

It would be hard to think of a more appropriate and more interesting special collection of books for a public library than that of New Bedford, which has filled a large number of its shelves with books about whales and the whale fisheries. Books, pamphlets, whalers' log-books, and pictures make up the collection, which is listed and described in a bibliography whose mere items are fascinating to read. There is Lorrin Andrews' treatise (with Hawaiian imprint) entitled "Sabbath Whaling; or, Is it Right to Take Whales on the Sabbath?"—which one may imagine a Yankee skipper answering with, "Yes, provided you take Right whales." There is the "Narrative of the most extraordinary and distressing shipwreck of the whale-ship Essex * * * which was attacked and finally destroyed by a large spermaceti whale in the Pacific ocean," published in 1821. And there is so modern an item as "Whale Meat and Hooverism." The bibliography is illustrated, notably with a half-tone of the fine statue of the Whaleman, which stands before the New Bedford Public Library, with its motto: "A dead whale or a stove boat."

"Talks with T. R." from the diaries of John J. Leary, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin Company) is an unusually interesting book. It is a really valuable book. It is certain to be read; it deserves to be read. But it should certainly not be read alone. The Roosevelt of these papers is real, but partial; he is a reporter's Roosevelt, a Roosevelt cast in *type-metal*. The Roosevelt of the *Autobiography* is not this Roosevelt; he is only his brother. Still less is the Roosevelt of the letters to the children Mr. Leary's T. R.; he is only his cousin. It is what we may call without any malice the Cashel Byron attitude of Mr. Roosevelt that is conspicuous in Mr. Leary's pages, and the style is like the splitting of kindling wood. Sometimes a match is put to the kindlings. There is much plain sense and much more plain speaking; the certainty is characteristic, the vigor is stimulating, the sincerity is unquestionable. Mr. Roosevelt copies and enacts nobody else; a cynic might suggest that he sometimes copies or enacts T. R. The author of the book had done well to omit certain virulent assaults on living Americans, notably President Wilson. At the time of utterance these words may have been excusable, but their publication after Mr. Roosevelt's death and before Mr. Wilson's is a matter which even the admirers of Mr. Roosevelt and the adversaries of President Wilson may permit themselves to regret. Allusion is made to the "pseudo-Americanism of Wilson." Wilson is a "selfish, dishonest politician"; he "never had an ideal in his life." "I despise the man, and dislike his policies to the point of hate." The motto "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*" would seem to have its correlative, indeed its condition and occasion, in the silent formula, "a mortuis nil nisi bonum." One should not fire from behind a tomb; the shelter is too manifest. What Mr. Roosevelt now feels, if his mind still acts, no one can say. But it is at least permitted to the generous and the loyal to hope that he left vindictiveness on the meaner side of the grave, that he has risen to a point of view from which his charity can in-

clude in its enlarging circle all his fellow-citizens, even that citizen in whose hands rests for the moment the pilotage of the Republic.

Professor Horatio S. White, of Harvard, the literary executor of the late Willard Fiske, Librarian of Cornell, is continuing the series of volumes drawn from the latter's posthumous papers. The first of these was "Chess Tales and Chess Miscellanies," which appeared in 1912. The present volume, "The Editor" (Badger), is the first of three to be printed under the general title, "Memorials of Willard Fiske," and is just out. It is made up of selections from Mr. Fiske's editorial work on the Syracuse, N. Y., daily *Journal*, from 1863 to 1865, and will be followed by "The Traveller" and "The Lecturer," and finally by a biography.

At this moment when the whole process of bookmaking is even more beset with difficulties in France than here, it is most creditable on the part of the Plon-Nourit house to begin a series of cheap but well-printed books whose contents is of more than passing worth. The "Bibliothèque Plon," 16mo, paper-covered volumes of from 200 to 250 pages, began appearing last winter, at the low price of two francs, and fourteen have so far been issued, with two additional volumes each month. Among the authors represented are Paul Bourget; the new academician, Henry Bordeaux; the late Paul Margueritte, Mistral, and Dostoievsky. The two newest volumes are "Le Chèvre d'Or," by Paul Arène, the Provençal poet who died in 1896, a tale of passionate love told with all the verve of a meridional; and "Jeanne d'Arc," one of M. Gabriel Hanotaux's best pot-boiling productions, a condensation and rehash of the octavo and quarto which he published ten years ago through Hachette. If M. Hanotaux was sent last month as a special ambassador to the Jeanne d'Arc canonization ceremonies at Rome, it was largely due to association of his name through these volumes with that of the new saint.

Poe books continue to appear in France. Since we noticed in this column a few weeks ago Fontainas's "Vie d'Edgar Poe," even a more acknowledged specialist, Professor Emile Lauvrière, has come forward with another volume, his third, devoted to "one of the most popular authors of the whole world," as he styles him. "Edgar Poe: Contes et Poésies" (Paris: La Renaissance du Livre) opens with an Introduction which is a résumé of M. Lauvrière's two previous volumes—"Edgar Poe, sa Vie et son Oeuvre" (Paris: Alcan, 1904) and "Edgar Poe" (Paris: Bloud and Gay, 1911), "scientific studies of the poet," as he describes them. The publisher of the present volume also issues a series entitled "Les Cent Chefs-d'œuvre Etrangers," which contains a neat little volume of Poe, some 150 pages of prose and 30 of poetry. While the peculiar aroma of the Tales is fairly well preserved in translation, the same is not true of the poetry, as M. Lauvrière is the first to admit. "To Helen," "Eldorado," and "The Raven" lose half of their indescribable charm in French, and "The Bells" presented such difficulties that M. Lauvrière has left it severely alone.

Sending us his book, Professor Lauvrière gives us these "three chief reasons why Poe exerts such an influence in France":

> The first is that, however morbid he may be, he reasons, and most educated Frenchmen like reasoning. The second lies in the fact that his fantasticality reached us at the very moment when that sort of thing had a vogue in France. The third is because he had a good translator—Baudelaire—who was fascinated by him and had the public attention at that moment. It should be noted, too, that it is the prose of Poe which has exercised influence in France, for his poetry, in my opinion, is untranslatable, the music of words not being transportable into another tongue, especially in the case of a language without tonic accent.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March 15, 1920, M. George Lecomte has the following sentence: "Les Associations d'écrivains viennent de la leur

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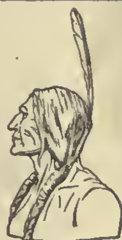

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['la' means 'criticism'; 'leur' refers to 'publishers'] rappeler en essayant de provoquer une résurrection de la critique littéraire, ainsi que, sur la proposition de la Société des Gens de Lettres et du Syndicat de la Critique, le Congrès du Livre de 1917 en a solennellement émis le voeu" (page 427). Two points in this remark impress the observant foreigner. The first is the state of French criticism, as it appears even to bodies, to organizations, always far slower than individuals in the perception and reception of ideas. "Résurrection" is a strong word. Its logical antecedent is death. But M. Anatole France is still breathing, still articulate, and, even if the darkest view be sound, if no survivors are discernible, it is certain that in their common departure from the salon of French letters criticism will say politely to M. Anatole France, "After you."

The second point of interest is the nature of the remedy. We have an Association, a Society, a Syndicate, a Congress, banding zealously together for the resuscitation of the art. An American or Briton would feel that the patient—at least the Anglo-Saxon patient—would be more likely to come to in the absence of so many officious nurses to surround his pillow and cut off the air. But France still relies on collective action in the field of letters. The love of revolt, which is characteristic of the period, has not destroyed the faith in discipline, which is characteristic of the race. The French still value authority, and the double occasion which authority gives for the grace of loyalty and the elation of revolt. One of the differentiæ of French criticism is the precision of its attempt to express the reaction of the absolute or general French minds to the French mind in particular (that is, to the book in its hands). In the later nineteenth century, criticism itself was often particular, often adventurous, but, even so, it defined adventure in the sense natural to a people in whom the respect for tradition is compatible with a pretty strong infusion of the contempt for tradition. Possibly the present movement means the recall of criticism to its old centrality. The inference from M. Lecomte's remark would be that the French not only want criticism, but *will* it, and that the will no less than the want may be powerful in the sustaining or revivifying of the form.

Drama

On the Verge of Literature

Violet Pearn's "Fair" at the Neighborhood Playhouse . . . "Nightshade" at the Garrick Theatre.

VIOLET PEARN'S "Fair," which has held the boards for half-a-dozen week-ends at the Neighborhood Playhouse, is an attempt to depict and to decide the conflict between puritan and epicure in a sombre village on the Cornish edge of Devonshire. Strollers set up a fair with dancing and music in the dreary centre of the protesting little town. A ferment begins in the pleasure-loving heart of the young daughter of the austerest elder of the village, and extends itself to the young minister, who is moved to joy, terror, and bewilderment by the sight of her replenished loveliness. In the critical midnight scene of the second act, he is impelled to take her life as an agent or embodiment of Satan, and, in the recoil from his own violence, is converted to the worship of beauty, and leads her forth in Act III to share with him a new life in the joyousness of unfettered impulse. The play is too slight for its central incident, and its frail and slender fabric can not sustain the formidable weight of an attempt at homicide from religious motives.

It will be seen from the prompt and cheerful outcome that the doubleness of the universe presents no difficulties to Miss Violet Pearn. The universe is perfectly simple. "Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-Twenty," is the sum and kernel of its message. That impulse is both holy and accursed, that restraint is both groveling and noble, that human instinct is profoundly right and profoundly wrong in its interpretation of the needs of the human spirit—these complexities have no disquiets for Miss Pearn. I shall not contest the main thesis, but one little unfairness in the use of the term beauty is worth pointing out. Beauty is related on its upper side to the dignities and sanctities of life, and on its lower side to the sports and gayeties. You may call beauty sacred (Miss Pearn talks of the God of beauty); you may call pleasure beautiful; and in this double turn you have almost consecrated pleasure. This seems the unconscious strategy of Miss Pearn.

Do I lay too much stress on the moral and rational aspect of a simple folk-tale? If so, it is Miss Pearn's own uncurbed didacticism that has invited and countenanced that stress. Miss Pearn's thesis dominates her story exactly as the hated father dominates the young girl in her play; it allows the wild young thing no peace or freedom in the fulfilment of its own impulse. I think it rather unfair in Miss Pearn to pound the desk so much in denunciation of the general unrighteousness of preaching. She is not without talent; she can even stir us for a moment as in the young minister's really penetrating outcry: "O God, dost thou know how hard it is to be a man?" But my judgment of the "Fair" as a whole is that the author has unduly simplified her tale to provide more space for the expounding of an unduly simplified philosophy.

The acting was fair. Miss Alice Lewisohn makes the young girl a sprite, sheer, and absolute sprite, from first to last. This is excusable, but hardly wise. Obedience to the call of the wild would be much less remarkable and therefore much less dramatic in a sprite than in a human being. Mr. Thomas F. Meaney, Jr., made the minister's pietism and his interior conflict imaginable, but did not make real to us his impulse towards beauty, his quest of the gleam. The best acting in the play was supplied by Messrs. S. Philip Mann, Jowan Pherys, and John Roche in the neatly defined and sharply contrasted comedy of the three elders. An arch and deft pantomime ballet called the "Magic Shop" formed an engaging afterpiece to the serious play.

"Nightshade," by an unknown hand, was produced June 7-11, by Mr. Henry Stillman at the Garrick Theatre in special matinees. The performance leaves criticism rather cold to the play and rather friendly to the author. Compact intensities in mutual relations, an air that remains electrical long before it becomes explosive, the power, in Miriam, for instance, to keep a character on the exact boundary between two contrasted attitudes—these traits are palpitant with promise. Even the diction, on which

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satire has been so quick to fasten, seems to me to preserve its affinities with vigor in the midst of its surrender to absurdity. The difficulties of the play, apart from the unwisdom of this diction, are the unalloyed ugliness of the primary situation, and the fact that the play goes mad—absolutely mad—in the abandonment of its fourth act.

There are seven characters, known only by their Christian names, of whom two are merely furnishings and superfluities. The other five, who occupy the same American farmhouse, are the farm-owner, the wife, the son, the son's sweetheart, later his wife, and the hired man. The circumstance that transmutes this apparently colorless and meaningless group into a storm-centre is the fact that the son's wife has been—very possibly still is—the father's mistress. I think the author is maladroit in the conduct of this situation, where an ingenuous person would have been more skillful. To be naïf up to a certain point, to have a tract of naïveté in one's mind, is very useful even to the possessor of sophistications; it helps him to gauge his auditors. The present author is so indifferent to the ugliness of this fable that he is insensible of its horror, and its horror is the ground of its dramatic force. De Curel, in the portrayal of a like situation in "Les Fossiles," could have instructed him in the advantage of a sensitive treatment of a brutal theme.

We come next to the peculiar dialogue. Every one must concede the perils of a diction which permits observations and retorts like the following to be habitually uttered in an American farmhouse: "Even the blind are not fools"; "Perhaps folly is the greater wisdom." To this aphoristic vein is added the instant and constant passage by metaphor from the material setting of life to its inner significance. The young man finds nightshade in bloom. "Nightshade!" he exclaims, "Stabbing beauty! Stabbing pain!" The process in other forms is by no means unsuited to literature, or even to drama. D'Annunzio teems with it; but perhaps its fitness for D'Annunzio is the measure of its unsuitability to the lips of the American farmer in a prosaic century. Nevertheless, I find the diction often terse and tense under all this incubus of literature, and there are moments, such as Miriam's implacable "Well?" in reply to the young wife's mention of her own death as the sole alternative to another threatening issue, when its suggestiveness is potent. There is life in this diction; there is life in its follies.

Lastly, comes the insensate fourth act. Clive, as we all know, was surprised at his own moderation. The author of "Nightshade" at the end of his third act seems to be alarmed at his own temperance. He plunges into excess less from the love of excess than from the fear of restraint; he adopts violence as a precaution. The mother murders (in effect) the son's wife; the father turns out the mother into the storm; the hired man presumably appropriates the mother; the son fires a gun which crushes the last remnant of life in the young girl as she lies quivering in the father's arms. The strength and interest of all these characters lies in a certain brooding vigilance; when they release themselves, they efface themselves; and the play vanishes in their effacement.

The acting, broadly viewed, was of high quality. Miss Grace Knell made a very attenuated Cora, and Mr. Gerald Hamer was merely adequate as the son. But Mr. Gordon Burby's father was excellent, Mr. Alfred Shirley imparted vividness to the rather impossible hired man, and Miss Content Palaeologue was strong as Miriam, the mother, up to the point when she determined to be powerful. The play lends itself to acting; that is another reason for holding that the future has a place for the author of "Nightshade."

O. W. FIRKINS

Export Credits and European Rehabilitation

SIR GEORGE PAISH, in an interesting article in *Ways and Means* of May 29, summarizes judiciously the present economic situation of Europe, and its relation to the United States. Still insisting upon the imperative need of participation by America in the economic and financial reconstruction of Europe, he makes no mention of the gigantic credit flotation which he had earlier proposed, and recognizes the limitations of America's ability to aid.

He speaks in a friendly and appreciative way of the work of the Atlantic City Conference called by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States last October, and of the report of the committee of the Chamber there appointed, saying that "the tone and tenor of it is all that could be wished." He sanctions the committee's view that "action by the Government of the United States is prerequisite to practical effort on an extensive scale" and that American investors can not provide the sum needed by Europe so long as American taxes are so heavy, and large American investors have to put their funds into tax-exempt

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securities. He concurs in the view that Europe must return to work, and to the practice of thrift, and must make progress towards the reduction of inflated currency, the balancing of budgets, and political stability, before American investors will have complete faith in European securities. He takes note, too, of extravagance and speculation in the United States, which have limited savings and shortened the supply of domestic capital, leaving inadequate surpluses of capital to export.

Sir George emphasizes again the imminence of the problem. He feels that America can not wait for complete European recovery before extending the credits which the situation demands.

The general problem presented is undoubtedly an acute one. Despite the very extensive discussion and agitation which have gone on since the Armistice, and even before the Armistice, adequate measures have not been devised for supplying Europe with long-term credits for financing the export balance, since the United States Government ceased to do so about the middle of May, 1919. It is true that the exporters themselves, who are most vitally interested in the pecuniary side of the matter, since it is to them that the profits in the export trade immediately accrue, have been able by one or another device to keep going a tremendous flood of exports to Europe. The figures for our monthly balance of trade have run several hundred millions for every month since the Armistice, and the figures for our balance with Europe alone have been even greater than our balance with the world. The investor, able to obtain seven per cent. on safe American securities, has not in general been attracted to the prospects of similar yields, or yields a little higher, on European securities, but the active business man has often been willing to tie up a portion of his working capital in advances to European customers, which run far beyond the ordinary period for commercial credits. The violent breaks in the exchange rates make it clear that not nearly all of the exports to Europe have been financed in this manner, but there is no doubt that a large volume has been.

The United Kingdom, financially strongest of all the countries of Europe, has been aiding the Continent to a great extent since the Armistice. In her dealings with France, Italy, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, European Turkey, and Russia in 1919, she imported goods to the value of only £98,314,000, but exported goods to the value of £351,237,000, showing an export surplus of £252,923,000 for the year. The first three months of 1920 show a similar ratio. This export surplus represents an heroic effort on the part of Great Britain, since Britain's balance of trade with the world as a whole is adverse, and since she has done it in the face of increasing financial strain. It is of course not at all comparable with the excess of exports over imports which the United States has sent to Europe, running far beyond four billions of dollars for the year 1919, but it does mean that an enormous volume of goods has gone from Great Britain to the Continent, which, added to the volume sent from the United States directly, means that Continental Europe has received and is receiving aid from the rest of the world on a grand scale.

Though weaker financially than we are, the British are more capable of engaging in transactions of this kind in proportion to their financial strength. London has for generations specialized in direct trading with the Continent, and has developed agencies which make possible a scattering of risks, so that no one individual may suffer greatly if a particular venture turns out unsuccessfully. Indeed, by the process of distributing risks, diffusing them over the whole market, and combining many promising ventures, the certainty of loss in a portion of the enterprises has been combined with a certainty of gain on the totality of such ventures, in the normal run of London's experience.

If a substantial portion of the Continent revives industrially and financially at a reasonably early date, Britain will enjoy enormous profits from these ventures. In part, her attitude towards the Continent grows out of sympathy for allies and friends in distress, but in very substantial part, in the opinion of many British authorities, it represents also exceedingly good business. The British, aware of the beneficent influences of industry and trade, see no conflict between these two motives, and indeed feel that the best philanthropy is that which involves trading profitable to both sides. To make it possible for friends in distress to do business and to regain financial stability is to protect their pride and independence at the same time that material benefits are conferred upon them.

The great plans for the financial assistance of Europe, through governmental coöperation and through the organization of great placements of security issues with investors, have not materialized. Business enterprise has, in considerable measure, filled in the gap. But this enterprise has lacked certain features which, to many observers, seem necessary for the full rehabilitation of Europe, in that traders, acting without concert in any particular case, will necessarily choose the most profitable opportunities, and so will neglect some of the most necessitous cases. Moreover, individual enterprises, operating without coördination, have been unable to exert the influence which would lead to more careful expenditure, to the imposition of higher taxes, and to balanced budgets. Trade carried on in this manner, moreover, has been in too large a degree a trade in luxuries, and in too small a degree a trade in raw materials and other things necessary to set the whole of industry going in Europe, although raw materials have gone over in very large volume. If some centralized economic control could be established, leading to the full coöperation among all the countries of Europe, the proper distribution of goods, the control of transportation facilities, and the restriction of luxury consumption, the requirements of Europe would be reduced by hundreds of millions of dollars. It is almost more a job of organization and engineering than it is a job of financing.

The problem is far from solved. There is need for rebuilding the world organization which has disintegrated since the Armistice. Nationalistic jealousies have asserted themselves vigorously at a time when there was need to subordinate narrower purposes to a great common emergency. We can not be content, therefore, with the present methods of extending aid to Europe. We can not be confident that they will continue on an adequate scale. We can not be confident that they will get results commensurate with the capital laid out. They must be *supplemented* by organized activity, and by intergovernmental coöperation. They must not, however, be *supplanted.* So far as it can safely and effectively be done, aid should be extended on a business basis by business enterprises seeking profits.

The private capital to be secured will probably be, on the whole, the capital of men willing to make ventures, rather than the capital of the investor who seeks absolute security. The best results will probably be obtained by methods which make possible unusual return on venturesome enterprise, rather than by methods which seek merely to give normal return on safe investments.

Conditions abroad show many encouraging signs. Belgium has made very gratifying recovery. British industry has revived splendidly, and the financial courage of the British Treasury in regard to taxation, and the policy of reduction of the public debt, are worthy of the finest traditions of British finance. Italy has been making heroic efforts to balance her budget. In France, and throughout Europe, there are authoritative voices speaking wisely and sanely, and there are patriots working bravely, against great odds of tradition and narrowness of vision, for the public good. But there is still suffering and distress in Europe of an appalling sort, and there are grave industrial and financial difficulties. The world can not wash its hands of the problem. The United States, above all, must recognize and assume her share of the responsibility.

GUY EMERSON

THE WEEKLY REVIEW

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WHAT the San Francisco Convention *will* do about the Presidential nomination is a thing that few persons are rash enough to predict with any confidence. But what it *would* do if the President's bodily health were on a level with his mental vigor seems plain enough. That there should be any talk at all of a third-term nomination, in view of the manifest uncertainty of Mr. Wilson's health, is the strongest possible testimony to the commanding position he continues to hold in his party. Were it not for that obstacle his renomination would be, so far as one can judge, almost a certainty.

AS it is, he bids fair to dominate the proceedings. Indeed, the character of the Democratic Convention is made about as inevitable by antecedent history as was that of the Republican Convention. It is impossible in a few days' gathering of a thousand delegates to reshape the fundamentals of a situation. There are times when two opposing elements in a party are fairly evenly matched, and when their division is on a definite issue. In that case the issue may be fought out in Convention. The result need not necessarily be a compromise, but may be a decisive victory for one side, in which the other side will acquiesce. At Chicago, no such situation existed. It was certain in advance that the League of Nations issue would be treated in somewhat the manner in which it actually was treated. In like manner, the Democrats are bound to adopt a formula pretty closely approximating to President Wilson's position.

THERE remains nevertheless the question whether the platform will seek to conciliate reservationists by a skillfully elastic phrase. Mr. Wilson, though in practice he has made ratification impossible by his attitude towards reservations, has never flatly declared against *all* reservations having any substantial quality. It is still within the bounds of possibility that the campaign, instead of intensifying the League issue, may tend to subordinate it. This will be especially likely if the Democrats should adopt a radical plank on labor and Government ownership. On those issues—and the Republican platform has spoken out with great clearness upon them—there are the makings of a genuine fight.

WHATEVER attempts may be made by the Johnson-Borah bitter-enders to give the fight a different turn, says Mr. Taft, the issue that is sure to emerge in the end is this:

"Was Mr. Wilson right in killing the League with the Lodge reservations?"

There is one aspect of this question to which we should like particularly to direct attention, for it has received far less notice than it deserves. Mr. Wilson, in putting through his League programme at Versailles, assumed the responsibility of securing its acceptance on his return. European statesmen would not have entered into the bargain had they not been assured that the fulfilment of it was practically certain. Mr. Wilson unquestionably gave that assurance in good faith. But when he came home he found that his power to carry out his promise was involved in doubt; before long, it became absolutely certain that, unless he made important concessions, he could not possibly get the treaty ratified. In this situation, was he not under a solemn obligation to the nations which had put their trust in him to get this country into the League on the best terms he could obtain?

THE one possible justification for not doing so would have been the unwillingness of the other Powers to accept our coöperation on these terms; but it has long been certain that this obstacle did not exist. On no other basis than his individual opinion or desire, Mr. Wilson has kept this country out of the League into which he had promised his associates at Versailles to put it. He has, to be sure, been playing for what he regards as a big stake—to obtain the League unmodified, or nearly so. But it is a tremendous gamble; and to our mind he had no more right to gamble with the trust he assumed at Versailles than a man has a right to put to the risks of Wall Street speculation a trust fund committed to his care. We should be glad to hear from

readers of the *Weekly Review* on this question.

THOSE who, largely on grounds of propriety, resented Admiral Sims's disclosures and the subsequent naval inquiry will do well to ponder the following facts which the inquiry has brought to light. The Senate passed a resolution, on April 12, 1916, calling on Secretary Daniels for "a communication dated August 3, 1914, from the General Board of the Navy warning the Navy Department of the necessity of bringing the Navy to a state of preparedness." On April 21, 1916, Secretary Daniels declared, in an official reply to the Senate, that the document in question "does not refer to the necessity of bringing the Navy to a state of preparedness." Yet in the first paragraph of its communication the General Board had said: "In view of the immediate danger of a great war in Europe, * * * the General Board earnestly urges that the battleships be brought home, docked and put in perfect readiness"; and in the last sentence had urged: "We should prepare now for the situation which would thus be created." This bare statement of the facts sufficiently reveals Secretary Daniels's confusion and lack of decision in the early stages of the European war; but such disclosures, though shocking, will amount to little unless the result of the investigation is embodied in a comprehensive report.

WHEN the head of one of the biggest department stores in New York is arrested on charges of profiteering; when the warrants allege that a suit bought for $5.50 was offered for sale at $15, one costing $15 at $33.75, etc.; when the special agent in charge of the case states that there are 185 separate counts, alleging profits ranging from 90 to 275 per cent.—we must all sit up and take notice. It is not merely a question of legal guilt or innocence; what the public ought to be able to find out, somehow, some time—what it ought to have been able to find out long before this—is whether these things are typical. Are retail prices of such necessaries as clothing, usually or in any large proportion of cases, of such exorbitant character? It looks much too bad to be true; but what is the truth? So far as the individual case here in question is concerned, the trial will presumably bring out the facts; but what are the facts in general? "Profiteering" has been the word of the day for two years and more, but the country is as much at sea concerning the extent of it as it was at the beginning. In ordinary times, competition can be counted on to keep profits down to a reasonable level; but in times when nobody knows what ought to be regarded as a normal price, the working of competition becomes a very imperfect process. If some part of the vast amount of money expended upon the mechanical piling up of statistical figures had been directed to the task of getting at the homely facts of retail business, we might have been in a position to know something definite about them; and if the situation called for legislative remedy, we might have found something better in that line than a law which once in a while manifests itself by a sensational raid, and the rest of the time does nothing whatsoever.

THE real purpose of Krasin's visit in London and his conversations with Mr. Lloyd George and other Cabinet Ministers seems to have been generally overlooked. The skillful talk about trade with Soviet Russia has successfully concealed the more important *pourparlers*. Mr. Krasin is neither a fool nor a fanatic. He is perfectly aware that the Soviet Government will not give up any considerable amount of that gold reserve which constitutes its sole means of attaining any financial stability, and he also knows that the stocks of raw materials in possession of the Soviet Government and available for export are so small as to be negligible for purposes of barter. What is it, then, that Mr. Krasin and his associates seek under cover of airy talk about Russian trade? The convinced Communists form but a small percentage of the Soviet authorities to-day, as Mr. Krasin has already pointed out. On the other hand, there has grown up among them a class which they themselves term the "new bourgeoisie." For these people the Bolshevik revolution was a means of attaining power and acquiring property. But their new-found riches are likely to vanish in smoke if something is not done to rescue the economic life of Russia from the desperate position to which the Soviet Administration has brought it. They now believe that the one way out is to secure the aid of foreign capital and enterprise in restoring and reorganizing Russian industries, and they regard Krasin as the Moses to lead them out of the Bolshevik wilderness. Should the British financial groups look favorably upon his proposals, he will naturally ask them to exert pressure upon the British Government to recognize the Soviet Government, and thereby legitimate the proposed transactions. It will be easy for him to suggest further inducements in the way of promises to abstain from revolutionary propaganda and to limit Soviet aggression in the Near and Middle East.

THE Japanese Government appears anxious to come to a settlement with China on the Shantung question, but China refuses to negotiate directly. The Mikado's Government professes to be surprised at this manifest distrust of its honest intentions in the face of repeated declarations which "leave no room for doubt as to the singleness of purpose with which Japan seeks a fair and just settlement of the question." We suspect that it is not the Government's singleness of purpose but the singleness of the Government itself which is in doubt at Peking. There is ample proof of the existence of a military junta, which either dictates to the nominal Government its policy, or thwarts it when independently adopted. Even statesmen who, while out of office, were bitter critics of Japan's Chinese policy, become instruments of that policy themselves when vested with governmental power. Baron Goto, during the administration of the Okuma Ministry, issued for private circulation a pam-

phlet which exposed the evils of Japanese policy in China. But when, after the fall of the Okuma Government, November, 1916, Baron Goto became a member of the Terauchi Cabinet, no attempt was made at reversing the policy he had condemned. Experimental lessons of this kind must make the Chinese hesitate to believe the Japanese professions of "singleness of purpose." They are given by the nominal Government, but they are discredited by the Government *de facto*.

"THE accepted explanation of Conkling's enmity for Blaine," writes Chauncey M. Depew in some recent reminiscences, "was Blaine's allusion to him, during a debate in the House, as a turkey cock." Well, the language in which the turkey cock appeared was something more than an allusion; and as for the enmity, it had an earlier origin, which probably no diver among the wrecks of time will ever discover. The episode of the clash is worth recalling; for, though well-nigh forgotten in these days, it bulked big to our fathers of the post-bellum time. Moreover, Blaine's part in it furnishes a classic example of what in those days was regarded as a "crushing reply." The clash happened on a day in 1866, and the scene was the House of Representatives. Conkling had the floor. Blaine interposed. "Does the gentleman from New York yield to the gentleman from Maine?" asked the Speaker. "No, sir," replied Conkling. "I do not wish to have anything to do with the *member* from Maine, not even so much as to yield him the floor." When, later, the member from Maine got the floor, this is what he said:

> As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of the large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain and grandiloquent swell, his majestic, super-eminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut, has been so crushing to myself and all the other members of the House that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the New York *Independent*, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. He took it seriously, and it has given his strut an additional pomposity. The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis! Forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire.

"Conkling," writes Depew, treating of the year 1880, "was swayed by a perfectly savage hatred of Blaine." We do not wonder.

EVEN the more moderate (or less candid) zealots who move about under the nebulous appellations "radical" and "liberal" are busily engaged in hurling language at one another as to who is who and what is what. The pro-war liberals were and are a poor, timid, and compromising lot, according to the anti-war liberals; while the antis, according to the pros, are an ineffective and uninstructed group of sentimentalists who did not and can not grasp the meaning of *realpolitik*. To the radicals (the unspecified sort — mere radicals), as well as to the Socialists and the Communists of various groups, both liberal wings are about equal in lack of understanding of fundamental things and in all-round futility. And so they are all talking it out, and the controversial combat thickens. The points at issue are in number as the autumnal leaves along the brooks of Vallombrosa and in variety as the figures in a kaleidoscope. Was the late Randolph Bourne a Liberal? Yes, says Professor Laski in the *Freeman*, but the wrong kind, because he had an inadequate notion of real liberty. Nothing of the sort, answers a Communist-Socialist correspondent: Bourne was a "creative skeptic," and he had exactly the right notion of liberty. Did Professor John Dewey and the *New Republic* really bring on America's intervention in the war? There is high authority for the charge, but the matter has not yet been sufficiently threshed out for a verdict. It is easy enough for the radical and anti-war liberal brethren to agree upon the reprehensibility of anything that promoted the war; but to admit so large an effect from so futile an agent as a pro-war liberal goes hard. It is therefore unlikely that the verdict against the defendants will be more severe than that of "accessory before the fact." Ordinary folk can watch the whole combat with serenity. If the controversialists succeed, to even the slightest degree, in clarifying their own minds a social good will have been gained.

RATS, mice, and English sparrows —such are the remnants of a once glorious fauna towards which Mr. Hornaday, of the New York Zoölogical Park, warns us that we are drifting, through lack of adequate measures to check the forces of extermination. One may admit a bit of exaggeration in his words, but as a means of emphasizing the urgency of the case it is pardonable. Mr. Hornaday's pamphlet, "The End of Game and Sport in America?" shows that the bag-limit laws of New York, together with the number of persons authorized to hunt, make legally and arithmetically possible the killing of nearly two and a half billion wild birds and quadrupeds in a single year. In other words, the real restriction is not the legal limit on the amount to be killed at all, but merely man's inability, for various reasons, to use up any considerable portion of the privileges which his hunting license gives. But he can use enough of these lavish concessions to threaten all kinds of game birds and animals with extinction. Mr. Hornaday suggests that all legal bag limits be reduced by one-half, and all open seasons in the same proportion. Furthermore, he would license the individual to hunt only one year out of two, and would raise the license fee to three times its present merely nominal figure. He urges the friends of wild life to use their influence for the public acquisition of marshes, waste woodlands, and mountains as game "sanctuaries," and to encourage the planting of large quantities of berry, nut, and seed bearing bushes and trees, with such annuals as kaffir corn, millet, and sorghum cane, as food for wild birds. One hopes that his pamphlet may have a wide and fruitful reading.

The Old Familiar Charge

THE country is approaching a Presidential campaign for which men who like to know exactly where they stand can have little relish. For even the fresh indications that Mr. Wilson will dictate the Democratic platform give no assurance that the issues will be squarely joined. Over and above the issues will be the personality of the President, about whom even intelligent antagonists can seldom argue with any satisfaction. Those opposed to the President will be told that, whatever the judgment of the present generation, the future will rank him as one of the greatest men of all time. It is indeed a sure sign of Mr. Wilson's *capacity* for greatness that he has so caught the imagination of many persons, both here and abroad, that they have seen, however vaguely, his vision of a new world order. But this only adds to our present difficulty. Those who have not "seen the light" will be asked to accept too much on faith—which is not the American way.

No amount of reasoning will entirely rid the situation of that difficulty. Yet there may be some advantage in disposing of one argument which is sure to be used insistently against the opponents of the President. They will be called "little Americans." It is high time that they learned how to defend themselves against the charge. The case of Senator Harding himself is instructive. Such a career as his is typically American — humble beginnings ripening into a life of large opportunities. An American he surely is. Is he a "little American"? Much depends upon the year in which he is examined. From the moment the President gave the word, there was no one in the Senate more eager to see the war prosecuted to a decisive conclusion than he. Would anyone in those days have thought it proper to dub him a "little American"? And what shall be said of the Americanism of that host of persons now unfriendly to the President's international programme, who, long before 1917, agitated for our active participation with the Allies?

A mass of nonsense has been uttered at the expense of the "little Americans." A great majority of our citizens have all along been heartily in favor of destroying once and for all the menace of Prussianism, and opposition to the President increased because he seemed to many, in the early years of the war, to be making Germany's case easier than it should have been. To them the President's later advocacy of a League of Nations appeared to be the outcropping of a perfectionist, who could not be supposed to use the new instrument more effectively than he used the position of President in confronting German insults and brutalities. It was prompted, they felt, by an easy confidence in international machinery designed to take the place of the free individual action which, if directed by another hand, would have made our war record a prouder one. They were eager to see the Allies through their difficulty and to help execute the terms of peace. If they could not approve all the clauses of a Covenant the creation of which Europe itself, we now know, would have been glad to postpone until after arranging the peace terms, are they therefore to be called "little Americans"?

We trust that the phrase will be discredited before the campaign proceeds very far. It would merely confuse a valuable issue. For the country wishes by all means to know what the candidates intend to do about Europe. That we must now assume large responsibilities with reference to Europe is certain, and it will not do to trust any half-hearted professions on this important matter. Yet let it be remembered that they are not "big Americans," or big anything else, who, through a vague yearning for a perfect world, or through their implicit confidence in the judgment of one man, shout for the Covenant just as it stands. It is the tough-minded American to whom we must look in this emergency. That many such, while approving the reservations, have for years worked feverishly to relieve Europe's distress is evidence enough that they are neither hard-hearted nor little, Americans.

The World and the Soothsayers

THE British Ambassador, in his address to the Princeton Alumni, drew a picture of the world's state of mind, and of the prospects of the existing economic order, which was calculated to make the young men to whom he was speaking anything but merry. He followed it up, it is true, with the assurance that he was "far from pessimistic," that he believed that "out of this turmoil, this seething and bubbling of new thoughts and new ideas, we may get something a little saner, a little nobler, in our civilization"; but what reason there was for this hope he was apparently content to let his audience guess for themselves. If the existing economic order has proved a ghastly failure, something more is required to warrant a denial of pessimism than a mere vague impression that better things are coming. Sir Auckland Geddes appears to belong to that large company of misty "liberals" who rise superior to their allegiance to the institutions of the past and present, without having gone through that mental travail which is necessary for the formation of a different allegiance to take its place. "The stage is surely set for great changes," he tells us; for millions of working people are saying to themselves, "What is a life worth that at the end leaves us with nothing achieved except having avoided being starved to death, and having produced children who will follow in our path?" And not only is this the case at the present time, but "as this century opened, we had in Europe an order that was obviously nearing its end."

This sort of thing, uttered with portentous solemnity by the representative of the British Empire in our country, is calculated to make a profound impression upon open-minded young men. "Here," they say, "is a man who really knows what is going on, a man who can estimate the gravity of the present, and forecast the development of the future, as we can not. Of course, we all know that this is a time big with important changes;

we all know that there is a vast amount of unrest among the working people the world over; but we are apt to imagine that improvement will come without subversion or revolution, and here is a wise man who, though refraining from using these words, is clearly convinced that it is all up with the world as we have known it. We might as well make up our minds that Socialism is upon us, and adjust ourselves to the inevitable."

But let us look at the matter a little more closely. Is there any evidence that Sir Auckland has done any real thinking on the subject, either as to its facts or its philosophy? He does not appear to be a Socialist; on the contrary, apart from its broad vaticinations, his talk sounds like that of any other British or American public man who feels that important economic and social changes are taking place, which it will require great sagacity to make safe and beneficent. The trouble with him, as with so many of our own half-way apostles of a new social order, is that although he presents a state of things so grave that nothing short of Socialism can possibly mend it, he shrinks from accepting the position either of a Socialist or of a pessimist. Things are going to come right somehow; we are going to have omelets without breaking of eggs.

As to his account of facts, it happens that Sir Auckland gives us a very excellent means of judging of the weight to be attached to it. He has made the brilliant discovery that the real cause of the European War was the growth of American population, which had had the effect of making wheat unendurably dear in Germany. Let us hear exactly what Sir Auckland says:

> Believe me, I have gone into this thing fairly carefully, and I think that it is not very difficult to show that the development of your population here was the principal cause in making the European War inevitable.
>
> Germany was being forced into a position with rising food costs—look at the change in the price of wheat in the first ten years of this century—Germany was being forced into a position in which she almost had to fight.

Now there had actually been a considerable rise in the price of wheat in the first ten years of this century; but the price just preceding that time was not a normal one, but that abnormally low price which furnished the foundation for Bryan's whirlwind campaign for free silver in 1896. It happens that the course of wheat prices in Germany was the subject of an elaborate article which appeared in the leading German economic journal, Conrad's *Jahrbücher*, in 1914. From this it appears that the average price of wheat per hundredweight during the period 1847-70 was 10.95 marks; in the following three decades the average price was 11.43, 8.35, 6.76, respectively, the last figure being for the decade 1891-1900. The average price for 1901-5 was 6.65 marks; for 1906-10, it was 8.02, for the year 1911 it was 7.85 and for 1912 it was 8.38. So it appears that that price of wheat which was so terrible that Germany was driven to fight out of sheer desperation was only 20 or 25 per cent. above the phenomenally low price of 1891-1900, and was decidedly below the prices that had prevailed for half a century preceding that low-price decade.

So far, then, from having "gone into this thing fairly carefully," Sir Auckland has not even the poor support of a little specious bit of statistics to sustain his tremendous conclusion that Germany was in a position "in which she almost had to fight." The idea was in any case so monstrous—the gap so enormous between a high price for wheat and the burning up of the world as a remedy—that we cite the figures not so much to refute what every sensible man ought to recognize at once as an absurdity, as to bring out the irresponsible character of the whole breed of Sir Oracles to whom a time of disturbance like the present opens such abundant opportunities. What destiny has in store for the world is obscure to the rest of us, but it is manifest to them; and most frequently it is the "economic interpretation of history" that gives them the key with which they unlock the secrets of the future. It is an extremely handy instrument, and does completely in a moment what years of study without it would fail to accomplish. But whether the easy-going conclusions to which it gives access are trustworthy or not is another question; and it is a bit of good fortune, therefore, to get an occasional test of the matter when, instead of dipping into the future, the soothsayer ventures with a like jaunty confidence into questions of the past. One such confident dealer in world-horoscopes, Professor Simon N. Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, some years ago put forth the happy-thought discovery that the true cause of the French Revolution was that the industries of France had been ruined by the "industrial revolution" in England; but he happened to overlook the trifling circumstance that in 1789 the "industrial revolution" was still in its embryonic stage, and could not possibly have produced any noteworthy effect on French prosperity. It may be that the existing order of society is on its last legs, but the solemn pronouncements of this type of prophets add nothing whatever to the reasons we may have for thinking so. And men of sense should concern themselves not with fatalistic guesses as to what the future is to be, but with the duty of helping to shape that future according to their own judgment of what is good.

Greeks and Poles

VENIZELOS is bent upon enforcing the Turkish peace treaty without, if need be, the assistance of the Powers. His unexpected arrival at Hythe had, apparently, the twofold object of pressing this offer and of obviating any intentions on the part of certain Powers to temporize with the Turk. The recent agreement between General Gouraud and Mustapha Kemal constitutes a serious menace to the Greeks of Asia Minor, and is likely to be followed by further concessions to the Nationalists by the French, who, in trying to placate the Nationalist leader, may hope to safeguard their interests in Syria and, at the same time, play him against the British. Greek interests, therefore, fall in line with the policy of England, which, having gained control of the Turkish Government in

Constantinople, must look upon any compromise with the Nationalists in Anatolia as an attempt to thwart that policy and to neutralize the results it has achieved so far.

There is a striking analogy between the rôle which Venizelos wishes to assign to Greece and that which Poland is now playing under the management of Pilsudski. Russian Bolshevists and Turkish Nationalists are both a menace to Europe and her civilization, and it is with the claim of rendering service to these that both the Polish Republic and the Greek Kingdom are willing to take up arms against their eastern neighbors. The difference is in the response which their sacrifice meets in the west. Pilsudski receives moral and material support from Paris and is praised in the French press for his political foresight and his championship of Western culture; in England public opinion is either cool or indignant at the Polish offensive, which it condemns as a fit of megalomania. But the same French press which considers the Red terror such a menace as to justify the encouragement of Polish expansionism, is stubbornly opposed to strong action being taken against the Bolshevists' Allies in Asia Minor, the Turkish Nationalists under Mustapha Kemal's leadership. Here it is England which favors such action, and the latest reports as to the British rushing their entire Mediterranean fleet to Turkey read like an angry reply to the French armistice with Mustapha Kemal.

It is clear that the policy of neither Power, reacting so differently to the same menace in different parts of the world, is based on any distinctly defined principle. One would think that, if the Bolshevist danger demands the sacrifice of Polish lives and French money, a similar sacrifice on the part of Greece should receive a similar support from France. But jealousy of British power in Asia is stronger with the French than their fear lest the success of Kemal's opposition to the treaty should indirectly benefit his allies in Moscow. As Saladin says in *The Talisman*, "A wild cat in a chamber is more dangerous than a lion in a distant desert." So to the French the nearer danger of British hegemony in anterior Asia is a greater menace than the far-off one of Soviet Russia getting hold of it.

Thus Venizelos and Pilsudski, united in opposition against a common menace, are divided by the diverging policies of their powerful supporters. It is questionable whether Poland, even with the wholehearted assistance of British opinion and Mr. Lloyd George's Government, could realize her ambitions. The events, so far, seem to justify our apprehension that the danger from abroad would tend to strengthen Lenin's position by rallying all Russian parties round the Government in charge of the country's defense. In Asia Minor the chances are different. Venizelos intends no aggression such as that of Pilsudski. He offers the services of the Greek army only for the protection of the frontiers delimited by the peace treaty against the aggression of Mustapha Kemal, a rebel against his own Government and sovereign. Kemal's defeat is demanded by the safety of Greeks and Armenians, by the prestige of the Powers that drafted the peace treaty which he defies, and by the necessity of stemming the red tide of Bolshevism wherever it rushes across the Russian frontier. Incidentally, the overthrow of Kemal, it is true, would serve to establish British power over a wider area than seems compatible with the French interests. But viewing the situation with an eye to the interests, not only of France, but of the world and its peace, we believe that France, even at the risk of indirectly promoting the interests of England, would serve her own, and those of Europe and Asia, by backing the Greeks rather than the Poles.

The decision taken at Hythe by Lloyd George and Millerand to accept Venizelos' offer is a welcome indication that the French Premier, at any rate, refuses to be responsible for the policy advocated by the *Temps*, which, to quote Auguste Gauvain's definition in the *Journal des Débats*, consists in "making things easy for the Turkish Nationalists in order to make things embarrassing for the English."

Population and Housing

NEW YORK'S gigantic size has not made it superior to the kind of mental agitation which American cities of lesser magnitude experience when Uncle Sam's census count fails to come up to their expectations. The outstanding feature of that count, as it stands in the preliminary announcement, is that the population of the Borough of Manhattan fell from 2,331,542 in 1910 to 2,284,103 in 1920, a loss of 47,439. Revision of the census may alter this result; apparently good authorities, basing their conclusions on pertinent considerations, differ in their opinion on the question. But it is safe to say that Manhattan's population either actually declined, or at all events increased very little, during the decade.

This circumstance, taken in conjunction with the acute shortage of housing in Manhattan, suggests an important question bearing upon the shortage of housing in other cities as well as in New York. During the first half of the decade, and more, house-building was going on as usual; and, although there has been in Manhattan a large amount of conversion of dwelling property into business property, it does not seem at all probable that this has been sufficient to more than cancel the addition that has been made to dwelling accommodation during the decade. If this be so, and if the population has either declined or remained stationary, how is the housing shortage to be accounted for? There seems to be but one possible explanation. It is that there are large numbers of families which are now occupying more dwelling space than they did ten years ago—in other words, that the crowding of some people into less space is caused by the expanding of others into more space.

Just how largely this factor actually accounts for the situation in New York, or in any other place, is a question that can be determined only by careful and difficult investigation. But that the factor does enter into the case hardly admits of doubt. The

thing is one illustration, and a very important one, of the profound disturbance that is caused by the great and sudden change which has taken place in money valuations. That disturbance is due to the irregularity with which the change has taken place. While wages on the whole have probably risen less than prices, and while most salaries have risen very little, there are many classes of labor whose compensation has advanced much more rapidly than prices have—has trebled or more, while prices have doubled. But house rents were far *slower* to rise than general prices; it is only within the last year that a very great rise of rents has been general. Now in those circumstances it seems inevitable that many classes of working people should, in the course of the first two or three years of their greatly heightened wages, have availed themselves of the chance to get better dwelling accommodations, at the reasonable prices then still prevailing; and this would have, with the cessation of building, the unescapable consequence of crowding the rest of the wage-earning and salaried class into more restricted quarters. And the same kind of thing must have happened among the well-to-do classes, as between those that found their money incomes increased beyond the average and those that did not.

The point is important in itself; bearing, as it does, both upon the ethics and the economics of the housing question. But it has also a wider interest. For it points towards a feature of the high-price situation in general which has received far too little attention. Tremendous as is the evil that has been wrought by the great fall in the purchasing power of the monetary unit, it is necessary to remember, in the interest of truth, that the high prices which are one man's poison are another man's food. The thing works gross injustice; it ought to be prevented if it can be prevented, cured if there is any good way of curing it; but it should be noted that there are, even in the wage-earning class, large numbers of persons who have been gainers, not losers, by it.

Shepherds and Song in the Day's News

A YOUNG man, Paul Darde—so runs a Paris despatch—who began life as a shepherd in the Cévennes, has won the Prix National for sculpture. In that bit of news there is matter for pleasant reflection which, though it will solve none of the problems that press upon us, may at least force them back to a point from which they can not overwhelm us.

A shepherd, who, while he watched his flock, learned to carve strange little figures in wood! Why not? From oldest times shepherds, when not singing and piping more sweetly than the murmurings of pine, have ever been quaint carvers of dials that they might justly note the passage of quiet hours over grass softer than sleep. One, more fortunate, perhaps had sight of the Great Pan himself at noonday, or of a faun a-crouch, his eye fixed on yonder grove of tamarisks where but lately it marked the gleam of a white shoulder. It was another shepherd who left his father's scanty flock and went forth to slay his tens of thousands and to sing immortally to the praising harp.

A shepherd, too, of the Cévennes! Doubtless of the sunnier slope, the better for flocks, which looks towards the vine and olive of a land which speaks not "oui" or "si," but "oc." There would be needed, one fancies, just that touch of warmth to temper the stern piety of a Camisard ancestry, just that sense of the goodliness of earth to lend body to the mystic ecstacies of the son of a people who numbered themselves also among the prophets. The Gothic face, craggy and bearded, of the young sculptor should lift itself, for a glimpse of the pagan world, to Rome's turbulent, mirthful, sunburnt Provence.

His successful contributions to the Salon, the despatch tells us, are a crouching faun and a snake-locked Medusa. Not a Greek faun, we warrant. The sculptor confesses to being a reader of Dante. *Eccovi!* Here is a faun that, too, has been in Hell. His smile proves it. It is the smile he wore on the night that the plain folk of the Cévennes did away in the name of the Lord with the Abbé du Chayla who in the Lord's name had persecuted them. He is a faun who has crouched not by rivers of Tempe or of Arcady but by the river of time. And not the placid Greek Medusa, we fancy, imaging in her countenance the stony death which is the instant lot of all who look upon her. Rather, a Gorgo quivering under the sorrows that have been laid upon her, and sensible that if sorrow itself is no less immortal than she, endurance also is not less.

If this is not enough refreshment to have picked up beside the worn and dusty highway of the day's news, observe the item that immediately follows it. Madame Melba, singing near London into a microphone, is heard through the agency of wireless telephone in Rome, Madrid, Berlin, and Stockholm. That is another side of the picture—man through countless generations at work on his theories and devices, testing, discarding, contriving, not knowing exactly what is to come of it all, but finally, by means of it, sending the living voice to earth's uttermost parts. There, too, quite unexpectedly, is the solution of a problem. When it comes finally to a point of conversing with other worlds, what can man possibly say worthy of the vehicle of his own magnificent contrivance? The platitudes of Mayor greeting Mayor across a continent, the dismal facts of our economics, the details of the latest fashionable murder — not these, surely, but the voice of Melba, a language that would be understood in other worlds than ours.

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JEROME LANDFIELD

Big Sinners and Little Ones

IN the years when Mr. Henry Labouchère solaced his combative soul and agitated the British public by touching off explosives in the pages of *Truth* (a vivacious periodical with a disputable title), it was his especial joy to print in parallel columns a selection from the lists of crimes committed weekly in England, with their curiously ill-adjusted penalties. Fourteen shillings fine for assaulting a wife. Fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing a scrag of mutton. Ten shillings fine for assaulting a policeman. Two months' imprisonment for stealing a pair of boots. Ten shillings fine for knifing a sister-in-law—probably under provocation. Ten shillings fine for sleeping out of doors, in default of a bed to sleep in.

Making due allowance for Mr. Labouchère's incomprehension of the British temperament, its profound distaste for thieving, and easy disregard of a skirmish, he was right in assuming that justice in England "wad thole amends." It is plain that he was puzzled as well as affronted; and we Amerieans can sympathize with his perplexity when we read in one column of our morning paper that a man was arrested, fined, and sent to jail for carrying a flask of whisky; and in another column that a gang of thieves had carted away, without let or hindrance, fourteen barrels of whisky, valued at $21,000, from a bonded warehouse. The extraordinary acuteness of the law in X-raying a citizen's hip pocket, and bringing to light one little flask, contrasts strangely with its extraordinary obtuseness in allowing to malefactors all the leisure and liberty needed for rolling down fourteen barrels from the high racks where they were stored, examining their contents, piling them on a truck, and carrying them peacefully away.

The bulk and weight of merchandise would seem to the uninitiated to be an important factor in its safety; but this is because we picture thieves as subject to intrusion. The burglars who removed from the shelves of a New York dealer twelve hundred silk sweaters, weighing half a ton, and valued at $30,000, were undaunted by the specific gravity of their find. There is something oppressive in the mere thought of half a ton of sweaters, and it must have taken patience and perseverance to purloin them. But as $60,000 worth of silk coats had been stolen from an adjacent building two weeks before, and $35,000 worth of clothing from a building in the rear one week before that, the burglars were probably working along familiar and accustomed lines. With an intelligence almost human, the detectives employed on the case opined that all three burglaries were committed by the same band; but regretted that "in each instance they were so careful about their movements that they did not leave a single clue." One wonders what these annoyed officials expected to find. Visiting cards and telephone numbers to facilitate arrest?

That liquor brought from unregenerate ports to the United States should be discovered and confiscated is natural enough. All the agents have to do is to search every boat that comes along, and sooner or later they will find something. But that two men who distilled a little whisky in the tranquil privacy of a Bronx stable should have been swiftly apprehended, and severely punished, illustrates what we like to call the "Argus eyes" and the "long arm" of the law. Apparently the only safe thing to do with whisky in this country is to steal it. This is so well understood that six million dollars' worth has been unlawfully removed from the guardianship of the Republic.

When booty of lighter weight and higher value is desired, the burglar transforms himself into a "motor bandit," and carries off his prize on sunny days at noon. If he works along the line of least resistance, he is content to smash a jeweler's window glass, take what he wants from the window, step into his confederate's "high-speed" motor, and disappear behind a smoke screen from the gaping crowd in the street. If his confidence and his cupidity run high, he walks with a few well-selected associates into the jeweler's shop, holds up clerks and customers with revolvers, helps himself to whatever is most costly, and retires in good form to the waiting car.

This occurs so often, and with such monotonous sameness, that each new crime reads like a repetition of the old one. I know few things more intelligible or more pitiful than the defiance of a Chicago jeweler, who, when confronted with the customary bandits and the customary revolvers, and bidden to open his safe, answered desperately: "Go ahead and shoot! I've been robbed so often, and lost so much, that I'd just as soon you would." The robbers, so bidden, did shoot; then herded the two clerks into a rear room, emptied the jewel cases into a canvas bag, and left their victim huddled bleeding and unconscious on the floor. God is in his Heaven, without doubt; but all is not right with a world in which such things happen daily.

There is a periodical published weekly in New York called the *Jewelers' Circular*, which is presumably bought and read by men in that line of business. I picked up a copy for May 19, 1920, expecting to find articles on goldsmith's work and precious stones; instead of which this particular number read like an echo of the *Police Gazette*. There was first of all a description of a "Burglar-Proof Show Window," protected by two sheets of fine glass with a "pyroxylin plastic sheet" between them, and warranted to give window-smashers "the surprise of their young lives." Next came a long account of the ingenious robbing of Philadelphia jewelers in a Philadelphia hotel by an imitation cripple, who had $35,000 worth of jewels sent to his apartments, and took away all he wanted, after locking up the messenger in a bath-room. This account was hopefully headed, "No Trace of Gem Bandit."

Two pages further on there was an interesting paper on a Jekyll and Hyde chauffeur who ran a respectable car for a respectable family in the

daytime, and a bandit car for burglars at night. This was followed by a warning to Chicago and Milwaukee jewelers to be on their guard against a young man of simple and confiding manners who desires to look at unset diamonds for an engagement ring, and who manages to leave a paste substitute for at least one valuable stone. Then came a photograph of Pedro Silva, a young Italian who, with a Mexican accomplice, raided a number of jewelers' shops in the State of Kansas. Then a brief dissertation on some New Jersey safebreakers, an account of a pearl robbery in New Orleans, a diamond robbery in Cincinnati, a diamond and pearl robbery in Kansas City, another in Chicago ("no clue to the robbers"), and last but not least the pleasant tale of the recovery of jewels stolen from Sioux City, because the bandits' car stuck in the mud. All honor to the bad roads of Iowa!

It is a generous showing for a week. When Mr. William E. Johnson, known to newspaper readers as "Pussyfoot" Johnson (a phrase equally offensive to prohibitionists and to cat-lovers), spoke last March in Paris to the French Anti-Alcoholic League, he told his audience that in his arid and admirable land, "The prisons are empty, the banks are full, the people are happy." A terrestrial paradise, not clearly recognizable to those who live in it. If the people are happy, they have a confoundedly uneasy way of manifesting their content. If the banks are full, money is tight. If the prisons are empty, it is partly because minor offenses are less frequent, and partly because major offenders, who ought to be in prison, are at large. The preposterously high rates of burglar insurance point to a state of recognized insecurity. When that oppressed member of the public body known as the tax-payer protests against these rates, he is told that the steady increase of burglary, the value of the goods stolen, and the impossibility of obtaining either protection or restitution, make such insurance the costly thing it is, and may end by making it impossible.

To say that this carnival of crime is attributable to "widespread social conditions" is simple, safe, and unhampered by any promise of betterment. A Tammany administration may account for the lawlessness of New York, but not for the lawlessness of other cities. Mr. Arthur Woods, an able ex-Police-Commissioner of New York, has informed us in the pages of the New York *Tribune* that "Scientific policing of a city is comparatively a new thing in our American life," and adds that the great Metropolis has given "intensive study" to the needs of every precinct she controls. This sounds hopeful; but the edge is taken off our confidence when we read further on that "there are on an average twenty-five persons a day arrested in New York who are mentally defective." Of course! These are just the people who would be arrested—as easily scooped up as were the drunks and disorderlies of the old bad days, as far removed from the disobliging criminals who carry off a ton and a half of goods, and leave no "clue" behind them.

An anonymous ex-convict, writing recently in the *Outlook,* regrets that the judges of the criminal courts should so often come to the bench with "blunted ethical perceptions." Curiously enough, this is a phrase which the unenlightened have been wont to apply to wrong-doers. It is not only the men who strip showcases, open safes, hold up paymasters, and shoot the disaffected whose standard of ethics seems imperfect. Eighty-two lynchings in the year 1919 would seem to indicate that trial by jury had grown distasteful to a section of the public. The men who offended the majesty of the law by distilling a few gallons of whisky in a stable were sent—very properly—to prison. The man who offended the majesty of the law by standing up in a Virginia courtroom and saying that he hoped to see the American flag go under, and the red flag float in its stead, had his bond reduced to one-tenth of the original sum, through the courtesy of the Department of Labor in Washington, and was promptly released to do all in his power to lower the Stars and Stripes.

The same leniency was accorded to Robert Minor, who, having striven without much success to undermine the loyalty of the American soldiers at Coblenz, and win them over to Germany and the Spartacists, was freed from the annoyance of military restraint, and suffered to return to the United States, to pursue his labors under more harmonious conditions. The consideration shown to these offenders was in exact proportion to the gravity of their offense.

It is an old story, and far more universal than Mr. Labouchère ever suspected. The most painful problem which confronted us in the great war was the slacker, a very human person, after all, whom we took little trouble to understand. Courage is largely a matter of education, loyalty of tradition. The slacker had, as a rule, neither education nor tradition to help him face the guns. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* would have meant as little to him in one language as in another. He was simply and honestly afraid; and the accounts he could not help hearing of Germany's ferocity lent anguish to his fear. An inglorious and pitiful figure whose hard fate it was to be asked for greater things than his nature could yield.

For such a culprit, lenity is as reasonable as it is right. But when that arch-slacker Bergdoll, whose name, Grover Cleveland, insults the memory of a great American, illustrated the ease with which wealth evades the law, the scales of justice seemed a bit unbalanced. This young German-American has always entertained a lively contempt for restrictions of any sort. When he drove a car, he drove it recklessly. When he was deprived of his license, he went on driving without one. When he played at aviation, he flew his plane perilously low over the city's roofs. When he refused his service (it wouldn't have been worth much) to his country, he did so defiantly and rejoicingly, sending derisive postals from various States to the disappointed officials of the Draft Board. It was a superlative contempt for authority which induced him to return home after the armistice, and which finally compelled his arrest.

Now why should Mr. Gibboney and Mr. Romig have assured the public that Bergdoll would have been released anyhow as soon as the adjutant-general had reviewed the case; and lamented that the "impatience" of their young friend had made him unwilling to bide a few weeks longer in prison. Apparently it was a question of patience or impatience, of willingness or unwillingness, and the decision was left to the prisoner.

In Mr. Galsworthy's last volume of tales there is a heart-rending sketch of a good, a very good, German in London, who is interned during several years of the war, to the ruin of himself and his family. It is the kind of story which is sure to strike a sympathetic chord in the sentimentalist's heart. The disastrous results of England's long delay in interning her German residents is naturally not alluded to. The inevitable inclusion of the innocent with the guilty in a general internment is dwelt upon with emphasis. Consequently, violence and treachery are allowed to drop out of sight, and censure is reserved for the possible blunder of the well-intentioned.

France's indulgence to the great offender is proved by the clemency accorded to Caillaux, for whom "extenuating circumstances" were discovered, but not divulged, who was held to have served his term while waiting for trial, whose other penalties were too light for consideration, and who is once more at liberty to dishonor his country's name. It took the courage and the noble rage of Clemenceau to compel a prosecution. An acquittal was not possible. But that Caillaux should walk, free and disdainful, over the graves of French soldiers whose work he strove to undo, is an insult to every man who died for France. There was a bitter irony in inviting Mr. Hearst to help welcome our returning troops. Had Caillaux been at large on the Fourteenth of July, he might have occupied a distinguished post at the Fête de la Victoire. Was Benedict Arnold asked to be a guest of honor at the inauguration of Washington?

AGNES REPPLIER

The Monroe Doctrine as an Adventure in Foreign Policy

IN American history every departure in foreign policy from one based upon geographical isolation is an adventure into world politics. Washington laid the basis of the policy of isolation, and for an immediate purpose—to protect the United States from its late enemy, Great Britain, and likewise from its ally, France. His goal was freedom of action and an American character. Jefferson wrote of isolation as an end in itself. He declared in his inaugural that there was enough land within the bounds of the United States, that is east of the Mississippi, for "the thousandth and the thousandth generation." He recommended to Congress the building of a dock where the navy might be "laid up dry and under cover from the sun," and pinned his faith to such peaceful coercion as embargoes. Two wars in rapid succession—that with the Barbary States and that with Great Britain—seemed to indicate that isolation of a nation's life and interests was difficult in the world as it was.

The occasion of the first formal adventure in American history in foreign policy was an aftermath of the Napoleonic wars. The powers of Europe, freed from the menace of Napoleon, turned to rebuilding their fences at home and to shepherding their flocks abroad. Fur traders of Great Britain and Russia and missionaries of Spain, as well as explorers and traders of the United States, were beginning to meet on the Pacific slopes of North America. It was a remote problem for either nation. But the United States, as well as the other Powers, had a Secretary of Foreign Affairs planning for a distant future. In 1818 John Quincy Adams held the British advance into the Oregon country within bounds by the agreement that for the next ten years, at least, there should be joint occupation. The following year a treaty with Spain limited the northward reach of the Spanish claims on the Pacific coast to the forty-second parallel. A treaty of 1824 likewise limited the southward reach of Russia with the parallel which is now the southern boundary of Alaska. Diplomacy was making progress with one world problem—that of the ownership of the Pacific side of North America. Everywhere the rivals to the United States were thinned down to one: Spain in California, England in the Oregon country, and Russia in Alaska, a region in which the United States at the time had about as much interest as a Western farmer has in Uganda or Timbuctu. During the correspondence of Adams with the Russian Government—to be exact, on July 17, 1823—he had asserted "*that the American continents were no longer subjects for any new European colonial establishment.*"

A second problem of world politics emerged in 1822. Rumor ran that a revolution impended in Cuba; in fact, some of the would-be insurgents made advances to the United States for annexation. England, France, and the United States each felt that the control of Cuba would be vital to its interests. England went so far as to send a fleet to the waters of Cuba and Porto Rico for the purpose of guarding its commerce and checkmating annexation by the United States. The move aroused the American Government. Adams sent a letter to the Minister at the court of Spain outlining the policy of the United States in regard to Cuba. That island, he said, is a natural appendage of the United States, bound to become "indispensable to the continuance and the integrity of the Union itself" within half a century, and destined by all the laws of political gravitation to fall to the North American Union in the process of time. In the meantime it was the policy of the United States to favor Spain's retention of both Cuba and Porto Rico. The letter, which bore the date of April 28, 1823, included the significant statement that the United States would *not interfere with the dependencies*

of European Powers in the new world.

The third problem of the United States arose from the rumor that Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France of the Bourbon restoration, all joined together in a sort of league of peace for and by benevolent despots, were to aid Spain in reconquering its Spanish American colonies. The danger was, perhaps, remote, but so far as it was real it threatened the interests of both Great Britain and the United States, and started forces which tended to establish a *rapprochement* between the two. During the summer and early fall of 1823 Canning for Great Britain and Adams for the United States watched closely the movements of the European allies. The American interest in Chile, Peru, and Argentina about equaled that of to-day in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Serbia—namely, the wish to secure for the small States in South America an opportunity to continue and develop their democratic organization, and beyond this to set up a new world order in the regions which they occupied, an order of peace and self-development. The liberal elements in Great Britain shared this American sentiment. The powerful commercial interests of the kingdom were interested in the retention of the trade relations which they had established with the revolutionary republics. Four times Canning, casting about for an effective policy, suggested in one form or another a joint declaration by the United States and Great Britain against any plan to subjugate for Spain the Hispanic-American Republics. President Monroe's first impulse was to accede to Canning's plan. The ex-Presidents, Jefferson and Madison, were consulted. They, too, favored the *entente* with Great Britain. They seemed to think such a policy would separate Great Britain entirely from the European coalition and align that Power definitely and finally upon the side of free government. Jefferson recognized that such a course might block the annexation of Cuba by the United States, but he was willing to make the sacrifice for the greater benefits which he saw in the powerful combination with Great Britain in a good cause. Madison wanted coöperation to go further and take the form of intervention in behalf of the liberals in Spain and the Greeks struggling for freedom from Turkey. Many of the leading men of the day, members of Congress like Webster and Clay, elder statesmen like Gallatin, supported intervention in behalf of liberalism everywhere. All the paraphernalia of the American foreign policy—aloofness, isolation, non-entangling alliances which time had gathered—were seemingly to be thrown overboard.

The Secretary of State, who had spent the summer in his New England home, returned to Washington in October to find the new foreign policy taking shape. With the Russian measures for the colonization of the Pacific coast and the British designs on Cuba and the plans of the league for a South American restoration all in mind as the separate moves in world politics, he took the position that the United States ought to act separately "rather than to come in as a cock-boat in the wake of a British man-of-war," to declare its own policy, and thus in effect make of these combined episodes the elements of a popular national foreign policy. "The ground I wish to take," he said, "is that of earnest remonstrance against the interference of European policy by force with South America, but to disclaim all interference on our part with Europe; to make an American cause and adhere inflexibly to that." Such a procedure had the added advantage, no mean one for an out-and-out expansionist like Adams, that it blocked further territorial acquisitions by Great Britain without in the slightest degree embarrassing the expansion of the United States. If it was Canning's double purpose, as some imagine, by an alliance with the United States to save British commerce in Latin America and checkmate the United States in Cuba, Adams had played the game of the diplomat well for a son of the new world.

Monroe accepted the views of his Secretary of State and revised the earlier draft of his message to Congress to include them. The foreign policy of John Quincy Adams became the Monroe Doctrine by full and frank adoption.

The historian gives Monroe's foreign policy a greater unity than it probably had in its author's mind. The message was discursive in form. The parts which told of the measures which had been taken upon foreign policy were scattered throughout the message, in connection with the several subjects under discussion. The combination of these paragraphs into the so-called Monroe Doctrine gives the policy a greater force than it had in the original form. The purpose of the framers is none the less clear and positive—to secure the Americas for the Americans. That the United States was one of the Americas and to be the greatest beneficiary was only incidental. Those that see national selfishness written throughout miss the spirit of the new order which the authors sought to found for the western hemisphere. They proposed to establish the new order by removing from the world Powers the temptation for a war for the division of the Americas. They sought to avoid the nineteenth century counterpart of the colonial French and Indian wars. The clause against further colonization was an announcement that the United States was endeavoring to terminate the rivalry of the nations of Europe in the settlement of the Americas begun with Columbus, Cabot, and Cartier. This meant that the settlement of the wild lands of the Americas was to be left to the nations then claiming them. The clause against intervention of European powers in South American affairs assumed that there was an American system of government essentially different from that of Europe, and announced that the United States would "consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." European Powers with American colonies were assured that the United States had no intention of interfering with them.

One part of the old foreign policy remained, that in regard to Europe:

"not to interfere with the internal concerns of any of its Powers; to consider the Government, *de facto*, as the legitimate Government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by frank, firm, and manly policy, meeting, in all instances, the just claims of every Power, submitting to injuries from none."

The policy of Washington and Jefferson had comprised only the interests of the eastern portion of the North American continent. That of Adams and Monroe included the two Americas; the first had been hardly continental in scope, the second hemispheric. The United States knew neither Asia nor Africa as yet; it would continue to hold aloof from old world politics; it would adventure wholesouled into the politics of the new world. What the adventure meant or might mean men stood ready to foretell. When the popular Speaker of the House of Representatives attempted to place Congress upon record for Monroe's adventure by a resolution of endorsement, he found the Congressmen, mainly on grounds of expediency, unwilling to commit themselves. John Randolph voiced the open opposition. "You will put the peace of the nation into peril," he said, "and for whom? For a people of whom we know almost as little as we do about the Greeks. Can any man in this House say what even is the state of society in Buenos Aires—its moral condition, etc.? Let us adhere to the policy laid down by the second, as well as the first founder of our Republic . . . by him who was the Camillus as well as the Romulus of the infant state: to the policy of peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none; for to entangling alliances we must come if you once embark in such projects as this." At least one Western paper, the Cleveland *Herald*, thought that the country would be unwisely guided if it should be involved in a war to defend nations "whose claims on us, politically, are limited to our best wishes and sympathies."

Only ignorance of the world as it was could make one say that the new world entered into an era of peace because of the adventure of Monroe. While the American President was leading the United States from what might have become a narrow-visioned isolation, Canning placed the British nation on record. The allied Powers of Europe were given to understand that intervention in Hispanic-American affairs would involve the interests of Great Britain. And history records that no intervention took place in that generation.

ELBERT J. BENTON

Jobs for New Brooms

I DON'T envy the statesman, patriot, or politician, whoever he may be, who comes to our town next March to be President of the United States for four years. I say explicitly four years because all the chances are that he will never serve a second term. He will find a job of house-cleaning facing him which he can not escape. It must be done. It has been put off too long already. It must be a real spring house-cleaning, too; not an ordinary dusting and sweeping. Now, everybody knows how disagreeable that is, how it frazzles nerves, destroys a pleasant routine, and makes for wranglings and janglings. The best that can be said for it is that it is a necessary evil.

If what has to be done in our national household is done, a great many persons will be disturbed and made uncomfortable and unhappy. They will resent it and lay the blame for their trouble on the President who undertakes the rehabilitation and reorganization of all the routine processes and normal necessary functions of day-by-day public business.

The new President will have to work. He won't be able to put in much time at being a great man and having noble sentiments. The time has come to fix the leak in the bathroom that is destroying the library ceiling. That sort of thing won't wait forever. Or, to change the figure, the new President, as the want ads. put it, must not only be a good chauffeur but a competent mechanician.

A blight rests on Washington at this moment. Everybody knows that. All the administrative processes are at the lowest ebb of efficiency. Morale in the departments and other executive establishments is equally low. There is no hope of any recovery or change until a new set of men comes in. The governmental machine will have to run along, as best it may, under its own momentum until next March. As proof of this, just the other day one of the recently inducted Cabinet officers was asked how he liked his new job. He said he thought it might be very interesting *if he had anything to do!* His mind was simply numbed by the prevalent lethargy. All of his capacities employed to the utmost could only begin to place his department on the plane of efficiency where it should be. It offers almost unlimited opportunities for constructive service that would immediately benefit the condition of all of us. Yet the man who should furnish the springs of action, the motive power, signs his name at the place indicated on routine papers, and deplores that he has nothing to do.

The new President will have to alter all that. He will have to bring a fresh impulse and vitality into the whole executive branch of the Government. He will need to bring to Washington with him as chiefs of executive departments men of enthusiasm, with capacity for hard work and an understanding of the problems and necessities of the great mass of clerks and subordinates who actually carry on, under direction, the work of government. They will find good material here, but at this juncture tired and discouraged and disillusioned. Also these new executives will find drones, and dead wood, and unfit material, the hodgepodge accumulation of years. This will have to be got rid of, and it won't be easy. It will want skill and delicacy plus a certain surgical ruthlessness.

The real construction job will be to reorganize the several departments and executive establishments. They are antiquated. They don't function properly and to the extent of their capacities. As I may phrase it: They don't develop their indicated horse power. All of the departments have grown by accretion and not by an orderly plan. They overlap in their duties and responsibilities. Work is duplicated, which is another way of saying that time and money are wasted. I am never tired of saying that it is your money. The Government never earned a penny. That is not its business. The Government spends its billions every year, but you earn it, and the Government has an infinite capacity for spending. It is the thing it does best. It is silly merely to complain of "Government extravagance" while you do nothing to stop it. It lies within your power.

John Sharp Williams used to say in the old days when he was in the House that the great main difference between serving in the State Legislature and in Congress was that when a member went home from the Legislature he was met at the train by a delegation of his constituents who asked: "Why in Sam Hill did you vote for that big appropriation? Taxes in this State are too high already." But when the members of Congress came home after adjournment the same delegation was at the train to ask: "Why

didn't you get a new post office, and a public building at Pineville, and something for the district in the River and Harbor bill?" The poor innocents wanted some "Government money."

But all that is aside from my present contention as to the immediate need of reorganizing and rehabilitating the Government departments. I present a compact bit of testimony from an expert and competent witness, Representative Good, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives:

To-day duplication in the Government service abounds on every hand. For example, eight different departments of the Government with large overhead organizations are engaged in engineering work in navigation, irrigation and drainage; eleven different bureaus are engaged in engineering research; twelve different organizations are engaged in road construction, while twelve with large overhead organizations are engaged in hydraulic construction, and sixteen are engaged in surveying and mapping. Sixteen different bureaus exercise jurisdiction over waterpower development. Nine different organizations are collecting information on the consumption of coal. Forty-two different organizations with overhead expenses are dealing with the question of public health.

The Treasury Department, the War Department, the Interior Department, and the Labor Department each has a bureau dealing with the question of general education. These departments operate independently; instances of coöperation between them are exceptional. Each of these departments is manned at all times with an organization prepared to carry the "peak of the load," and maintains an expensive "ready to serve" personnel. A lack of coöperation in the executive departments necessarily leads to gross extravagance. The system is wrong, and Congress alone can change the system. If it fails to act now and refuses to make the necessary changes in a plan that is admittedly bad, Congress will and should receive the condemnation of the American People.

But Congress has adjourned and has not changed the system. It is not likely that it will undertake it in the brief fag-end of its life next winter. Any real constructive changes and consideration will have to be undertaken by the new President and the new Congress after next March. Congress did pass a budget bill just before it adjourned that might have proved the introductory step to a real budget system, but the President vetoed it because he thought one of its provisions usurped the prerogatives of the Executive. This is one matter than can be remedied next winter after the elections. Whether it will be or not remains to be seen.

As a minority stockholder in the operating company who has had exceptional opportunities to observe, I must report that the Ship of State not only needs a new skipper and a new crew, but when they are in charge, their first duty and necessity will be to put the vessel in dry dock for thorough overhauling and repairs. She is not safe for passengers.

EDWARD G. LOWRY

Washington, D. C.

Correspondence

List to Charles Kingsley

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

Your readers may find in the following poem by Charles Kingsley a stirring message for the present generation.

W. B.

Tenafly, New Jersey, June 11

THE DAY OF THE LORD

The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand:
Its storms roll up the sky:
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh.
The night is darkest before the morn;
When the pain is sorest the child is born,
And the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—
Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;
Come! for the earth is grown coward and old,
Come down, and renew us her youth,
Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love,
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
To the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—
Famine, and Plague, and War;
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,
Gather, and fall in the snare!
Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot and Knave,
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,
In the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,
While the Lord of all ages is here?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
In the day of the Lord at hand.

The Right to Strike

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

Originally the strike was labor's best weapon for self-defence, and this first law of nature has always been recognized as above all customs and all statutes. In self-defence a nation may abrogate a treaty; a municipality may deprive a citizen of his liberty; an individual may commit manslaughter. In self-defence workers have the right to strike. Remove the necessity of self-defence, however, and changed economic and political conditions are fast removing it, and the right to strike is at once limited. Treaty breaking, false imprisonment, murder are crimes recognized by all men; but just what necessity of self-defence justifies beyond all question the calling of a strike is not yet determined. Governor Allen and Mr. Gompers in their recent debate both failed either to help their followers to understand the real point at issue, or to instruct public opinion more justly to discriminate the basic rights involved.

At the conferences held last fall before the strike of the New York drug clerks I listened to long debates that, if they did little else, testified to this confusion of first principles. The duty to the public of the trained pharmacist, practicing his profession under license from the State, and the right of the public to the protection of its health by his properly trained skill, were mixed hopelessly with the individual rights of the clerks and their families and the redress they sought for inadequate pay and very long hours of work. Each side admitted the two contentions of their opponents. Both cited the Boston police strike, which at the time was unsettled, as proof of their better claims. An employing druggist used it in defence of the right of public safety against the right to strike. The union organizer used it to justify any strike called because of intolerable hours and working conditions. He did not, however, convince his hearers, who were too familiar with American city politics to believe that a strike was necessary to wring from the voters fair working hours and decent station houses for the police force. In that strike no question of self-defence was raised in impartial minds. Nevertheless, the plea of self-defence for the Boston police was made by Mr. Gompers himself, and the repeated characterization of strikes as "the last resort" by union leaders is a tacit admission. In many strikes the issues are not sharply defined; but it is increasingly clear that, when the necessity of an appeal to force can not be proved, then the right to strike comes into conflict with other rights.

Intimately connected with the right to strike are the rights of the workers themselves. To deny a worker the right to leave any employment that for any reason whatever is distasteful to him is to establish industrial slavery. To take from a worker that right to accept any employment upon whatever terms he sees fit is but to sanction an industrial tyranny as degrading and as dangerous.

If men, as individuals or as members of an organization, have the right to leave employment, then other men have the right, singly or in a body, to take employment, even upon terms unsatisfactory to others. This is contrary to the theory of the strike held by union leaders. They have always maintained that men leaving work in a body secure by their concerted action an option on their former jobs. Just what proprietary rights are acquired by the seemingly contradictory means of a strike must be reconciled, sooner or later, with the individual rights of both the employers and other workers. This is the very latch-string to the door of the open or the closed shop.

The right to strike often impinges upon property rights. Leaving out of consideration both the willful destruction of property and the breaking of contracts, the mere act of striking, the stop-

ping of production, the closing down of a plant, often involves great financial loss. Property rights are not paramount to human rights; but they are our oldest economic rights upon which, as a foundation, rests our whole economic structure. The right of a man to the fruits of his labor, to possess them for his own use and to dispose of them as he sees fit, so long as he acts within the bounds of law and order, is the foundation of our society, the first cause of all labor in both its broadest and most restricted meanings. The Governor of Kansas and the President of the Federation of Labor would join to defend this right, for much as it has been abused, and sharply as it is criticized to-day, it is still the most eagerly sought right free men possess.

During the past decade the widened scope of the unions and their development into closely controlled national organizations have brought the right to strike into increasingly direct conflict with the rights of the public. Formerly, their domain was confined almost wholly to skilled workers in industrial fields: today, they are steadfastly working to extend their influence over retail trades, over the professions, and among Government employees. A strike that calls out the loom workers in the textile mills of one town is a very different thing from a strike that cuts off the whole nation's coal supply. A demand for ten cents an hour increase in wages made upon a private corporation is not at all the same thing as a threat to the Congress of the United States that it must pass, before a certain fatal hour, a law designed solely for the benefit of railroad employees. The strike is beginning to involve the people at large. The very size and strength of the unions make it impossible for them to employ their strike weapon without hurting the bystander, and self-defence is becoming a prerogative, not of the unions, but of the public.

Nevertheless, the unions continue to brandish their weapon threateningly, and they do not hesitate to wield it ruthlessly. Any suggestion that they disarm in the interest of public safety meets determined opposition. Union leaders oppose compulsory arbitration because it curtails the right to strike. They demand the elimination of the injunction in time of strike on the ground that it nullifies their right to strike. They maintain that the application of anti-Trust laws to labor organization is unjust, because it involves the right to strike. Whether they are appealing to the public, rallying their followers, or trying their case in the courts, they make their stand upon the right to strike.

Definition of this right is obviously the key to the problems of industrial readjustment, and for this reason industrial tribunals whose decisions can establish precedents for testing the right to strike in conflict with other rights are sorely needed to-day. "The State," as Inghram has pointed out, "claims and exercises a controlling and regulating authority over every sphere of social life, including the economic, in order to bring individual action into harmony with the good of the whole." This harmony is not possible until the proper limits are set to conflicting rights that involve all classes of society. In the more restricted field this is even more imperative, and industrial peace depends upon a precise definition of the right to strike.

WILLIAM HAYNES

New York, June 15

Our Dead in France

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

I have no wish to intrude myself into the discussion of a question which is for America wholly a question of national and even of family concern. It is for the parents of the soldiers who died in France, and for them only, to decide whether they shall bring home the bodies of their sons or leave them at rest in the spot where they fell gloriously in support of the common cause.

But there is one remark which perhaps I have the right to make, if only as Chaplain of the American Ambulance at Neuilly where we cared for eight thousand of your wounded (along with fourteen thousand of our own) and where many died in spite of the admirable care of your nurses and doctors: and that is that the graves of all your soldiers, killed on the field of battle or dying in the hospitals, are tended with pious care in every cemetery where they lie. The public authorities have seen to it that these graves were properly arranged and cared for; the women of France cover them with flowers and greenery as if they were those of their own children; priests and ministers of religion hold services there on anniversaries and other days of national observance.

I quite understand that many families would wish to lay their heroes beside their ancestors; and there are some even in France who would prefer it so. But those who leave them with us should know of very truth that they are not, and never will be, in a foreign land. I even venture to think that there is in their fate something even more touching and more glorious.

So, at least, it seemed to your great Theodore Roosevelt, whom I had the honor and the consolation of seeing in New York only two months before his death. Speaking to me of his son Quentin he said: "I have no intention of bringing him home to America; I think that our heroes ought to lie on the field where they fell. But we shall come, his mother and I, to pray at his grave." His mother has come, and alone! She will be able to tell other American mothers what deep and comprehending sympathy is extended in France to the families which have so generously given their sons and who confide them to our care as the most sacred pledges of immortal union between our two peoples.

ABBÉ FELIX KLEIN

Meudon, near Paris, May 17

The Quantity Theory

To the Editors of THE WEEKLY REVIEW:

In a letter in a recent issue of the *Weekly Review* Mr. Briggs suggested that I blinked the fact that the standard must be a commodity and thus was necessarily affected in its value by its quantity. Perhaps your correspondent is not informed on the literature of the subject, or he would have known that in my "Principles of Money," in Chap. vii, 127 pages were devoted to the "History and Literature of the Quantity Theory." From p. 226 throughout, especial attention was called to the point that a rise of prices due to a fall in the value of the standard was not a case covered by the quantity theory. Of course, the standard is a commodity; it is affected in its value by demand and supply. That is an economic commonplace.

Price is a ratio of exchange between an article and a standard, like gold. A change of price can be caused by influences affecting either gold or the article exchanged for it. Demand and supply chiefly (since with an imperishable commodity like gold cost of production has no immediate effect) regulate the value of gold, so far as causes affecting gold itself are concerned. But demand and supply (as affected quickly and directly by production-costs) operate on the value of any other article. Hence, price in fact is modified by any change in two sets of forces, one on the side of gold, and one on the side of goods. The quantity theorists, however, insist that prices are determined by the amount of money and credit offered against goods brought to market. The fundamental error of the quantity theory, in my judgment, is that it is one-sided, fixing prices only through demand (or purchasing power), wholly disregarding supply and production-costs of the goods in the market. In a former issue of the *Weekly Review* I tried to point out the fallacy of a theory of prices based only on demand, and ignoring the causes working on supply and supply-costs. In Professor Irving Fisher's formula of the equation of exchange there is no symbol representing production-costs. That such costs do affect prices every day every business man knows without the help of an economist.

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN

E. Jaffrey, N. H., June 16

Packing the Books

We had reached the third and last trunk: I stood up straight to rest my tortured spine and mop my forehead. The heat, this evening, was unspeakable; Peter the parrot, happily recalling his tropic isle, whetted his beak on his cage and gave a ribald laugh. There had been moments since dinner when he was the only one on speaking terms with anybody else. But, with trifling exceptions, Jane and I had come through the ordeal without breaking off diplomatic relations. I had dropped one boot with a thump, and juggled a mid-iron which crashed to the floor. Then I had been caught trying to wrap three tennis balls in a white silk stocking (which was certainly not mine) and had been told that as a trunk-packer I am an obstacle. I believe that Briggs's cartoons of "A Handy Man about the House" are the work of a bitter realist.

A small space remained, before the tray went in. Jane pointed to it, and asked, briefly, "Books"?

"Is that all the room there is left? Then we'll have to take the other bag."

"Nonsense. You can get a dozen books in there. That's all we need: we always take more than we look at."

"Well, maybe a dozen will do—if we can find small ones. It's plain we can not take 'The Home Book of Verse'—though I would like to."

"It's much too large, and heavy. We must have small ones, that we can take on walks with us; and books for me to take over to the tennis court and read aloud, while you are waiting for Jackson to come. He's always late. Besides, small books are best for summer—Stevenson said so."

"It was Dr. Johnson, and it was winter. Otherwise you are right. He said small books are best to carry to the fireside—and I do not believe he meant summer firesides."

"I'm certain it was Stevenson."

"I'll bet you it was Dr. Johnson, and I'll prove it."

So I reached for the last volume of Boswell, and hunted for the reference in the index. But of course I came across the entry "Bagpipes," and could not resist hunting it up, knowing Johnson would have something extra venomous to say about a Scotch institution like bagpipes. That is the trouble with the index to Boswell. Next to the one in Wheatley's edition of Pepys, it is the most distracting in the world. I never pick up either without lapsing into semi-unconsciousness, and returning to earth thirty or forty minutes later, with three volumes in each hand, trying to hold six places open with as many fingers and thumbs, and to run down seven different and fascinating references which have caught my eye. ("Babies" is another interesting entry in Boswell.) Suddenly I became aware that Jane was stuffing some useless clothing into the space for books, and I uttered a howl of protest.

"I thought you had decided not to take any books," she murmured, grief-stricken.

It was necessary for me to placate her, and I did it by producing from behind a row of books a number of little, fat red volumes, comprising some of the less known works of Mr. Trollope. Jane is a nearly demented Trollopian, and this addition to the trunk was to suit her taste, not mine. The day was when I could have bounded the See of Barchester with fair readiness, and described most of the intrigues of that ecclesiastical cock-pit. But Jane has long been graduated from the elementary school, and can talk by the hour of Phineas Finn's parliamentary career, of the Duke of Omnium, of Lady Glencora, Lady Mason, and the rest. She did not at all enjoy hearing somebody remark, airily, that "Cabot Lodge says you have to be middle-aged to read Trollope," as she says that she began to read him at eighteen, and that that was not thousands of years ago. So she fell with cries of joy upon "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" and "The Bertrams" and decided that room could be made in the trunk, after all. I had another diplomatic triumph when I brought out two small volumes of "The Early Diary of Frances Burney"—another of her favorite personages. Then it seemed safe to pander to my own tastes for ancient mysteries and murders long ago. This was "The Riddle of the Ruthvens" by William Roughead—a retelling of old tales of the kind that Stevenson and Andrew Lang loved to hear, of the Gowrie Conspiracy, of old Scotch witchcraft and murder cases. It is a heavy book and probably provoked an extra curse from the men who lifted the trunk. But Mr. Roughead, a sober Scottish lawyer, sound in his learning, orderly in his style, with a nice taste for trials and blood-lettings (as the books which he has edited go to prove) would attract me at any time away from the newspaper stories of murders. This and "Miss Lulu Bett"—so highly recommended—were the only new books we put in.

"Now, for some small ones," said Jane, "for some that we like to read over, and to read aloud. You *never* will listen to Trollope."

We agreed without difficulty upon Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson," so that we might revel again in the wonderful proposal of the Duke of Dorset. And we had the book in the Modern Library Series—made for summer and vacation reading. Calverley's "Verses and Fly Leaves" went in by unanimous consent. We hesitated at the Leacock shelf, but chose "Nonsense Novels," and finally decided to take "Arcadian Adventures" as well. I had had an adventure with a Swami recently, at the library, and desired to read about Ram Spudd and the Yahi-Bahi Society once more. Of J. A. Mitchell's we took "The Last American," and of Vielé's, "The Inn of the Silver Moon"—a book for summer reading beyond compare. Too few Americans have had his light touch. Jane put in Lucas's "The Open Road," for its pleasant prose and verse, and I made no objection (for I still felt uneasy about the two pounds of Ruthvens), although I am beginning, professionally, to growl about the endless anthologies. Chambers's novels are not small, but they are light, and we own two written in his golden period of innocence, long before Mr. Hearst put his hands upon him. One of these is little known to folk who think of Mr. Chambers only as the author of his later novels—it is "A King and a Few Dukes." The other, "In Search of the Unknown" is fantastic foolery, admirable for hot weather.

Richard Jefferies's "The Story of My Heart," like all good books, has achieved editions in small size. I have heard it denounced as mawkish, and it is true that the melancholy strain is evident. But it is musical prose, and, like all his books, one to be read in the open air. "Ballades and Rondeaus," edited by Gleeson White—it is the only boon ever conferred upon me by a card catalogue! Once, desiring to write a vilanelle, or maybe a rondeau, for the Harvard "Lampoon," and wondering what such a thing might be like, I went to that dreadful jungle—the catalogue of the library of Harvard College. It directed me to Gleeson White's book, where there is an introduction which describes these verse forms. But I never learned anything from the introduction, for I opened to the contents of the book itself—and what would anyone care for essays upon prosody after that? We put it in, and also "The Crock of Gold," by James Stephens.

The Chief Packer now said that the trunk was too full. But as I had taken "The Crock of Gold" from the shelf the book next to it fell down, as if it wished to go with us. Picking it up I saw that it was Maurice Baring's "Dead Letters," which I have already read four times, and expect and desire to read four times again. It should go to the country with us, it should. Jane said that there was absolutely no room. I suggested that she should take out her parasol, which has pink spots, and is a wicked object in any landscape. I further offered to sacrifice two of her waists, and a roll of something that looked like chiffon. My generosity was received without the least pretence of interest, and in the end I carried "Dead Letters" in my coat pocket.

Edmund Lester Pearson

Book Reviews

Complexities of the Irish Enigma

IRELAND AN ENEMY OF THE ALLIES? (*L'Irlande —Ennemie?*) Translated from the French of R. C. Escouflaire. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THIS book belongs to a type of literature which has of late just begun to be published, and which aims at supplying a real need. Men who have been exasperated by the disclosure of intrigue four years ago between Dublin and Berlin, by the horrors of Sinn Fein outrage, and by the general intractableness of Irish agitators, are writing their recantation of a sympathy they once professed. They tell us how a fresh survey of the facts has shown them that English misgovernment in Ireland is much overstated, that ancient wrongs long since redressed are being trumpeted as if they were grievances of to-day, and that far less than justice is being done to the honesty of British statesmen. It is much to be desired that some such corrective should be made available, for the propagandists of "Ireland a Nation" are often unfair, and there is widespread delusion about that country's real ground of complaint. Hence one turns with keen interest and expectancy to those writers who confess that they were long misled, and announce that their eyes have now been opened to the truth about Ireland and the Irish.

M. Escouflaire's book begins with the question why Ireland is not on the side of the Allied Powers, and for the answer we are asked to note some psychological peculiarities of the Irish race. It has, like many other peoples, a tragic past, in which it suffered much oppression from a stronger neighbor. But, unlike other peoples, it still lives in that past, refusing under any circumstances and despite the most ample reparation to let bygones be bygones. When we call a thing "ancient history," says M. Escouflaire, we mean that it has lost much of its importance; but in Ireland people mean the opposite. Their persisting demand upon England in the twentieth century is like a proposal that Europe should never have peace until it had "liquidated all the horrors of its past, from Charles the Bold to the Duke of Alva, from the Sicilian Vespers to the Palatinate." Moreover, Ireland has made the unfortunate discovery that she has a gift for international "acting," by which sympathetic emotion may be effectively stirred, and she continues to play this part of the injured innocent with quite undeserved success.

Thus the present book aims at undeceiving the public. M. Escouflaire rewrites Anglo-Irish history, pointing out the allowances which have to be made for some stern measures of long ago, the provocation which Ireland gave, the corresponding sins on her own part which must be included in the account, the fact that effort after effort has been made to heal the sting of old wounds. So far the purpose of his work seems admirable, and it is written with a certain piquancy of style by which interest is held throughout. One must regret, however, that the intention is so seriously marred in the performance, and it is a reviewer's plain duty to tell M. Escouflaire that the task he has set himself is very much beyond his powers of criticism and historical discrimination.

Not much can be hoped from those who approach this difficult subject in so inflamed a mood, and with knowledge so sadly limited. One can, of course, understand the bitterness of a Frenchman whose outlook is determined by the memory of 1916, and by the thought of a Dublin rising so ominously timed to coincide with the desperate crisis of the Allies. But M. Escouflaire professes to be writing history, and he makes the mistake of trying to prove immensely too much. Having begun by accepting the view of anti-British extremists as completely established, he proceeds to the conclusion that it is completely refuted, and the simplicity of mind which made him so easy a victim in the first case has been no less fatal to his judgment in the second. He is aware, indeed, that there are fearful pages in the record of Anglo-Irish government, but he thinks they belong wholly to the period before 1829, and that the events since then, so far as they were directed by English *Conservative* statesmen, are a long series of acts of generosity by which old grievances should have been quite obliterated for any race that knew what it was to be grateful. For his former vision of the "Martyred Isle" he substitutes the vision of a churlish, petulant "Tragedy Queen," posing before the world with the myth of her wrongs, and meeting every advance by her best-intentioned benefactors in a stubbornly vindictive spirit of revenge.

It is lamentable to find an excellent case given away like this. Sinn Feiners could desire nothing better than that such a book should be accepted as the authoritative manifesto by their opponents. M. Escouflaire's own competence in this field may be judged from a few examples. Froude he thinks falsified history to exalt the Irish race! Whatever other falsifications Froude may have committed, this particular one can not be laid to his charge, as all readers of "The English in Ireland" must be aware. His rhetoric rather suggests at times that of M. Escouflaire himself, as when he sneers at the race which can "bewail its wrongs in wild and weeping eloquence in the ears of mankind." The rebellion of 1798 was, it appears, specially inexcusable, because it came at a moment when the Irish had been "overwhelmed with concessions"; about the claim for parliamentary reform and for Catholic emancipation which had not yet been conceded, and which entered so largely into the motive for rebelling, our critic has nothing to say. We are informed that "since 1829 there has been practically not the slightest inequality, civil or political, between Roman Catholics and Protestants." Whether M. Escouflaire judges it equal treatment that the sole university worthy of the name and lavishly endowed by state funds should have remained for at least half a century a Protestant preserve, whether he thinks it fair that a Protestant State Church should have been maintained by compulsory tribute in a country four-fifths Catholic, whether he finds no hardship in the monopolizing of Crown appointments, civil and judicial, by a Protestant garrison and in the practical penalizing by Crown patronage of those who adhered to the ancient faith, or what dates he has in mind for the Tithe War, the opening of official posts in Trinity College, and the first admission on terms anything like equal of Catholic candidates for public posts—about all this one is left to conjecture. Macaulay, who after all was something of an historian in his leisure time, and who was not quite devoid of British loyalty, summed up the principle of those Conservatives whom M. Escouflaire admires as that of yielding nothing to justice and everything to fear.

But this French critic is so far from the spirit of his own generous nation that such virulence as he can spare from Irish agitators is poured on the head of English Liberals. He seems to have little love for Mr. Lloyd George, and he has an exasperating habit—perhaps borrowed from Thucydides but now largely obsolete—of presenting a statesman's views by writing a speech for him, and declaring that this expresses his attitude "in effect." He is good enough to describe the British Prime Minister as "formerly an intractable Radical, suddenly fired by patriotism," and I venture to think that Mr. Lloyd George would prefer writing his own speeches rather than adopt the whirling words which M. Escouflaire puts into his mouth as an address to the Convention of 1917. No doubt an Englishman, getting up in a hurry an account of party strife at Paris, might have his facts no less obscured, his fictions no less radiant, his whole way of presenting the case no less confused by weak generalities and strong personalities. What, for instance, can any man know about Charles Stewart Parnell who speaks of his great "oratorical triumphs"? But an Englishman would not

meddle in this random way with a foreign field. And the present critic at least would be sorry if the eye of a German, at a loss to excuse von Bethmann-Hollweg's phrase about the "scrap of paper," should light upon this Frenchman's apology for the broken Treaty of Limerick: "It is too much to hope that a piece of parchment can prevent the workings of natural and popular reactions, as irresistible as the forces of nature"! It betrays a sad lack of self-criticism in the author that he let this sentiment escape him without noticing its applicability to the Prussian crime against Belgium.

Thus M. Escouflaire's book must be laid down with a sigh of disappointment. It is the sort of work which can help no one, a perfect specimen of how Irish matters should *not* be discussed, and those most anxious for the object he sets before himself should be the first to repudiate the methods by which he is seeking it. Everywhere his tone is that of an apologist for a super-State, enforcing discipline upon barbarous natives, and to be adored for occasional acts of clemency. We know that tone, and the world will listen to it no longer. The spirit of the new time M. Escouflaire meets with futile vituperation. As he glorifies the House of Lords for its wisdom in checkmating the elective Chamber, as he hurls scurrilous epithets at Cobden and Bright, at Gladstone, and Mr. Asquith, and even Mr. Lloyd George, as he begins by propounding a riddle and leaves us more deeply than ever in the dark about its solution, one hardly knows whether to laugh or cry. Why is the Ireland of 1920 so different from the Ireland of 1914? For answer we get a storm of abuse at the Irish temperament, and a volley of bad names at English statesmen whom the misguided world has somehow come to respect.

There are, it must be confessed, in this book things both true and important, pungently and vividly set forth, which one could have wished to see apart from that setting of sheer nonsense by which truth itself is discredited, and that rancour of intemperateness which M. Escouflaire endeavors to allay but succeeds rather in exemplifying. He obviously thinks that he has done a great deal to expose a fraud, and there are frauds both in the Irish and in the anti-Irish case which need exposure. The present critic hates Sinn Fein and all its works as much as M. Escouflaire can hate them, but he would wish to see it attacked with artillery not so far out of range. The complexities of the Irish enigma still wait for a more delicate hand, a finer historic sense, and a better grasp of the conditions of international friendship.

HERBERT L. STEWART

The Mystery of Jutland

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND. The Sowing and Reaping of the British Navy. By Commander Carlyon Bellairs, M.P. With maps and diagrams. New York: George H. Doran Company.

BOTH in Germany and in England the battle of Jutland was hailed as a victory. No sensible person long believed either claim. If it were a German success, why had Von Scheer fled to cover? If it were a British victory, how had the British fleet—strong two for one—lost six big cruisers as against a battle cruiser and one pre-dreadnought for Germany? Something was wrong on the face of it: the Germans, for no apparent military reason, had conducted a rash but eminently successful raid, while the British had let slip a supreme chance to destroy the German fleet. Meanwhile the mystery has deepened because the British official accounts—enormous at the first—have subsequently dealt only in general terms, while the official maps have plainly been merest approximations. And Admiral Viscount Jellicoe himself has hardly made the darkness more visible in his elaborate commentary on the battle. It appears that he was baffled by the flight of the Germans and the closing in of night. Against this the well-informed reader will set the facts that after his deployment at 6.16 P. M. there remained three hours of daylight, while his battle line had at least three knots of speed over that of the Germans, not to mention double weight of salvos.

Of this mystery Commander Bellairs offers a very simple explanation. Admiral Jellicoe was repeatedly and grossly unenterprising. Beatty, in his own words, "delivered the German fleet into his jaws," and he hesitated to close them. The facts, according to our author, are as follows: On May 30, 1916, Beatty's three squadrons and Jellicoe's six took the sea to meet the German fleet. From 3.47, May 31, Beatty engaged Admiral Hipper's battle cruisers, and followed him back to Von Scheer's main fleet. Beatty continued the battle cruiser fight for two hours and a half, under frightful punishment, and about 6.16 P. M. moved aside, still hammering the head of the German line, to make place for Jellicoe's fleet. Beatty still fought for nearly three hours more. Jellicoe, as we shall soon see, virtually elected not to fight. Practically all the damage received or inflicted in the battle was incurred or wrought by Beatty or his supporting squadron leaders, Hood and Evans Thomas. Jellicoe's casualties in the twenty-four minutes in which he was partially engaged amounted to one shell hit on the Colossus and the crippling of the Marlborough through a torpedo.

Jellicoe's moves, as analyzed by Commander Bellairs, came to this: (1) Coming down from Scapa, he failed to establish visual links with Beatty, seventy miles ahead, and thus located the enemy only on contact. (2) At 5.30 P. M. he sent Hood with four battle cruisers to the east to cut off possible retreat of the Germans to the Baltic. This was an unimaginative move. Hood's squadron, while far too strong to be detached for mere reconnaissance, was too weak to check the supposed flight. That Hood actually turned up at the head of Beatty's hard-pressed line was due to his splendid initiative and to good luck, with no thanks to the high command. (3) About six, sailing south in five columns of squadrons, Jellicoe sighted the foe on the starboard bow, to the south-west. Instead of making the natural deployment to the right, which would have given him immediate contact with the whole German battle line, he deployed to the left, away from the enemy. The movement, begun at 6.14 or 6.16, was effected in some twenty minutes. Von Scheer, seeing the formidable line stretching five miles ahead of him, turned. Thus only the rear divisions of Jellicoe's fleet were in action. By the time Jellicoe's model single line-of-battle had been formed, the ridiculous situation arose that the British fighting fleet was steaming at 17 knots in the opposite direction from the fleeing Germans. At the very moment of Jellicoe's evasive deployment the Invincible, Defence, and Warrior were done for. An aggressive deployment to the right would presumably have saved them. (4) Jellicoe pursued what had become a retreat for about ten minutes, opening up an additional four miles between himself and the fleeing enemy. (5) After turning south to regain contact, Jellicoe twice turned his whole formation away to avoid feeble destroyer attacks, and at no time increased his speed beyond 18 knots. (6) At 7.32 P. M., Beatty, being still in contact with the enemy, signalled for Jellicoe's leading squadron to join his line and cut off the enemy. Jerrams was not allowed to redeem the day by this correct manœuvre, and the last chance for the great fleet to do its work of annihilation was ignored. (7) Although night found Jellicoe between the enemy and the Bight of Heligoland, with all the advantages of speed on his side, they readily evaded him in the dark and got away home. Such is briefly Commander Bellairs' case against Jellicoe. It looks like a true bill—like a case not for a viscounty, but for a court martial. Captain Persius' language seems both correct and moderate when he writes of "the unskillful handling of the British fleet under Admiral Jellicoe."

It should be said, however, that these charges are made on partial information.

The laymen can readily grasp the difficulty of plotting a battle on the high seas. Ships' clocks differ slightly, vessels are not always correctly identified, bearings are sometimes bad approximations, everything is moving together. Besides, the complete navy account of the battle has not yet appeared. On the other hand, most of the seven specifications above are of too general a sort to be contested as facts, and nearly all are admitted in Viscount Jellicoe's own book. For example, he elaborately defends a deployment which amounted to an evasion, because the obvious deployment to the right and towards the enemy would have involved punishment by destroyer attack and gun fire during the evolution. Against statistical comparisons of broadsides at given theoretical moments—highly fallacious calculations—the observer will set the fact that Jellicoe's destroyers with their heavier guns should handily have looked out for the German torpedo craft, while ship for ship his salvos outweighed the Germans by fifty per cent., and he had about three fighting ships for their two.

Tactically Jellicoe, as our author clearly points out, indulged two fatal misconceptions—first, the oft discredited theory of the rigid, single line-of-battle; second, the illusion that a battle line five miles long can be tactically fought by an Admiral in the centre. Let us recall that twenty minutes after the enemy's smoke appears a modern sea fight will have been finished. That means that the Admiral's plan must be instantaneous, that the details must be left to his squadron leaders, whose minds he must have impressed with his tactical principles and preferences through years of training. Admiral Jellicoe, hesitating before the sweetest sight that ever met a sea fighter's eye, wondering where to place his mathematically correct line, affords a spectacle as pathetically obsolete as the Coliseum. Beatty had the German fleet headed, an ideal situation. Jellicoe had only to deploy towards the foe on Beatty, and within a half hour there would have been no German fleet. But he was not quite clear as to the situation, and the great fleet awaited his signal. Meanwhile the situation was perfectly plain two miles to his right. Had Burney on the Marlborough been permitted a squadron leader's initiative, he would immediately have turned to the right towards the head of the German battle line, and the four other squadrons would have followed his move. Of course, that would have involved risk and certain losses, but the prize was the German fleet. Burney, as things were, merely awaited the signal from the bewildered Admiral on the Iron Duke.

We have been assuming, with our author, that Jellicoe's mission was the destruction of the High Seas Fleet. On the contrary theory, that his mission was to avoid a ding-dong fight, drive the Germans home, and continue to exert "passive pressure" from Scapa, all his moves are entirely logical. On no other supposition can they be justified. We do not know what were his instructions from the Admiralty. We do know that, if Hipper and Von Scheer had been sunk, the clearance of the Baltic offered merely technical difficulties, Russia might have been stiffened, the submarine menace, which within a year was threatening starvation for England, could have been eradicated in a few months. Whoever was responsible, naval history hardly shows a similar example of lost opportunity.

But if Jellicoe was right, then Beatty was entirely wrong. If his mission was not to lead the German fleet to destruction—and so he undoubtedly read his duty—but merely to see that it was frightened back home, then he fought a fight as needless as it was heroic, and recklessly threw away his magnificent battle cruisers. In short, it was absurd to award viscounties to both Jellicoe and Beatty. Both could not be right, and one was unpardonably wrong. Only a court martial could have elicited facts which now remain in considerable obscurity. Meanwhile the presumption is in favor of the Admiral who acted in Nelson's tradition.

Hamilton the Democrat

ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Henry Jones Ford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SIR OLIVER LODGE and others versed in such matters believe, as we understand, that the shades of the departed can not communicate with earth otherwise than through mediums. Few of these gifted ladies have time to keep up with current biographical and historical literature, and the great who have passed hence do not know of the efforts of succeeding generations to pay them a tribute of gratitude which their own either altogether withheld or grudgingly gave. If the spirit of Alexander Hamilton could read what Professor Ford says about him, he might feel that atonement had been made for much that he suffered in the flesh from the tongues and pens of Monroe, Giles, Freneau, and others of their way of thinking.

This, the latest of his biographers, numbers him "among the greatest statesmen the world has produced." Well-informed foreigners like Talleyrand in his own era, and Oliver in ours, have so ranked him. In this country, Federalists and those who sympathize with the Federalist tradition, have left little unsaid in praise of what he was and of what he did.

The biographer, we believe, has always belonged to the party first organized by Jefferson, but for all that, he finds himself in sympathy with much of Hamilton's teachings. In one of the most striking portions of his book, he points out that Hamilton was far more of a democrat than were many of his political opponents, founders and leaders as they were of the party which since the close of their era has called itself Democratic. As late as 1830, Madison and Monroe, in the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, united with Marshall, in maintaining property qualifications for voting, although more than forty years before, Hamilton had favored the election of the Federal House of Representatives by universal manhood suffrage.

Hamilton's wish for a strong executive, with an absolute veto over Congressional action, and with the right to appoint State Executives, may have in it something of appeal to the writer of that "Life of President Wilson" which four years ago was used as a campaign biography. He believes Hamilton's constitutional idea to have been "plenary power in the administration, subject to direct and continuous accountability to the people, maintained by a representative assembly, broadly democratic in its character," while Jefferson wished that the "powers of government should be so divided and balanced among several bodies of magistracy as that no one could transcend their legal limits without being effectually checked and restrained by the others." If he is right, it seems that in the Presidential campaign upon which the country is now entering, those who think themselves to be followers of Hamilton will be inclined to preach the Jeffersonian doctrine, while the defense of many of President Wilson's actions will lead the loyal members of his party to champion Hamilton's views, whether they be aware of it or not.

How Hamilton's plan would have worked, no one can with certainty say. Although the Presidency is without some of the far-reaching powers he wished it to have, its real influence has been steadily growing, while that of Congress has been shrinking. Professor Ford thinks that it is quite possible that under such a Constitution as Hamilton planned the real weight of Congress would have been greater than it now is. It would almost certainly have had a far firmer hold upon the imagination and affection of the people, and in a democracy that counts for much.

It must be borne in mind that Hamilton expected that the principal officers of the executive administration would draft the legislation they thought expedient, and would in person explain and defend it on the floor of each of the Houses. If throughout our history this practice had been actually followed, Professor Ford thinks Congress would be more rather than less powerful to-day.

Such a method of legislating would have been more dramatic and therefore far more likely to attract and hold public attention. The rejection of an important ministerial measure would have been a political event of the first order. The Cabinet officer responsible for it might not usually have lost his place, for the Constitution carefully guards the Presidential independence, but it is certain that the heads of the great executive departments under such a system would necessarily have had to be chosen with an eye to their ability to get on with Congress. The possession of a mind which would go along with that of the President might have been a less important qualification.

The precedent which has ever since excluded Cabinet ministers from direct participation with Congress in the consideration of legislation was made by the First Congress. In coming to its decision, the House followed the lead of Madison. Professor Ford suspects that he was anxious to keep Hamilton from the floor, because he feared that the eloquent and persuasive Secretary of the Treasury might favor the location of the capital on the Susquehanna or the Delaware, rather than on the Potomac. If so, great consequences flowed from a petty cause.

Most students of Hamilton will agree with the author in thinking that the years of his life of least worth either to his country or to his fame were those which followed the accession of Adams to the Presidency, although not all would agree that they deserved the full measure of condemnation here visited upon them. The fact is, under our system of government, things are likely to work badly whenever an influential section of the party in power, consciously or even unconsciously, looks for leadership to some other than its President. Experience has shown this to be almost equally true, whether the occupant of the White House be somewhat vain and altogether peppery, like the elder Adams, amiable if perchance a trifle weak, like Buchanan, or modest and good natured, like Taft, and whether the unofficial leader be a Hamilton, a Douglas, or a Roosevelt.

Such difficulties are by no means unknown even under a parliamentary government of the British type, but there they are usually, although of course not always, speedily adjusted by the simple expedient of calling the real head of the party to office. Over here we have no such easy way of setting things right, and, upon each of the three occasions referred to, party disruption and loss of power was the consequence—in the first instance, forever; in the second, for nearly a quarter of a century, and in the third, for at least two Presidential terms.

JOHN C. ROSE

Mission Life at St. Antoine

LE PETIT NORD, OR ANNALS OF A LABRADOR HARBOUR. By Anne Grenfell and Katie Spalding. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

THE headquarters of Dr. Grenfell's medical mission in Labrador is at St. Antoine, situated far up on the eastern side of the long tongue of Newfoundland which runs to the north. Among the other institutions which have grown up on that bleak spot is an orphanage for children who would otherwise be utterly destitute. An English lady, Miss Spalding, who came out to take charge of it, wrote letters home to a friend in Scotland. Those letters, together with some of Mrs. Grenfell's, have been printed to form these annals. They present a very vivid, unpretending picture of things as they really are in this work, viewed by a capable, energetic, and humorous temperament.

Hardships not a few were this lady's lot before she ever reached her station—seasickness, bad food, cold, wet, loss of luggage, expectorating men on board a crowded little steamer, loneliness, homesickness. Of all of these she makes light, but they must have been real enough. Her post in the orphanage was no bed of roses. Winter lasts nine months. In blizzards, the thermometer falls to thirty below, and the snow sifts in through every crack and crevice of the orphanage, in spite of double windows. A fire may be burning briskly in the kitchen range, and the water in the kettle frozen. The mere mending and darning for a family of three dozen sturdy children is a sufficient task. Looking after them when the whole family comes down with measles would seem to be beyond any one woman's strength. Christianity and a strong sense of humor carry her through. Both were sorely tried, however, when a bale of clothing donated by kind friends at home was found to consist of muslin blouses and old ladies' bonnets.

The need of such a mission must be apparent to all. Miss Spalding draws an unflattering picture of the local conditions. "There is no education worthy of the name, in many places no schools at all, and in other places half-educated teachers eking out a miserable existence on a mere pittance. This is chiefly due to the antediluvian custom of dividing the Government educational grant on a denominational basis. A large proportion of the people can neither read nor write. There are no roads; no means of communication, no doctors or hospitals (save the mission ones), no opportunities for improvement, no industrial work, practically no domestic animals, and on Labrador, taxation without representation! There is only one hospital provided by the Government for the whole of this island, and that one is at St. John's, which is inaccessible to these northern people for the greater part of the year."

Like every other visitor to these shores, Miss Spalding is impressed with the truly Christian, boundless charity of the very poor. She instances an old blind Frenchman incapable of supporting himself. "The neighbors vie with each other by helping him. One day a load of wood will find its way to his door. The next a few fresh 'turr,' a very 'fishy' sea auk, are left ever so quietly within his woodshed—and so it goes. It is a constant marvel to me that these people, who live so perilously near the margin of want, are always so eager to share up."

The Doctor himself has provided the book with a series of pen-and-ink drawings, the humorous intention of which is more commendable than the technique. The frontispiece shows a steamer wallowing in tremendous seas. It might serve as an illustration for "The Descent Into the Maelstrom"; but surely no steamer could have carried so much sail in such stress of weather.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN

Unhappy Tales

MAUREEN. By Patrick MacGill. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.
HARVEST. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

"Maureen" is another chapter in the plaintive tale of Ireland as told by her sons of this generation: the tale of Kathleen ni Houlihan, beautiful and adored, embodiment of an Ireland that might be or might have been; and the tale of a dull and sordid peasantry, with generous impulses but mean thoughts, ridden by the gombeen man and the parish priest: not, Kathleen or no Kathleen, the stuff of which a free people is to be made. Such is the effect of the testimony of these young Irish poets and novelists. Their passionate love for Erin is worship of a mystical queen: a worship disturbed and distracted by the sight of the unseemly drab they have to live with. Often, as in the recent "Clanking of Chains" of Brinsley MacNamara, this contrast is the overt theme of the story teller. With Patrick MacGill, as a rule, his persons keep the foreground, and their story embodies rather than merely illustrates the tragi-comic fate of his land. The portrait of Maureen dominates this book, though there is so much else in it.

Maureen is part of the price of a decent girl's momentary weakness. In the little parish of Dungarrow that price must be paid in full; though a broadhearted parish priest (for whom we are grateful) tempers the wind as he may. Mother and daughter are devoted to each other. The mother dies when Maureen

has come to full maidenhood. There is a tiny property for her, but she now feels the odium of her birth and wishes to leave Dungarrow. Love in the person of the manly Cathal Cassidy is at her feet; but she thinks herself not good enough. After some uneasy experiences at service "beyont the mountains," she returns to Dungarrow; and love and happiness seem to be near when a brutal fate, working equally through her Irish innocence and the Irish villainy of the unspeakable Columb Ruagh, smears her out of innocence and life together, as a careless hand crushes an insect on a window pane. Ireland is left, the Ireland of fine dreams and of squalid Dungarrow, to produce other Cathals and Columbs and Maureens, fated to mutual destruction, while time endures. . . . In a way Maureen may be taken as a symbolic Kathleen, the hapless soul of that uneasy land; but she may better stand as a human portrait of appealing reality. Cathal and his fellow Sinn Feiners may drill and plot and make their ill-judged demonstrations for a free Ireland. It is in the body of Maureen that the Ireland of to-day has its being and, perhaps, fulfills its sad destiny.

For me there is less health and more melodrama in Mrs. Ward's latest and last novel, "Harvest." This also is the story of a woman's hapless fate; but while Maureen in her simple dignity is a tragic figure, Rachel Henderson, when all is said a feeble soul in a splendid body, never really rises above pathos. You may fall in love with her, but she is not lovable; you may credit her with good qualities, but they are not summed up in character. To give the story in bare outline is to suggest a scenario for the movies. Ingenue marries gentleman villain, discovers his true character, rebels, is abused, escapes, gets a divorce. This takes place in Canada. She goes back home under her maiden name, becomes a wartime woman farmer, prospers, loves again, is about to be happy; when re-enter villain, hard up, heartless, blackmails her, she pays him five hundred pounds to keep away. She has told her soldier-lover, Ellesborough, of her former marriage. But she has not told him "all"; namely, that in the confusion and distress of her first divorced days she has been the temporary, quite temporary, mistress of a second man. The villain knows all, and knows or suspects that Ellesborough is ignorant. After bribing him, Rachel realizes her impossible position, with an early war-wedding in sight; writes a letter to Ellesborough telling him "all"; Ellesborough gulps again, and flies to take her in his arms; where she is shot to death by the opium-crazed and half-jealous husband. The author appears to have a suspicion that this may be as good a solution as can be hoped for in the circumstances: "Had it been after all 'deliverance' for Rachel from this 'troublesome world,' and the temptations that surround those who are not strong enough for the wrestle that Fate sets them—that a God appoints them?" But the truth is that, save in our acceptance of that glamour of physical health and beauty with which her creator strives to invest her, there is little in this Rachel to engage us deeply. She is a quite ordinary weak young woman with, for all we know, extraordinary looks, who tries to dodge the consequences of her weakness, finally confesses, and is forgiven; also shot, which doesn't matter much, one way or the other. Single-hearted Maureen rather than the muddled Rachel inspires in us the deeper pity and terror which alone may ennoble our delving into the mysteries of passion and of death. I for one should be unhappy if it were necessary for me to remember Mrs. Ward by this book.

H. W. Boynton

The Run of the Shelves

Books of the Week

[Selected by Edmund Lester Pearson, Editor of Publications, New York Public Library.]

Life of Lord Kitchener, by Sir George Arthur. Macmillan.

In three volumes. The size is justified in the biography of a man of action, whose career is so recent as to leave plentiful material. Presumably authentic, and intensely interesting.

The Peace Conference Day by Day, by Charles T. Thompson. Brentano.

The author was Superintendent of the Foreign Service of the Associated Press in Paris. It is a diary, beginning with President Wilson's arrival in France.

Follow the Little Pictures, by Alan Graham. Little, Brown.

A novel of mystery and buried treasure for the lovers of puzzles.

"I DON'T like it," said an Anglican clergyman concerning the Salvation Army, "but between you and me, I think God likes it."

So will many readers feel about "The Life of General William Booth," by Harold Begbie (Macmillan), those at least who are not in complete sympathy with "old fashioned" evangelical religion—and it is safe to say that there are fewer now than there were fifty years ago who look to the Blood of the Lamb for cleansing from sin, in whose thought hell stands as something more shrivelingly real than the colored lights of pulpit dramatics. A liberal in religion, especially if he be somewhat fastidious in his tastes, will feel in reading the first part of this biography a somewhat forced sympathy. We know that the Salvation Army does almost literally a world of good, and we always drop our quarters into the tambourine when it jingles under our noses, but we do not propose to make ourselves uncomfortable about it. To any except the elemental mind (for which it was planned), its crudity has no appeal until it becomes monumental. So in the first part of the biography the reader is oppressed by an atmosphere like that of Zion Chapel in Browning's "Christmas Eve," distracted by it so that he misses the very beauty he is seeking, that of a completely unselfish spirit.

"Historians of the nineteenth century," says Mr. Begbie, "will probably pay some attention to the architecture of Nonconformity—this deliberate effort of the religious conscience to do without aids, this evident suspicion and dislike of beauty, this rather hard and insensible insistence on utility. . . . More than a touch of the Puritan is in this early Victorian architecture of Nonconformity." It is the architecture of Booth's own spirit. He was, we are told, "not greatly concerned with nature, and perhaps even less with literature and art," he "resolutely turned his back upon science, and, like St. Paul, determined to know nothing but Christ, and Him crucified." It was a narrow channel, but its narrowness gave the spirit half its force. At first the force was not great, but it was absolutely unquenchable; its flow was ceaseless, and to dam it back was only to lend it power. It has carried its priesthood and ablution to almost every earthly shore, and incidentally it carried William Booth from behind the counter of a pawnbroker's shop into the palaces of kings. It is the type of the Puritan spirit in its intensity in all things, in the conviction of religious truth, the indefatigable zeal for proselyting, the will never to submit but to do good to everybody whether anybody wants it or not. In its minor aspects it commands only annoyance. If it is misguided it is disastrous—"Lord, do Thou guide us aright," says the Puritan prayer, "for Thou knowest that whether we be right or wrong we be very determined." Only when it is successful, when it moves a Crusade, plants a continent, abolishes slavery, does it command admiration. At the end of Mr. Begbie's two volumes one is left in no doubt that General Booth was successful. The conviction might have been obtained with fewer words; for the general reader there are rather too many "interesting cases" of conversion described in the more or less technical diction of revivalism, too much journalism in the way of press clippings and tributes from royalty. But the record as a whole is an inspiring

one of heroic achievement against heavy odds, and the portrait is successfully drawn, for through details that might tend to obscure it the figure shines clearly of the man of intense spirit, of uncompromising sincerity (no one can doubt it now), undiminishing sensibility and sympathy, and large vision of his chosen task.

The personality of the author of "Democracy" and "Passion"—the latter was reviewed in one of our recent issues—is as interesting as his novels. Shaw Desmond is an Irishman on his father's side. His mother is an Englishwoman, who comes of a French Huguenot family—La Fontaine. He was originally in "big business," and at twenty-three—he is now forty-three—was secretary to, and, later, director in, five or six limited liability companies in London. He writes in a private letter:

> I always really hated business but wanted to "make good" and get as soon as possible to my real work—writing, which I began in 1912, and public speaking. I lived the first ten years of my life in Ireland and still think it "God's country," with America a good second. I can say without affectation that I love America and her people, and am one of those who believe that she is not primarily a money-getter—the common superstition—nor boasting. The only Americans who boast that I have met are those living in Europe. I have great hopes for her future in art; and the reading quality of the American public is some sixty or seventy per cent. above that of England—why I do not know—so that my stories, which some of the best critics on this side have said are unique in their way, stand a poor chance of recognition here. I have begun on some plays, one of which—"My Country"—will, I hope, soon be performed here by the People's Theatre Society upon the executive of which I am. I may add that "Passion," like all my books, is "a story without a plot." People call them novels—a detestable word.

Mr. Desmond wrote for many years for the leading European newspapers, reviews, etc.; stood for Parliament as an Independent Socialist against Cabinet Minister John Burns in the 1910 election and "got badly beaten after six days give and take."

Mr. Desmond has lectured in many countries, meeting with special success during the war in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. He speaks Danish fluently, having lived in Copenhagen for a long time and being married to the Danish writer Karen Ewald, daughter of the late Carl Ewald, the novelist and poet. In fact his first book—"Fru Danmark" (Mother Denmark)—appeared in 1917 in Danish and came out later in English as "The Soul of Denmark." We may add that the American public will soon be able to judge of Mr. Desmond's ability as a lecturer, as he is to make a tour in this country in the autumn, beginning at New York.

From the window of your room in the Hotel d'Angleterre at Rouen, you look

(Continued on page 682)

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(*Continued from page* 681)
down on the deck of a slender little steamer at its dock in the Seine. It is there in the evening, but when you open the shutters after your breakfast in bed it is gone. Thereafter it lingers in your mind, and whenever you think of it you wish you had cut loose from your carefully planned itinerary and taken that little boat down the Seine to Havre. If you missed the journey when you were there, you may take it, turned end for end, between the covers of Anna Bowman Dodd's "Up the Seine to the Battlefields" (Harpers). It is a rather sentimental little journey. Episodes are of the slenderest; emotional contracts are light. Placid shores, dim rich cities, ancient villages, drift by in tones a trifle too pale, dimmed rather than enriched by the atmosphere through which Mrs. Dodd shows them. They gain, however, by the historical background against which here and there they are sketched, the flight of royalty deposed, the funeral barge of the exiled Emperor, the storied towers of Jumièges, the death of the Conqueror. Unfortunately Mrs. Dodd's style is too hasty—at points it is positively slipshod—to carry the finer effects that would make for complete success in such work as this. But the book is enticing for its review of the little French towns, churches, towers, and abbeys, the love of which is now so widespread in the United States. And reading it makes you certain of one thing, when next you are at Havre or Rouen nothing earthly shall prevent you from taking that little boat on the Seine.

The Columbia University Press is responsible for the American edition of the "English-Speaking Brotherhood and the League of Nations," by Sir Charles Walston (emendation for Waldstein). This work is partly a re-issue of an earlier book, the "Expansion of Western Ideals and the World's Peace," published in 1899, partly a sheaf of lectures and articles of very recent date, among which "Nationality and Hyphenism" and the "Next War, Wilsonism and Anti-Wilsonism" are the most conspicuous. Sir Charles is coolly, soberly, even-temperedly, but resolutely bent on the abolition of war by some form of international concert. He is, in a word, the prose idealist, a man much more likely to serve us in our present straits than the prose realist or the poetic idealist. What he wants, however, is not a League of Nations so called, but a Supernational Court backed by Power. But his Court remains rather indistinct, and the armies that enforce its decisions are phantomlike. This is a criticism, not of his plan, but of his exposition, and his allotment of four pages to so incidental and inessential a point as the employment of Latin as an international tongue makes one rather impatient of his meagreness on larger matters. Sir Charles is a zealous advocate of a closer bond between Great Britain and the United States. Up to the present hour the world, in his judgment, has been saved by the leadership of Great Britain. Between this moment and the establishment of a Supernational Court it is to be saved by the concerted leadership of Great Britain and America.

There is a steadying influence, for all but the craziest minds, in the contemplation of the experiments and failures of the past. There rise in these as in a mirror the Utopian visions of our own day; but we see, too, the plunge into reality, the maddened conflict to carry through, the crash and the chaos. And then we see the same old human nature calmly resurgent, a little dishevelled for a time; but unshaken. The pity is that those who need the lesson can not see it; they are sure that they have found the pinch of difference needed to make the prescription a success for the admittedly sick world. Yet such simple, direct, short statements as Ameen Rihani's "Descent of Bolshevism" (Boston, Stratford Co.) may reach some who would never look at formal histories. It is built on pungent axioms of the marketplace, and its sketches of previous Bolshevist dreamers and their uprisings, all of the nearer East except that of the European Illuminati of the eighteenth century, are not obscured by details or historic dubitations. He tells his stories roundly and underlines his morals blackly; but his essential facts are sound.

It is evident that the Indian stories of "F. W. Bain" are filled, for many people, with a very subtle and hardly describable attraction. It is almost the physical and yet ethereal attraction of a perfume; and on perfumes, still less than on tastes, can there be disputing. Perfumes, too, are on the border line of the sensuous and the sensual; few have in them the clean, free breath of moorland winds, and they pass rapidly into the intoxicating miasmas of the hothouse. So it is in these stories, with their mingling of realism and the fairy tale, of human passions and oriental lay-figures. The last, which has just appeared, "The Substance of a Dream" (Putnam), will please those whom the others have pleased. It is very feminine; sensuous to the point of orgies of kissing; sensual with soul-huntings and languors and faintings; fleshly in artistic ecstasies; and psychological in imaginative suggestion. Its "fabula" is evidently Indian; its mise-en-scène shows good knowledge of Indian mythology; but its human characters are not convincingly oriental and their motives are sicklied over with western mysticism and questionings. As for the author—aut femina aut diabola! She knows too much about women and, still more, thinks too meanly of them—is too unfair to them—to be aught else herself. As Southey's sturdy English nature stood out from and over his "Kehama," so here—the very woman. Hers, too, is a western nature with western yearnings, guessings, graspings, but bound, too, with western inhibitions. No Oriental would have stopped and found heaven where it is found for a moment here; Orientals are of a more natural mind and more direct.

It is in its cities that a country's intellectual life flourishes. To be deprived of them means to lose the nurseries of national culture. That is the sad plight to which Hungary is reduced by the terms of the peace treaty. To Rumania, to Jugoslavia, to Czechoslovakia she has to cede a number of towns of purely or preponderantly Hungarian populations, such as Komarom, the native town of the novelist Jokai, Kassa, sacred to the memory of Prince Rakoczy; Presburg, where the Hungarian Kings were crowned; Szabadka, Nagyvarad, Temesvar, Klausenburg, are all lost to the country and to Hungarian literature, as a ban is laid on the import of Magyar books. The sale of the published output is thus restricted to Budapest and to the countryside, where the demand for books is limited. The Hungarian people are, apparently, in danger of intellectual starvation.

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Early June

NOW is the season of perfumes. In the country the clover; in the city, roses, honeysuckle, syringa; and in one's garden all of these with the peonies and iris.

The breeze as it comes from the southward smells as if on its way it had gathered the sweetness of millions of flowers and borne it northward as promise of beauty to follow.

Come open my east porch door with me to-morrow morning when the shadows are long and every grass blade holds a dew-drop, and be greeted by the fragrance of the Trier rose that is climbing up the side of the portal, and you will stand still with me just smelling. The warming sun, opening the coming buds, seems to draw out every whiff of sweetness and offer it to greet the morning. Or shall we go out the west door into the honeysuckle, or the front door to the south, where comes the evasive yet penetrating fragrance of the Russian olive mingled with syringa?

Everywhere the birds are singing. The sun shines through the iris border, turning blue lavenders to pinks and purples to glowing wine, red like the red of old stained glass.

East of the garden itself the syringa hedge is flooding the surrounding air with an almost overpowering sweetness. The colors, the freshness, the fragrance are intoxicating. One's artist soul gazes spellbound from fluted petal to sunlit green. Flower colors against the sunlight! See where the light passing through a petal is reflected and reflected back and forth until the whole flower head seems to glow as with an inward light of its own, as if a bit of sun were there imprisoned in its heart. The color of reflected shadows, true shadows, sunlight itself, defy the palette and enthrall the eye. The beauty is bewildering, confusing, almost crushing. Do you feel a little dazed by such superlatives? This is what I would convey to you, something penetrating, saturating, almost overpowering.

It seems as if the weather man felt that heaven was getting too near earth, and that something must be done to keep us from being too happy; so he always arranges that the opening of the peonies shall be the signal for showers. As the clouds gather and darken, we rush from the house to pick the half open buds to save them from such desecration. One gathers and gathers until the house will hold no more, and every guest is impressed into taking away an armful to preserve us from suffocation by sweetness. Still one carefully scans the border o'er and o'er to see if more may not be planted somewhere.

Have you ever smelt miles and miles

(*Continued on page* 684)

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(*Continued from page* 683)

of clover? Pink clover, standing tall, ready to cut, and the low white clover growing in the pastures? That is the way the country smells now, alternating with the newly mown alfalfa lying loose, not piled up with its white hats on to protect it from the showers. The wheat is so tall one can no longer see its combings and some of it is heading. The corn runs a thread of green along the furrows or radiates off in perfect geometrical lines opposite one's eyes as one drives by.

Everywhere the green this year is superbly dense and dark. The elms along the streams can hardly hold their plumes of leaves, they are so heavy, and everywhere the growth is lush and rank. The wheat against the purple black or cultivated corn fields, the corduroy of the potatoes, the pastures, and the oats change and glow under the passing cloud shadows; the near hedgerow stands out against the distant blues, the patchwork of the fields upon the receding ridge; all is so varied, so abundant, one feels the electricity of growth. It is so vast, so strong, so rich, so very beautiful. A mound of honeysuckle on a farmer's gate post reminds one that the city, too, is sweet with fragrance on almost every wall and portico.

At this season I can not understand why every one does not have a garden. What are moles, caterpillars, and the persistent aphis when such as this may be produced? Should we become too happy, too stodgy, complacent, self-satisfied if none of these had been put here for our tormenting? I suppose so, I fear that an all-wise Providence knew what must be done to keep us growing on the way to heaven. Probably without them we should sit all day agaze, sometimes thinking, but more often just "a-settin'."

No gardener out here can just "set"; victory is only to the vigilant and valiant. Between the weather, the wild young rodents that stalk above and scramble below ground, the world of fliers and crawlers, one has plenty of occupation. When I once was told that the mole was more prolific than the guinea pig, for a moment I almost gave up gardening. But my sporting instinct to win out came to my aid.

Our gardening has peculiar exhilarations about it unknown in the East because it is yearly so varied. When we have a warm, moist spring, like life in a greenhouse, poppies think they are hollyhocks and hollyhocks aspire to emulate the tower of Babel, with similarly disastrous results. Sometimes one's border plants become "masses," and sometimes one's masses become handsome sticks of witheredness. It is never monotonous.

I once grew a little neat sunflower four feet high with small flowers on the end of every branch and I thought what a nice hedge it would make between me and my neighbor. I planted it. That year we had a wet season, and my hedge grew eleven feet tall with wild arms sticking out in every direction, the flowers at their ends looking about the size of buttons. I had forgotten that the year before it had not rained much from May to August. And one year my annual poppies lived through the winter and came to bloom in May along with all the blue pinks of the peonies, sweet william, and spice pinks. It was perfectly magnificent, but it was not just what I had intended. Of course, in June I had nothing, but no one could say I had not had poppies. I fastened my eyes on the hollyhocks, which had grown twice the height of any proper hollyhock, and felt as if giants were standing all round the yard daring me to murmur a single word about the poppies.

We do not have the gardens of Europe, the neatness produced by the middle-aged, trained gardener, the cut hedges, the grass paths, not a hair ever out of line. No, we certainly do not. If we did, we should not be true to our souls, which express themselves in gardens just as well as in rooms. Besides, we have not gardened as long as we have without learning that many things can be done but that some are impossible. The great force that grows the food to feed the world is not to be held down inside a garden bed. When it feels the urge, it pushes all man-puny forces aside and thrusts up fierce green arms into the sun. One is awed, almost terrified, to see the resistless strength with which it goes about its business.

Our gardens are like our cities and our lives. Full of beauty, full of promise, but incomplete, irregular. They lure, they baffle, but still they beckon. What one creates one loves, the force to grow more beauty lies at hand; it is for us to choose whether weeds or flowers shall be the output. It calls, and more and more are answering.

E. G. H.

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Drama

"The Merchant of Venice" at the Playhouse

"THE Merchant of Venice" took its place among the prophylactics of cancer when the generosity of many theatrical people gave a benefit to the American Society for the prevention of that disease on the evening of June 10th at the Playhouse. The American Society slipped a pamphlet into each programme, in which, with great frankness on ugly symptoms and great emphasis on tiny ones, it gave us all to understand that cancer was hardly farther from us than Shylock's knife from Antonio's breast. "You must prepare your bosom for the knife" said the American Society, in effect, to us. Now I respect the Society and I would certainly rather forward than retard its propaganda; but they had offered me in exchange for good money a good time, and I had, and still have, a slight sense of a wrong in the discovery of a death's head in the golden casket.

The performance, in spite of certain roughnesses which leisure or repetition would have planed away, was an agreeable one. In one major point it was more agreeable and very probably more Elizabethan than the accepted high-class representation of the drama. The modern Shylock has outgrown or overgrown the play. He would subdue, dominate, and darken the entire action, if the play, like Jessica, did not evade his mastery by an escape to Belmont where it recovers its spirits in the gayety of Portia. But the Shylock of Mr. Edmund Waldman is a mild Shylock. The make-up is more sordid than terrible; it is the face one might expect to find behind the curtain at the entrance of an Italian cathedral or on the lowest step of the stairway leading to the "Elevated" in New York. He is an unpleasantness rather than a horror in the play. We trust our Shakespeare, and we are quite assured that this land rat or water rat, whichever he may be, will not be suffered finally to

have his evil way with well-dressed and handsome people.

The performance, accordingly, undergoes a kind of release, it resumes its native elasticity. The Shakespearean Venice asserts its spell—that magical Venice, in which the merchandise is silks and spices, and the merchants are dreamers, and the spendthrifts poets and philosophers, and the serving-maids ladies, and the ladies (anticipating our own time) doctors, and the roysterers gentlemen, in which the talk shines with rings and jewels, and fortunes come and go with the lightsomeness of cavaliers. The minor parts fell in with this impression. The Bassanio was rich voiced, the Lorenzo was very handsome, the Jessica was delicately right, the Launcelot was crisp in resilience, the Gratiano abounded—somewhat overbounded—in torpedoes, and the Duke was perfect in a straitened part.

Miss Laura Walker made a somewhat unequal Portia. Neither her face nor her voice is markedly expressive. On the other hand, there was a freedom—sometimes a felicity—in her action which seemed to overflow and break down the limits of the personality suggested by the face and voice. In the trial scene she was really good. She attempted no more masculinity than a clever woman could easily and evenly compass, and her adherence to this form of masculinity was faithful. Miss Walker takes her acting seriously enough to know that Portia, too, would take Portia's acting seriously, that she would not allow the woman to become visible through the transparencies of the boy.

There is one point in the handling of the fifth act which lures me into incidental criticism. It is a criticism of the current practice rather than of the Playhouse actors, for whose adhesion to that practice in a single night's benefit performance no excuse is required. The fifth act in "The Merchant of Venice" is an idyl. Now if an idyl is indigestible at eleven P. M.—an hour at which digestion, physical or mental, is rebellious—let us frankly and curtly stop the play with Act IV. But if we dare the idyl, let us not flee from our own valor by playing it at a quickstep through which its suave and sumptuous grace is snatched from the pursuing ear and eye. "The Merchant of Venice" will not bear the spur. It is leisurely everywhere, even in the tense court scene it is deliberate. It is stately in its very joyousness; its relation to "Twelfth Night" or "As You Like It" is precisely like that of Portia to Viola or Rosalind, an equal merriment reposing on a larger dignity. That dignity is lost when the play scampers and scurries through an unceremonious fifth act to a precipitate end.

O. W. Firkins

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EDUCATIONAL SECTION

Research and Organization

I HAVE read Dr. James Rowland Angell's very interesting article on "Organization in Scientific Research" in the *Weekly Review*. Will you permit me, as one vitally interested in this important subject, to offer a few observations thereon?

The National Research Council originated in the fertile brain of Dr. George L. Hale, the very eminent astrophysicist and the foreign secretary of the National Academy of Sciences. The writer was present at the meeting of the National Academy at which Dr. Hale unfolded his idea, and has been familiar with the history of the National Research Council from the start.

Undoubtedly a certain amount of organization is a good thing. Dr. Hale came to this idea after a very considerable experience with the organization of astrophysics. Astronomy, or astrophysics is a science very well adapted for coöperative organization. The sky presents itself to us in the form of a spherical surface, every portion of which is geometrically similar to every other portion of the same size. I can see the North Star, but I can not see the southern stars. How natural it is, therefore, if we wish to make a photographic map of the heavens, to divide up the whole celestial sphere into regions, of course not of equal differences in declination and right ascension, but into regions of equal area, and distribute them among the observatories of the world that have telescopes of a standard size and can take photographs that can afterwards be aggregated into a great star map. Nothing simpler, or more proper. Also, the determination of stellar spectra may be organized in the same way.

The late Professor Pickering of Harvard was an eminent exponent of coöperation. He was very largely interested in the photometry of the stars. In fact, he once said in the presence of the writer, during a meeting of the Rumford Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in Boston, that he had just made his millionth setting of his photometer on stars. I thought at the time that this was an admirable example of how not to do it, inasmuch as, after the first few thousand settings, the thing might easily have been hired out to an inferior man leaving Professor Pickering free to do the thinking part for other people. However, he did enough planning, so we will let that go. His plan was to get the Rumford Committee to allocate funds for the construction of a number of his photometers, which were then distributed to observatories where there was a person who could make the observations and a telescope that the photometer could be placed upon. In this way a large amount of coöperative research was carried out.

Another example is the International Geodetic Union. It is very obvious that if the shape and properties of the earth are to be determined this must be done by coöperation between observers who are widely distributed over the surface of the earth. In the same category are observations of the tides, and all observations which are secular in their nature; I mean by that, which have to be waited for and which can not be caused to reproduce themselves in the laboratory or at the volition of any of the observers. No scientific King Knut can cause the tide to answer to the request, "Please repeat that last experiment." There is nothing to do but to wait for to-morrow's tide, next year's tide, the tide of next century. Tidal work then is an admirable example adapted for coöperation, not only simultaneously in space, but posteriorly in time.

The subject of hygiene and medicine, as mentioned by Dr. Angell, is also an excellent example. During war all sorts of research must be done on the hurry-up plan, which is best promoted by coöperation more or less military in nature. In time of peace, however, things are far otherwise. Many of the branches of science are not very well adapted to the coöperative method, carried out on a large scale. To be sure, one of the most successful undertakings of this sort was that carried out by M. Solvay, the great Belgian chemist, who, a few years before the war, had the very ingenious and generous idea of inviting a certain limited number of the élite physicists of the various countries of Europe to meet in Brussels, where he entertained them in a hotel hired by himself for the purpose, and got them to discuss the most important physical questions of the hour. The two reports of this Conférence Solvay form a monument to this kind of coöperation. No doubt something of this sort is contemplated by the National Research Council.

However, research in general, though it is not, as is truly maintained by Dr. Angell, like the production of poetry, sculpture or painting, is somewhat similar. It depends upon the creation of ideas in the mind of the person interested in research, as I regret to say it is commonly called. This is the most fundamental step, the conception. Practically, however, of still more importance to the public is the birth. For this purpose a certain amount of preparation is necessary, and a competent medical operator.

Now, to speak very personally, I do not want any organization of research to tell me what to do. Although I am an elderly man, I have ideas enough to keep me going for the next twenty years. There is not much danger of my treading on other people's toes, for I know who is who and what he is doing, and he also knows what I am doing. My method of research is very simple. I divide all problems up into two classes, those that I think I might possibly solve and those that I am very sure I never could. I think it better business to devote my entire attentions to problems of the first class. Further than that I do not impose any limitations, nor do I wish any imposed.

I happen to have worked for twenty years on the subject of sound, which I think constitutes me the senior in this country. I am, however, equally interested in electricity, on which I have written a book, or on ballistics, in connection with which I have founded a new laboratory, or any other subject of physics, theoretical or experimental. As a matter of fact, I have been put upon a number of committees of the National Research Council, and I have recently returned from a meeting of the Committee on Sound. There were six of us, and when I went into the meeting I stated that I should not agree to be bound by the vote of the caucus, and I presumed that the net result would be that we should all go home and go to work on those subjects which God had given us the ability to work upon. I was put upon a half dozen sub-committees, and in due time I shall hand in my report. We had a very good time and increased the respect and admiration that we had for each other and that we shall continue to have. Quite a sum of money was used up in getting us to the place of meeting and back again. All this is very good. But the prime need of everyone of us is more brains, more hands, and more money.

In the experience of thirty years of research at a single institution, which I believe is longer than that of Dr. Angell (I said an elder soldier, not a better), I spent nearly twenty of it without any assistant whatever. Then I had an assistant. He was not, as I hoped, a Ph. D., but he was a candidate for it, and one of the best assistants that I ever saw. From that time to this I have been very fortunate in the quality of my assistants, although they have generally been only graduate students. Last year in my ballistic institute, by various pickings and stealings, I managed to get five assistants. This year I am reduced to half an assistant, and I see no probability of getting any more.

I am informed that the National Research Council has seven million dollars. Shall I get any of this? I think not. One million is to be used for a monumental administration building, as in the case of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. The rest will be used to pay for the red tape which will bind up the various packages containing the wisdom of the authorities of the National Research Council. Perhaps it won't. I don't know. This is my opinion.

I have experienced in my day three Great Illusions. They have been in connection with the fantasy that any of the money coming from a great American millionaire could do me any good. When the Carnegie Institution of Washington was founded nearly twenty years ago, I thought I might get an assistant and was so indiscreet as to say to a few of my friends, "Now things will be easy for me." Not a cent. The money was all gone in the establishment of great research undertakings, like Professor Hale's Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Professor Bauer's Magnetic Survey of the Earth, the Laboratory of Genetics of Professor Davenport, and Professor Benedict's Nutrition Laboratory. These are all first-class, and I have nothing to say against them. That does not change the fact that the money did not do me any good. Second, the Carnegie Foundation for the improvement of something or other, which promised us all pensions. That has been so lied about, and so many great discoveries have been propounded showing pensions to be entirely useless, that I have long given up the expectation of getting anything whatever from this. Probably no money would be given to a person that could be so insulting in his remarks. And now the National Research Council with the money that comes from I do not know where.

I belong to the only trade that has not met with the general advance in wages in this country. My salary is the same that it has been for seven or eight or nine years, and I never expect to have it any greater. However, I have dabbled a little in commerce and found out what my brain is worth. It is worth exactly one hundred dollars a day or more, for this is what I get, or, if it is less than a day, at the rate of twenty-five dollars an hour.

Now I do not care in the least for practical applications of science. I am much more interested in Einstein's principle of relativity and Maxwell's differential equations than I am in wireless telegraphs, automobiles, aeroplanes, or anything of the sort. Nevertheless, if people will come and thrust their dirty money into my hands, my hand by a very natural reaction closes upon it. One hundred dollars, multiplied by three hundred working days, is thirty thousand dollars, I believe. Can anybody tell why I should work for ten per cent. of this sum or thereabouts? Yes, I can. The reason is because I like it, because there is a fascination about the struggle with nature, the wresting of her secrets in the laboratory, and the wringing from them by the process of higher mathematics differential equations from data obtained experimentally. This is what I love. Every scientist worthy the name loves it. For that he is willing to starve his wife and children (my children are all grown up and married, or self-supporting, so that they are not starving very much), and bear the odium of his neighbors for a cruel or incapable husband and father. It is rather tough, but he does it.

In conclusion, I should like to make a reply to a statement often made by these millionaire foundations that it is not expedient to cut their millionaire endowments up into small grants. My answer in a general denial. I know better. I have been for twenty-five years a member of the Rumford Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences which appropriates about two thousand dollars in small grants, of which Dr. Hale in his salad days had a good many. We always get extremely good results. The administration of red tape is nil. I am also one of the trustees of the Bache fund of the National Academy of Sciences. These two funds are the largest of the smaller funds for research in the country; the results are the same. The trustees seldom meet; they correspond. In a committee of this sort it is unnecessary to have huge files of questionnaires and punch machines by which you will find who will do this thing or the other. One of the committee usually knows the man; or if he doesn't, he takes the recommendation of somebody that does know him. A little conversation or one or two letters suffice to determine whether the research is worth encouragement, and the appropriation is made or refused. Uniformly the results are good. To tell me that the Carnegie Institution of Washington could not discover people proper to give grants of $500, $1,000, or $2,000 to is an absolute admission of incompetency. The same with the National Research Council.

I maintain that the greatest part of research will always be done by the universities, and that any plan that neglects them will involve a miscarriage. The contact with young men, enthusiastic disciples, will always be a great stimulus to the researcher, and there is no teacher so good as the one who is himself engaged in scientific creation.

If any of the things which I have stated above are not facts, or if any person does not think they are facts, let him speak, for him have I offended.

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The American Exporter in "Wonderland"

"IF it takes seven years to make a tailor," said the Mockturtle to Alice, "how long does it take to make an American exporter?" or might very well have said, for to-day the question of American exporting, particularly to Latin-America, is very much a "Wonderland."

Not long ago, in a very prosperous country on the River Plate, a big wholesale importer ordered from an American house a large consignment of men's thin summer undershirts to be delivered early in October for the summer trade. The goods were then sold for future delivery to the retailers throughout the Republic. October came and with it a consignment of the heaviest type of woolen underwear. The customers of the wholesale house protested. Summer goods was what they wanted. And a lawsuit was instituted against the importer which forced him to make heavy payments for non-delivery. Protests were made in turn to the exporter with no satisfactory results. It is understood, however, that the junior clerk, in full charge of the export department of this important business house, when preparing the order for shipment was heard to remark, "These boobs in South America don't know nothing. Summer undershirts in October! Send 'em heavy woolens, Jim!"

And when the Latin-American merchant who was forced to the United States for his market during the war tells you, "The Americans, Señor, are not a *serious* business people," what can you reply?

It is just that which will decide our future in the Latin-American trade. Seriousness—seriousness in our canvassing for orders—our promises for delivery at a fixed time—our packing, and, above all, the sending to the customer the article he wants and not what we want to send him.

For the last two decades the advice and warning given to American merchants by those who have traveled and lived in Latin-America has been the same—packing, delivery on time, and goods of absolutely the same quality as the sample or the description. The advice is as good to-day as it ever was, yet in twenty years we have given no sign of acting upon it.

We may easily plead that economic conditions in the United States have not forced us to seek foreign markets. We have not had the same inducements to engage in South American trade as the British and Germans, whose factories needed the outlet of foreign markets and whose intelligent, industrious younger sons had to seek their fortunes abroad. This is an easy way to confess and obtain absolution for our sins of the past—but the economic conditions of ten years ago exist no longer and we must seek our place in the export trade of the world. Have we taken this into consideration? Are we prepared? Are we trying to enter the field *seriously?*

England and Germany in 1915, 1916, 1917, and 1918 could not supply the South and Central American markets. Goods they must have—such goods as they could obtain. Who could supply them? The United States, and so we started to send south what we wanted and in our own way. And the importer had to be satisfied.

In South America to-day, one sees shop windows full of American products. We have become a manufacturing and exporting nation to our Latin-American neighbors. But a year has passed and more since the armistice. War is forgotten on the other side of the Atlantic by the producers and exporters, and British and German goods, with the old easily moving machinery of sales and delivery, are rapidly finding their way into the windows. Can we compete? Can we increase as an exporting nation? The odds are against us and we must meet the situation face to face and play the same serious, careful game as our able competitors. We must have learned something during these last four years—our own economic necessity, for foreign trade must be something real to us by this time.

We can certainly hold our own if we follow such simple rules as these:

1. The placing at the head of our export departments of men who have, besides known business qualifications, some geographical knowledge and a commercial knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese, and who are willing to learn foreign trade conditions.

2. The preparation of catalogues in Spanish and Portuguese which can be read by the customer.

3. The packing of goods to meet the geographical and other needs of the country of import—not difficult, with care and study of conditions.

4. The sending of salesmen who know the country into which they are to go.

5. Refraining from making fine promises as to dates of delivery and character of goods until the exporter is sure that he can carry them out.

6. The supplying of goods exactly as ordered—not sending "any old thing which is good enough for them."

By following these suggestions, and only in this way, can the American exporter take and keep his proper place in the keen competition which is now coming. In this way alone will he be able to have it said of him, "Señor, the American *is a serious* man of business."